
A.B.P.A.
Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 24 No. 6
Dec/Jan 2018/19



Merry Christmas

Illawarra Breakfast Poets

present

'The Kembla Flame' 2019

Written Bush Poetry Competition

First \$300 - Second \$200

and Two equal awards of

\$100 \$100

Also a Novice \$100 Award for Novice writer of Bush Poetry.
Total, Prize money of \$800.

Competition is for poetry with good rhyme and
metre - about Australia or our way of life.

Closing date 28th December 2018
winners will receive Trophy and Cash.

Results will be announced at
Illawarra Folk Festival
BULLI January 2019

please send 3 copies ... for entry form

www.abpa.org.au - events page or

email zondraeking@gmail.com 0401160137



New Venue

New Trophy

New Time

New Name

Still the same Competition

Tamworth Golden Damper

Southside Uniting Church

440 Goonoo Goonoo Rd. Tamworth 2340

(Opposite the Golden Guitar)

Section one: **Original**

Section two: **Traditional/Modern**

Top Performance Judges

Two Heats—Tuesday **22nd Jan 2-4pm** & Thursday **24th Jan 2-4pm**

and Final **25th Jan 1-3pm**

POETTES Friday 25th Jan 3-5pm (Ladies Day)

AGM Wednesday 23rd Jan 3pm (put your hand up for committee)

Plenty of Parking



9-11am Tues & Thurs

1.30—2.30 Wed

WALK UPS



WORKSHOPS

11-12.30pm Tues

Yarnspinning—

Ray Essery

11-12.30pm Thurs

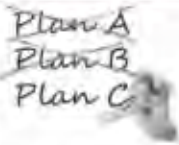
Writing—

Bill Kearns

Air Conditioned



We're all still planning



And we're a bit up in the air 'cos we think we may have to rob a bank!



At this stage we'd like you just to keep a date free for the Logan Performance Bush Poets Queensland Championship –Beenleigh.

Friday 6th, (6pm) and Saturday 7th September 2019– three main events –Classical, Modern, Original and a Written. More information to follow!



If it doesn't send entries via the Queensland Prison System.or ring Gerry King 0499942922.

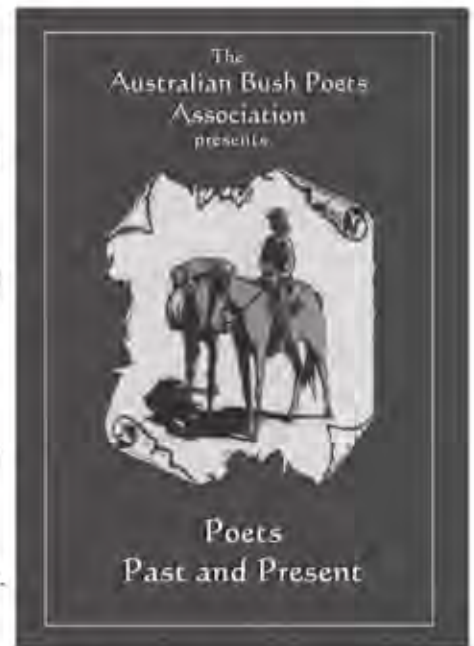
OUT NOW

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 Cheaper 7 & over. In stock.

NOTE:- Next Magazine Deadline for submissions is Jan 30th

ABPA Committee Members 2018

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

Black and White Ads

Full page \$95

Half Page \$55

Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$240

Half Page \$140

Quarter Page not available

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad. Send all details in plain text, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au

All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer - Janine Keating

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GLADSTONE QLD 4680

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

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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



Well this will be the last Presidents Report I write before the membership get to decide on who they want on Committee next year.

I would like to acknowledge the work of two people, Greg North and David Kitchen, who have worked very hard to facilitate the changeover to a new provider of our web hosting and official email addresses. I would especially like to acknowledge the work of David Kitchen, who is not even a member of the ABPA.

Can I also acknowledge the great work of our QLD representative, Mick Martin. Mick has been an enthusiastic contributor on Committee all year and in recent months has identified and worked very hard on encouraging and guiding the establishment of a new Bush Poetry group at Toowoomba. Both Mick and I attended the 2nd meeting of this group and were excited with both the size of the group and the quality and diversity of its members. Early days yet, but it looks positive. Congratulations should also go to the WA Bush Poets, who from all reports, have again hosted a very successful WA Championships. This great group of Bush Poetry enthusiasts continue to provide a positive example to us all.

Plans are well underway for the Tamworth Festival, with both the ABPA and individual members working hard in an attempt to host successful Bush Poetry events again in 2019. Tamworth is a very competitive market with well over 1000 shows competing for audiences and we should applaud those members who commit their time, money and energy into providing opportunities for themselves and their fellow poets. We wish them every success and encourage our membership to support as many of these events as they can. Nominations are open for the Golden Damper Competition and future ABPA involvement in this Competition could well depend on the number of entries received.

I encourage every member to attend our AGM if possible, it is an important opportunity to have your say on who represents you on Committee for the next twelve months. I know that there are a number of the current Committee who will not be seeking re-election and some who are yet to decide. This means we will be looking for new people to put their hands up for Committee positions. As far as I'm concerned the more nominations we get the better. It would be a sign of a vibrant Association if we had to vote on every available position.

President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, at least 3 ordinary Committee members (we had 4 this year) and State Representatives, that is up to a possible 15 Committee Positions. If you believe you have something to contribute then please, please consider filling out the Nomination Form in this Magazine. As an Association we can only benefit from new and exciting input from our members, the future direction of the ABPA could well be in your hands and standing for a Committee Position is a great way to contribute. Committee meets monthly via SKYPE, for around 2 hrs per meeting and while other tasks do come up during the year, they are completely voluntary.

From a personal point of view, I have not 100% decided if I will stand again next year or not, although at this stage it is more likely that I won't. Regardless of if I stand or not, I would encourage anyone who believes they have something to offer to definitely nominate, I will take no offence. I stood last year because I believed I had something to offer and I would love members to have to choose between three or four or five candidates. We do not want to end up in the situation we were last year where we were desperately searching for people to fill positions, months after our AGM.

If Bush Poetry is important to you and you are passionate about it then you should at the very least consider running for Committee. To represent our membership we need both male and females to nominate, we need both experienced poets and beginner poets to nominate, we need both writers and performers to nominate, we need both organisers and participants to nominate, we need both walk-ups and paid poets to nominate, we need both young members and old members to nominate, we need YOU to nominate.

www.abpa.org.au

CHANGING OF THE TIMES

© Rhyll Graham 2015

In the distance you can hear it, the loud cracking of the whip,
Then from the forest, comes the voice, as the master lets it rip.
The sound, it echoes loudly, through the tree-tops high above,
A legacy of ages past, this team of bullocks, his first love.

The young off-sider starts his day before the rising of the sun,
He's to muster all the bullocks for the job that must be done,
Dons his moleskin trousers and his worn out blucher boots,
Stirs the team into action, for they can be stubborn coots.

The master wears his cabbage-tree hat, his khaki dungarees,
Lays out the yokes, then the bows, and the green hide leather keys,
His bullocks know their team mates, but they wait till he calls their names,
"Yoke up, Jack! Ranger, get in! Stop playing ya silly games!"

The heavy yoke is lifted, and gently laid across their back,
The bow is pushed up from below, quickly tied, and then hangs slack,
The whole time, the master's talking, to keep his bullocks calm,
By the look of boredom in their eyes, they're not fallin' for his charm.

The metal chains are jingling as the next pair are called to line,
"Yoke up, Ned and Dusty! Get over, Ned! Whoa, Whoa, that's fine"
The same routine of yoking up continues with each pair,
Until the team, it is complete for the workload they will share.

The Ayrshires and the Devons are in the lead to start the haul,
And the back pair are the wheelers, who answer to the call,
Then in between, the young ones, still learning this old trade
From the masters of this bullock team, where history has been laid.

"Gee up!" yells the master to urge his working team to go,
As each bullock moves, it strains against the yoke and the bow,
All the time, his voice they hear, yelling orders when they stray,
But softly talking to them still, when on the track they stay.

The grind of dragging heavy logs along tracks throughout the scrub,
Shines the hair of their coats where the yokes begin to rub,
Now and then they take a rest as the master checks the chains,
On this daily slog of working teams, through cold, or heat or rains.

"Whoa! Whoa back!" comes the order, and the team then starts to slow,
The slackened chains they jingle, and the bullocks puff and blow.
They hear the boss still talking,.... but in an unfamiliar tone,
Yep, in one hand is his bull whip, the other, his mobile phone.



A.B.P.A
Join in the Forums at
www.abpa.org.au

George Essex Evans

by Anthony Hammill

George Essex Evans (1863-1909) was born in London and due to family impoverishment migrated to Queensland in 1881 with a brother and two sisters. He worked in various occupations including farmer, teacher, public servant, agricultural reporter for *The Queenslander* and writer for *The Darling Downs Gazette* and the *Toowoomba Chronicle*, literary editor, newspaper editor and author of books of poetry.

Evans' poems were descriptive, reflective, narrative and patriotic. He won a fifty pound prize for a poem celebrating federation, but A.G. Stephens of *The Bulletin* labelled it 'a statement of the trite, a re-iteration of the obvious', and his poetry in general 'uninspired' and lacking 'wings'. He was nevertheless a popular poet throughout the country and after his death in 1909 Prime Minister Alfred Deakin described him as 'Australia's national poet'. A monument to him was established on the Toowoomba range which I have visited, and a pilgrimage and memorial lecture are held each year in his honour.

Though George's star faded, one poem of his has found immortality in anthologies of bush poetry; that is his ode and tribute to pioneering women, *The Women of the West*. It appears in Reg Williams books of his favourite bush verse, and which of us would not be happy to have been its author? If George was a 'one-shot wonder', that shot continues to echo around Australia today!

The Women of the West

by George Essex Evans

They left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished best:
For love they faced the wilderness - the Women of the West.

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces-they were gone for many a day;
In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the creaking bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never ending plains.

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately-taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say -
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

The wide Bush holds the secrets of their longings and desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy altar-fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the breast -
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his arts -
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving hearts.
But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs above -
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our fathers' creed. No call has passed us by.
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die.
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of the West.



Born 18 June 1863
United Kingdom

Died 10 November 1909 (aged 46)
Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia

Occupation Poet, journalist, farmer,
teacher, and public servant

Nationality Australian

Education Attended Haverford-
west Grammar School and James
Collegiate School of Jersey

Genre Poetry, short stories, journal-
ism, literary criticism, and song lyrics

Spouse Blanche Hopkins

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS

© Maureen Stahl, Elliminyt Vic

It's a month before Christmas time to prepare.
There's a lot to be done and no time to spare
This year I'll be organised, I'll be on top
so with this in my mind I head for the shop.

I'll buy some dried fruit, glazed cherries and mixed peel,
with pudding and cake done how good will I feel?
I've made a fine start I am well on the way,
I'll have everything done before Christmas day.

It's three weeks before Christmas, I'm keeping calm;
there's presents to buy but no cause for alarm.
I'll just make a list of all I have to get,
twenty shopping left, there's no need to fret

I've picked up bargains the budget to ease
the sizes are right hope the colours will please
I've bought wrapping paper and bright coloured string
I even had time to hear carollers sing.

It's two weeks before Christmas time's slipping by
but I'm still feeling good, my spirits are high
I've written my Christmas cards, every last one,
tomorrow I'll mail them, another job done.

On the porch my fairy lights make a good show
Santa's in the window saying "Ho! Ho! Ho!
I've hung decorations all over the tree
there's a wreath on the door for callers to see.

It's a week before Christmas, still lots to do.
What shall I buy hubby I haven't a clue?
I've presents to wrap and put under the tree
Then I'll go order meat for dinner and tea

I'll get plenty of drinks to stock up the bar.
It's getting hard to find a park for the car.
Shops are so busy, folk cranky and weary
yet this is the season we should be cheery.

It's the night before Christmas, now it's too late
and what hasn't been done will just have to wait.
Will anyone notice I've not washed the floor,
polished the dresser or wiped marks off the door?

Will anyone care that my windows aren't clean,
that dirty clothes lurk in the washing machine?
As I set out bonbons that we'll pull apart
I vow next year I'll make an earlier start.



'TEN DAYS AT THE EKKA'

DAILY PERFORMANCE POETRY - EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION (First Saturday of the Ekka)

Another very successful EKKA (Brisbane's 141st Royal National Show) – has come to a close and I can confidently say it has been one of the best! The weather was absolutely perfect – beautiful sunny skies and wonderful attendances – especially at the EKKA BUSH POETRY performances !!

We have had a great location for the last few years – in the Animal Nursery, at the Gregory Terrace end - sharing the stage with the sheep shearing demonstrations -and a very talented and very entertaining Shearer and Rousabout - together with a pen full of sheep , who would regularly baa right on cue !!

We had 14 poets performing during the 10 days of the Ekka – quite a few from interstate which was fantastic. We were doing FOUR x ½ hour Shows daily, so we were pretty busy, but as all the Poets would know, it's always a great time when the poets get together !! We were lucky to have some Junior performers on our stage as well.

On the first SATURDAY of Ekka we always hold the EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION and this year was no exception (report and results to follow) – a couple of the competitors in the Junior Classes were able to come to the Shearing Stage during the week and perform some poetry – what great talent we have coming through the junior ranks – Thankyou KAYLIN HANDLY and HANS CABALSE.

Without naming all our fantastic poets, I would like to thank each and every one of you – especially all the poets who came from interstate and out of Brisbane – your attendance is very much appreciated – without you, our 'TEN DAYS AT THE EKKA' Shows could not continue. You all gave your valuable time and experience (for such a small remittance) so the Patrons of the Ekka could enjoy and appreciate our wonderful culture – my heartfelt thanks to you all .

EKKA BUSH POETRY COMPETITION JUNIOR and OPEN CLASSES

On the first Saturday of the Show we always hold the EKKA Bush Poetry Competition – this year's ENTRIES were not quite as many as last year, but even so, we had a good response –

I would also like to acknowledge our generous Sponsors – THE CONSULTANCY BUREAU – Peter Forster and our wonderful Councillor Catherine Sinclair – THE STOCKMAN'S HALL OF FAME – THE ROYAL NATIONAL SHOW (BRISBANE EKKA) – Thankyou so much for the generous Trophies and prizes and your ongoing support.

I would like to thank all the Judges :- CAROL HEUCHAN, WALLY FINCH and SANDRA HARLE , the collators :- LIN and JIM KENNEDY and the runner MARY FINCH for all helping me put this Competition together – without your participation this Competition could not go ahead – my grateful thanks to you all.

Following are the Results -

JUNIORS

UNDER 12

- 1st Sedena KEHOE
- 2nd Justin Finger
- 3rd Amelia Cruikshank
- Special Award to Hans Cabalse

14yrs and UNDER 18

- 1st Kaylin Handley
- Only entrant

OPEN ORIGINAL

- 1st Graeme Johnson
- 2nd Mal Beveridge
- 3rd Geraldine King

OPEN ESTABLISHED

- 1st Peter Marron
- 2nd Graeme Johnson
- 3rd Mal Beveridge



Ray Essery, Organiser Trish Anderson and Peter Blundell at the Brisbane Ekka

CONGRATULATIONS to ALL the Competitors – and many thanks to you all – and to our wonderful audiences - I hope to see you all during the year at a Poetry Performance somewhere in this great land of ours -

WITH THANKS TO EVERYONE - Trisha Anderson

'Twas the Day Before Christmas in Australia

Adapted by Gerry King

T'was the day before Christmas and the turkey was stressed
He'd heard all the rumours and he wasn't impressed
The mouse had passed out under the tree
He'd sipped too much fruit punch was drunk as can be!

Giant glad bags were hung 'twix bed posts with care
In hopes that 'big' presents soon would be there!
The gifts were all stashed in the garage
Covered with a bedspread a good camouflage!

And George winked at Lizzie as he took off his cap
'Why don't we have an afternoon nap!
Then out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
George sprang from his bed to see what was the matter

He tripped on the curtain and was choked by the sash
Knocked his nose on the window that fell with a crash!
The sun reflecting off a windscreen below
Gave a lustre like headlights to a red truck below!

And what to his blackening eyes should appear
But a big burly bouncer and eight men loading gear!
With a little old driver so lively and quick
George knew from the papers they'd escaped from the nick!

Stealing the presents, that was their game
George pleaded and shouted and called them by name
Stop! Scarface and Squizzy, Benji and Bopper
Alfonse and Carl, Connor and Chopper

But they grabbed the presents then over the wall
They were off in a flash with one hell of a haul!
George fired his gun quickly, a loud warning shot
Up through the roof George hit the jackpot!

'Cos it might have been Christmas but that wasn't snow
It was raining roof tiles, 'Look out below!
But the banging continued up on the roof
Not the prancing and pawing of each little hoof

But something more sinister running around
Whatever it was, it came down with a bound
First came a possum all covered in soot
Then a pesky python, was soon underfoot!

So the presents were gone and the roof was a mess
George had no insurance, he had to confess!
They sat in the dark 'cos he'd shot out the main
And if things weren't bad enough, it started to rain

"Oh George don't despair, it can't get much worse,
The snakes in our bed but I did grab my purse
Look here's a scratchie now that's a surprise
I don't have my glasses, have I won us a prize?"

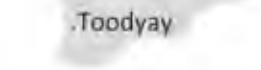
'George looked with amazement "Oh my dear wife,
you've won a cool million we're set now for life!"
And outside their window the one with no glass
Sat Santa and his Boombers, there eating grass

Then he called as his sleigh took off with a fright
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"



WA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

TOODYAY 2018



Toodyay

2018 PERFORMANCE COMPETITION RESULTS

OVERALL CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER –

- Michael Darby
- 2nd place – Peter Blyth
- 3rd place – Bill Gordon

ORIGINAL HUMOROUS – WINNER – Peter Nettleton

- 2nd place – James Fitzpatrick
- 3rd place – Peter Blyth

ORIGINAL SERIOUS – WINNER – Michael Darby

- 2nd place – James Fitzpatrick
- 3rd place – Peter Blyth

MODERN – WINNER – John Hayes

- 2nd place – Bill Gordon
- 3rd place – Michael Darby

TRADITIONAL – WINNER – Barry Higgins

- 2nd place – Michael Darby
- 3rd place – Bill Gordon

YARNSPINNERS - WINNER - Peter Blyth

- 2nd place - Steve Roberts
- 3rd place - Bill Gordon

NOVICE ORIGINAL – WINNER – Peter Nettleton

- 2nd place – Charleigh Zele
- 3rd place – Heather Denham

NOVICE OTHER – WINNER – Bev Shorland

- 2nd place – Heather Denham
- 3rd place – Anne Hayes



Michael Darby, Peter Blyth, Brian Raynor President Toodyay Shire, Bill Gordon



Bev Shorland, Anne Hayes, Heather Denham, Brian Raynor President Toodyay Shire



At the Writer's Workshop Bob Magor SA, Keith "Cobber" Lethbridge WA and Tom McIlveen NSW



Entertainers for the Variety Concert during the Poetry Festival in Toodyay
Tom McIlveen, Cobber Lethbridge, Peter Blyth and Susan Ashton

SILVER QUILL WRITTEN VERSE

WINNER- **TERRY PIGGOTT** Linwood WA - "The Ruins"

RUNNER UP – **CHRIS TAYLOR** Bunbury WA - "The Dance"

3rd PLACE – **TOM MCILVEEN** Port Macquarie - "The Wild One"

OPEN HUMOROUS WRITTEN VERSE

WINNER – **PAMELA FOX** from Beaudesert Qld - "The Acting Posties Day"

2nd – Tom McIlveen Port Macquarie NSW - "Fishing for a Gucci"

3rd – Frank Heffernan Narrogin WA - "Baa-Baa Joe, The Shearer"

Highly Commended – Kay Gorring Morayfield Qld - "The Cop Magnet"

- Mal Beverage North Lakes Qld - "Driving Cabs"

- Terry Piggott Linwood WA - "The Funeral"

- Brenda Joy Charters Towers Qld. - "Bra - Baric"

OPEN SERIOUS WRITTEN VERSE

WINNER - **TERRY PIGGOTT** from Linwood WA - "The Ruins"

2nd - Chris Taylor from Bunbury WA - "The Dance"

3rd: Tom McIlveen Port Macquarie NSW - "The Wild One"

Highly Commended – Kay Gorring Morayfield Qld - "The Stockman's Choice"

Commended – Brenda Joy Charters Towers Qld - "Endurance"

Tony Hamill Carindale Qld - "The Convict's Dream"

Tony Hamill Carindale Qld - "Whalers"

Terry Piggott Linwood WA - "The Ugly Side of Drought"

NOVICE WRITTEN VERSE

WINNER – **KARA POGOS** from Caulfield Vic - "A Meeting of Two Worlds"

2nd - Phil Bodeker from Greenfields WA - "The Crab with No Shell"

3rd - Kara Pogoss from Caulfield Vic - "A Mermaid's Musing"

Commended - Phil Bodeker from Greenfields WA - "Kings of Cooleenup"

JUNIOR WRITTEN VERSE

WINNER – **ELENI CHAPMAN** from Ascot WA - "Bush Runaway"

2nd - Ashley Bryan from City Beach WA - "Bushfire"

3rd - Tess Ford from Fitzroy Crossing WA - "A Word from the Fields"

Commended – Elroy Cargill Swan View WA - "Wildfire in the Outback"

- Parnia Hatami Mitcham SA - "Stolen Land"

- Parnia Hatami Mitcham SA - "Ocean"

- Cyrus Cargill Swan View WA - "A Ball of Adventure"

Junior Competition Judge's comments – Overall poems were good, showed maturity, good imagery.



Winner Terry Piggott and
WA President Bill Gordon



Runner Up Chris Taylor and
WA President Bill Gordon



Third Place Original Humorous
Frank Heffernan and President Bill Gordon
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Dancers enjoying the music at the Presentations of the Silver Quill

THREE FAKE SANTAS

© JOHN 'THE JOKER' PAMPLING

*This poem was inspired by Donald Trump's rantings
About fake news reports.*

The day before Christmas I went to the shops
To buy a few presents, some vegies and chops.
And there I saw Santas, not one-two-but three,
They danced a strange jig 'round a fake Christmas tree.

So after they'd finished I challenged all three.
'You all are impostors, just like this fake tree.
They queried my challenge and said they had proof,
The sleigh and the reindeer were parked on the roof.

There's only one Santa, I said with a frown,
He's driving the bus that brought me to town.
He welcomed me in with a Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho
'I'm off to the shops son, hop in and I'll go!'

So quickly we trundled a smile on each face.
Toward Kippa-Ring at a leisurely pace.
He wished, 'Merry Christmas!' as we disembarked
'And thank you dear Santa.' A young lad remarked.

So off to the shops I strode with a smile
'Twas the best ride I'd had on a bus, for a while.
I then heard Christmas carols and I saw the fake tree
And dancing around it was Santa, times three.

That's when I approached them and said with a frown.
'You should be arrested and run out of town!'
Just then the big boss came, and challenged my stance
So he chucked me right out, by the seat of my pants.

'You're too much like Donald, that bloke from the States.
You should be deported or locked behind gates.'
He called in the Cops and I tried to explain
'Said I'm in the right here, I'll do it again.'

A massive contingent came to my defence
'Three Santas at once, you should have more sense.'
With Cops now out numbered, two Santas soon fled
'Three cheers here for Johnno!' My new friends all said.'



Our Christmas Chook.

© Lynne Finedon

Dad took it to the chopping block,
that poor unwanted useless cock.
He'd always tied their feet up tight,
but not to-day, just thought he might
see if it ran without a breath,
give us some fun, not boring death.

Us kids were all there standing round
quite overawed, excitement bound.
The chook lay still without much fuss,
just beady eyes despising us.

Dad held it firmly as he chopped,
the head flew off so cleanly lopped.
He then let go, the chook ran free
and rushed at us with ghoulish glee.

We shrieked and laughed but lost our joy
when it ran straight at youngest boy,
The stunned boy turned, began to run,
it was the chook now having fun.

While blood was spurting from its neck,
the little boy became a wreck,
he screamed and cried, ran for his life,
oh Lord we were in awful strife!

Blood pumping from that headless chook,
it followed every step he took.
His terror had him traumatised
while tears streamed from his scared blue eyes.

Dad ran and saved his white faced son,
the joke was somewhat overdone.
Then at long last it lurched and fell,
no more we'd play that game from Hell.

Our brother still as white as death
and mum huffed out her angry breath.
Next Christmas day he'd tie the feet
and dinner then might turn out sweet.



Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



The treatment meted out to our indigenous inhabitants by European pioneers has consistently been minimised and whitewashed by white Australians. Only in recent years has any credibility been attached to atrocities committed by settlers in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Black and White by Blagden Chambers (Methuen Australia 1988) is a resurrection of an early text first serialised in *Country Life NSW* in 1926 and 1927.

Blagden Chambers was born in Maitland in 1846. As a young man, he set out from the New England region with 4,000 sheep to establish a station in the Warrego region of the recently separated state of Queensland on behalf of his employer Mr. A.S. Darby.

He and his fellow employee were witness to a shameful act of genocide by a white officer and his squad of Queensland Native Mounted Police against local Aborigines. In *Black and White*, Blagden narrates his first hand account of the massacre and its aftermath.

This little book is well worth reading. It is a first hand account written in the style of the times. Chambers was obviously sympathetic to the plight of the Warrego natives however, his attitudes and use of words are definitely of the eighteen hundreds and would be totally unacceptable today.

The guilty parties are named only by pseudonyms but Chambers and his mate obviously managed to achieve a kind of natural justice. *Black and White* rings very true and is clearly an eye witness account of an actual episode of frontier history.

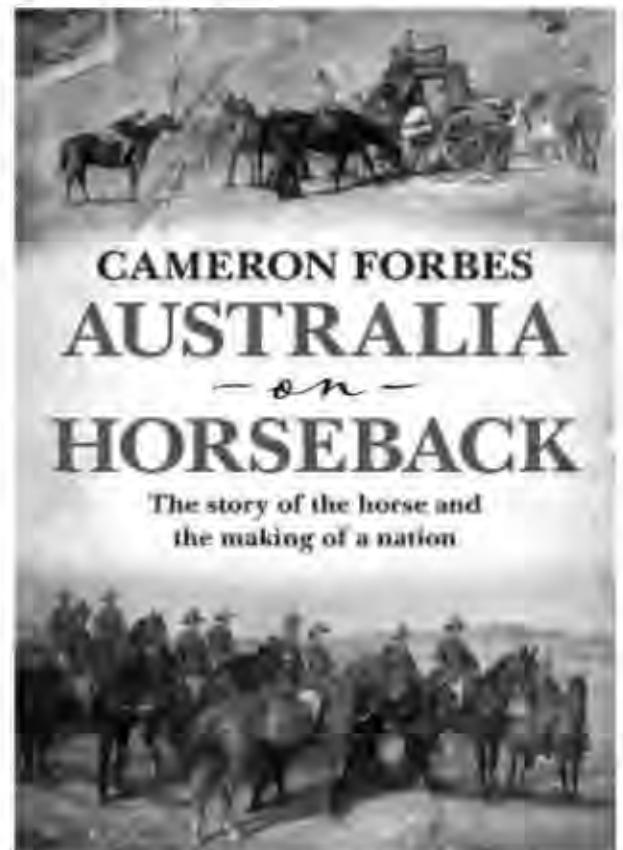
Any book that relates to horses is sure to get a second look from me. When I picked up *Australia on Horseback* by Cameron Forbes (Pan Macmillan 2014) in the Stanthorpe Library, it naturally came home with me.

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.



Jack Drake

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

TAMWORTH TRAUMA

© Greg Dunn

Should your road lead you to Tamworth for the Country Music show
And you set up in the River camp 'cause there's nowhere else to go.
All the good sites have been taken by the ones who got there first,
And all that sun and little shade is building up your thirst.

You throw your camp together and you head out for a drink;
The Locomotive up the road is just the place you think.
A couple down the hatch and you feel you've beat the heat.
So back to camp and get washed up and mosey up the street.

Next morning when you wake up, the sun is riding high;
It's bloody hot already and you think your going to die.
You can't remember who it was who led you to despair,
You feel you'd like to shave your tongue, get rid of all the hair.

The Esky's like an oven because there's something you forgot.
You lift the lid, the smell tells you to dice the bloody lot.
Now this is just the first day and there's still 9 more to go;
So settle down, compose yourself and enjoy the music show.

But results of all that drinking caused your bladder to expand;
You head towards the Porta Loos which doesn't go as planned;
There are no trees to hide behind and people by the score;
The Porta Loos are occupied with a red patch on each door.

You grab your car keys from the tent, just so much you can take,
And your driving is erratic, with your legs crossed on the brake.
You remember coming in the gate, and the building on the left;
But the toilets there are occupied and you damn near go bereft

The shower seems a likely place and hope no one's in there;
You push the door wide open and fall over a bloody chair.
By now nature has run its course and indications are
You're going to need some cover up to make it to your car.

Someone's left a towel inside, you're wrapped up good to go
You pass a person coming in and wouldn't you want to know
They've gone and left their towel behind and came back to collect
Your pace becomes a gallop in the hope they'll not suspect.

You make it to your car but there's something you can't find,
And like the person with the towel you've left your keys behind,
Your mind is in a quandary, it's way beyond belief;
You can't go back there with the towel, he'll know that you're the thief.

You're out there in the boiling sun, no shelter from the heat;
You've got no keys, pants all wet, the tar burning your feet.
To go back with the evidence would cause some consternation,
But waiting for you pants to dry could lead to dehydration.

You have no choice, you leave the towel, and hope you'll not regret.
You're greeted at the toilet door by a bloke that's soaking wet.
"I thought I'd fix the broken tap, and I see you've fallen foul"
But when I went to get my tools, some bastard stole me towel

That's how it is in Tamworth, you take it as it comes,
People come from everywhere to hear guitars and drums;
But part of the equation is to satisfy your thirst,
So eliminate the trauma and make sure you get there first.



Competition Results

More results can be found on our website www.abpa.org.au
Result preferences for Magazine given to our Advertisers.

Metro Hotel Ipswich International Award

Open Age Bush Poetry

Winner First Prize	Bluey	Tom McIlveen
Second Prize	Billy Backytin	Glenny Palmer
Third Prize	The Morning Star	Bruce Simpson

Runners Up

Highly Commended	She - Ode to the Wind	Mal Beveridge
Highly Commended	On Alison Bridge	Zillah Williams
Highly Commended	Hearts of the Wattle	Mal Beveridge
Highly Commended	Nothing Much to Tell	Tom McIlveen

Joy Chambers & Reg Grundy Award – Open Age Other Poetry

Winner First Prize	The Cold Snap	Damen O'Brien
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Also the recipient of the 'Babes of Walloon' Award for the best poem overall.

Second Place	Captain Cochlear	Roger Vickery
Third Place	For my Mother	Mark Miller

Runners Up Highly Commended The Last Ferry Jan Iwaszkiewicz

Highly Commended	Pension Day	Roger Vickery
Highly Commended	Giant	Damen O'Brien
Highly Commended	The Cleaving	Glenny Palmer
Highly Commended	Precarious Balance	Damen O'Brien

Results of 2018 Toolangi C. J. Dennis Festival Poetry and Short Story Competition

Open Poetry Award

First Prize - "Anzac Eyes" (David Campbell)

Second Prize - "Bill" (Kyrie Covert)

Third Prize - "Ozrap: as things stand" (John Bond)

Highly Commended

Black Saturday (John Bond)

My Herald Stuff? (Stephen Whiteside)

Ode to a Spring Morning (Jim Kent)

Open Short Story Award

First Prize - "Opening Night" (Shelley Hansen)

Second Prize - "Rosemary's Summer Harvest" (John Jenkin)

Third Prize - "Miss Daisy" (Jim Kent)

Adults Writing for Children (adult judging)

First Prize - "Ozzie's Snozzle" (Kesta Fleming)

Equal Second Prize - "The Class Photo" (Jenny Erlanger)

Equal Second Prize - "If" (David Campbell)

Highly Commended

"Getting to Sleep" (Jenny Erlanger)

"Career Moves" (Doc Bland)

Adults Writing for Children (children judging)

First Prize - "Scruffy Dog" (Jan Williams)

Second Prize - "The Class Photo" (Jenny Erlanger)

Equal Third Prize - "Wishes" (Maureen Halloran)

Equal Third Prize - "Shadow" (Agi Dobson)

Poems by Students in Primary School

First Prize - "Far and Few" (Robert Simpson)

Second Prize - "The Unfair Bear" (Jessica Nakad)

Poems by Students in Secondary School

First Prize - "Peek-a-boo" (Michelle Dinuan-Mason-Sanmiah)

Second Prize - "Melting Globe" (Michelle Dinuan-Mason-Sanmiah)

Third Prize - "My Australian Home!!!" (Nicky Louw)

Congratulations to all the winners!

RESULTS FROM 'NANDEWAR' Poetry Competition

received via email from Max Pringle,
Co-ordinator

1st Rebuilding the Rock by Robyn Sykes

2nd To Sing My Song by Robyn Sykes

3rd Flying Doctor by Shelley Hansen

Highly Commended

Dreams and Dreamers by Brenda Joy

The Duelling Duo by Robyn Sykes

Sealed with a Kiss by Tom McIlveen

The Judge was John Peel.

THE BETTY OLLE POETRY AWARD 2018 - RESULTS

1ST Max Merckenschlager Murray Bridge SA "Making Murrundi"

2ND Robyn Sykes Binalong NSW "To Learn to Choose"

Highly Commended John Dickson Glen Waverley Vic. "Soap Box"

Highly Commended Hugh Allan Turramurra NSW "A Garden of Nature"

Highly Commended Catherine Lee Mona Vale NSW "Harbour of Lost Dreams"

Highly Commended Kay Goring Morayfield Qld "The Stockman's Choice"

Highly Commended Val Wallace Glendale NSW "To my Son"

Highly Commended Hugh Allan Turramurra NSW "Sydney Sunrise"

Commended David Campbell Aireys Inlet Vic. "Walk a Mile in our Shoes"

Commended Tom McIlveen Port Macquarie NSW "Pappinbarra Dreamtime"

Commended Grahame Watt Wauchope NSW "The Old Ansonia Clock"

Commended Tony Hammill Carindale Qld "The Convict's Dream"

Commended Jim Kent Port Fairy Vic. "Journeys End"

Commended Max Merckenschlager Murray Bridge SA "Digging O'Hara Burke"

THE BETTY OLLE JUNIOR POETRY AWARD 2018 - RESULTS

1ST Keira Keayes Gordon NSW "What the drought has done"

2ND Emma Seeto Carindale Qld "Eureka Stockade"

Highly Commended Sabine Brett Gordon NSW "When the Drought Came"

Highly Commended Phoenix Lay-Yee Gordon NSW "Thirst"

Highly Commended Amelia Myles Gordon NSW "The Big Dry"

Commended Mitchell Wright Kyabram Vic. "The Old Dog"

Commended Lucinda Vince Gordon NSW "The drought of the desert"

Commended Lillianna Boorer Carindale Qld "The Australian Gold Rush"

2019 A.B.P.A. Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Incorporated will be held at Southside Uniting Church, 440 Goonoo Goonoo Rd Tamworth Tamworth (Opposite the Golden Guitar) , at 3.00 p.m. on Wednesday 23rd January, 2019 At that meeting, all office bearing positions will be declared vacant.

OFFICE BEARER NOMINATION FORM

(N.B. Any financial member of the ABPA can nominate or be nominated for a position.)

Nominations of candidates for election as Executive, Ordinary Committee or State Delegates must be made in writing on this form, signed by the Nominee, the Nominator and the Secunder. This form must be delivered to Penny Broun, 6 Epacris Avenue, Forestville, NSW 2087, or signed, scanned and emailed to pennybroun@bigpond.com at least 14 days before the date of the Annual General Meeting at which the election is to take place. If insufficient nominations are received to fill all the office bearing vacancies, the candidates nominated are taken to be elected and nominations for the unfilled position/s may be received from the floor at the AGM.

Nomination for the position of **PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER, SECRETARY, COMMITTEE MEMBER, STATE DELEGATE** for the State of(Please circle one)

Nominee.....(Please print)
Address:

Nominee's Consent..... (Signature of Nominee)(Date)

Nominated by(Please print)
Address:

..... (Signature of Nominator)(Date)

Secundered by(Please print)
Address:

..... (Signature of Secunder)(Date)

APPOINTMENT OF PROXY FORM

To allow financial members unable to attend the AGM to vote for all or for specific office bearing positions, this form may be used.

I,(Please print full name)
of(address)

being a financial member of the Australian Bush Poets Association, hereby appoint
.....(Please print full name of proxy)

of(address)

as my proxy to vote for me, on my behalf for the following office bearer positions (please circle your choices)

ALL POSITIONS OR specific office bearer position/s only as follows:- PRESIDENT VICE-PRESIDENT
TREASURER SECRETARY COMMITTEE MEMBER STATE DELEGATE: QUEENSLAND NSW VICTORIA
TASMANIA SOUTH AUSTRALIA WEST AUSTRALIA and for special resolutions (optional, circle if desired)
as determined by the President, at the ABPA AGM to be held on Wednesday 23rd January, 2019 and at any adjournment of that meeting.

.....(signature of member appointing proxy).....(date)

N.B. All proxies must be submitted on this official form and must be received by the Returning Officer no later than 24 hours before the meeting. No member may hold more than 5 proxies.

Around The Poetry Traps



The new Toowoomba bush poets are off and running! A great combination of new and experienced poets have found a home at the council library Building. The group are already planning outings and interaction with other groups and a good old fashioned, sit around the fire, get together locally. It is refreshing to hear their ideas and excitement as they plan the future for the group.

The ABPA assisted the group financially and are ready to assist others to get off the ground. Congratulations to John Dooley and the rest of this merry band. Watch out for these guys and gals in the future.

ABPA Qld rep
Mick Martin

The 45 th Maldon Folk Festival was held on the 2nd to 5th of Nov with 3 bush poets brekkies being run at the Wicked Temptation café courtyard every morning . It was full seats every day with plenty of walkups plus featured poets and storyteller Eric Purdie from Scotland now living in Australia ,Noel Bull and The Rymer From Ryde Graeme Johnson .This year there were also three children performing aged 8 13 and 14 so it is great to see the interest being show by the younger generation .All in all a great weekend of Bush Poetry

Noel Bull

The Redcliff Peninsular Poets Close Down Group

Following the AGM , no one has taken up any Positions. It was proposed and all agreed that the Poets group will close on December 4th - 2018. It was also agreed, that at the last meeting on December 4th the split up of money to Charity Groups would be finally decided from the tentative list drawn up at the AGM.

Sad to be losing another Poets Group.

St. Arnaud Poetry & Pancakes

Another great and successful year at St. Arnaud as Kathy and Ross Vallance outdid themselves in organising a wonderful morning's Bush Poetry. Featuring Col Milligan, Rhonda Tallnash, Kath and Ross themselves and hosted by Neil McArthur, walk-ups such as Ken Jones made the morning one of the most successful in years. The new room it was held in was a great venue and hopefully next years will be even bigger and better again!



Mildura Madness

Another great 10 days of Walk Up Poets breakfasts this year at the Mildura Country Music Festival. Venue once again was the Edge Hotel at Buronga, and it was great to see the likes of Prousty and Therese, Col Milligan, Rhonda Tallnash, Kath & Ross Vallance, Ron Bull, and Co. turn up to entertain great crowds over the ten days. The third biggest Country Music crowd in Australia turned it on again. If you have never been then put this one on your bucket list!

OUR POETRY KIDS

with Brenda Joy

*All poems from pupils of the Citipointe Christian
College, Carindale, Queensland.*

FAMOUS AUSTRALIA

by Rhea Kurian

Vegemite is an Aussie thing to put on our toast;
Tim Tams are the things that I love the most!
Kangaroos are jumping all around.
We watch cricket at the Melbourne Cricket Ground.
Fairy bread really fills my belly.
Learning the history of Ned Kelly.
Aboriginals playing the Didgeridoo,
enjoying the waterfalls at Kakadu.
Seeing the coral in the Great Barrier Reef.
Feeding the dingoes with nice cooked beef.
Reading about convicts, Port Arthur and all.
Hearing a kookaburra laughing its call.
Trying to race with the fast emu,
climbing up the big red rock of Uluru.
Eating Anzac bikkies and meat pies,
keeping my snacks away from the flies.
There on the hot sunny beach I lay,
I greet everyone by saying, 'G'day!
As I cut my lamington with a knife...
I think this is the real Australian life.

©2015 Rhea Kurian (at age 10)

THE BEACH

by Leer Tifa Hu

The golden grains of sand
shimmered in the sun.
The children had planned
to make the most of their fun.

The fresh crystal blue sea
lapped on the children's feet
which made them giggle with glee.
Soon they ran away to eat.

The tall green palm trees
rustled in the wind.
The sky darkened quick as the breeze.
Storm clouds thickened as sunlight thinned.

Plip ... plop... plip ... plops
rang in the children's small ears.
On their faces were thick grey raindrops.
They looked up in the sky and saw their worst fears.

Quickly they ran into their seaside home
protecting themselves from the cold.
There they saw the wild sea foam
as waves thundered on the beach so bold.

© 2018 Leer Tifa Hu (at age 10)

ADVENTURES ON THE BEACH

by Olivia Weekes

Listening to the waves crashing below my feet,
going fishing with the family for something to eat,
feeling the sun beaming down with its rays —
going to the beach is what we do on summer
holidays.

Having fun building sandcastles near the shore,
swimming at the beach is never a bore,
looking at the crabs crawling on the sand
leaving little claw prints on the land.

Everyone on the beach would stop and say
"It's the clear water that made us want to come
today!"

Relaxing, surfing, or lying around reading —
"Can we please stay?" the children keep on pleading.

Suddenly, the life guard jumps out of his chair!
Someone is drowning - we can only see her hair!
He jumps on his surf board and throws out the life
ring
Danger is sensed! The bells go ding, ding, and ding!

The day is at an end and the sun starts to set ...
Many have found a new friend today that they hadn't
met.

The sun has gone down and the stars come out,
coming back tomorrow is in no doubt.

©2015 Olivia Weekes (at age 10)

THE SUMMER BREAK

by Brooke Cominskey

Coca Cola, lemonade
trip to the sea today!
Jump into the swimming pool
all that water, nice and cool.

Summer camp was loads of fun.
Everybody loves to come.
Family barbie on today...
Everybody says, "Hooray!"

Family reunion was last night,
Johnny drank all the Sprite.
Jackie threw a boomerang...
Never saw that thing again.

Next week, it's back to school,
No more swimming in the pool.
But all the summer fun was great
Please come soon next summer break.

©2015 Brooke Cominskey (at age 10)

BLUEY

©Tom McLveen 2018

First Prize Winner: Ipswich Poetry Feast 2018

When Bluey cocked his head that way, I'd get the strangest feeling
he was looking through a window at my soul.
He'd seen behind my thin disguise and all it was concealing,
when he looked at me, with eyes as black as coal.

They say that dogs have senses far beyond our comprehension,
from the time they first begin to leave the womb.
It's said, that they can even see beyond the fourth dimension,
and can feel a spirit's presence in a room.

My father said that Bluey was the clever culmination
of a breeding plan, to find a working dog.
They'd crossed a native Dingo with a Collie and Dalmation,
to produce a pup to handle heavy slog.

When Bluey cocked his ears that way, I often used to wonder
'...does he understand me more than others do?'
He'd comfort me, whenever I would hesitate or blunder,
and when no-one else could see my point of view.

He wouldn't patronise me when I felt a tad downhearted,
nor encumber me, when I was in a funk.
He wouldn't laugh or mock me when I felt I'd been outsmarted,
and would never disapprove, when I was drunk.

When Bluey wagged his tail that way, I'd found it reassuring
just to know that he was walking close at heel.
His love for me was natural, devoted and enduring...
and was always unconditional and real.

The day the kids had brought him home, all wrapped in socks and singlets,
he had whimpered like a baby in a crib.
They'd combed his hair and teased it into tiny braids and ringlets,
and had tucked him in a toddler's cap and bib.

His little paws go pitter-patter softly through the pages
of a thousand memories I now recall...
from many misadventures in those very early stages,
to a time when he could hardly move at all.

When ticks had paralysed his legs, he'd seemed to age so quickly,
and would spend his time just lazing on the floor.
They'd sapped him of his energy, and left him lame and sickly,
with a shuffle, that he'd never had before.

When Bluey died last summer, from the illness that had cursed him,
I had grieved for him and wept on bended knee.
The memories we'd shared throughout the final days I'd nursed him,
would remain his lasting legacy to me.

When Bluey cocks his ears that way, I bow my head and ponder...
is he looking through a window at my soul?
I wonder if he's watching me, from somewhere way up yonder...
where the stars are blue through eyes as black as coal.



Victorian Bush Poetry Performance Championships at MFSR Bush Festival 4 – 7th April, 2019

On the first weekend in April, the mountains around Corryong are set to ring with thousands of Banjo Paterson fans, entrants and participants at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival with amazing horse and community events. From Thursday to Sunday, there'll be hardly a time when somebody, somewhere in Corryong is not reciting a poem or singing a song....and we encourage you to try many of the different components of our fantastic authentic bush gathering.

If you're a Bush Poetry competitor, it's an opportunity, and if you're just wanting to experience it, roll up and enjoy renditions of some of Australia's favourite poems, yarns and songs of life, lame ducks and locals. BYO chair to Banjo's Block outside or the Lions Youth Hall inside, on Strzelecki Way, the Poetry and Bush Music base camp at the festival. Our judging team includes Graeme Johnson the Rhymer from Ryde, Brenda Joy and Hal Pritchard, Carol Reffold joined by Geoffrey Graham and his brother Ralph.

Victorian Bush Poetry Performance Championships commence 7pm Friday with Original Serious poems, Saturday will see Classical and Modern sections squeezed in around the Street Parade, in the evening, Original Humorous, and a closing concert whilst Sunday will feature the Novice, Yarnspinning Championship and 'One Minute' poetry competition. Jan will email entry forms to those on her list or download from www.bushfestival.com.au from early December or ring festival office to post one to you.

Our Bush Poetry Programme has 3 Poet's Breakfasts, a Thurs afternoon concert including Victorian Junior Championships and our usual 'Meet & Greet' evening at the "Bottom Pub". Friday has two options to see the Re-enactment with the 'Anzac Remembrance' concert & Heritage Parade and the 'Man from Snowy River' Recital competition.

There are prizes for women and men most sections, plus Overall Champion Matilda and Clancy Awards winning a season ticket to the National Folk Festival. There is a limit of one entry per person per section with a \$10 entry fee. Please note, there will be no Jack Riley Heritage Award until 2020

For the MFSR Recital comp, three finalists will be reciting Banjo Paterson's famous poem on Friday night at Banjo's Block, the poets' home base. The official version of the poem is on the website.

The Written Serious "Silver Brumby" and Humorous "Corryong Larrikin" sections are judged before the Festival with a limit of 3 entries per section per person at \$10 per entry.

Around the campfire, get ready for some ridgy-didge camp-fire entertainment at Banjo's Block, where most poetry and music events are held. Once the instruments are tuned up, there'll be singing and playing well into the night, and the billy will be on the boil. Unplugged campfire musicians welcome all weekend.

At Poetry and Music events at our Bush Festival you can experience friendly country hospitality and spectacular beauty of the high country in autumn. You might get caught up in the magic of it all and start reciting bush poetry, singing campfire songs, and do a bit of yarn-spinning yourself.

Poetry Event Manager – Jan Lewis email: info@vbpma.com.au www.facebook.com/groups/vicpoets/

IMPORTANT FESTIVAL INFORMATION

4 day wristband is required to use festival camping MFSR Bush Festival Office 02 60761992

Festival Website, Wristbands, Camping, Volunteering, FAQ and Program: at www.bushfestival.com.au

Weekend Passes: 4 day Full Festival Pass is \$160 at the gate or \$150 for a Comm. Concession holder.

Volunteers: Limited volunteer poetry team places are available through Jan Lewis (\$45)

Poets Camping 6m x 9m \$165 near Banjo's Block. POET SPECIAL! ring MFSR OFFICE 02601992

Clancy's Overflow camping two cars max 10m x 9m is \$120 - 500m from Banjo's Block. BOOK ONLINE

Other camping options Ring Tourist Info Centre on 0260762277.



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 Poets Group meet at the rear of Coutts Cottage, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month from nine a.m. to twelve noon. Contact the President Ian on 0427212461 or the Secretary Mal on 0417765226.

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

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

Bundaberg Poets Society Inc. 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact 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.

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

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER 2019

4TH - 7TH
APRIL

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
BUSH FESTIVAL
Presented by
R. M. WILLIAMS
EST. 1982, AUSTRALIA

2019 ABPA WRITTEN AND PERFORMANCE VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

ABPA ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS CONTEMPORARY AND CLASSICAL SECTIONS; OPEN, NOVICE AND JUNIOR CLASSES; RECITING THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER; YARNSPINNING AND 3 POETS' BREAKFASTS
DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM THE WEBSITE FROM EARLY DECEMBER OR CONTACT JAN LEWIS

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When I was the age of thirty years
I was in the bush with my mate
I was in the bush with my mate
I was in the bush with my mate
I was in the bush with my mate
I was in the bush with my mate



towing

BRUCE FORBES SIMPSON

Currently the 95 year old Bruce Simpson is in Embracia, a nursing home in Woodford Qld. Although Bruce is virtually blind, hard of hearing and stubborn as a mule he can still mentally run rings around most of us. Recently Marion Fitzgerald, Trisha Anderson and myself did a tribute concert to *The Life and Times of the Aussie Drover* as seen through the poems of Bruce Simpson. The characters and stories that Bruce shares with his readers and listeners are uniquely Australian. You can smell the bush, hear and see the cattle and when he describes a cattle rush at night you can feel the adrenalin rush through both the rider and the night horse as they attempt to ring the spooked cattle.

One of the poems Marion recited was the first time this poem, *From the West* has ever been retold. I can confidently say that Bruce only "wrote" this last year when he was 94. I use the word "wrote" cautiously for he provided me with one of the most extraordinary experiences of my life; Bruce had rung me to request if I had a tape recorder as he had a new poem that he wanted to enter in the Bronze Swagman Written Competition. You could imagine my mental confusion as to how this "blind" man could have a new poem. What followed was that he dictated to me, for an hour and a half, 70 metred and rhymed verses of this not previously written poem, *From the West*.

The whole poem came from his memory in perfect sequence from start to finish. Subsequently I typed up the poem. Two days later he rang me to say that he wanted to make some changes before I sent it off to the competition. He was awarded a highly Commended in the 2017 Bronze Swagman Competition.

The major concern Bruce has is that current and future generations will not be informed about the significant contribution the pioneer drovers made when driving huge herds of cattle from the Kimberleys, across the Northern Territory to the mil heads in Queensland and New South Wales.

I have assured him that whenever I perform in schools or to the general public I will always do a Bruce Simpson poem. Marion and I hope to bring our tribute show, *The Life and Times of the Aussie Drover* as seen through the poems of Bruce Simpson to Tamworth in January.

After many years of being out-of-print Bruce has recently decided to have three of his major books republished. He has made me his "sales manager". We have also had printed more of his CD that won the 2010 Bush Laureate CD of the Year Award. This can be purchased for \$20 plus \$3 P/P. Unfortunately the cost of mailing *Where the Outback Drivers Ride* is \$14.

Noel Stallard



\$25 plus \$14 P/P \$20 plus \$3 P/P \$20 plus \$9 P/P

Mailing Address: Noel Stallard 265/28 The Boulevard CHERMSIDE Q 4032

WHEN YOU LISTEN TO A LEGEND

On occasions I would visit and I'd listen to him speak of his way of life of droving, way of life that was unique. And of this, we city dwellers, we just didn't have a clue, but it's us who need to understand what drovers had to do.

He'd be sitting in a soft chair at the age of ninety five, and his daily view was all there was for him to stay alive; for he looked out over cattle yards its smells, its sounds and sights, and his droving days came flooding back, those outback days and nights.

He would say to me, "Enjoy your life and make each minute great, for in time you could be sitting here in need of help me-mate 'cause its when you're young you've time to spend just like a millionaire, and it's lavishly you'll spend it for when young you just don't care."

"But then later when you realise the sands of time are few, then you value every minute, every minute left to you. And I hope you leave a legacy of mates and times behind, for our legacy to droving is out there for all mankind."

"It's a legacy of mateship, one of courage, skill and trust, through those stockroutes like the Murrumbidgee with scrub and holes and dust. Where your knowledge of the Southern Cross told you when dawn was near. And then only when the tally's done could you toss down a beer."

So I listened and I learnt about an outback droving day; how important was the night horse when the cattle raced away. And how yanks call that a stampede but for Aussies it's a rush, where the night horse tries to turn the mob before the timbered brush.

And this legacy meant team work you depended on the cook, you depended on the horse-tailer, Boss Drover's tally book, You relied upon your stock whip and your swag was weatherproof, and a ringer who would listen and knew how to shoe a hoof.

It was not his own achievements that this drover did proclaim, but achievements of the industry, its rightful claim to fame. Its significance to heritage, Australia's history, so that future generations come to know their droving legacy.

And this knowledge that he shared with me confirmed what he had said, about living every moment be it now or what's ahead. How some lifestyles are significant; those lifestyles that we choose like the contribution droving's made. Something we shouldn't lose.

And if what I do is thoughtful, has some meaning, helps the earth, then perhaps, just like the drover, what I leave will be of worth.

Noel Stallard

MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

8am Bush Poets Breakfast with Walk Ups With A Difference

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

Entrants may recite or sing unaccompanied (no music)

Open Performance Competition to start at 11am
at the Milton Show Sat 2nd March 2019

Open Comp carries a total of \$1500 Prize Money
1st \$600 2nd \$350 3rd \$250
plus 3 Highly Commended prizes of \$100 each

Maximum of 15 Performers accepted on First In First Served Basis
Entries postmarked no later than 8th February 2019

Entry Fee \$15

Entries to Potery Coordinator, John Davis
37 George Avenue
Kings Point NSW 2539

Poems can be Serious or Light-Hearted, and Classical, Contemporary or Original
Complimentary Tea and Coffee will be available from the venue.
Download Entry Form from ABPA Website at www.abpa.org.au or
www.showdayonline.com and follow the prompts.
or Contact John Davis at above address or call 02 44552013
or email jda76436@bigpond.net.au



The Ratbag Of Rhyme Presents

Longyard
Hotel
Bush Poets
Breakfasts



Neil McArthur

With all your favourites

Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Prousty, Greg Champion, Bill Kearns, Col Milligan, Errol Gray, John Lloyd, Greg North, Dave Prior, Murray (Muz) Hartin, Alan Glover and many more special Guests!

8am to 10am
every day of the Festival
starting Friday 19th January
Goonoo Goonoo Room

\$10 per head. Great Breakfasts Available
Tickets at Gate or Pre-Book at Bottleshop

Heading To Tamworth Festival?

Looking for somewhere to perform?

I will again be hosting the

"Step-Up Show"

8.00am to 8.30am Mon 21st to Fri 25th
at 'Frog & Toad Listening Room'
236 Goonoo Goonoo Rd

The Step-Up Show provides 15 poets
with the opportunity of a 10 min bracket.
These spots will be allocated on a first in basis
by contacting Gary Fogarty on 0417723400

Original, comedy poetry preferred.

This is a preference & not a rule.

All poems must be committed to memory


Reading not allowed.

The Step-Up Show is followed by
"POETS SHOWCASE BREAKFAST"

8.30am to 10.00am
Mon 21st to Fri 25th

Featuring a roster of

Australia's Best Performance Poets



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BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL 17th-24th FEB 2019

INCLUDING:

BANJO BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST

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BANJO BIRTHDAY POETS BRUNCH

Friday 22nd February

BANJO PATERSON FESTIVAL NIGHT MARKET

Friday 22nd February

BANJO POETRY BRAWL

Friday 22nd February

**BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY
COMPETITION**

Saturday 23 February

BANJO PATERSON FESTIVAL DINNER

Saturday 23rd February

EMMAVILLE FAMILY MARKET DAY

Sunday 24th February



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