

# A.B.P.A.

**Australian Bush Poets Association**

*Volume 24 No. 4 August/September 2018*



*.....and every day's a new day for the Poet and his Pen.....*

# 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.

### 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, P.O. Box 644, Gladstone, Qld. 4680, or direct bank deposit: ABPA. BSB: 633000. A/c:154842108 plus details, email or post. [treasurer@abpa.org.au](mailto:treasurer@abpa.org.au) Cheaper 7 £ over. In stock.

### 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 email [president@abpa.org.au](mailto:president@abpa.org.au) with details asap.

# 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.

A big apology to all members who received the wrong magazine last issue, A bit of a mistake on the Printer's behalf but these things happen and we have a long standing and very good relationship with our printers at Mylestone and with the Cerabral Palsy kids who help put our Magazine together.

Also a big shout out to one of our Bush Poetry Family members in Dave Proust and his family who are doing it pretty tough at the moment with Prousty being diagnosed with a grade 4 brain tumour. He is holding his sense of humour and positive outlook as only Prousty could do at this traumatic time in his life. I know we all wish him and Therese all the best in their battle and for them to know that they are constantly in our thoughts goes a long way in helping them with their battle.

Also a big shoutout to our mate Garry Lowe who is also battling with his own health issues at present and we wish him well also in battling his illness.

May you all have a successful and entertaining next couple of months as you take your Bush Poetry to folks aroundour magnificent country.

Cheers

Neil McArthur

editor@abpa.org.au

**NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is Sept 26th**

## 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](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)

All payments to be made within 14 days to

**The Treasurer - Janine Keating**

P O Box 644

GLADSTONE QLD 4680

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.

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# President's Report



Last weekend, 14th & 15th July saw the rural Queensland town of Cunnamulla, once described as being 'somewhere along the road between nowhere and lost', transformed into Bush Poetry Central. Mick Martin & Bob Kettle were resident in one of the local Caravan Parks, entertaining travellers with shenanigans, dubious camp oven cooking and the odd bit of bush poetry. Their efforts received hearty reviews on social media sites, and they are to be congratulated for increasing the bush poetry fan base.

Meanwhile at Cunnamulla Showgrounds, myself and partner in bush poetry mayhem, Ray Essery, were headlining two bush poets breakfasts as part of the brand new Cunnamulla Poets & Country Music Festival. Healthy sized audiences, for a first off event, were treated to a lot of variety with 12 or more walk-up's joining us on stage over the weekend. There was some 'cross pollination' of talent from both venues, great poems were performed, bush poetry friendships were started, strengthened and most importantly audiences left happy and looking for more.

Your Committee is hard at work:- Currently we have two separate sub-committees looking into improving both our Written Competition Adjudication Sheet and our Competition Guidelines. I believe that 2 decisions taken at our July meeting need some explanation:-

**Survey Form:** In this edition of the Magazine (and on our Website) you will find a Survey Form, which we encourage every interested performance poet to consider filling in.

The ABPA through our website have people and organisations seeking to engage performance Bush Poets. In the past the allocation of these jobs has been loosely handled, with no real justification being given as to who gets offered these gigs. Committee is determined, on behalf of all our members, to bring accountability and fairness to this issue and the information you provide via these surveys will assist us to do that. We need the relevant information to assist us in creating a fairer system. If you wish to be considered as these opportunities occur, then we ask you to take the time to complete the survey. The Survey form can be found on Page 19.

**Golden Dampers Performance Bush Poetry Competition :** The ABPA Committee debated our further involvement in the GD's in great depth, as it raises many issues that must be considered in being fair to all sectors of our membership.

The end result is that the ABPA will support the Golden Dampers again in 2019. The whole competition will be run on a volunteer basis as the costs of doing otherwise, without the support of a major sponsor, are prohibitive. This means there will be no prizemoney, and Judges, MC's, Co-ordinator and Sound Tech will not receive payment. Committee considered it unfair to continue paying prizemoney out of ABPA funds while asking other members to donate their professional services. All members pay the same membership fee and as such must be treated equally. The event will again be held at St Edwards Hall, but both heats and Final will be moved to an afternoon timeslot to allow more poets to participate.

So members are aware of what Committee faced in reaching this decision, the nett cost to the ABPA of paying the previous amount of Prizemoney and paying for the professional services at Industry Standard rates would be an estimated \$13,053 (If any member does not consider this an accurate estimation, I invite them to contact me, as it can all be verified).

Gary Fogarty 0417723400

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**Join us at our Website**  
**[www.abpa.org.au](http://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

# GOODAYE, OLD MATE -

© Jim Kent

Winner 2018 Bronze Swagman Award

Good day Old Mate, the whispered words, an echo from the past,  
from distant years when times were tough and mateships standing fast,  
the dusty outback tracks we trod, the battlefields of war,  
extended hands with hardships shared and mates for ever more.

There's good mates remembered well along the dusty track,  
across the endless sun struck plains to shearing sheds outback  
in hungry times when work was short, and tramp to live we must,  
the endless hours, weary feet, the flies and heat and dust.

Mates of toil and hardship often out of work and broke,  
men who'd share their last tobac if you had none to smoke,  
together on the wallaby with billy can and swags,  
In swaggie camps, tired men, and empty tucker bags,

Tramp we must for times were tough and work was hard to find,  
those friendships born in desp'rate days the everlasting kind,  
from shearing shed to squatter's run, in towns along the way,  
in forlorn hope, forgotten dreams, a future grim and grey,

When we heard the bugles call, we heard them loud and clear,  
and to those drums of war we marched to proudly volunteer,  
to take up arms to fight the foe, to stand against the tide,  
for King and Country, Empire too, men bravely fought and died.

In Greece and Crete and desert sand, in jungles near our shore,  
we saw men die and heard men cry in bloody wrathful war,  
on battle field and in the air, in fighting ships at sea,  
in prison camps with no respite, the price of victory.

Now we march on Anzac Day, old men but still with pride,  
in sad rememb'rance of the mates no longer by our side,  
men who shared the weary way along the tracks of life,  
the reaching hand, encouragement, in hardship, war and strife.

The years have sadly taken toll, the gripping hands are few  
when me meet as oft we do old friendships to renew,  
mates we were in tougher times and mates until the last,  
"Good day, Old Mate,"the whispered words yet echoing the past.



2018 Winner - Jim Kent

## Entries Open Now For 2019 Bronze Swagman Awards



Entries for the 2019 48th annual  
Bronze Swagman Award for Bush  
Verse are now open with  
information at

[www.bronzeswagman.info](http://www.bronzeswagman.info)

Jeff Close, Hon Co-ordinator  
[closeandmoller@gmail.com](mailto:closeandmoller@gmail.com)

**Closing Date**  
**30th April 2019**

Bronze Swagman Award 2018

Winner: Jim Kent, Port Fairy, Vic with Goodaye, Old Mate-

Runner Up: Shelley Hansen, Maryborough, Qld with The Storyteller

Highly Commended: Tim Borthwick, Toowoomba, Qld with Billy Mateer  
Brenda Joy, Charters Towers, Qld with Ghosts of Gold  
Geof Grundy, Little Mountain, Qld with Giving Something Back  
Chris Taylor, Bunbury, WA with Swampy  
Hugh Allan, Turrumurra, NSW with The Girl From Mataranka  
Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, NSW with Pappinbarra Burning

Judge:  
Kelly Dixon

169 entries from the USA, NZ and Australia  
\*2018 book due approx. September  
\*Watch website at the end of July for poets  
selected for inclusion in the book this year.

# THE OLD SHED

© Maureen Stahl

The house is fine the garden's great  
there's one thing worries me though,  
that old shed is such an eye sore  
I think it will have to go.

"Wait now don't be too hasty,"  
is what my dear husband said.  
"If we have things we need to store  
we can keep them in that shed."

Put the car fridge in the corner  
also the kids fishing gear,  
surf boards can rest on the beams  
wet suits on hangers quite near.

Golf clubs bikes and tennis racquets  
and even the folding bed."  
I agreed the house would be  
less cluttered if we kept that shed.

But then the hoarding started  
and nothing got thrown away.  
"Better hang onto it for a bit  
it might come in handy one day."

The mattress I no longer use  
because it's starting to split.  
Do you think it went to the tip?  
No the shed was the place for it

There was camping gear no longer used  
and a leaking two man tent.  
"We might use it as a tarp one day,"  
so into the shed it went.

Half empty paint tins, broken toys,  
(which one day might be repaired)  
the couch with the springs coming through  
and books for which no one cared.

Piles of magazines and papers,  
(great for mulching the ground)  
some old kitchen chairs we're keeping  
in case extra people come round.

A free standing hammock the frame  
no longer holding together,  
old work boots because one day  
"we might need a piece of leather."

Empty boxes, sacks and crates and  
even my old weaving loom.  
"Put them in the bin," I pleaded,  
but no the shed's still got room.

Old radios and appliances,  
"they might be useful for parts,"  
bits of old machinery from  
the days of horses and carts.

Old crockery and cutlery,  
some worn out pots and pans,  
a stool with a missing leg and  
some obsolete milking cans.

Our new ride on mower needs a home  
the shed's the perfect place  
but it's stacked from floor to ceiling  
we have run right out of space.

"There's only one thing for it."  
"A clean out!" I hopefully said.  
"No way!" my husband answers.  
"We'll just build another shed."



## 2019 DUNEDOO BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL



Thursday 28<sup>th</sup>  
February—  
Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> March 2019

For more information please contact  
Coordinator - Kylie Brougham Ph: 0427637266  
coordinator@dunedoo.org.au

# **GULGONG HENRY LAWSON LITERARY AWARDS, 2018.**

Entries closed on March 27th, 2018 in both the Performance Poetry and the Written Poetry. The Leonard Teale Performance Poetry, with \$1,000 first prize and a Henry Lawson statuette, is the highlight event of the Literary Awards finalised on the Saturday Afternoon of the June Long Weekend at the Gulgong Prince of Wales Opera House, at 3:00 pm to 6:00 pm, where the final 8 performers "strut their stuff" in front of an audience of about 100 people, and 3 judges. The Written Poetry has a first prize of \$500 and also a Henry Lawson statuette. Entries come from all over Australia, and occasionally from overseas. For enquiries email: henrylawsongulgong@yahoo.com.au, or phone Kevin & Jan Robson (Literary Awards Co-ordinators) on 63741944.

## **2018 LIST OF FINAL EIGHT PERFORMANCE POETRY ENTRANTS**

*Rhonda Tallnash, Violet Town, Vic;*

*Des Kelly, Gulgong NSW*

*Roderick Williams, Benalla, Vic;*

*Celia Kershaw; Port Macquarie, NSW;*

*Ken Tough, Pretty Beach, NSW;*

*Catherine Stewart, Lismore, NSW;*

*Ted Webber, Young, NSW;*

*Jenny Markwell, Wangi Wangi, NSW.*

## **OPEN WRITTEN POETRY**

The Results of the Open Written Poetry Are:-

1st - Catherine Lee, Mona Vale, NSW with her poem "A Miners Legacy".

2nd - Tom McIlveen, Port Macquarie, NSW with his poem "Pappinbarra Burning".

3rd - David Campbell, Aireys Inlet, Vic with his poem "Cap in Hand".

Highly Commended Awards went to the following:-

Irene Timponi, Atherton, Qld; "Soldier Number Five".

Kevin Pye, Mudgee, NSW; "What Happened to the 'a'?".

Catherine Lee, Mona Vale, NSW; "Folly on the Road".

Val Wallace, Glendale, NSW; "A Parcel From Home".

Max Merckenslager, Murray Bridge, SA; "The Women Walkers of Hahndorf".

Commended Awards went to the following:-

Helen Harvey, Coonamble, NSW; "I Just Need to Know". John Roberts, Cunnamulla, Qld; "A Cow Yard Yarn".

Graeme Johnson, West Ryde, NSW; "Plywood Crosses". Max Merckenslager, Murray Bridge, SA; "Ariel the Police Grey" Shelley

Hansen, Maryborough, Qld; "Channel No.5".

For the first time, this year, we advised our Written Poetry Judge to break the poems into four categories, with Certificates for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, H/C and C. THEN TO SELECT THE MAIN PRIZES!

These four categories are:- ANZAC Poems; HUMAN INTEREST Poems; OUTBACK Poems; and HUMOROUS Poems.

Interestingly, the First and Third placed poems both came from the Outback section, with Second from the Human Interest section.

## **WRITTEN ANZAC POEMS**

1st Irene Timponi - "Soldier Number Five"

2nd Val Wallace - "A Parcel From Home"

3rd Graeme Johnson - "Plywood Crosses"

H/C Heather Knight - "This Soldier's Son"

C Yvonne Harper - "Flashes From The Front"

## **WRITTEN HUMAN INTEREST POEMS**

1st Tom McIlveen - "Pappinbarra Burning"

2nd Helen Harvey - "I Just Need to Know"

3rd Tom McIlveen - "Tempered & Tamed"

H/C Tom McIlveen "Sealed With a Kiss"

C Kevin Pye "Fishers Justice"

## **WRITTEN OUTBACK POEMS**

1st Catherine Lee - "A Miner's Legacy"

2nd David Campbell - "Cap in Hand"

3rd Kevin Pye - "What Happened to the 'a'"

H/C Catherine Lee - "Folly on the Road"

C Max Merckenslager - "The Women Walkers of Hahndorf"

## **WRITTEN HUMOROUS POEMS**

1st John Roberts - "A Cow Yard Yarn"

2nd Shelley Hansen - "Channel No. 5"

3rd John Roberts - "Dining With the Devil"

H/C Jim Kent - Bandy Bill's (Almost) Wedding"

C Tom McIlveen - "A Simple Colonoscopy"

## **EMERGING POETRY RESULTS**

1st David Judge - "A Bygone Era"

2nd Peter White - "The Battle of Boganbungan"

H/C Maureen Stahl - "Generation Gap"

C Roger Cracknell - "A Letter to Henry"



## Keith McKenry's expose of Australia's self-image

### The Lies That Made Australia

CD \$20, post paid

Australia is the Land of the Fair Go  
Europeans brought civilization to Australia  
We are a Christian nation  
Australia lush vaise and sea don't mix  
The dog sat on the tuckerbux  
There has been no war fought on Australian soil  
We decide who comes to this country and the  
circumstances in which they come  
Australia became a nation at Gallipoli  
Bloody is the great Australian adjective  
Australian men are lousy lovers  
The Aborigines are a dying race  
Australia will defend the mother country to the last man  
and the last shilling  
Well may we say 'God save the Queen' because nothing will  
save the Governor-General  
The dingo didn't do it  
Australia is a classless society  
White Australia  
Australians always support the better  
England is our mother country  
We are a sporting nation  
Australia was discovered by Captain Cook  
Australia's Queen is Elizabeth II  
Farmers are the original conservationists  
There is no return from the grave  
The recession we had to have  
There is no law on sex in Australia  
You can't return to the past  
The folk scene is one of peace and harmony  
Australia has never been subject to a dictatorship  
The Australian beach is not an erotic creature  
The individual is powerless against the State



We are proud to announce the release of The Lies That Made Australia, a unique take on our national history and character in which folklorist and performance poet Keith McKenry stands before a Festival audience and examines in verse the myths we Australians embrace as part of our national self-image. At once a marriage of folk verse and historical record with splashes of social comment and personal reflection, this album speaks to the heart. It was recorded in concert in a solo 90 minute tour de force that held its audience spellbound.

Keith circulates a list of lies and the audience nominates the lies they want to hear about. Keith then discusses the lie and recites on the spot a poem embracing it. Some lies are obviously intended to be funny – if the audience doesn't want the heavy stuff they can pick those – and some are deadly serious. The flavour of the presentation is determined therefore not by the performer but by the audience. The end result is a concert of spontaneous character, at once funny, poignant and powerful.



Email [fangedwombat@bigpond.com](mailto:fangedwombat@bigpond.com) listing the number of copies you require, and giving your name and email address, and then either send a cheque to Fanged Wombat Productions, 121 Fenton Drive Harcourt North Vic 3453 or make an electronic transfer into the Fanged Wombat's Bendigo Bank account BSB 633-000, account number 135476711) If anyone has any questions, they can phone me on 03-5439 6525.

## About The Author

Keith McKenry graduated in civil engineering from Monash University in 1970. He obtained a Masters degree in Scotland and then a PhD in wilderness management. He joined the public service in 1977 and was a consultant to both the United Nations Statistical Office and the OECD Environment Directorate. He designed Australia's largest oral history project, the \$1.3 million Cultural Context of Unemployment project administered by the National Library of Australia. He headed the Australian Government's Arts Branch and served on the Commonwealth Committee of Inquiry into Folklife in Australia. He also chaired UNESCO's Committee of Technical and Legal Experts on the Safeguarding of Folklore. Later he was General Manager of Canberra's \$100 million Asbestos Removal Program and for 13 years an Assistant Commissioner of Taxation. He resigned from the Public Service in 2002 and moved to a farm in Central Victoria where he breeds alpacas and Wiltshire Horn sheep.

Keith's satirical dictionary *Lingua Bureaucratica: A guide to the language of Australian bureaucracy*, was serialised in the Canberra Times and quoted before committees of the Australian Parliament.

In parallel with his public service and farming careers Keith has been active as a folklorist and performance poet, and as Director of Fanged Wombat Productions. He has presented many workshops and papers on Australian folklore and social history and has appeared as a featured artist at all major Australian folk music venues and at festivals in the United Kingdom and United States. In concert he interweaves his original verse with bush poetry producing an amalgam of humour, satire and social comment which doesn't fit readily into any familiar stereotype. Keith was also for eight years President of Australia's National Folk Festival.

With the aid of a Harold White Fellowship Keith wrote a biography of John Meredith, Australia's greatest song collector. His other publications include *Australia's Lost Folk Songs* and four books of topical and humorous verse, the most recent being *The Folklore of Terrorism: Songs, poems and sketches from a crazy world*, in which he addresses such matters as Australia's treatment of refugees, the September 11 atrocities and the horrific situation in the Middle East. The book brings into focus the tragic symbiosis between terrorism and the policies and actions of major world powers.

Keith's album *Bugger the Music, Give Us a Poem! A Reciter's Showcase of Classic Australian Ballads*, won the prestigious Golden Gumleaf Bush Laureate Award at Tamworth for Album of the Year.

A live recording of Keith's scripted concert *White on Black: In the Spirit of Reconciliation*, also has been released. This recording, upon which Keith is joined by some of Australia's leading folk artists, examines the development among white Australians of stereotypes about Aboriginal people. Despite its often confronting content the recording has received strong praise from both Indigenous and non-Indigenous leaders of Australia's Reconciliation movement.



# Ned Kelly's Skull

© Keith McKenry 11 April 2002

*Tom Baxter, who had come into custody of Ned Kelly's skull, addressed a forum today at the National Folk Festival in Canberra at which the ethics of the skull's removal were discussed and options for its final disposal addressed. Mr Baxter explained the skull, which mysteriously disappeared some years ago from a Police Museum, had found its way to the Kimberley in Australia's remote North-West, where Ned himself had entered Aboriginal Dreamtime legend. - News Item, 30 March 2002.*

Ned Kelly had a skull one day  
Which on the next was chopped away.  
Ned's feelings on this are not sung,  
For in the meantime he was hung.

And lest Ned's soul it might rebound  
'Twas in unconsecrated ground  
That his body, sans its cranium  
Was placed sans headstone, cross, geranium.

Yes. Ned's body now is doing time  
In a gov'ment pit of lime  
'Neath what was Old Melbourne Goal  
(And now a car park - for silvertails).

Ned's skull, the coppers' saving grace,  
Was stripped of skin (for to save face?)  
- A bit late for the cops methought,  
Given the chase Ned on them wrought.

And so Ned's skull was not demolished  
But as a curio was polished;  
And as paperweight, perchance doorstopper,  
'Mused generations, yea, of copper.

Until, with passage now of time  
And sensitivities refined,  
Ned's skull was placed where you could see 'im:  
Head-piece in the P'lice Museum.

But lo! Ned's spirit now arises -  
An escape from cop-dom scheme devises.  
One day, as his guard has a slash,  
Ned's skull for freedom makes a dash!

Gone he is! And not a woid  
Is left to explain the void;  
Ned knows still no joy as much as  
'Scaping scheming coppers' clutches.

Free at last! But where to roam?  
Where can a lone skull find a home?  
A Black day? -True. (There has been scheming,  
For Ned is in the Kimberley Dreaming).

Now there's a twist. Ned's brought this nation  
- Truly - Reconciliation.  
Black and White now integrated  
In the legends Ned created.

But where to now? This is our test -  
To truly give Ned proper rest.  
In ethics one thought's quickly spurned  
(That's to the cops Ned be returned).

Perhaps, although an act belated,  
Ned might prop'ly be cremated;  
This thought's superior (I cannot mask it)  
Than burial in a one-foot casket.

Ned's ashes then - a national treasure -  
Might gravely be placed at leisure;  
Perhaps at Greta, beside his mum,  
Thus one injustice overcome.

Another thought: tis to the wind  
That they be cast - and so begin  
To settle gently o'er our nation,  
From Hobart town to northwest station.

For Ned, you're part of all Australia  
Stripped of Royalty's regalia;  
Stripped of kow-tow, cringe and Queen,  
And all those quisling quirks obscene.

Ned stands tall - Australian son.  
We need a hero: Ned is one.  
He fought for freedom. Yes - no guessin' -  
Against colonial oppression.

Here's to you, Ned. It was a cock-up  
To stick your noggin in the lock-up.  
But now, all free of Earthly strife,  
Well may you tell us, "Such is Life".



# PATERSON'S PERSONALITY

*Tony Hammill*

Andrew Barton 'Banjo' Paterson (1864-1941), our greatest bush balladist, was hardly what you would call an affable, sanguine, hail-fellow-well-met, slap-you-on-the-back type of character. Henry Lawson and Will Ogilvie were far more approachable. I have therefore dredged up all the references I can muster to describe the man so readers may judge for themselves. This is not meant for a minute to deny his good qualities or the good things that he did.

The first are from *The Banjo Of The Bush* by Clement Semmler (1966):

'Paterson seldom unbent even within his own circle of writers and artists. Norman Lindsay recalled the occasion about this time when Steele Rudd made his first visit from Queensland to Sydney, by this time an established author. His fellow-writers gave him a dinner of welcome at Paris House, with Paterson in the chair. The latter made a short conventional speech of welcome, and left as soon as the dinner was over. "His departure from the dinner," wrote Lindsay, "relieved it of tension, and we sat on till late over the wine. (He never did consort with any of our groups and none of us attempted to consort with him.) Well, Steele Rudd was the opposite sort of bushman to Banjo. Banjo was squattocracy, he came from a class with a definite class distinction. Steele was typical cocky farmer. Slow drawl you know; 'I don't know as if one horse is better than another. A little brown horse, you know, bushmen think most of little brown horses and white horses are pretty safe' – that's the way he talked, but Banjo's talk was crisp, clean and precise...'

Lindsay has elaborated on this. In a radio interview at one time, he called Paterson an aristocrat: "... There'll always be superior men who are aristocrats of the mind. On these men civilisation exists – well, Banjo was one of them." He talked about Paterson's slight austerity and aloofness, not an offensive unsociability by any means, rather the habit of a man who kept just that certain distance between you and himself. Lindsay always remembered his eyes:

His eyes held you. When he looked at you, you dashed well looked at him, you know what I mean. And he had a rather – well he did not make any elocutionary way of speaking, he spoke simply and directly and with a slightly sardonic air – there was always that accent in Banjo. It's the typical Australian accent, you can't kid the Australian, you see. Banjo was that way.'

James R. Tyrrell's *Old Books, Old Friends, Old Sydney* (1952) contains a few pertinent quotes re *The Banjo*:

'Even then *The Banjo* was not specially noticeable for any oddity of appearance or behaviour. Perhaps he was a bit ahead of his generation; he was an exceptional man – generally speaking, more like the steadier present run of Australian writers than most of his contemporaries, whether writers or not.

There is something especially engaging in another of Banjo Paterson's remarks about Sir Henry Parkes. Emphasizing that Sir Henry 'adopted the role of the aloof potentate', Banjo commented: It is said that a field-marshal in war cannot afford to have any friends, and Parkes was a field-marshal plus. What makes this particularly appealing is that, as far as I am able to judge, it has a fair measure of application to Banjo himself. Old Rod Quinn, who was a Bohemian of Bohemia, and one of the most lovable of whom that could be said, used to say to me: 'Banjo was never with us', or 'Banjo never came along', or 'Banjo was never one of us'. Finally, Norman Lindsay in his eloquent style devotes a chapter of his book *Bohemians At The Bulletin* (1965) to Paterson; 'Seeking a definite label for Paterson's personality, I find it in the word "sardonic". Another distinctive facet of it was one that badly needs a revaluation today. He was an aristocrat.

And that class status was not by any assertion of superiority, but by an emanation of it that warned off any man from taking a liberty with him. No presumptuous approach by good fellowship ever slapped his back. And that went for the snootiest British brigadier-general to the cockiest Australian journalist. He judged men not by their pretensions but by their achievements. It was a detachment from class prejudice which gave him that special quality of the aristocrat; an ability to meet all types of men and women on their own ground and gain their respect without abating his own casual, detached, sardonic presentation of himself. He never unbent to pretend deference to the class prejudices of whatever company he was in, whether it was that of a Lady Dudley or Dempsey the rough-rider. And both accorded him equal respect.

It is difficult to define just what that aristocratic content in a man derives from. It is extremely rare. It is, of course, something that all superior minds have, but which very few of them carry about with them as a sort of distillation of the spirit; something in the air between them and lesser men which makes for unfathomable distances of being, and is not to be bridged by the conventions of approach or the futile appeal to words. In Paterson's case, I found it best expressed in his dislike for the "vulgar desire for generous emotion"; he rejected all overstressed emotional values in life or art. In the Greek definition of virtue it was, "nothing in excess."

It is rare that a superior spirit is given a superior casing, but Paterson had it. A tall man with a finely built, muscular body, moving with the ease of perfectly co-ordinated reflexes. Black hair, dark eyes, a long, finely articulated nose, an ironic mouth, a dark pigmentation of skin due to the prime affliction of his life – bile. Every morning he suffered its effect of nausea till he had got rid of its accumulation. His eyes, as eyes must be, were his most effective feature, slightly hooded, with a glance that looked beyond one as he talked. If he focused it on you, it could be tolerant or completely ruthless, as he accepted or rejected you as a human being.

But he rarely bothered to put that acceptance or rejection of you into words, though he did that incisively enough by the casual glance which either accepted you or dismissed you. He spoke slowly, with a slight drawl, which had a saturnine inflection. Saturnine is another definitive label which must be added to his portrait. Every line in his dark-textured face defined it.

I knew Paterson from my earliest days on the *Bulletin* up to the time of his death, but I was never intimate with him. I doubt that anybody ever was. He had no use for confidential exchanges of a personal nature, and for that reason he did not care to mix with writers or artists or other self-elected intellectuals. He preferred to consort with men of action, whether those had to do with affairs constructive or destructive. Whether there was a war, or a revolution, or any other state of human conflict, he was first in the ring as a newspaper correspondent. I am quite sure his toleration for my company had nothing to do with whatever status I had as an artist. It was solely due to my love for the horse.'



# WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

By Meg Gordon

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

## SOUTHERN POETS DASH TO DERBY TO ESCAPE THE WINTER BLUES

There was a great line up of poets who were guests of **Derby Bush Poets** for their **Poets Breakfast** on **Sunday 22nd July**

Peg Vickers came up from Albany. Peter Nettleton, John Hayes and Bill Gordon made the trip along with their good ladies.

Robyn Bowcock of Derby Bush Poets and her capable team, Elsie Archer, Margaret Thompson, Diana Troup made us all feel very welcome and organised our accommodation. They were wonderful hosts, providing opportunities for socialising at meals and attending events in Derby including the Races and Market Day, where a couple of poets performed.

Bill and Meg Gordon were interviewed on ABC Kimberley Radio. James Fitzpatrick and Peg Vickers were interviewed by Radio 6DBY and were all able to promote the advantages of Bush Poetry as a time of enjoyment, brain stretching, and above all fun. Derby is a unique corner of remote northern Australia, the gateway to Horizontal Falls and Buccaneer Archipelago. Indigenous culture can be explored at Winjana Gorge, Tunnel Creek and the Gibb River Road.



**Performing Poets.** (L to R) James Fitzpatrick, David Morrell, Cobber Lethbridge, Peg Vickers, Ivan Bridge, Meg Gordon, Bill Gordon, John Hayes, Dianne Phillips-Zito, Stinger Nettleton and two visitors from Holland, Kimberley and Nienke

### Bringing Bush Poetry to Mandurah and the Peel Region of WA

On Wednesday 20th June, two schools Halls Head and Falcon Primary year six students went head to head in a poetry competition. Ten students from each school all presenting their own work put on a display that blew judges Craig [Crackers] Waterman and Rob Gunn away. Banjo and Henry, the old masters are not dead! These students not only wrote their own poems but performed in a very entertaining way. It was marvellous.

This competition was the brainchild of Anne Chalmers from the Falcon Lions Club who has a passion to promote poetry to the youngsters of today in the Mandurah area. Her love of Bush Poetry brings her down to Boyup Brook every year in February for the poetry at the Country Music Festival. Anne has worked tirelessly for twelve months to pull this together. She approached the schools and was able to get the teachers on board. Anne provided the schools with the Jack Drake's Teacher's Packages and it went from there. Halls Head and Falcon Primary year six students used Jack's packages extensively with great success.

WA Bush Poets and Rob Gunn and Bill Gordon went to the schools and presented workshops. The teachers were fantastic. The students were inspired. They went away and wrote their poems for the competition.

The judging was just done visually based on presentation and delivery. Rhyme and meter were factors but judging was purely for entertainment. Everyone just wanted the students to have fun, and they did.

If any performers or writers have any spare CD's or books the schools would appreciate any donations.

Congratulations to Anne, Jack Drake, teaching staff and students for their contribution. We want this to be an annual event and the hard work has just begun.



Anne Chalmers from Falcon (Mandurah) Lions Club

# OUR POETRY KIDS



## *Olivia Priddis --*

"I'm currently thirteen years old, and I go to Grace Lutheran College in Queensland. I first discovered my writing talent, in term one, when we had to write an Australian poem for an English assignment. Both my family and my teacher commented very highly on my work and encouraged that I enter it in the Ipswich poetry competition, which came first place for my age group. I also have a great talent for writing short horror and mystery stories. After reading my poem and short stories, author Michelle Worthington offered to mentor me, and help me get published. I enjoy writing poems and stories in my free time, which my friends and class mates always look forward to hearing.

I enjoy school a lot, drama and English being my favourite subjects. I aspire to combine these two talents I have, and write plays, or stage versions of my stories. I have already written a stage version of my first short horror story called *Truth or Death*. I hope to expand my future in writing by publishing my work and entering competitions.



## **Babes of Walloon**

*Congratulations Olivia – Brenda Joy*

## **Ipswich Poetry Feast –**

### **The Broderick Family Award 11-13 Years – 1<sup>st</sup> Prize**

## **RED DRESS ON THE HILL**

*by Olivia Priddis*

Ash, flames and blood swelter around.  
Not a speck of green on the ground.  
The sky turns red which causes great stress  
as Mother Nature makes a mess  
while the hillside is covered in her red dress.

The red dress has now spread around  
terrorizing all of the towns.  
Completed with some black lace  
covering all the vulnerable space  
for nothing is safe from that destructive gown.

We are all fleeing, packed with worry.  
Mother Nature is not sorry.  
Suitcases are full, tears start to flow,  
We leave behind our triumphs and the woes.  
Now the blazing orange fire  
behind us quickly grows.

Animals are gasping for air.  
They quietly sob with despair.  
Green and brown to black and red  
we are driving past, filled with dread.  
No one speaks, we only stare.  
Why has she done this, it's not fair?

Behind our house lies in a heap  
The first time I saw my Dad weep.  
Mum gasps in agony at the sight.  
She shields her eyes from blinding light.  
Into dirt, black lace seeps, never out of sight

The sirens suddenly become near  
while the pitch black lace shows no fear  
for the fire has now reached its peak.  
Sandpaper throats, we cannot speak.  
for those constant screams will never  
disappear

It's been years now, our town has thrived  
shocked at how we all survived.  
The memories are still so strong.  
We won't forget the iron will  
of that petrifying red dress on the hill.

© 2017 Olivia Priddis (at age 12))

# Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



I have always felt as an Australian of European descent, that elements of Aboriginal culture would never be fully understandable to people of my background. However, *The Man from the Sunrise Side* by Ambrose Mungala Chalarimeri (Magabala Books Broome WA) gave me a much deeper insight.

Ambrose is a Kwini man from WA's Kimberly region who has told his story in his own words from its beginnings in the 1940s when his family group came in from the bush. Ambrose whose tribal name is Mungala, was around five when he first came into contact with European society.

Ambrose who was assisted in writing his story by Traudi Tan, shows no bitterness for the dispossession of his traditional land and lifestyle. He relates his story in matter of fact terms stressing his ideas about the future of a more integrated society. His basic environmental message is just plain common sense for all people regardless of background and his viewpoint is balanced and sensible.

Anyone who is interested in gaining more insight into the life and culture of our indigenous people, would certainly benefit by reading *The Man from the Sunrise Side*. I found it very thought provoking. Well done Ambrose.

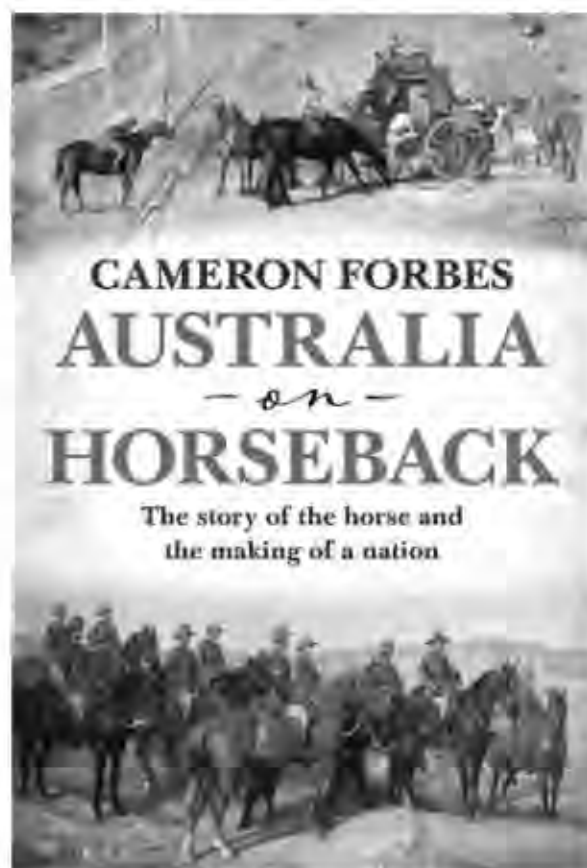
Any book that relates to horses is sure to get a second look from me. When I picked up *Australia on Horseback* by Cameron Forbes (Pan Macmillan 2014) in the Stanthorpe Library, it naturally came home with me.

*Australia on Horseback* follows the horse from its introduction to Port Jackson aboard the 'Lady Penrhyn' as part of the First Fleet in 1788, to the present day. Cameron Forbes has not just documented the history of Australia's equines however. The author has explored the dispossession of our indigenous inhabitants through the medium of the horse that gave white invaders a huge advantage in speed and mobility. The shameful era of the Native Mounted Police when Aborigines were cynically used against their own kind, is well documented after years of denial by official sources.

The development of Australia's own horse, the Waler, and its use by bushrangers, explorers, stockmen and pioneers is well covered in this extensively researched work.

Forbes then goes on to examine the Australian Warhorse from the use of Walers in India during the time of British occupation. He tells of the little known Australian force sent to the Sudan as well as The Boer and first World Wars, to the final use of Walers in warfare during the Second World War by the North Australian Observation Unit better known as 'Curtin's Cowboys' or 'The Nackaroos'. The final section deals with the booming racing industry and the horse's place in Australia today.

*Australia on Horseback* is a well written and researched project that pulls no punches and presents its author's subject warts and all. I thoroughly enjoyed it.



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

Jack Drake

# How Much?

© J.P. Coyne, 2018

"It's the economy, stupid"  
is a famous saying,  
but this sentiment is putrid  
in what it's conveying.

There is more to life than money  
and the growth of our wealth.  
Thinking otherwise is funny  
and sabotage by stealth.

"Aspire to prosperity"  
is what we're often told,  
but our need is simplicity—  
this does not need more gold.

The world's climate is a-changing  
due to our consumption.  
The consequences, far-reaching,  
require our compunction.

With more floods, droughts and rising seas  
life would become too hard.  
There'll be climate-change refugees  
and coastal land to guard.

All these problems will come our way  
because we want too much.  
A simple life will keep at bay  
catastrophe's foul touch.

## Poems

© Dave Hill

People say poems are hard to write.  
They're just like a tooth that's hard to pull.  
So you're lucky I'm here to tell you  
that's just a load of bull.

Anyone can write a poem  
you just need imagination.  
Then choose a subject that you like  
now you've got your inspiration.

You'll also need a pen and paper.  
And of course you'll need some time.  
You'll need a place that's nice and quiet  
and a couple of words that rhyme.

Nelson Mandela read a poem  
All through his time of incarceration.  
It may not mean much to you and me  
but it helped him to inspire a nation.

See a poem can be very powerful.  
It can also be quite sad.  
It could even be very funny.  
It could also be quite bad.

You could write a poem about your country,  
or even your favourite tv show.  
But you won't know if you can write one  
if you never even give it a go.

See a poem doesn't have to win awards  
Or be a perfect piece of art  
A poem will always be successful  
When it comes straight from your heart.

# Young Henry

© Lynne Finedon

The school was small where one man fought  
to teach the kids what must be taught.  
Young Henry was a tall, thin boy  
in him the man could find no joy,  
his pride was in his teaching skill  
but Henry was a bitter pill.

The boy was tough, his hair was dark,  
subdued and quiet, devoid of spark.  
Although he tried, his marks were low,  
for years he sat in forth class row,  
until his legs refused to fit,  
then next row back he had to sit.

He'd felt the cane so many times,  
the cuts too harsh for his small crimes  
but never once a tear would flow,  
no wince of fear would ever show.  
But on calm days he'd fall asleep,  
it almost made the teacher weep.

One day the boy was heard to snore,  
head on his arms, asleep for sure.  
How dare he sleep and learning shun,  
his homework too was never done.  
The teacher gave a desperate sigh  
and held a heavy book up high.

He dropped it down with callous spite  
to watch his foe wake up in fright.  
In trembling shock and tear filled eyes  
poor Henry hit the desk to rise.  
All smirking ceased and laughter died  
for not before had Henry cried.

But life went on till one sad day,  
riled Henry slapped two boys at play.  
"Come up hold out your grubby hand,  
bad temper here I will not stand."  
He raised the cane for one great whack  
but in a flash the hand flew back.

In desperate haste the boy sped out  
uncaring for the teacher's shout.  
Throughout the room the grins were wide,  
of course they were on Henry's side.  
Next day a note arrived that said,  
"Don't cane his hands, hit legs instead.

He must help milk our herd of cows,  
the milking takes him hours and hours  
and he can't work with hands not good,  
or wash the cans or chop the wood.  
My boy ain't bad, proud mum I am,  
sometimes there's only bread and jam.

His dad ain't workin you should know,  
he broke both legs some years ago,  
his bullocks turned and rolled a log,  
it crushed his legs and killed our dog.  
So please excuse I beg of you,  
we need his work to see us through."

The teacher held the crumpled note  
and felt a lump rise in his throat.  
Poor Henry's snore now pierced his brain,  
oh Lord how he'd inflicted pain!  
He should have known throughout the years  
and now he sat, eyes brimming tears.

# Sending Cheers to Garry Lowe

Thanks to John and Glenny Best for keeping us updated on our great mate and long serving member and performer of our Bush Poet's Family, Garry Lowe.

G'day All,

Went to visit Garry Lowe who has had several strokes, which by his own admission have left him less than perfect. Wouldn't swear but Ratsh\*t springs to mind. He recognised Glenny and I but Daphne says some days he doesn't know her. He is in ALAKOA LODGE 52 Taylor street Kilcoy (Sundale Care) and would appreciate a visit from anyone handy or passing through.

I remember doing a nursing home with Garry one time and when asked if we needed paying said, "no I just hope someone comes to visit me if i wind up in a Nursing home." So we went. There but for the grace, whatever.

No good ringing as he is very deaf and may get confused.

Garry has been a wonderful performer and help to many so if that way please drop in.

Love to you all  
Glenny and John Best

*Garry Lowe is one of those wonderful entertainers who has experienced the hardships of life and come through the knocks to transmute his trials into performances that have brought joy to so many over many years.*

*Garry was one of the fortunate bush poets who was around when the late Bobby Miller was alive and Bobby and many of his compatriots have had a great influence on him. Garry's own entertaining career as a bush poet really took off after he successfully auditioned for Red Faces' on Melbourne's Channel 9. He won \$500 and was featured in the television show Hey, Hey it's Saturday. The following year he got a spot with Jim Haynes at the Longyard and following his involvement in Tamworth, he became a 'Longyard Legend' in 2009 sharing the honours that year with his good mate Milton Taylor. Another career highlight for Garry was opening the Australian Bush Laureate Award nights for two years playing the national anthem on a gum leaf. He remembers these occasions as 'spine-chilling' experiences.*

*As well as being a long term popular face around the ABPA Championships as both a successful competitor and as a performer/judge, Garry was runner up (to Milton Taylor) in the Winton Qantas Waltzing Matilda performance competition. He also spent seven winters entertaining the travellers at the caravan park in Blackall from 1996 – 2002 and a further four years in Mitchell during the flood period. He finally hung up his outback wandering boots in 2013 deciding that he no longer needed to "roam around like a mongrel dog". Although a dedicated 'cockroach' he has spent the last four years in Queensland thanks to his relationship with a special 'cane-toad' lady.*

*In Garry's words, "There are two things I love – doing poetry and breathing," and as he has no intent of giving up either of these pursuits. We wish Garry Cheers and best of luck in his battle against illness*



# Bush Poet

## Long John Best

*My wife is a great fan of, Escape to the Country, set in the UK.  
No doubt forgetting we did it here, 50 years ago, with little knowledge and less  
money. This incident has lingered long in my Hurt File.*

### The Worst Two Hundred Dollars I Never Saved.

© Long John Best 2017

We're a month out from the suburbs, on our little rural plot,  
I had never heard of Groundsel, Council wrote 'Sir, on your lot,  
There's a Noxious Infestation, contravening, by law 9,  
Eradicate in thirty days, blah, blah blah, or cop a fine.'

Well, great welcome to the district, seems PR's not their long suit,  
Second option is, they'll fix it, cost 200 dollars, shoot  
We can't raise 200 nuffins, got a new house, two young kids,  
If one of us is out of work, we'll wind up on the skids.

I am thirty, broke and dirty on this Shire without a heart,  
With shrubs to clear, this pioneer, had better make a start.  
Down the back of our two acres, s'where Obnoxious made it's stand,  
Groundsel Genocide my mission, brand new cane knife in my hand,

Was I over optimistic, or a young know nuffin knob?  
Dressed in singlet, boots and stubbies, which were not up to the job,  
Of protecting me from hazards, I had not foreseen at all.  
Just two strokes, found me invited to, The Paper Wasp/ Nest Ball.

Holy Moses, aren't they busy, they're aggressive angry, hurt,  
Both me eyes are quickly closing, shoulda worn a long sleeved shirt,  
Dance around like drunken Yeti, Please stop biting me, I beg,  
Slashing, waving my machete, I could lose an arm or leg,

I'm now blind, old Blue's no guide dog, great companion, little help,  
His nose must have copped a hiding, by his loud departing yelp,  
Just remembered there's an old well, my instructions, fill that in,  
I don't wanna be found drowned here, being slack's no mortal sin.

I escape to find the fence line, they all follow venting spleen,  
Just last week I ran barbed wire, where the number 8 had been.  
Hell's handrail has helped me house ward, wife's ducked out, goose, home alone,  
Bleeding stumps that once were fingers, try to dial unhelpful phone.

Four wrong numbers, till I got work, said, I won't be in and why,  
Which they all found most amusing, I hang up, I try to cry.  
Later family gather round me, gently tending, wounded bits,  
Think I can't see silent giggling, but I can through healing slits.

Neighbours visit, smirk and whisper: " that he's not up to the task,  
Old Dave sprays for next to nuffin, all he had to do was ask."  
I resolved then, through the drama, all my pain and my despair,  
Should they hold another Wasp Nest Ball, bet your life I won't be there.



Head and Sholders over these other Bush Poets!

Mango Hill local, Long John Best explored numerous writing forms before turning his talents to bush poetry in 2001. Though a late bloomer to the genre, he made a splash – enjoying a winning streak across the region prompting him to never look back.

John considers bush poetry the last bastion of political incorrectness, a style of poetry for and of 'the people'.

John has recited his verses to eager ears of all ages, from local nursing home residents and services club function guests, to crowds at huge events such as Woodford Folk Festival, Tamworth Country Music Festival, officials at government functions, and even US audiences.

Now retired, he taps into his myriad life experiences for poetic inspiration.

A long time member of the North Pine Bush Poets group, John continues as one of our great writers and performers of Aussie Bush Verse.



# COBWEBS OF MY LIFE

© Rhyll Graham 2013

As I walk in this room, full of cobwebs and gloom,  
A cold shiver creeps up my spine.  
There's corrosion and rust, smells of book-worm and dust,  
This old house has been passed down the line.

My grandad lived here, – when he was faced with the fear  
of running this place for his dad.  
When the old man had gone, he then carried on  
the lessons, he'd learnt as a lad.

An old ink-well and quills, used for paying the bills,  
The books on the shelf are well worn.  
Faded photos in frames, but I don't know the names  
of the faces that look down with scorn.

War medals, - still pinned, where the fabric has thinned  
on the serge coat that hangs on the door,  
The proud emu feather, in the strap of cracked leather  
bounds the hat grandad had in the war.

Up there on the wall, overlooking it all,  
hangs his bridle, all weathered and cracked.  
And beside it, his whip, with its old plaited grip,  
Tells me yarns of his days on the track.

I begin to sift through. In my mind I can view  
how my loved ones have lived out their past.  
As I scrape off the rust, gently wipe away dust,  
I find the die from which I am cast.

Grandma's old chair, with its round cushion threadbare,  
I make bright with a new coat of paint,  
BUT, that frame on the wall, I don't move it at all,  
Through his life, Grandad worshipped that Saint.

Brand new curtains I've hung, all the blinds are re-strung,  
washed and polished with ultimate care,  
I've made everything bright, but there's something's not right,  
This room now feels empty and bare.

So, to bring back its heart, I now need to add part  
Of me, and my life, to this room.  
In comes my TV, black and white it may be,  
My red hat with its bright purple plume.

The old rusty scooter, my vintage computer,  
cassette tapes and my Christmas card list.  
It's such a contrast when mixed in with the past  
Will my family have feelings like this?

In years down the track, when all the grandkids come back,  
as this old house gets passed down the line,  
When they walk in this room, I hope there's cobwebs and gloom,  
and a cold shiver creeps up their spine.

# BE PREPARED

© Barb Nelson

"Be prepared for your Golden Years" my neighbour said to me  
You've just retired, I hope you saved enough to live like me  
I had a small investment which matured when I retired  
But still it would have buried me if I'd sadly then expired

We geriatrics need to plan some good times while we can  
And those times can be better if we've kept alive our man  
Our health needs might increase but if we exercise that's great  
But not to overdo it, or some bone will surely break

And watch what food goes down our throats, a healthy kind of substance  
Nutrition so important now, we can't afford indulgence  
And we must keep our fluids up, that's water then, not wine  
Though sometimes we might have a sip of something off the vine

Re driving, common sense will tell us when we ought to quit  
And in these days with gophers, well, that's not the end of it  
We may not head for other towns but here as time will tell  
We'll zip around from shop to shop and handle it quite well

Make every moment matter, live our lives up to the hilt  
So family and friends will see the legacy we built  
Not measured by our property, possessions and the rest  
But friendships and the family, how greatly we were blessed

We could even make a bucket list of things we'd like to try  
Perhaps a tandem sky-dive from a plane away up high  
Some older folk have done it, though I don't think I'd be game  
But still there's other things to do, though in a safer frame

Perhaps we'll volunteer our time to help out where we can  
We might be old but still have skills to share, well that's our plan  
But now I'm getting tired so I'll have to go and rest  
This poem might not make the grade but know I did my best

---

## My April adventure

© Hugh Allan

I'd been pondering a holiday, and Paris, someone said,  
was so wonderful in April that I thought I'd go ahead.  
Then I made a few arrangements and with planning underway,  
I went riding out on horseback, on old Stirrup—she's a grey.

Out across the waving grasslands interspersed with lofty trees,  
with the sun upon the pair of us we raced against the breeze.  
And I galloped ever faster, till a ditch we came upon  
brought old Stirrup to a sudden stop, but I went flying on.

So I found myself in hospital until the month was spent,  
for my sad and sorry body was a mess and badly bent.  
I was deeply disappointed with my dislocated knee,  
but I saw a lot of Paris—on my hospital TV!

[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)

# For a Friend

© Ron Boughton

A mind is tripping, slipping, slipping, back to the days of yore  
To images clear of yesteryear, though yesterdays are unsure!  
No help from tipping, gripping tipping, can senses be restored  
From the shrouds, of empty clouds, where a once good memory stored.

The constant frustration of causation that eludes the research eye  
Thus eats away, each passing day, of loved ones who sadly decry  
The manifestation, with no cessation to one whom they have adored  
Resulting pain without rein, of a weight, that cannot be ignored.

There is no enlightening, just a tightening, fixed and vacant stare  
As yesteryear joins yesterday in vagueness and despair  
And with the quietening, very frightening, realisation accord  
The cruellest stroke, a leaden yoke, of recognition untoward.

Any believing, of retrieving, is not a dream fulfilled  
But to always hope, to help cope, that scientific enquiry skilled  
Will halt the grieving, by achieving, of cerebrum unexplored  
A breakthrough find, to cure the mind, from this illness so abhorred!

## DAMPER AND TEA

© Keith Leithbridge

They call me a bludger; they say I'm a fool,  
'Cause I don't earn a fortune and I missed out on school,  
But the crowned heads of Europe mean nothing to me,  
And I'd trade 'em all gladly for damper and tea.

*Chorus:* Damper and tea, damper and tea,  
I've tried all the rest but they're no use to me,  
And if you're a bushman I'm sure you'll agree,  
That there's nothing more welcome than damper and tea.

My dad was a battler, or so I've been told,  
He worked on the diggings, out scratching for gold,  
And his humble possessions had no lock and key,  
Just a battered camp oven, some damper and tea.

My mother was raised at the town of Yalgoo;  
Her vices were many and her virtues were few;  
She sang the old songs while I rocked on her knee,  
And she fed me twice daily on damper and tea.

On the day I turned seven, I packed up my swag,  
With my marbles and shanghai in an old dilly-bag,  
Then I set out on foot for the East Kimberley,  
Where I lived like a banker on damper and tea.

I travelled the world 'cause I heard it was there,  
With the sun on my back and the breeze in my hair,  
From the Cape of Good Hope to the Isle of Capris,  
Where I viewed 'em and wooed 'em on damper and tea.

If work is a virtue I'll die in disgrace,  
But I'll roll up to Heaven with a smile on my face;  
When the big gates swing open, at last I'll be free,  
To dine with Saint Peter on damper and tea.

# Footy

© Dave Hill

Footballs' not all about winning premierships  
and I'll explain that to you soon.  
Not everyone gets the chance to play  
that final Saturday afternoon.

It's about the little boy who can't sleep at night  
before that final day.  
When his dad takes him down to the MCG  
to watch his heroes play.

It's that day they let a pig run wild  
on that famous SCG.  
Or the old lady who turns up every week  
with a rug across her knee.

It's perving on a Carlton Bluebird  
in a real small skimpy skirt.  
Or leaving the ground full of disco juice  
And a pie stain down your shirt.

It's a bit of Daicos magic  
when he was putting on a show.  
Or listening to Rex in the shed out back  
after the wife just told you no.

Remember when E.J did his final lap  
with his fists pumping toward the sky.  
You'd have to be a deadset mongrel  
if that never made you cry.

It's about the fans who turn up all the time  
in cold and rainy weather.  
Or Doug Hawkins on the footy show  
trying to string two words together.

It's watching Bruce on channel 7  
with all his hi tech toys.  
Or it's Dipper with his Auskick  
teaching little girls and boys.

So I think I've explained it pretty well.  
An umpire could even see.  
That it's the little things in football  
that mean so much to me.



This form is designed to assist members wanting to perform to the public. Jobs come up frequently which will be shared around our members who express an interest and who can provide quality services to the public in paid or voluntary shows. (There are no disqualifying answers, just information that will help suitable placement or a response to requests)

Please copy and paste this character over the square next to your selection: ☐  
or highlight or bold your selection – whatever makes it clear.

**Please rate your interest in performing at poetry gigs.**

1     2     3     4     5

Not interested at all

Very interested

**Are you getting any paid gigs currently?**

1     2     3     4     5

None at all

I perform for public regularly  
already.

**Do you perform at regular poetry events?**  Yes |  No

Retirement villages?  Yes |  No

Corporate events?  Yes |  No

Workshops?  Yes |  No

**Number of first places awarded in ABPA run competitions or those run to ABPA guidelines:**

1     2     3     4     more

**Number of years as a performing bush poet**

1     2     3     4     more

**How many minutes can you perform solo for a crowd**

15     30     45     60     more

**Please rate your performance experience.**

1     2     3     4     5

Need work / assistance

Very accomplished

**How frequently do you perform currently?**

rarely                       once every 2 mths

twice per month         weekly or more

Name:

Contact phone number/s & address:

Email address:

Have you had a poetry job/s referred by the ABPA?

Yes |  No

If yes, how many?

Do you play an instrument?

Yes |  No

If yes, what type?

What styles of poetry do you perform?

How far is too far to travel for you?

km/hours

Do you have product to sell?

Yes

CD     DVD     Book     Other:

No

How do you perform?

Solo |  With a partner

Would you like tuition / workshops prior to performing?

Yes |  No

If an experienced mentor is available, would you like assistance to prepare for paid gigs?

Yes |  No

Do you have the ABPA public liability performer's insurance?

Yes |  No

Are you currently working as a paid poet?

Yes |  No

Supplementary comments:

Please save your completed form and attach it to an email to **president@abpa.org.au**

Or print and send by mail to:

**ABPA**  
**6 Haysmouth Parade**  
**Clontarf Qld 4019**

For assistance call 042 15 14 555

# Yellow Belly Festival - St George

Holding a Music and Bush Poetry Festival in a rural town that has been smashed by years and years of drought may, on the surface, sound like a recipe for disaster. The reality however is almost the complete opposite, with both travellers and locals providing solid support for a Festival that has gone from strength to strength over the last six years.

The brain child of hard working country singer, Keith Jamieson, the Festival has blossomed on a recipe of hiring the very best of Bush Ballard singers and Bush Poets to entertain locals and grey nomads alike. Walk-up artists get four days to indulge their passion for performing before the headline artists take centre stage for the weekend.

Gary Fogarty and Ray Essery introduced the sizeable audience to the pleasures of modern Bush Poetry with the assistance of 10 enthusiastic walk-up poets for two hours on both mornings. This years audience was boosted by a sizeable contingent from both South Australia and Tasmania.

## Cunnamulla Poets and Country Music Muster

New to the Qld Festival circuit this year, Cunnamulla proved to be popular with the grey nomads who arrived in large enough numbers to ensure that this inaugural event will be held again next year.

Organisers are to be congratulated with putting together a line-up of artists that would be hard to match anywhere in Australia. Legends like Chad Morgan, Gold Guitar winners Jeff Brown, Keith Jamieson, Reg Poole and highly regarded singers such as Terry Gordon and Mat Manning were joined by highly popular bush poets, Gary Fogarty and Ray Essery.

Australian music, Australian poetry and some quality camp oven catering all added up to deliver a weekend chock full of Australiana, and proved once again that there is a sizable audience, prepared to travel considerable distances to enjoy quality entertainment.



*St. George Crowd enjoying the entertainment.*



*Mick Martin entertaining at Cunnamulla*

### **St Edwards Parish Hall**

**Where Bush Poetry is on all week in Tamworth 2019**

72 Hillvue Road South Tamworth 2340



### **GOLDEN DAMPER AWARDS**

Original, Traditional/Modern Categories

Top Performance Judges

Two heats - **Tuesday 22nd Jan and Thursday 24th Jan** afternoon 2—4pm

and Final Saturday 26th Jan 2—4 pm

Entry forms at [abpa.org.au](http://abpa.org.au)



### **WALK UPS**

(including Frank Daniels Award judged over all sessions)

### **WORK SHOPS**

(To be announced)

**AGM** Wednesday 23rd Jan (put your hand up for committee)

**POETTES** Friday 25th Jan (Ladies Day)

Plenty of Parking

Air Conditioned

# PAPPINBARRA BURNING

©Tom McLveen

Winner of Laura Literary Poetry awards 2018 and  
Gulgong Literary Awards – (Human Interest Category 2018)

On the road to Pappinbarra, there's a tree of sacred jarrah  
in the valley where the tallest timbers grow –  
and according to tradition and a local superstition...  
it was planted many thousand years ago.

'Twas Baieme and Eingana, Rainbow Serpent and Goanna  
Who'd supplied the seed when Dreamtime had begun.  
It had sprouted forth and flourished, to be sanctified and nourished  
by the Mother Earth and Goddess Of The Sun.

The Koori tribes revered it and had burnt the bush and cleared it  
to appease their Gods' perpetual demands.  
It had thrived and propagated till the forest was created  
from volcanic rock and barren desert sands.

I was roused from my dreaming by the shrill persistent screaming  
of a cockatoo who'd lost his way in flight.  
We arose that Sunday morning to the sounds of creatures warning  
us that something in the forest wasn't right.

In the rafters just above us, was a pair of spotted plovers  
who were screeching loud enough to wake the dead.  
They had seemingly been frightened by a cloud of smoke that whitened  
as it billowed ever upward overhead.

Then a wallaby had bounded through the clearing now surrounded  
by an eerie shadow cast from smoking wood.  
He had smelt the fire approaching, long before it was encroaching  
on his grazing patch just west of where we stood.

In the chaos and confusion, I remembered our seclusion,  
with the nearest neighbour half a mile away.  
I could feel an inward tremor as we faced the real dilemma –  
of escaping now or buckling down to stay?

But before it was decided, an inferno had divided  
us from any access coming in or out.  
With a hot nor'wester blowing, we had little way of knowing  
how the bush would fare from eighteen months of drought.

If the fire had found us driving, then our chances of surviving  
would be smaller than a snowball's chance in hell.  
There were walls of flame appearing in what should have been a clearing,  
but was now ablaze as far as we could tell.

Since the Greens had been elected, many trees were now protected  
from the loggers and the lumber mills in turn.  
But if nature had intended for her trees to be defended,  
she would never have allowed those trees to burn.

With a sense of hopeless yearning, we had watched our cottage burning  
as the flames had roasted everything in sight.  
They had scorched the eaves and gutters and engulfed the open shutters,  
and then set the doors and window frames alight.

In amongst the ash and sorrow, broken dreams and no tomorrow,  
we had wondered if the forest would prevail.  
Would it be regenerated or completely decimated  
till the bush returns to desert, rock and shale?

When I'm dreaming of Eingana, Rainbow Serpent and Goanna,  
I can see again that underlying theme.  
Was it simply intuition or some type of premonition  
from a superstitious, visionary dream?

On the road to Pappinbarra, there's a tree of sacred jarrah  
in the ashes where the strongest timbers stand...  
and in spite of Blackened Sunday, we will build again there one day –  
in the very heart of sacred jarrah land.





**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**

**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](http://www.abpa.org.au)**

**For further details contact: Rodger Kohn: [rodgershirley@bigpond.com](mailto:rodgershirley@bigpond.com)**

**ANNUAL CROOKWELL  
MARY GILMORE FESTIVAL**

**26 -28 October - Crookwell, Southern Tablelands NSW**

*Visit our scenic region, enjoy warm country hospitality,  
stunning vistas and diverse local tourist attractions*



**Friday 26th - TEA HOUSE & GALLERY - Drinks in the Garden & Art Show 6 -8pm**

**Saturday 27th - Visit Local tourist attractions - Lindner Sock Shop and Factory, Tea House & Gallery - Tea Making ceremony and Art Show, Arcadia, Top Paddock and other Specialty Shops, Cafes for a coffee stop, Crookwell Visitor Information Centre for local quality wines, speciality shopping and more places of interest to visit. Laggan 9 kms from Crookwell - Willowtree Sculpture Garden, coffee/tea available; Laggan Hotel, iconic country pub.**

**10am - 12pm - Jam session for musicians, singers & poets - Dome Pavilion, Crookwell Showground.**

**1.30 - 3.30pm Performing Youth Showcase - Dome Pavilion**

**7.30pm - Variety Concert - Dome Pavilion**

**Sunday 28th - 9am Breakfast, 10am Poet's and Balladeers Showcase - Dome Pavilion**

**Camping available at Crookwell Showground - Ph: Paul - 0417985686**

**For more information and/or accommodation, Ph: Crookwell Visitor Information Centre 48321988**

**Email: [info@visitupperlachlan.com.au](mailto:info@visitupperlachlan.com.au) Website: [www.visitupperlachlan.com.au](http://www.visitupperlachlan.com.au) or**

# 2019 Blackened Billy Verse Competition

*To maintain the tradition which began in 1991,  
the ABPA have taken over the running of  
the iconic Blackened Billy Verse Written Competition from the  
Tamworth Poetry Reading Group.*



Entries will be accepted from  
1<sup>st</sup> August to 23<sup>rd</sup> 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](http://www.abpa.org.au), Events and Results  
or obtained from Max Pringle  
[maxpringle5@bigpond.com](mailto:maxpringle5@bigpond.com)  
44 Fitzroy Street, Narrabri, NSW 2390  
Ph. (02) 6792 2229

## Logan Bush Poets



### 2018 - Logan Performance Bush Poets- Queensland

Would like to invite you all to a wonderful day of Bush Poetry and comradeship at their annual competition.

On September 9 from 8.45 am

*Beenleigh Historical Village and Museum 205 Mains Rd Beenleigh Exit 35*

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

Entry form for all these events will be on the ABPA website soon.

Ring Gerry for more information 0499942922 or email [kgeraldine450@gmail.com](mailto:kgeraldine450@gmail.com)  
or Jim on 0403871325 or email: [jimmyj1131@gmail.com](mailto:jimmyj1131@gmail.com)

IF YOU would like a BILLET or a yard to camp your van- ring Gerry.

## 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 6571 1398.
- 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, Recliffe. Contact Janice Ebrington 0421941494
- Russell Island Writers Circle** - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am, St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542
- Shorncliffe Cafe On The Park** - 3rd Monday of the month from 6pm, 6 Park Pde, Shorncliffe.
- Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc** meet every first Tuesday of the month at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. 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
- Logan Performance Bush Poets** - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

### 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