

A.B.P.A.

Volume 25 No. 2

April/May 2019



Lest We Forget.....





Logan City Council
Logan Performance Poets
Present

Designed by
Wally Finch

The Queensland

Bush Poetry Championship
in Beenleigh

on the 6th, 7th, 8th September

BEENLEIGH Tavern -6th Sept 6 pm- a 'Meet and Greet' - walk-up's, One Minute poem-fun!
BEENLEIGH SHOWGROUND HALL-7th Sept – Competition Day -3 'main events'- 8.30-4.30
BEENLEIGH HISTORICAL VILLAGE-8th Sept- 'Wind Down'- Sausage sizzle-walk-ups 9-11am

Information and entry
forms see events on ABPA website or
Ring Jim 0403871325 or
Gerry: 0499942922

JUDGES
Jack Drake Robyn Sykes Tom MacIlveen

Sponsors: Logan City Council; Australian Bush Poets assoc; A.J Bush and sons
Linus Power M.P; Melissa MacMahon M.P; Cameron Dick M.P; Bill and Pat Heck
Beenleigh Rum , Woolworths Jimboomba, Bunning's Bethania.

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Full page \$95
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Quarter Page or less \$35

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Full Page \$240
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Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

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

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Editorial



Well, that's it for Summer. Fires, Floods, Drought and wild storms all through the country, and few of us have remained untouched in some way. All our thoughts are with those effected throughout the country and also to those who have taken to the front lines of the battles to help out their fellow Australians.

As we move towards ANZAC Day, our thoughts are, as well with our Kiwi neighbors and allies in their time of hurt with the Christchurch massacre.

But we continue on and as Poets, we record these events for future generations, hoping that mankind learns from mistakes and events of our time.

On the Bush Poetry front, I hope all goes well for upcoming Festivals at Cooryong, Tenterfield, Casino, and to any other Poet's groups holding events. Also a big shout out to those who will shortly be travelling to their positions around Australia to entertain the annual pilgrimage of Grey Nomads heading North for the Winter. From Mel and Susie at Lightning Ridge, to Greg North at Winton, Bob Pacey at Yepoon and myself at Charters Towers, and to anybody else taking up the mantle, lets advance Bush Poetry Fair. If you are also entertaining the travellers, then please let us know through our Facebook Page so we can guide them in your direction.

A big thanks also to Tim Sheed who has jumped in and taken over the position of ABPA President in our time of need. Tim is well known to many already in the ABPA and should make a wonderful President.

So keep the Billy boiling and keep passing on those wonderful yarns of Australia and Australians.

Next Magazine Deadline is May 26th

President's Report

A huge thank you to outgoing President Gary Fogarty for his commitment and hard work through the year. The bar is set high. I thank the committee for electing me to the position of President of the ABPA.

At the outset I am aware of the history of some of the difficulties experienced by previous presidents and I am setting the clock back to zero.

Bush poetry and storytelling and music are valuable tools in carrying our culture forward to younger generations.

It is clear there are a few seemingly intractable problems, the biggest being the demographic of our members and not enough younger people even knowing what Bush Poetry is.

Young poets and aspiring performers must be encouraged to participate in competitions to improve and get guidance from the old hands so that they can become the polished performers of the future.

To facilitate new members coming on board simple things, like taking Membership Application Forms to competitions and gatherings and promoting the ABPA, as not everyone has a computer or is tech savvy. New people may like to join if they know how.

We enjoyed Tamworth and the Golden Damper Poetry Competition and a big thank you to all who helped to make it happen, with a special thanks to Meg and Bill Gordon. They came over from WA specially and that is a huge commitment.

Mick Martin is doing great work in getting new local Bush Poetry groups up and running and that is very positive.

I thank the committee for their support and guidance to date and look forward to a fun and successful year ahead.

As a new committee member and President there is much to learn and to be done.



A Call for Submissions for our Magazine.

Numerous times in the past I have asked for Members to send in suitable articles for the Magazine. Poems, Profiles, Poetry News, Results, Upcoming Events, etc. etc. etc. Many responded, which was great, and gave me a backlog of items to publish. But unfortunately that pool of pearls is drying up fast and I could really do with more and varied submissions to feed the Bush Poetry appetite of our Members. Never think your submissions might not be good enough, or not up to standard. Please Please send them in to

editor@abpa.org.au

Letters to the Editor

The Editor

I have read our outgoing President's report with considerable interest. His concern that the ongoing decline in membership might spell the end of ABPA is perfectly valid, BUT why worry about it? Most single interest clubs (sporting clubs excepted) tend to be more or less single generation, and most die with that generation. In my own particular field of interest two of the six clubs I have belonged to have died, while another three are in their death throes. I enjoyed the membership while we were in our prime, and I do tend to look back with regret at the two that died, but I shouldn't. Why worry about the next generation, we can't dictate what they will enjoy. They will doubtless start and join clubs that reflect their values, and most of those clubs will die in turn. Enjoy the day. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

Harry Reed

New poetry groups are starting to pop up in Sth East Qld. Toowoomba are going from strength to strength and Ian McDonald, pictured, is very actively promoting bush poetry in the Sunshine Coast area. Ian has decided that there is a need for two new groups, one in Kawana and one in the Glass House mountains area. With a little support Ian has booked the rooms and has dates for interested poets to attend. Signs are being organised and fliers made up for circulation." There is a little bit to do to organise a new group but it has been surprisingly easy so far" according to Ian. ABPA promotions officer Mick Martin is in a support role and is gently assisting him as and how Ian wants the group to form.

The recent AGM saw a motion passed for new poetry groups to have up to \$500 of ABPA funds to get going. The funds are strictly accountable and are intended to be used sparingly on things like advertising, signage and room hire etc. Members are urged to consider new groups as a matter of importance. Our ageing membership have invaluable insights to pass on to other, younger bush poets so we need to get cracking. Bush poetry, as we know it, will only survive if we bring more poets into the fold. Young poets like Joey who won the Golden damper traditional trophy in Tamworth and so many others who will be the future for bush poetry.

Call Mick Martin on 042 15 14 555 for assistance before spending any money on forming a group and for some insights into recent succesful formation of new poetry groups. We simply have to do it, innactivity will garuntee failure.

If you know anyone interested who lives around the Sunshine Coast area please let them know about the first group meeting at the Kawanna Library 30 Nanyima Street Buddina Qld on the 21st of March, 18th of April, and the 16th May from 9 am till noon. There will be more details on the "Glass house poets group" soon. Call Ian on 0435 565 873 or Mick Martin 042 15 14 555



Ian McDonald - Sunshine Coast Bush Poets

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets



GREG NORTH WOWED THE CROWDS IN BOYUP BROOK WA



Even without power, Greg was able to entertain his audience at the Tourist Centre Park



Cobber receiving his award from WA President Bill Gordon on Sunday morning at Boyup Brook

BOYUP BROOK COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL

2019 brought the best of entertainment from the eastern states. Headline act was Beccy Cole with other artists of note being Pete Denahy, Amber Joy Poulton and numerous other top quality presenters.

GREG NORTH was the feature poet this year and brought his unusual, funny and very entertaining program to the delight of the audiences whether in the town park, the tennis club, Harvey Dickson's Music Centre or the Bowling Club.

However, we have some of the best here in WA. The current **Australian Champion Poet, Keith 'Cobber' Lethbridge** in collaboration with **WA Balladeer Terry Bennetts**, won the **Best Bush Ballad Song** and the **Overall Songwriters of the Year** with their song "**Station Minderoo**". This song was recorded by Dale Duncan and went to number one on the charts last year.

Also doing well with his poetry writing is WA member, **Chris Taylor** from Bunbury. He was awarded the **Kembla Flame** trophy for written verse recently with his very moving poem "**No More Letters Home**"



Chris Taylor



Terry Bennetts receiving the Song Writers Awards in Tamworth



Boyup Brook Country Music Festival – Bush Poets Report

Boyup Brook is undoubtedly the highlight of the WA Bush Poetry calendar, with four poetry shows plus workshops during the four days of the festival. Greg North was extremely popular with his very animated performances of his poems. Audiences were in awe of the way Greg threw himself into character for all his performances. Greg led a star-studded line-up of WA poets including the current Australian champion Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge, James Fitzpatrick, and the “new boy on the block”, Chris Taylor who is writing some amazing poetry.

Bush Poets also featured at the Friday morning concert at Harvey Dickson’s Country Music Centre, undoubtedly the most unique venue of its kind in Australia. Local poet Bill Gordon was MC for that show, with Greg North doing his bracket as well. Bush Poetry breakfasts at the Tennis Club and Bowling Club were well attended. The support of these local organisations is greatly appreciated and it is good to be able to direct a few dollars their way.

Workshops have been included in the Boyup Brook program for many years now. With different presenters each year, those attending always get something to take away from these sessions. This year Greg gave us a new way of looking at rhyming patterns. He was joined in the writing workshop by local musician Terry Bennetts who focused on writing lyrics for songs. Terry has won many awards for his singing and songwriting. He has more recently co-written songs with Cobber and hit number one with “Station Minderoo” recorded by Dale Duncan.

Meg and I would like to thank all the poets who attended and helped make this the most enjoyable and one of the best events on the WA bush poetry calendar. Our farm campground was overflowing with several noted musicians joining the poets for this social aspect of the festival. We all enjoyed the company of an extremely harmonious group of friends among the WA bush poets.

Bill Gordon, Bush Poetry Coordinator.



Bowling Club Crowd



Michael Darby (winner), Peter Blyth (2nd), Brian Raynor (Toodyay Shire President),

Noel Stellard Book Launch at Verse For Vinnies

Mel and Suzie wowed a huge crowd of over a hundred guests with their all new show with fresh, innovative material. The two bush poets have a natural effervesence that engages audiences of all ages. No need for a language warning as they find humorous highs keeping their act classy and fun from beginning to end. Their joint efforts resulted in well over \$2000 being handed to St Vincent De Paul Society for community support.

Noel Stallard did as he usually does, he put others before himself. Noel released his new book but shone the light on his guest artists and supporters. Noel’s recent Order of Australia Medal is an appropriate recognition for this selfless wordsmith who credits bush poets and bush poetry with his accolade.



The Restorer's Tale

© Shelley Hansen

Winner, 2019 Dunedoo Written Bush Poetry Competition, Dunedoo NSW

The vista swept down to the valley
cut through by a cold mountain creek,
as Paterson's curse spread its purple
to underline each craggy peak.
The butcher birds carolled a chorus,
and swooped from the eucalypt trees,
while faintly the scent of the wattle
came wafting to me on the breeze.

The gates of the homestead were open.
I turned at the crest of the hill.
My senses were filled with the sunlight
as time in that garden stood still.
The air was alive with the whispers
of lovers who laughed and who wept.
I moved as in sleepwalking silence,
unwilling to tread where they slept.

I'd come to collect a commission –
a loveseat, once striped red and blue,
upholstered, but now sadly threadbare,
and split, so its wadding spilled through.
New owners had found it in pieces
and thought it might look rather quaint
updated to "shabby chic" finish
with pretty pink roses and paint.

I came very close to admitting
defeat as I tried to restore
this piece – for it seemed beyond saving
and bringing to beauty once more ...
until, from the folds of the fabric,
a chain with a locket fell out.
Its gold bore the tarnish of ages –
a treasure, I knew, beyond doubt.

Releasing the clasp, somewhat breathless,
I opened its face to reveal
two images – sepia, faded,
yet somehow, still vibrant and real.
A handsome young man, a fine lady
stared solemnly, meeting my gaze.
Their headwear proclaimed "Federation",
recalling more elegant days.



Who were they? My mind wove a story
with gossamer threads of romance –
perhaps a forbidden liaison
that died without having a chance –
or maybe a sweet celebration,
a cherished affair of the heart,
uniting two families' fortunes
by vows "until death us do part".

I wondered if they were together
through life's changing pathway of years;
or were they soon parted by sorrow –
bereaved in a valley of tears?
Perhaps he had lost her in childbirth,
or maybe on some foreign shore
he lies in the ranks of the fallen –
a sacrifice offered to "War".

How long had the locket been missing?
Did one of them lose it and try
to search, but unfound, it lay hidden –
forgotten, as years filtered by?
Perhaps it was placed here on purpose
to age like a fortified wine,
awaiting the touch of a stranger
with wayfaring eyes, such as mine.

I could not imagine the answers
to questions that burdened my heart,
and so with renewed resolution
I set about making a start.
And now, facing skywards through windows
that frame a white loveseat's cocoon,
a tarnished gold locket lies open.
Together, they gaze at the moon.



Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival 2019.

Now in its 6th year the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival, held in Orange and built around Banjo Paterson's birthday celebrations, is going from strength to strength.

The Orange district is Banjo's birthplace and the Festival, held over 10 days, has such diverse events as Shakespeare Under the Stars to Poets Brawls in Pubs. Chuck in Poets Breakfasts, Poets in Wineries, Night markets, Children's Poetry Recitals, Poetry Competitions, Painting & Sculptor Exhibitions and a 6 hour Poets Brunch at the Yeoval "Banjo Paterson...More Than A Poet Museum" it's easy to see why the event has become so popular. Although featuring Banjo's works the festival highlights all Australian poets.

Marco Giori was this year's feature poet. Marco did a great job visiting schools across the region to develop their skills and interest in writing and performing poetry. Marco also MC'd events, judged competitions and of course recited plenty of poems and told many yarns. After his coaching Marco had the school kids reciting entertaining poetry at the poet's breakfasts throughout the week at the Civic Centre and markets.

The Festival's drivers and organisers are the Rotary Club of Orange. They, along with their sponsors, should be congratulated for continuing to support this event. They are not afraid to try new ideas and its all hands on deck to make sure the festival runs smoothly.

This year there were 44 entrants, all with original poems, in Saturday's competition ranging from primary school to open classes.

The inaugural poets brawl, held at the Lord Anson Hotel with Marco as MC, proved a welcome and very entertaining new addition to the program. Friday night saw the room packed to listen to a 1 hour walk up and then be entertained with the hilarious 1 minute poets brawl from a about a dozen poets.

A big thank you to the poets and musicians who entertained the 150 or so who ventured through the gate at the Yeoval Poets Brunch. They were Freda Harvey, Lorraine McCrimmon, Dee, Andrew Pulsford, Don Swonnell, Chris McGinty, Cliff and of course Marco who performed in Orange for Banjo's birthday celebration in the morning then drove out to Yeoval to do a couple of spots. A very busy day for him and very much appreciated. Also thanks to Alf & Sharron, from the Banjo Paterson Museum, for their hospitality for the couple of days we were camped at the Yeoval Showground.

Visiting poets have plenty of opportunity to perform or enter in the competitions throughout the Festival and results for 2019 are on the ABPA results page. Keep this Festival in mind for February next year.

Jim Lamb.

Bungendore Country Music Muster 2019.

Another successful Muster at Bungendore in early February. Campers started arriving on Monday the 28th January for five days of poet's breakfasts and walk-ups preceding a great week-end of entertainment on the Greg Gordon Stage.

We had 15 poets get through over 120 poems from Tuesday to Saturday with a large number of original works. Also great to see a couple of first time poets brave the daunting task of performing in front of an audience. The Muster Volunteers cooked up a mighty breakfast each morning and the Royal Hotel hosted a poet's breakfast on Sunday.

Relieve from the heat finally came on Friday when the temperature dropped 20 degrees in 4 hours. There were 11 walk-up sessions plus a gospel session Sunday morning. Louise Bowerman took out the walk-up people's choice award this year against some stiff opposition. Louise's win gave her the opportunity to perform on the main stage on Saturday.

Busking in the main street on Saturday morning is always popular and this year Gus Helm won the judges choice award. David Bell, Anne Bell and Barry Boyle won the people's choice all picking up some tidy prize money and having the honour of appearing on the Greg Gordon stage on Saturday afternoon.

A good crowd of campers and day trippers settled in to watch the great entertainment during the weekend muster. The Stan Coster Memorial Bush Ballad Awards were held on Saturday night and results can be found on The Bungendore Country Music Muster Facebook page.

Jim Lamb.

MARY HANNAY FOOTT - Tony Hammill

Minor poets are capable of writing major poems, so there is hope for all of us yet! Two such poems are 'The Women of the West' by George Essex Evans, and 'Where the Pelican Builds' by Mary Hannay Foott. Both are found in any decent anthology of bush verse; both were favourites of Reg Williams. But who could name another poem by either poet? Within us all lies the hidden 'gem of purest ray serene', but we must work to unearth it.

Mary Hannay Foott nee Black (1846-1918) was born in Glasgow and migrated to Melbourne with her family in 1853. She was educated at a private school and lived in several Australian towns and cities, including Wagga Wagga, Bourke, Toowoomba, Brisbane, Townsville and Bundaberg. She was an art teacher, a staff member on the 'Queenslander' newspaper, and she established a private school at Rocklea in Brisbane.

In 1874 Mary married Thomas Wade Foott, a stock inspector, in Dubbo, and they took up land at Dundoo on the Paroo River in South-West Queensland in 1877. They had two sons, and after the death of her husband in 1884 from overwork and exposure during a drought, and severe stock losses, Mary sold up and resumed her travels. She published two books of verse, 'Where the Pelican Builds and Other Poems' (1885) and 'Morna Lee and Other Poems' (1890). She died in Bundaberg in October 1918 of influenza (doubtlessly the Spanish Flu, a bird flu pandemic that claimed up to 100 million lives worldwide at that time).

Mary was one of the early literary bush balladists after Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870), and was also influenced by poets such as Tennyson. Her 'Pelican' was published in 1885 whereas Paterson's 'The Man from Snowy River' was 1890. One has to be grateful for the talented individuals who were influenced by British poetry and adapted it in their own way to the Australian environment, and that includes Gordon and Will Ogilvie with his Scottish border ballads.

There was a high mortality rate amongst the pioneers through disease, accident and misadventure, and Mary knew this only too well. This poem, published the year after her husband's death, reflects her disillusionment with the west. Gordon in his poem 'Gone', eulogising the explorer Robert O'Hara Burke, concluded, '... a brave man gone where we all must go'. And we may conclude that, metaphorically speaking, one day we all must go where the pelican builds her nest. My father loved quoting lines from this poem.

Where the Pelican Builds Her Nest

[The unexplored parts of Australia are sometimes spoken of by the bushmen of Western Queensland as the home of the pelican, a bird whose nesting place, so far as the writer knows, is seldom, if ever found.]

The horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still,—
One had a parting word to say,
And one had his pipe to fill.

Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
"We are going" they said, as they rode away—
"Where the pelican builds her nest!"

They had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset's glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit,
And gold 'neath the river's flow,

And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West;
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing there;
The rains have replenished it thrice since then
And thrice has the rock lain bare.

But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,
And never from blue hill's breast
Come back—by the sun and the sands devoured—
Where the pelican builds her nest!

5th, March, 1881.

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

Snowflakes

by Audrey Sakora

3rd Place, 2018

**Milton Uladulla, NSW,
Junior Written Bush Poetry
Competition**

Cold as ice block
spinning through the sky.
Twirling, twisting, turning,
so many floating by.

Beautiful as a sunset
twirling in the night,
Pivoting prancing pirouetting,
twisting in the light.

Graceful as the wind
swishing through the day.
Wondering whispering waiting,
watching the children play.

© 2018 Audrey Sakora (at age 9)

My Cat

by Charlize Vineyard

**4th Place, 2018 Milton Uladulla, NSW,
Junior Written Bush Poetry Competition**

Cute as a baby
leaping in the air
soft, silent, silky
goes without a care.

Grey like the clouds
always out and about,
jumping, jolly, joyful
I call her with a shout.

Furry like a rabbit
Chasing her own tail
energised, excited, evil,
running on the rail.

Fierce like a lion
jumping up and down,
running, rolling, riding.
Her eyes are the colour brown.

© 2018 Charlize Vineyard (at age 9)



Rain

by Tom Squires

**5th Place, 2018 Milton Uladulla, NSW,
Junior Written Bush Poetry Competition**

Oh how I miss the rain
when the water ran down the drain.
The noise would make me smile
although I have not heard it in a while

The grass is turning brown.
Our state has lost its crown.
The water has all gone,
the tap will not turn on

The cows are being sold.
The land is getting old.
The water needs to come –
Please just bring us some.

Up goes the hay's rate.
The farmers may have to lock the gate
now they have to start heading out
because now we're completely in drought.
So spare a thought for the man on the land –
Come on please just give them a hand.

© 2018 Thomas Squires (at age 9)

Thanks to ABPA's John Davis for
co-ordinating this annual competition for
young writers.

The 500 Not Returned

By Len Curd

In early days of nationhood
Brave men fought on foreign shores
Then once again the call was made
For men to fight and die in scores.

Five hundred men, young and brave
For their country went to war
Most not yet old enough to vote
Yet gave their life on a foreign shore.

Five hundred sons of this country great
For them, as a nation we should weep
We sent hem to die in a hopeless cause
Their sacred memory we must keep.

Five Hundred of a nation's young
Forever, let every sole rest
Knowing they did more than asked
Knowing he is amongst the nation's best.

To walk the path your fathers did
Upholding the spirit of soldiers past
From Gallipoli's shores to Kapyong Ridge
In Vietnam you held that legend fast.

When men speak of days gone by
Of battles marked on map or chart
Your names are now among the brave
Forever held to a nation's heart

Australia called on you her young
To uphold her traditions, but at a price
To a man you did your job
But five hundred made the sacrifice.

Five hundred men, young and strong
Whose fragile lives were shattered
Whilst as a nation we stood by
None seeing what really mattered

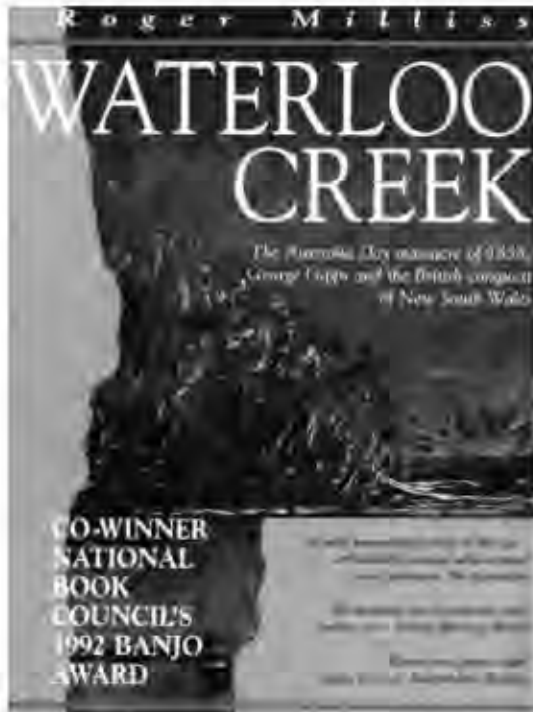
Fifty thousand were sent to fight
To uphold the traditions their fathers earned
In Vietnam they did their fathers proud
Now let us mourn The Five Hundred Not Returned.



Len Curd was a quintessential Australian Regular Artillery Gunner who went to war proudly carrying a vast family military history. Len was a tough resilient bloke who enjoyed a beer and shook army life up to the full. Len's 15 year old Daughter was tragically killed in a school crossing incident on 6th June 1987, and Len poured out his heart into poetry to help his grieving. Out of Len's grief and his equally sad thoughts about those 500+ men who never returned home arose the words of his poem "The Five Hundred Not Returned". A photograph of Len and his poem was published in a DVA/WCS paper. When Veterans read the poem, it went viral and it is now read at many solemn RSL and Veteran's functions all over Australia. The poem has been inscribed along with Len's name and the unit with which he served, "106 Fiend Battery" on a bronze plaque in the Memorial Garden located at the Repatriation Wing of the Austin/Heidelberg Hospital in Melbourne.

Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



Waterloo Creek by Roger Milliss (McPhee Gribble Penguin Books 1992) can best be described as a "weighty tome". This is no light volume to be skinned through as an entertaining read. As a history however, it is a work of almost unbelievable complexity.

The subtitle describes the subject matter as "The Australia Day Massacre of 1838, George Gipps and the British Conquest of New South Wales". *Waterloo Creek* traces the invasion of Aboriginal lands by squatters' flocks and herds as they spread north, south and west from Sydney in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Based around the little known Waterloo Creek massacre of January 26th, 1838 in the Gwydir River catchment led by Major James Winniet Nunn where up to three hundred Kamilaroi people were trapped in a swamp and slaughtered, Milliss' work makes grim but compelling reading.

As a work of research, *Waterloo Creek* is beyond reproach. The author methodically works through the conflict and its follow up events that culminated in the dispossession of the Kamilaroi and Weraeri Aborigines as the squatting frontier spread out. Milliss has worked untiringly to uncover a hidden history that authority and European Society have worked just as hard to bury.

If you like to know what really happened, like me, *Waterloo Creek* is for you.

The first European construction erected in the country that would become Australia, was on a small, barren islet off Geraldton on the West Australian coast. It was a gallows used to hang the ringleaders of a gang of shipwreck survivors who indulged in mass murder and sexual slavery following the wrecking of the Dutch East India Company ship 'Batavia' in 1629.

There have been several books written about happenings on the Houtmans Abrolhos Islands following the wreck, but to my mind *Batavia* by Peter Fitzsimons (Random House 2011) is certainly the most entertaining and readable. Pete Fitzsimons has frequently topped best seller lists and his ability as a story teller is beyond question.

Peter has taken the 'Batavia' story and moulded it into a classic adventure yarn of atrocity and derring-do proving that truth is often far more sensational than fiction.

This saga, set against the background of the seventeenth century spice trade, is a piece of Australian history that should rate alongside Burke and Wills and Ned Kelly. It has depraved villains, Jeronimus Cornelisz and his mutinous mob of cutthroats; a beautiful wronged heroine, Lucretia Jans who repeatedly and courageously resists her evil captors; and a true hero, Wiebbe Hayes a common soldier who rises as a natural leader and triumphs against the odds.

Peter Fitzsimons has done it again. *Batavia* is a magnificent effort that stands alongside his other works like *Kokoda* and *Tobruk*. I couldn't put it down.

This is an adventure story that outdoes anything writers of fiction can dream up.



Jack Drake

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

MILTON ULLADULLA POETRY

First and Second of March saw the 150th running of the Milton show which was a very successful and well patronised event exhibiting all the usual agricultural show events as well as a poetry event encompassing three recited competitions and ran from 8 AM Saturday morning until approximately 1:30 PM Saturday afternoon. These events started with a poets breakfast with walk up competitors competing for a total of \$200 prize money. Prize money at poets breakfast walk ups is unusual and was well supported by a variety of performers. Mick Scott who was the show societies secretary for many years is the sponsor of this event.

The second event started at 9:30 AM and was the Ruth Davis Memorial Junior Poetry Speaking. Once again well supported with 13 nominations unfortunately several failed to appear however nine youngsters competed for the prizes, ribbons, mugs and books on offer. This event is the first of two competitions to be run every year for juniors the second which is run in September every year usually attracts 20plus competitors and is not associated with the Milton show Society. While this event at the Milton show has only been part of the show for approximately 6 years the September event is now in its 13th year. John and Ruth Davis had organised and ran these events for juniors, sadly Ruth passed away in September 2017 and John has continued on his own but fortunately has been able to rely on the help of some very good people.

These competitions for children are sponsored by several local businesses and private people and, starting this year, RM Williams Publishing (Publishers of Outback magazine) have come on board with a very generous donation to cover the next two years of a book produced by RM Williams himself of a selection of Australian Bush Classics, poems by a variety of Australian writers and every child that gets onto the stage and performs a poem gets a book as an encouragement awards and even though the emphasis is on Australian Bush poetry children are not restricted in any way on what they wish to perform. At this competition as well as several original compositions poems were performed by the likes of Banjo Paterson, Lewis Carroll, Mary Gilmour, Dorothea McKellar.

The open event commenced at 11 AM and the audience was entertained by some very good performance poetry from a total of 12 competitors and a variety of excellent original poetry and poems by the usual iconic writers such as Paterson, Lawson, Ogilvie and Scott. There were several people this year who had never completed before and they all performed very creditably. As well as several local entries competitors from as far away as Deneliquin, Wodonga, Wolongong, and one bloke who lives on a motor bike and sleeps where ever he rolls his swag out.

This event carried a total of \$1500 prize money which is fairly large prize money for a poetry competition and is sponsored by several well-known local business identities.

A big THANK YOU to all our sponsors without these people these events just would not happen. They are. Open Event Milton show, Shoalhaven Hot Water, Milton Theatre, Pepperall & Associates.

Poets Breakfast Mick Scott

*Juniors All Events R.M. Williams Publishing, Eye Q Optometrists, Priceline Pharmacy
Chris Dell Elders Insurance, Phillipa Hollenkamp Get Wet in Ulladulla, Bendigo Bank Milton,
Ann Sudmalis Federal member for Gilmore, Woolworths Ulladulla,
Dee Carrington, John Davis*

Results.

Walk ups (poets breakfast) 1st Alex Allitt 2nd Ralph Scrivens 3rd John Peel.

Juniors 1st Lucas McDonald 2nd Max Chard 3rd Georgia Clegg 4th Jennifer Stein 5th Mia Leighton 6th Frances Gray

Open 1st Alex Allitt 2nd Ralph Scrivens 3rd Ezekiel Cameron 4th Mark Thomson 5th Don Gray 6th John Peel.



Open L/R back row Col Defries, Don Gray, Jeff Dowlan,
Brian Crelley, Ezekiel Cameron
L/R front row Bill Childs, Mark Thomson, Ruth Myers,
Alex Allitt, Daniel Costello, John Davis (MC) Ralph Scrivens, John Peel.

Juniors L/R back row Lucas McDonald, Max Chard, Georgia Clegg,
Jennifer Stein, Mia Leighton.
L/R front row Zara Clegg, Kaleb Piekar, Frances Gray Jonathon
Travers John Davis

THE TEXT MESSAGE

© Maureen Stahl

When you were young, for birthdays, we had a celebration;
you listed your friends and I sent each an invitation.
I made chocolate crackles, fairy bread and some honey joys,
I made iced cupcakes too, in pink for girls and blue for boys.

We played games like pass the parcel and then musical chairs,
or oranges and lemons which you had to play in pairs.
There were jugs of red cordial to wash down all the eats.
When it was time to go your friends went home with lolly treats.

When too old for parties we had special birthday dinners;
roast pork followed by trifle I always found were winners.
If you weren't in your home state around your birthday time
I went to the shop to find a card with suitable rhyme.

Then I wrote a greeting to which I had given much thought
I addressed the envelope then stuck on the stamp I'd bought.
On special days, graduations or a sporting event,
I tried hard to make it memorable, that was my intent.

But that was long ago since then so many years have passed
and I'm aware the time that I have left is going fast.
You are now a mature adult and you have moved away
but you should realise the importance of Mother's Day.

The mailman brought no card and no visit is impending.
I hoped I'd get a phone call, on that I was depending.
I thought I'd have nice long chat with an exchange of news;
I always like to talk to you and listen to your views.

In the morning my mobile beeped, a message came my way,
"Happy Mothers Day," it read. "I hope you have a nice day."
Would this precede a call or arrival of some flowers?
But I heard nothing else as I whiled away the hours.

Typing those words on my phone took twenty seconds to do
but I'm sure that I didn't type them quite as fast as you.
I've loved and cared about you since the moment of your birth,
I still feel the same, but are twenty seconds all I'm worth.

Happy
Mother's
Day



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The Creak of the Leather

by Bruce Kiskadden

*Just came across this old poem when I was cleaning up my files and thought
maybe you might like to put in an old traditional Cowboy poem - by*

Thank you to Carol Heuchan

It's likely that you can remember
A corral at the foot of a hill
Some mornin' along in December
When the air was so cold and so still.

When the frost lay as light as a feather
And the stars had jest blinked out and gone.
Remember the creak of the leather
As you saddled your hoss in the dawn.

When the glow of the sunset had faded
And you reached the corral after night
On a hoss that was weary and jaded
And so hungry yore belt wasn't tight.

You felt about ready to weaken
You knowed you had been a long way
But the old saddle still kep a creakin'
Like it did at the start of the day.

Perhaps you can mind when yore saddle
Was standin' up high at the back
And you started a whale of a battle
When you got the old pony untracked.

How you and the hoss stuck together
Is a thing you caint hardly explain
And the rattle and creak of the leather
As it met with the jar and the strain.

You have been on a stand in the cedars
When the air was so quiet and dead
Not even some flies and mosquitoes
To buzz and make noise 'round yore head.

You watched for wild hosses or cattle
When the place was as silent as death
But you heard the soft creak of the saddle
Every time the hoss took a breath.

And when the round up was workin'
All day you had been ridin' hard
There wasn't a chance of your shirkin'
You was pulled for the second guard



A sad homesick feelin' come sneakin'
As you sung to the cows and the moon
And you heard the old saddle a creakin'
Along to the sound of the tune.

There was times when the sun was shore blazin'
On a perishin' hot summer day
Mirages would keep you a gazin'
And the dust devils danced far away

You cussed at the thirst and the weather
You rode at a slow joggin' trot
And you noticed somehow that the leather
Creaks different when once it gets hot.

When yore old and yore eyes have grown hollow
And your hair has a tinge of the snow
But there's always the memories that follow
From the trails of the dim long ago.

There are things that will haunt you forever
You notice that strange as it seems
One sound, the soft creak of the leather,
Weaves into your memories and dreams.

Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival – 2019

The annual Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival was held from the 28th February – 3rd March 2019. The festival kicked off on Thursday evening with the poets and community meeting at Jubilee Hall for the “meet and greet”. Brawl titles were available for purchase to be presented following Sunday’s breakfast.

Friday 1st March was the first day of competitions with the Intermediate section and the Yarn Spinning at the Dunedoo Sports Club. Everyone was welcomed by the President of the Dunedoo & District Development Group Lloyd Graham. The Intermediate section is a combined female and male competition with David Melville (Mayfield, NSW) taking out first place with his self written poem “Old Blue”. Carolyn Maxfield (Old Bar Beach, NSW) came in second with her recital of Patrick Flynn’s poem “The T.K.O at Paddy’s Birthday” and Marion Dreyer (Woy Woy, NSW) was awarded the encouragement award for “Jelly Melons”, a poem by Kim Eitel which had all the crowd engrossed. Rhonda Tallnash was the outright winner of this combined male and female Yarn Spinning with her yarn “Waiting for Emma”.

Saturday was a big day of poetry with the competitions commencing at 8.30am. First up was the Female Classical session. Heather Searles (Branxton, NSW) coming in first place with “Only a Simple Picture” author unknown. Rhonda Tallnash (Violet Town, VIC) came in second place with “The Road to Danahey’s” written by John O’Brien and Claire Reynolds (Glouster, NSW) was awarded third place with a John O’Brien poem “Ownerless”.

In the Male Classical section which was also highly contended. Ken Tough (Pretty Beach, NSW) took first place with “The Old Mass Shandrydan” by John O’Brien, with Bob “Pa” Kettle (Goodna, QLD) coming in second place with “The Man from Ironbark” by A. B. Paterson, followed by Andrew Pulsford (Urangan, QLD) in third place with “The Green Handed Rouseabout” written by Henry Lawson.

The first of the Original written poems was up next with the Original Serious Female section. Heather Searles was again successful with her poem “The Hand Shake”. Claire Reynolds was a very close second with “Leaving Home” and third place was awarded to Rhonda Tallnash for her poem “Retribution Road”.

Following lunch it was on to the Original Serious Male and Contemporary Female and Male sections. The winner of the Original Serious Male section was Ken Tough with his poem “Boondee’s Mob”. Bob “Pa” Kettle was awarded second place with his poem “The Waiting Woman”, and The Rhymer from Ryde Graeme Johnson (Ryde, NSW) was successful in third place with “Have you seen my Dad?”. The Contemporary Female section was up next with a good number of entrants. Rhonda Tallnash came in first place with the Col Milligan poem “I Hate Morris Majors”. Heather Searles was a close second place with “The Vet from Overseas” by Bob Rush and Jacqui Warnock (Narrabri, NSW) gained third place reciting a Phillip Rush poem “Left Handed”.

The Contemporary Male section was also tightly held with Ken Tough again taking out first place with “Gold Star” written by Bruce Simpson. Paddy O’Brien was second with his recited poem by David Meyers “Fencing in the Dark” and Bob “Pa” Kettle in third place with “Rain from Nowhere” by Murray Hartin.

It was then a well deserved few hours of rest for the poets who all had a busy day of reciting and entertaining. Everyone reconvened along with some more hopeful poets and spectators for the two evening sections of Original Humorous Female and Male. These two sections are the most popular throughout the festival and it was an entertaining night for all of those in attendance. The Original Humorous Female section was first with Heather Searles being successful again in first place with her original poem “Kate McCreadies Hat”. Rhonda Tallnash was awarded second place with her poem “The Wrapper” and Jacqui Warnock came in third place with her poem “Oodles of Doodles”.

The Original Humorous Male section kicked off and was equally as entertaining with Ken Tough taking out a clean sweep in first place with his poem “Larkin”. Andrew Pulsford received second place with “The Demon Red Ned” and a close third was awarded to Max Pringle for his poem “The Celebration of Dead Dog Hill”.

At the conclusion of the full competition there were still a few awards to be given. Overall male winner was awarded to Ken Tough for her performances winning all 4 sections and overall female winner to Heather Searles who won 3 sections and came in a close seconded in the other.

The winner of the written section was also announced and was awarded Shelley Hansen for her poem “The Restorer’s Tale”.

Sunday morning saw once again all the poets and spectators get together for breakfast at Jubilee Hall and performances of the Brawl titles that were purchased over the past few days. Bob “Pa” Kettle was the winner with his poem “Whimsical Nights”.

Vale – Barry Evans

Barry Evans of Dunedoo passed away Thursday 14th February, 2019. A service was held in Dunedoo Friday 22nd February. Barry for many years ran the Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival in the days when Ellis Campbell, Milton Taylor and Carol Heuchan were regular attendees and the Dunedoo Festival was one of the highlights on the Bush Poetry Calendar.

Barry’s son rang Carol to tell her of his passing and to ask for help with choosing a poem for the service, which she has done. She also offered to advise the ABPA family.

Barry just loved Bush Poetry and contributed greatly by putting so much passion into the Festival and consequently providing many of us with wonderful times and wonderful memories.

‘Weep not that I have wandered from the scene,
but join me in my thanks that I have been.’ *quote Charlee Marshall*

CORRYONG—A TOWN UNIQUE

© Ellis Campbell, 2008

Winner 2008, 'Upper Murray Arts Festival', Corryong Victoria.

Beyond the Murray River—that divides two wondrous states—
lies Corryong, a township where the bush scene dominates.
There horsemanship is cherished and the Bush Verse really thrives,
its characters immortalised in tales of hero's lives.

As Smoky's song of old Khancoban sparked a rover's dream,
the same applies to Corryong beyond the Murray's stream.
Its beauty and its splendour bring a tear to tourist's eyes—
the locals proudly tell you that it's Heaven in disguise.

A town of famous horsemen—well renowned for daring feats,
their exploits glorified by all in pubs on southern streets.
Forever brumbies roamed the heights of Kosciusko Park—
a symbol of our heritage to light adventure's spark.

The cattle grazed those snow-capped ranges safe in winter's clime—
today this practice is taboo—such action classed as crime.
The horses and the cattle were a picturesque array—
with scenery magnificent that took your breath away.

The Man From Snowy River—Banjo's verse that still survives—
is irrevocably instilled in Corryong's archives.
They claim the verse's origin and say The Man lived here—
Jack Riley's name is treasured as that gallant mountaineer.

Well steeped in pioneering pride the horsemen loved the chase
amidst the Snowy Mountain's tops—a very special place.
This is the legacy today that Corryong maintains—
the spirit of the mountain men is pulsing through its veins.

And poets like the Banjo still recall those yesteryears—
put pen to paper eagerly to vaunt the pioneers.
Roll back those visions bittersweet, enshrouded in the past—
hail Corryong forever in the role they've proudly cast.

A heritage of magnitude relived in Corryong—
a pioneering pride entrenched in culture ever strong.
May it survive forever and its passion never die—
a township quite unique that sprawls beneath the southern sky.



***Come and find more past classics from our Collection, join in the Forums chat,
catch up on the latest news and results from the Australian Bush Poets
Association Website***

www.abpa.org.au

Vale BRUCE FORBES SIMPSON

18/5/1923 – 2/3/2019

(Contributed by Marion Fitzgerald)

"Now the droving is done, and no more from the scrub Come the drovers to camp by the Newcastle pub. They are gone from the routes with their horses and packs And the tall grasses blow o'er their deep trodden tracks."

Bruce Forbes Simpson was a legendary packhorse drover and a renowned poet and author. But to his old droving mates, his family and his friends, who celebrated his life on Saturday 16th March at Burpengary, he was just 'a real good mate' whose 95 years was shaped by the aura of the 'outback'.

Bruce was the second eldest of four sons of a WW1 Veteran and sugar cane farmer from west of Mackay, QLD. He and his two younger brothers, became capable horseman at a young age and Bruce's dream was to work as a 'ringer' in the Top End. Although their schooling was short, their poetic interests were nurtured from an early age by their maternal grandmother who owned and ran a large lending library in Brisbane, regularly sending them the disused dog-eared copies of 'classic reads'. Armed with the poetry of Paterson, Ogilvie and Morant in his pack, Bruce left his father's farm in 1944 to take up a position as a ringer on Alexandria Station in the Northern Territory.

For the next six years Bruce proved his worth as a ringer, working the stock camps, Stations in the NT and the Gulf and the stock routes with the drovers. In 1950, Bruce purchased his own 'packhorse plant', comprising of some 50 horses, and employing a 'horsetailer' (often his brother Jeff), a cook and three ringers. The "droving contracts" he sought as a 'store bullock drover' were the toughest in the game. With mobs of up to 1,500 head of 'wild pikers', Bruce and his men would be on the unfenced stock routes for five months at a time, walking bullocks from the East Kimberley Stations, through the unforgiving Murrumbidgee Scrub, across the Rankine Plain and into Queensland's rich Channel Country for fattening.

But when relaying his stories, Bruce was quick to remind you that he was only one of many drovers, many of whose names are now legendary. But it was from Bruce's pen, that these remarkable and heroic feats of pack-horse droving were captured for historical prosperity, during his night watch in the saddle, around camp fires and on his long rides across the plains.

When the road-trains took over the movement of cattle in the Top End in 1959, Bruce settled in Winton and started a saddlery business. There he met and married his Scottish sweetheart, Heather, and he began to compile manuscripts of his stories and poems that he had penned from the saddle. In 1972 he won the esteemed Bronze Swagman Award for his poem praising the skill and bravery of night-horse, "Gold Star". In 1975 Bruce won the coveted Bronze statue again with his poem "Vale Rusty Reagan". Bruce and Heather moved to Rockhampton where he began working for an Insurance Company. His managerial skills as a Boss Drover resounded in his work ethics, with Bruce and his team being recognized as the leading insurance Rep in QLD. Whilst in Rockhampton, his son Randal was born, with his daughter Fiona coming along soon after.

In 1990 Bruce was selected by the Stockman's Hall of Fame, along with five other poets/balladeers, to perform at Cowboy entertainment venues in America. Bruce's poetry, of the life he had lived, was embraced by the American audiences, where he remains an esteemed poet today. When he returned home, ABC Publishers clamoured for his stories and poems, as well as his research into Ludwig Leichhardt and lost pioneer graves, and to date he has had eight books published. In 2011 Bruce was awarded the Order of Australia Medal for 'his services to the preservation and promotion of the history of droving in Australia'. He once told me that the reason why he worked so hard at perfecting his poetry was to give the pioneers, the drovers, the ringers and the horses of the 'old droving days' the highest level of recognition they deserved.....and he has certainly done that! Thank you 'Lancewood' / Bruce Simpson – you were the 'voice of the outback' who has left us a lasting legacy. You will be truly missed.



DAVID CAMPBELL *by Tony Hammill*

David Campbell (1915-1980) was born at Ellerslie, the family property near Adelong in the Monaro district of NSW, the son of a doctor-grazier. He was educated in Australia and at Cambridge, and played Rugby Union for England. He married in 1940 and had two children. He served in the RAAF in New Guinea in WW2 as a flying boat pilot, reaching the rank of Wing Commander, and was awarded the DFC in 1943 (later also a bar). After the war he farmed in the Canberra area.

In 1964 Campbell became poetry editor of the 'Australian'. He edited 'Australian Poetry 1966' and 'Modern Australian Poetry' (1970). He published over 15 volumes of poetry and prose, including two volumes of short stories. He co-authored books of verse with Rosemary Dobson, and published 'The History of Australia' (1970). He won many awards for his verse including the Patrick White Literary award and the NSW Premier's Kenneth Slessor Prize for Poetry, and held a senior fellowship of the Literature Board of the Australia Council for the Arts.

Campbell's poetry is rooted in the Australian landscape, in lyricism (short, musical verse), and balladry. He is reflective and a social commentator, and in his later work employed experimental techniques. Though a minor poet (some might argue!) compared to the likes of Kenneth Slessor or Judith Wright, his verse gives much pleasure. Indeed, his ballad 'Harry Pearce' from his first book of verse 'Speak with the Sun' (1949) has always held a prominent place in my mind as an imaginative, visionary piece, though not represented in anthologies by Reg Williams, Geoffrey Dutton or Harry Heseltine. It does contain a couple of words which cause unavoidable metrical 'bumps', but only a nitpicker of a judge would make a song and dance about them. To me this is Campbell's 'pearl of great price'.

Harry Pearce

by David Campbell

I sat beside the red stock route
and chewed a blade of bitter grass
and saw in mirage on the plain
a bullock wagon pass.
Old Harry Pearce was with his team,
"The flies are bad," I said to him.

The leaders felt his whip, It did
me good to hear old Harry swear,
and in the heat of noon it seemed
his bullocks walked on air.
Suspended in the amber sky
they hauled the wool to Gundagai.

He walked in Time across the plain,
and old man walking on the air,
for years he wandered in my brain;
and now he lodges there.
And he may drive his cattle still
when Time with us had had his will.

If you would like to submit a profile on a Bush Poet who has captured your imagination or been an influence or inspiration to you, then send it in to me for consideration for publication



The Stockman

by David Campbell

The sun was in the summer grass,
the Coolibahs* were twisted steel;
the stockman paused beneath their shade
and sat upon his heel,
and with the reins looped through his arm
he rolled tobacco in his palm.

His horse stood still, His cattle-dog
tongued in the shadow of the tree,
and for a moment on the plain
Time waited for the three,
and then the stockman licked his fag
and Time took up his solar swag.

I saw the stockman mount and ride,
across the mirage on the plain;
and still that timeless moment brought
fresh ripples to my brain;
it seemed in that distorting air
I saw his grandson sitting there.

BOKO

By 'Curlew' from 'The Bulletin Reciter' (1901)

All the riding - gear is rusty, all the girths and straps are dusty,
And the saddle's old and mouldy where it's hanging on the wall;
While the stockwhip and the bridle on their pegs are hanging idle,
And old Boko comes no longer to the sliprails when I call.
No, because his bones are lying where I lay beneath him dying
When the game old stock-horse blundered at the jump, and broke his neck;
And I got a woeful smashing when the poor old fellow, crashing
Through the timber, crushed me under to a bruised and sightless wreck.

With his single eye to guide him, very few could live beside him,
Though he was no thoroughbred, but just a poor, old grass-fed moke;
And we held the reputation, crack scrub-dashers on the station:
You could track us through the mulga by the timber that we broke.
And the day we got the buster was just after bangtail - muster;
I had asked the super's daughter to become head- stockman's wife:
She had answered, "I am ready. If you'll promise to be steady;
If you'll give up drink and fighting, Jack, and lead a decent life."

And from that our quarrel started – both grew angry and we parted,
And that night I started drinking at the shanty on the Flat
Where the o.p. grog is snaky; and next day all wild and shaky
I rode over to a picnic that I knew she would be at.
She was there all mirth and gladness, but I masked my sullen madness –
Held aloof, and would not see the sorrow growing in her eyes;
All around were gay and busy, but my brain was hot and dizzy,
When an old man kangaroo went bounding past across the rise.

Spurs and bits and stirrups jingled, shouts and glad confusion mingled,
While we urged the dogs and horses, fresh and eager for the fray;
Horses, too, with plenty breeding, but the old bush nag was leading –
Once we left the open country Boko showed them all the way.
Dead Box Rise and She-oak Hollow taxed their horsemanship to follow;
At the old marsupial fence I had them pounding at their top:
Half-insane and wild with liquor, still I led and urged them quicker,
Though the rest were pulling up and some were calling out to stop.

It was only reckless flashness, only harebrained drunken rashness;
I looked back and laughed to see them drawing rein away behind;
The I turned and spurred him to it, but he struck and toppled through it –
When they dragged me from beneath him he was dead, and I was blind.
When I woke to know my blindness, then I woke to know her kindness,
For she stood beside my bed and bandaged up my shattered brow,
Whisp'ring, "Let me help to bare it. I was wrong and I will share it.
Won't you have me, for I love you just as much as ever now?"

And she would have shared my sorrow through this night that has no morrow,
But I loved her far too well to let her be a cripple's bride;
And at times when I am able just to ramble to the stable,
Where I sit and dream of Boko and of many a merry ride –
I can hear her children playing; I can hear the horses neighing;
I can hear the stockwhips cracking when the cattle reach the yard;
But my sightless eyes may glisten – all the world is one dark prison,
And the gates to light and darkness shall be never more unbarred.

.....
For the riding- gear is rusty, and the racing- tackle musty,
And though Boko's bones are bleaching, there are colts upon the plain –
Fiery colts just fit for breaking; but my heart is sadly aching,
For I know that I will never ride nor show the way again.



The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival is almost here and most families in the little rural town of Corryong is involved in some way.

After the relaxing Poetry festival last year we are back with all the bells and whistles of The ABPA Victorian Bush Poetry Championships, with marvellous entertainers.

Dona McQueen is an upcoming singer songwriter, Overall Song Champion at Benalla Muster which earned her a double pass plus stage time at Corryong. Other guests include the local toe-tapping, singalong Bonza Blokes Bush Band, fantastic Geoffrey W Graham (Banjo Paterson himself) and Geoffrey's brother Ralph Graham, our main MC and the well-known Champs back again - Greg Champion, master of the parody.

That's a lot of extra fun entertainment, but our main purpose is to conduct the Championships! The Written sections are being judged, and for the MFSR Recital, three finalists will battle it out on Friday evening - Tom O'Connor, James Thomas and Matthew Hollis.

Here is our judging team:

The Rhymer from Ryde is our Senior Judge in the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships at the Bush Festival. He has recited, entered and organised competitions all over Australia over the last 15 years winning him many awards. His performances are known for their vibrancy, humour and heartfelt emotion. In the true larrikin style, his reciting covers everything from the silly to the serious, traditional to contemporary, and most definitely original. He is also MCing three Poets Breakfast Walkups with his Partner in Rhyme - Matthew Hollis, bus driver and Yarnspinner extraordinaire. Brenda Joy (Brenda-Joy Pritchard), Award winning bush poet and balladeer, is excited to be returning to Corryong. (Brenda and her husband Hal enjoyed our 2018 'relaxed' Bush Festival).

Brenda has a long list of Australian awards and prizes, including many Written Championship poems at our festival. With Hal assisting, Brenda has a big work load, judging the adult and Junior Written and Performance sections and squeezing in some performances at Day Activity Group and the Nursing home whilst in Corryong.

With Hal, Brenda has travelled the length and breadth of Australia writing, performing, judging, work-shopping and generally 'living' the JOYful experience of being a modern day ambassador for bush poetry and a troubadour for the ABPA. She is the 'Darling of the Outback'!

Tom McIlveen is judging the Written and Performance Bush Poetry sections at the Bush Festival. Tom was blessed to have an English teacher who was obsessed with Shakespeare and Australian traditional poets and instilled a lifelong love of the written word and poetry, encouraging students to write their own and to recite it in class.

Having spent half of his childhood on the land, he used bush themes to convey his love and understanding of the Australian bush. He came back to rhyming verse in 2014 and has won many other prizes but his greatest accomplishment to date is the coveted annual Bush Lantern Award. He loves travelling around Australia to festivals. Tom has been billeted with locals and will enjoy showing his partner Susan Ashton her first bush festival.

Noel Bull is a farmer from Musk, Victoria whose founding family has been working the land for 5 generations growing potatoes & raising Angus cattle and more recently becoming involved in seed propagation. Noel has a raw performance style and has enjoyed the bush festival for several years as a judge and MC.

Howard James (from SA) and local author Honor Auchinleck will commence their judging careers in the Novice Poet and Yarnspinning sections



Dona with her Trophies



Matt and Graeme - 2017





**THE 17TH ANNUAL
 NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION
 CONDUCTED BY
 NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
 SPONSORED BY
 NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
 &
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FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50

ENTRY FORM

Available from:
 Narrabri Shire Visitor Information Centre
 Phone : 6799 6760

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

Entry forms to be returned to:
 The above address

Farewell to the ANZACs

All the Anzacs have faded back into the past
 And the old men now rest with their mates
 We can hope they play 2 up and still have a beer
 Now they've entered the heavenly gates

We have cause to remember the men who died young
 How they fought to ensure we live free
 How they looked back at home for the very last time
 As their ships pulled away from the quay

They went for adventure, for country and King
 Their country still mourns for their loss
 They died in the trenches and on the barbed wire
 So far from the great Southern Cross

They couldn't have known as they sailed far from home
 Just how cruel would be some of their fates
 But they lived for Australia, a land of their own
 And they died for the sake of their mates

And each life extinguished still burned like a flame
 In the hearts of their loved ones at home
 And their memory lives on in the pride of the nation
 In respect for the flag that they'd flown

Their young eyes look out from the passage of years
 From the old pictures, tattered and torn
 And their nation looks back to the past and remembers
 How the legend of ANZAC was born

(C) Marc Glasby
 May 2008

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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

Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary, every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

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 11 am 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, crn Nolan St & Strickland Rd, Bendigo 1.30pm to 4.30pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 03 5446 7104 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. - Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

WA

Albany Bush Poets Group 4th Tuesday of each month. Contact Peter 98446606

Perth monthly muster, 1st Friday of each month 7pm - 9.30pm at The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive Bentley Park 6102 Contact Dave 0438341256 or Terry 0894588887