

A.B.P.A.

Volume 25 No. 3

June/July 2019



New Member's Competition Starts This Issue!



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

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Editorial



NEW!!!

Member's Written Competition \$100 Prize Each Edition

The A.B.P.A. is happy to announce a new Written Competition for Members.

Each Magazine, one member will receive a \$100 prize and have their Rhyming Australian Poem published here and on our website.

There will be a given topic and the Poem which is decided to have taken the most original approach to the topic will be announced the winner in the following Issue.

The entries will be judged anonymously and the decision will be final.

So get to it. You do not have to be the most accomplished poet in the country to win this!

This Month's Topic - The Australian Holden Car

Use your imagination, creativity, any angle you wish. But make the Holden the salient point of your poem.

Entries close **July 16th**
Send to editor@abpa.org.au
(Please don't send by post)

Next Magazine Deadline is July 26th

President's Report

This report is going to be a story about the bush poetry and story tellers and the great things that can come from old fashioned generosity and mateship.

My initiation to the professional Bush Poetry family happened pretty much by chance.

Having had a career change forced on me by dry times, I was casting around and at a bit of a loose end for something to do. One night seven years ago we had a couple of friends around for tea. They were Carol Reffold aka "The Patchwork Poette" and Jill Meehan, singer songwriter.

As you do, I asked what they had been up to and they informed us that they had just returned as guest performers on the Ghan. Ears pricked up at this and we quizzed them mercilessly. It had always been a dream of mine but didn't appear likely to happen under the circumstances.

The next morning my wife who is a well known harpist rang Great Southern Rail to enquire if they would like a harpist but they were not keen on the idea as it would be very difficult to shift through the narrow corridors.

In a flash of desperation and genius she asked would they like a Bush Poet and story teller. They were very enthusiastic, she swung around on the chair pointed at me and said Tim Sheed Bush Poet. Before I knew it I had thirty days to memorise "The Man" and a lot of other Banjo, Henry, John O'Brien and to work on my own yarns.

The first few performances were nervy but the people liked it and it got a bit easier with practice.

I chose this topic to illustrate how good things come from good people and as a huge thank you to "The Patchwork Poette" Carol Reffold..



The Dunedoo Bush Poetry Committee would like to advise that due to several circumstances the annual Dunedoo Bush Poetry Festival will no longer continue. We would like to thank all of those who have supported this event in the past, the poets who have participated, sponsors and volunteers.

We enjoyed your company and wish you all well for the future.

Regards,
Kylie Brougham
Community Development Coordinator
Dunedoo & District Development Group

Sad News passed on to my one of our Members, **Clair Reynolds**, who informed us

" I am writing to let you know the sad news that my sister, **Shirley Everington** of Wauchope, passed away on February 12th.

Shirley was a member of the Hastings/Macleay Bush Poets and often recited at charity and community events in the Wauchope and Port Macquarie area. She was also a member of Sam Smyth's Bush Poets and Balladeers and performed with them at Tamworth for several years. Shirley performed at many places and loved poetry and the festivals, and most of all she loved the poets and the fans she met."

Artie Illywhacker

© David Campbell

Winner, 2019 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships (Humorous Section)

I see 'em on the telly...they're always in the news...
they gets right on me nelly, all spoutin' out their views.
An' now they're well in season...it's somethin' we all fear...
they lose their rhyme an' reason when it's election year.

I'm talkin' 'bout those pollies...the dills, the dolts, the crooks...
the spivs an' all their follies, the touts wot cooks the books.
I've seen 'em in their glory, their chests puffed out with pride,
an' 'eard 'em tell their story, an' watched 'em bung on side.

But right across our nation there's none can lay a claim
ter causin' more frustration than one outstandin' name,
for Artie Illywhacker, our local candidate,
is quite a pollye cracker, the one we love ter 'ate.

We never see our Artie as years go slippin' by;
"He's working for the party!" 'is well-paid minions cry,
but where 'e might be workin'...well, no-one seems ter know
just where our Artie's lurkin', or 'ow 'e spends our dough.

Until the word "rejection" is whispered in 'is ear,
an' thoughts of re-election then suddenly appear,
so Artie wakes from slumber an' stumbles inter view,
ter seek that magic number, the votes ter see 'im through.

'E'll turn up at a meetin', fair bustin' in 'is suit,
an' ooze a smarmy greetin': "G'day yez all, you beaut!"
'E'll give our 'and some shakin', an' kiss a cryin' kid,
then boast 'e saved our bacon by doin' wot 'e did.

Now wot 'e did is 'azy, the details rather dim...
but we'll be bloody crazy if we don't vote fer 'im!
Fer Artie is the master, 'e knows wot it's about,
an' we'll invite disaster by kickin' 'im right out.

'E smiles an' grins an' chuckles, then strikes a jaunty pose...
I'd like ter plant me knuckles fair on 'is flamin' nose!
I'd love ter wipe that smirkin' right off 'is silly moosh,
an' set 'im down ter workin' the good old Aussie bush.

I'd 'ave 'im 'chasin' cattle or out there crutchin' sheep...
a month or two of that'll sure rouse 'im from 'is sleep;
and then some weeks of fencin', or maybe grubbin' trees
might knock a little sense in an' bring 'im to 'is knees.

I'd 'ave 'im up by sparrer's, an' slavin' long past dark,
out cartin' 'eavy barrers until 'e'd made 'is mark
by puttin' in the hours like us folk gotta do,
through rain an' 'ail an' showers, an' blazin' sunshine too.

Cause Artie's got it easy, the pencil-pushin' clown,
that cheesy, sleazy, greasy invader of our town...
a bloke wot represents us by shuttin' up 'is gob,
'oo wouldn't know consensus was part of 'is damn job!



'E dips 'is lid an' swallers wot all them pollsters say,
fer Artie simply follers the games they want ter play.
'E's there ter get 'is pension, ter sit back in the bunch
avoidin' all attention...an' take a nice long lunch.

We try ter stir some action on things that we need done,
but get no satisfaction, fer nothin' is begun;
although 'e nods an' mumbles an' sez 'e'll do 'is best
we know that all our grumbles will never be addressed.

So Mister Illywhacker ain't welcome in these parts...
'e's just a lazy slacker wot always breaks our 'earts,
a prat, a nong, a wally, a dopey dimwit chump...
I'll grab that berk, by golly, an' give 'is 'ead a thump!

Fair dinkum, it's a fiddle, a pile of dirty tricks...
they duck an' dodge an' diddle, them folk in politics.
They tell us all these whoppers an' swear they cannot fail...
we oughtta call the coppers an' bung the lot in jail!



Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush 2019

If they weren't cheering on 'racers' in the twilight race meeting they were cackling in Jubilee Park at amateur balladeers or enjoying the autumnal surrounds of Glenrock Garden or farm life at Arrajay Downs or the view from Mount Mackenzie or a dozen other events put on for festival-goers at this year's Oracles in the Bush.

The main concert on Saturday night drew a capacity crowd of over 600, who enjoyed a great atmosphere, thanks to the hysterical stylings of guest poets Melanie Hall, Susie Carcary, Neil McArthur and Errol Gray, along with MC Marco Gliori.

The crew and much of the crowd faced up to breakfast in Jubilee Park the next day for free performances by some old and new talent. Young Archie George won the Poets Brawl with a humorous ode to his mother and her foibles, which he just penned earlier that morning.

The slightly-more-serious competition took place over several heats of the Looming Legend awards, with heats culminating in the grand final at Tenterfield Memorial Hall on Sunday afternoon.

Oracles' Looming Legend grand final 2019
Photos by Melinda Campbell.

Heather Searls was named Looming Legend, ahead of Leo Haegherbaert. Ms Searls also took out first place for a previously-published work, with Paddy O'Brien coming second.

Ken Woodward was awarded the Patsy Wilson prize of the novice section.

Following is a list of our Written Comp winners this weekend:

Poem with Humorous theme: Winner: "Channel" No 5 by Shelly Hansen from Maryborough, QLD

Poem using the annual theme of Aussie Mates Winner: Mateship by Laurie Warfe from Mt Eliza, Victoria.

The standard of all entrants was outstanding with many performances being separated by only a point or two. Congratulations to all who entered.

The multitude of associated events scheduled for this time of year which shows Tenterfield at its best (drought notwithstanding) also included the junior art competition (this year's theme was Aussie mates) and Children's Concert, a special induction at the Tenterfield Transport Museum of 2019 legend John Munro, the Lions Club Brekkie in the Park on Friday to kick off the long weekend, and multiple opportunities at local venues to catch up with the visiting poets on a more-casual basis.

Tea-and-damper in Bald Rock National Park required a change of location with local parks closed in the aftermath of recent fires. Mt Mackenzie, however, put on quite a show with the initial fog creating a cosy atmosphere, only to lift and reveal a spectacular view of the district.

Be sure to arrange your time so as to visit this amazing event in 2020. Congratulations Tenterfield Oracles for probably THE major weekends now on the Australian Bush Poetry Calander. Well done!



Melanie Hall and Susie Carcary crowning Poet's Brawl winner, Archie George.



L to R Ken Woodward (Novice) Heather Searl (Winner both sections) Paddy O'Brien (2nd PP Works) and Leo Heagherbaert (2nd Looming Legend)

Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush 2019

Tenterfield Oracles Legend 2019

John Munro



With the choice of Mr John Munro as Legend and the theme being "Aussie Mates", with John, they are one and the same.

John Munro is truly an "Aussie Mate". Always standing up for the better or for whoever is in need, offering a helping hand or a willing ear.

John's association with this area is long - not only through his many years running the Royal Hotel, his involvement in local Rugby League (both Junior and Senior) and a passionate Rabbitos supporter, working for Tenterfield Shire Council for twenty four (24) years, and he remains heavily involved in fund raising for Legacy.

This man is truly deserving of the Legend title. Well done mate!



Errol Gray entertaining at Poetry Finals



Errol Gray masquerading as a poet trying to win Poets Brawl.



Neil McArthur MCs Brawl



Oracles committee members Lara Flanagan and Geoff Newman flank 2019 Legend John Munro.



Melanie Hall and Susie Carcery at 'The Brawl!'.



Marco Giori and an early morning Breakfast Crowd at Mt. MacKenzie Lookout.



Tenterfield Oracle's wonderful Committee saying goodbye until 2010



Heather Searl



Mal Beveridge

The Day of the Dingoes.

Lynne Finedon ©

Our Granny runs the farm, they have a herd of cows,
by hand the cows are milked, through thick bush land they browse.
Our Aunty helps to milk, they separate the cream,
alone they toil and hope that war won't end their dream.
Her sons joined up to fight, and Granny's prone to cry,
aware that feed is scarce and a dingo comes to pry.
In gullies dingoes hide and now we hear their howl,
a pack that chills our blood, it seems they're on the prowl.

Gran missed the cow in calf, so set about to seek,
She searched the scrub and found it cringing in the creek.
Its both hind legs were torn and oozing dark red blood.
Gran's horror makes her shake, heart beating with a thud,
for now she sees its calf, new born and ripped apart,
just skin and bones remain, it nearly breaks her heart.
She grabs a sturdy stick while staring round in fright,
then pushed and tugged the cow, a real pathetic sight.

At last they reach the bails where wounds are stitched and dressed.
The starving dingoes cruel, we'll not have any rest.
With milking all complete, we went back home to eat
but fears and worry brought our Granny to her feet.
The night air seemed alive, the dingo howls too near,
blood chilling eerie calls, our hair stood up in fear.
With double barrelled gun, a lantern for some light,
Gran rushed off down the track to face a desperate fight.

She tied the calves with ropes, safe in the dairy bails,
then gathered fire wood, old chopped up fencing rails.
Eyes watchful all the time and shot gun by the fence,
the dingoes quiet, so ominous, she's scared and tense,
Gran lights the fire piles, then sits against a post.
The calves are restless now, it's dark she fears the most.
Our Gran felt all alone and wished her husband there
and would her boys come home? She breathed a silent prayer.

A dingo crossed through light, Gran snatches up the gun,
she would not have a chance if all came at a run.
The calves are kicking rails, there's movement at the back,
They've crept around behind! In darkness they'll attack!
Gran gathers strength and runs to shoot at shadows dark,
their yelping brings a grin, somehow she'd hit her mark.

With rifle in her hands, our Aunty joined the fight,
a dingo at the calves, she has it in her sight,
the bullet pierced his head, his hunger cost him dear.
She'd crept down from the house when calves were bleating fear.
Gran hears the frantic rush, the scramble of their feet,
so runs and shoots again to hasten their retreat.
Young daughter hated guns, her actions a surprise,
so granny held her tight, proud tears dripped from her eyes.

Down now she sits alone, concerned they might return.
Against a post she leans to watch her fires burn.
The dark long night drags on but wait she will till dawn,
she's tired and cold and damp and hungers for the morn.
At last the sun comes up, she finds two dingoes dead,
along the track there's stains where several of them bled.
Joy overcomes her fears, three shots and off they went,
her battle won and home she'll go with tired content.



Two Families Who Never Met

by Robyn Sykes

(Winner, Serious Section, The Man From Snowy River, Corryong 2019)

The siren screams curses, my lungs gasp for air:
my wife has been struck by a truck.
Hail Mary, Our Father, which way is she? Where?
Oh Suzie my mind's come unstuck.

*Our son lies still, fatigued and yellow, poisoned liver battle-
scarred, but Mike still smiles each day.
His skin is paper, arms are needles, breath a wheezy rattle-
rasp. The rector comes to pray.*

I smell antiseptic and taste it as fear;
my voice squeaks like shoes on the floor.
A white-lipped young doctor draws awkwardly near.
Our kids arrive, creaming the door.

*The homestead's now a clinic ward, its brick walls are a prison
cell. Our friends all rally round
with casseroles and roasted lamb and sponge cakes light and risen
high. His mates bring laughter's sound.*

"She's not going to make it," I hear through my trance.
My ears close, I don't want to know.
"Her organs perhaps could give others a chance."
He's wrong. No, I won't let her go.

*Thank God the season stuck with us, the sheep and cattle flourished
well. A neighbour sowed the wheat,
Mike's lucerne pastures, wind-break trees and dreams he daily nourished
stand neglected, incomplete.*

My knuckles turn white. I forget to exhale.
How peaceful she looks, sound asleep.
For time is the lace in a treacherous veil:
what's missing can make us all weep.

*By day we talk of transplants, but at night, when faith is shimmer-
thin, I nag my hubby dumb.
We check the phone, recheck it, for the dial tone gives a glimmer-
hope. Mike's bag is packed. I'm numb.*

I think of our home on the cliff by the sea;
our wedding day framed on the wall;
her perfumed pink roses, the gulls she sets free;
the chatter when chums come to call.

*Old Tiger's kennel's empty: as I watched his eyes grow older-
sad, I let him in the house.
An armchair by the bedside and a thin hand on his shoulder-
blade: I never have to rouse.*

My daughter says "Dad, we all know what Mum said:
'It's better to give than receive.'
We've one final option to see her love spread.
Six people could gain a reprieve."

*"Hello. I'm from St Vincent's. Can you come? We've got a donor
ready." Time's on ice. I freeze.
My throat's the Simpson Desert... Mike is saved ... the liver's owner...
How? What pain resolves my pleas?*

I can't bear the emptiness yawning like tar.
I can't bear the Suzie-sized hole.
I can't bear the shreds of my life and the scar.
Don't tell me the gifts soothe my soul.

*Old Tiger woofs and wags his tail, the wind-break's gold with wattle-
dust. Mike's baling lucerne hay.
His face is pink, his shoulders strong, his future planned full throttle-
blast. Each day, in thanks, I pray.*

O Suzie, I'll never forget how we lay
entwined like wisteria vines;
the smell of your hair, how we'd laugh and we'd play.
You shine now in six breathing shrines.



Judith Wright

By Tony Hammill.

Judith Arundell Wright (1915-2000) was arguably the finest poet Australia has produced. Born Armidale, NSW, she graduated from the University of Sydney and during WW2 worked on her father's station due to the labour shortage. She was later appointed a research officer at the University of Queensland and in 1950 moved to Tamborine Mountain in southern Queensland where she wrote much of her best work. She had one daughter Meredith, and her husband Jack McKinney died in 1966. For the last three decades of her life she lived in the Braidwood area to be nearer her lover, H. C. 'Nugget' Coombs (economist and first Governor of the Reserve Bank of Australia), who was based in Canberra.

Wright was a passionate environmentalist and social activist involved in the Aboriginal land rights movement. She was involved in reconciliation marches, the founding of the Wildlife Preservation Society of Queensland, and campaigns against sand mining on Fraser Island and oil drilling on the Great Barrier Reef. She has been called 'the conscience of the nation'. Her prolific literary output included numerous collections of poetry, a novel, short stories, children's books and books of literary criticism.

Amongst Wright's accolades have been the Christopher Brennan Award, the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry, and inclusion in the Q150 icons list in 2009. Amongst her honours have been the naming of the Judith Wright Centre of Contemporary Arts in Brisbane, the naming of a federal seat in southeast Queensland after her, and the naming of a new Canberra suburb in her honour. She was also nominated for the Nobel Prize for literature.

Wright's poetry naturally is centred around the Australian landscape, the environment, animals, the Aborigines, the pioneers and love and loss. She is credited with producing more quotable quotes than any other Australian poet. The power of her expression is well illustrated in the first two verses of 'The Old Prison', a poem about Trial Bay Gaol, a WW1 internment camp. Note the three stressed syllables or beat per line:

'The rows of cells are unroofed,/ a flute for the wind's mouth,/ who comes with a breath of ice/ from the blue caves of the south.

O dark and fierce day:/the wind like an angry bee/ hunts for the black honey/ in the pits of the hollow sea.'

I've chosen her poem 'Bullocky' as a powerful piece of bush verse. Judith knew this eccentric character.



Bullocky

© Judith Wright

Beside his heavy-shouldered team
thirsty with drought and chilled with rain,
he weathered all the striding years
till they ran widdershins in his brain:

Till the long solitary tracks
etched deeper with each lurching load
were populous before his eyes,
and fiends and angels used his road.

All the long straining journey grew
a mad apocalyptic dream,
and he old Moses, and the slaves
his suffering and stubborn team.

Then in his evening camp beneath
the half-light pillars of the trees
he filled the steepled cone of night
with shouted prayers and prophecies.

While past the campfire's crimson ring
the star struck darkness cupped him round,
and centuries of cattle-bells
rang with their sweet uneasy sound.

Grass is across the wagon-tracks,
and plough strikes bone beneath the grass,
and vineyards cover all the slopes
where the dead teams were used to pass.

O vine, grow close upon that bone
and hold it with your rooted hand.
The prophet Moses feeds the grape,
and fruitful is the Promised Land.



Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

Jessica Klein-Gibaud



Winner
Victorian State Championships
School Age
Years 7 – 12

The Brumbies **by** **Jessica Klein-Gibaud**

My name is Jessica, I live in Mount Barker, South Australia and I am fourteen years old. I love being in nature, writing and spend most of my time riding my horses.

In 2018, I was selected to compete in the McDowells herbal Australian Brumby challenge in the Dolly's Dream memorial yearling section, taming and training an untouched, wild brumby over 150 days before performing at EQUITANA Melbourne, the biggest equine event in the Southern Hemisphere. My brumby, "Galway" and I won the greatest transformation and freestyle classes, the little horse hailing from Mt Kosciusko himself, being a large inspiration of my poems.

Thank you so much for this opportunity! It feels pretty cool to have had such a great outcome for the first time I've ever shared my writing!

Jessica

Awarded at
The Man from Snowy River
Bush Festival,
Corryong, Victoria, April, 2019

The gentle summer slumbers
that leave the bush in peace,
that wafts the heavy fragrance
of the Eucalyptus trees...

Yet on the silent footing,
a hoofmark catches gaze
and quickly if you track it
you'll find the brumbies graze.

They're ghostly as they travel,
their hoofbeats lull the birds.
They'll fringe the cloak of thickets
hiding safe away their herds.

They'll trumpet through the valley,
shrill challenge for a fight,
they'd dance to meet opponent
arching neck in proud delight.

Tight skin slides rippling muscle as
they battle through the day.
When winner claims his glory
thick with tire the lost shall lay.

So gentle yet so violent
they fight for lands to roam –
the wild, the untouched mountains,
in which they call their home.

© 2019, Jessica Klein-Gibaud (at age 14)

Farmyard Drama

© Irene Dalgety Timpone

There's not much entertainment where I live, way out of town;
Days have a boring sameness that can really get me down.
There isn't much to lighten life for Queensland's outback farmer.
You can't believe how great it was to watch a homespun drama!

The cast was only six in all, an audience of one:
The setting was a barnyard lit by Nature's wintery sun.
The scene was 'Aussie pastorage': three blokes with morning snacks,
Their feet propped up on worn-out tyres, hay bales behind their backs.

I'll introduce the leading men, all three in farm attire,
Checked shirts, blue jeans and heavy boots - one had his tied with wire.
First, Paul, my husband, and our son, the larrikin lad, Dan,
And Dan's mate, Jamie, from the coast, a quiet, kind young man.

Of course, there were some 'extras' too, all set to steal the show,
Chiquita Miss, the Arab mare, her cheeky foal in tow,
And Bessie Blue, the cattle dog, awaiting call to 'heel'
While napping in the morning sun beside a tractor wheel,

I'd left the men their morning tea: bread rolls with peanut paste,
A thermos full of coffee made quite strong to give it taste.
When half-way to the farmhouse gate, I heard a frightful din!
I thought, for sure, the hayshed roof and walls had fallen in!

It was the noise that panicked me and made me run like hell
Loud thumps and thuds and bangs and clangs and more than one wild yell.
The dog was barking loudly and I heard a frantic neigh:
The foal began to whinny and I knew he'd joined the fray.

My husband started shouting, "Danny, grab that bloody hound!
And, Jamie, chase the horses out! Come on! Get off the ground."
Poor Jamie staggered upright. I saw horses wheel and kick.
The thought of what could happen made me absolutely sick.

I counted three men standing - thought the family was complete.
Then Blue came hurtling through the air and landed at my feet.
She'd been propelled by some great force and came down on her rump.
The sound she made on impact was a solid, heavy whump!

She gave a wounded whimper - I was certain she would die.
I knelt down right beside her, and I couldn't help but cry.
"Just stay there, Love. Keep very still. I'll go and call the vet."
Blue struggled up as if to say, "It's not my time. Not yet!"

First Paul, then Dan, came stumbling out, with Jamie at the rear
Still holding very tightly to his badly bleeding ear.
"I don't know how it happened. I was only being kind."
I patted his brown head, and said, "Now, Jamie, never mind."

It took some time to calm things down and get the story right,
To learn how simple smoko time could turn into a fight!
The foal began the action when he nuzzled Jamie's hair,
Sniffed at the tempting bread roll and expected his fair share.



The foal nudged Jamie roughly and the lad began to laugh.
He dearly loved the little horse, so broke the roll in half.
The equine rascal seized the bread; but dropped it in his haste.
"Oh! What a shame! You clumsy boy! That mustn't go to waste!"

So Jamie bent and picked it up and brushed away the dirt.
The foal then bit poor Jamie's ear - oh, how that must have hurt!
And smart it did! It made him wince and give a drawn-out, "Hissss",
Which Blue took as a cue to 'heel' and nipped Chiquita Miss.

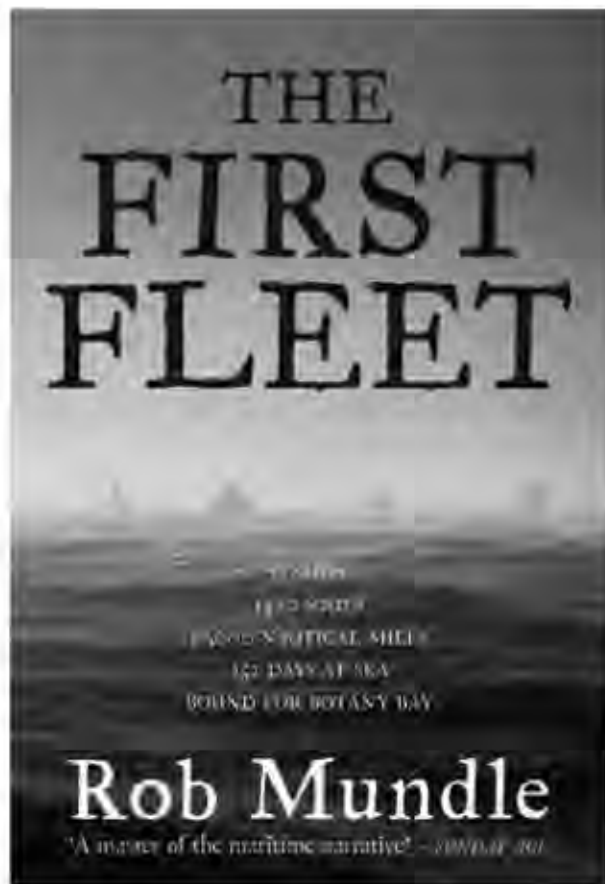
She gave a buck and spun around and bumped against her colt
And he lashed out with both hind legs and, like a lightning bolt,
Clipped Bessie Blue behind the ear and sent her into space...
Meanwhile, poor Jamie moaned in pain, blood streaming down his face.

"A comedy of errors", dear Will Shakespeare would have said
If he'd critiqued the play that was enacted in our shed...
There isn't much to lighten life for Queensland's outback farmer.
You can't believe how great it was to watch that farmyard drama!



Great Aussie Reads

with Jack Drake



Australia Day has become a somewhat contentious subject these days. Our indigenous community has every right to refer to it as Invasion Day, but the 26th January, 1788 is the day the entire first fleet was assembled at Sydney Cove.

The First Fleet by Rob Mundle (Harper Collins 2014) is a very well researched account of the people and ships that formed Australia's first European outpost.

Mundle tells the story of the first fleet from its initial conception in Britain, through the voyage to the trials and tribulations of the early years of Sydney. Anyone who would like to brush up on the ins and outs of our first acknowledged, non-indigenous settlers would profit by reading this book.

Our first Governor, Arthur Phillip, is naturally the central character and the author has crafted his life and achievements into a very readable account.

Rob Mundle is an experienced salt water sailor and his knowledge of sailing and the sea gives The First Fleet a definite ring of authenticity well worth a read.

It was at Tamworth this year, that a man we all know and have worked closely with as bush poetry performers, handed me a book he'd just written. It is an absolute gem. I can't speak highly enough of Stories of my Life by Errol Gray, P.O. Box 424, Sawtell, NSW 2453.

Errol's story romps through the pages interspaced with irony and wry humour in a 'warts and all' expose of the musician's lifestyle. His first words sum it up. "Many years ago I took a vow of poverty and became a professional musician."

I first came to know Errol as The Backyard Balladeer and his humorous songs based on everyday life in the burbs have gained him a legion of fans. However, there is a lot more to this man as others in the music business will be able to attest. Singer, guitarist, bass player, songwriter and lyricist. Errol knows the music game backwards. He has worked with the greats like John Williamson and even opened for Jimmy Buffet with his band Sons of the Soil.

Well done Errol! Your first foray into authorship is a winner. You mentioned the help you got from Anna Rose who edited the book. We can all use a prop up from someone who can spell and construct a sentence, at least I can. I'd be nowhere without my wife Stella to sort out my scribbles.

However, editing aside, Errol definitely has as much ability as a storyteller as he has at writing songs.

Get onto Errol at Sawtell and get yourself a copy. As Molly would say..."do yourself a favour."



Jack Drake

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

ABPA VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS AT MFSR 2019

*The poets came to Corryong! In the Youth Club Hall,
where the 2019 Championship was fought by one and all.
A red shirt army of volunteers - to get the jobs all done.
Lots of work but they also found quite a bit of fun!
Apart from shows they featured in, all around the town,
Friday saw the start of it ... Tom O'Connor knocked 'em down!
The Man from Snowy River - the hardest poem to say
and a jam packed Poets Breakfast on Banjo's Block each day!*

Tom O'Connor nailed the MFSR Recital, Classical and Modern sections in the Performance Poetry. Jenny Markwell won Classical and Modern sections, with Rhonda Tallnash from Violet Town and Max Pringle from Narrabri won overall top Female and Male Poets.

Written Poem winners were Robyn Sykes (overall) and Serious poem section, with David Campbell winning the Humorous Section.

An amazing span of poems and songs was presented all through the weekend as we noticed the 'filmy veil of greenness' working its magic on the Upper Murray scenery.. Metaphors, similes and abundant alliteration swirled through the weekend as the contestants produced another wonderfully eclectic array of images in rhyme. About 400 readers, performers and all-important listeners travelled from all over Australia to share in this amazing spin-off and celebration of Banjo's amazing poem.

Poems, songs, yarns and jokes drew lots of laughs, and the audience was treated to a feast of words during competitive and non-competitive sections. Thanks to our team of judges led by The Rhymer from Ryde (Senior Judge), Brenda Joy and Tom McIlveen, aided by a secondary team of judges and collators. Our MC's Geoffrey Graham and his brother Ralph, kept the show moving with great expertise.

Special thanks to red army of local and away volunteers who assist with admin, set up, take down, door duty, product sales, moving chairs, catering and a myriad of jobs. Thanks to Ayala and the Maccas Takeaway crew for supplying delicious meals and drinks at appropriate times and being very flexible.

What better way to spend a fresh Autumn weekend than to be in Corryong and see such wonderful poets competing, then gather around an open fire and hear an excellent, impromptu range of poetry and music!

See you next year, note A non Championship 2020 but we have the Jack Riley Heritage Award for poem yarn or song written about Jack, his life, the Man from Snowy River, the Upper Murray area or Banjo's country. . You're all welcome!



L to R Poets Group Photo, Greg Champion, Max Pringle, Rhonda Tallnash.

"Channel" No. 5

© Shelley Hansen

(Winner, 2019 Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Written Bush Poetry Award (Humorous Category))

Old Billy from the Channel Country hadn't been to town.
He'd lived his life on Cooper Creek, where land is wide and brown.
In days before the Internet, he didn't have a clue
about the City, so he said, "I know what I will do –
A bloke should take an 'oliday – an' I won't wind up broke
by bunkin' in with Cousin Lil, in Sydney town's Big Smoke,
an' she can educate me, show me 'ow to go about –
an' I'll come 'ome a wiser man, of that I 'ave no doubt!"

So Billy packed his toothbrush and put on his Sunday shirt,
and drove way past the junction where the bitumen meets dirt.
His old ute barely rattled on a road so smooth and straight –
the single lane turned into two – then four – then six – then eight!
He pulled up on the Harbour Bridge to see the City sights –
which caused a major traffic jam – got people into fights!
The other drivers tooted as he claimed his right of way.
They seemed a friendly bunch – they waved their fists to say G'day!

He finally arrived and said, "It's great to see you, Lil!"
"Oh no," she said, "it's Lillian, and I shall call you Will,
for Billy's far too bushified! Now, come and have some tea.
Tomorrow I will show you all the things you ought to see.
I'll take you into Myer – it's the end of season sales.
You'll learn much more in there than I can teach you with my tales.
You'll feel the crushing of the crowd, the buzz of City beat,
you'll see the best of merchandise, and walk with the elite!"

The doors no sooner opened at the Inner City Store
than Lil dashed off to try a dress ... and then try fifteen more!
So Billy, left to wander, looked about for things to buy
until he passed a counter with a sale that caught his eye.
Small bottles filled with liquid were arranged in tidy rows.
A starchy blue-haired lady fussed about as people chose
their personal selections, which were boxed and wrapped with care.
Said Bill, "I'll 'ave a gander – go an' see what's over there."

He saw one labelled Channel No. 5 (or so he thought –
he wasn't good at spelling). So he figured that they'd brought
the water that he drank back home (the colour was the same).
But why was it for sale? He couldn't understand their game.
He didn't think they'd notice if he had a little whiff,
and so he pulled the stopper out and took a mighty sniff!
It nearly bowled him over, and he uttered, "Strike me flat!
No Channel Country creekbed ever 'ad a pong like that!"

The blue-haired counter lady bore upon him with a frown
and said, "Will you be purchasing? If not, please put that down!"
But Bill said, "Look 'ere, lady – it is just as well for you
I noticed this deception. This 'ere water's not true blue!"
"I beg your pardon?" Loftily her nose went in the air.
"Our eau-de-toilette is the finest fragrance one can wear!
What's more, it's been discounted. You may buy this bottle here
for just four hundred dollars. It's our lowest price this year."



"Four 'undred dollars!!" Billy croaked. "That's daylight robbery!
I wouldn't 'ave that bottle if you gave it out for free!
That water is contaminated – an' I'm fairly sure
the dingoes 'ave been urinatin' where they dug that bore!"
The blue-haired lady fainted clean away upon the ground.
They had to call the ambulance – they couldn't bring her round.
Then Lil emerged from Ladieswear to check out all the fuss
and shouted, "Quick! Let's run before they set the cops on us!"

"Whatever did you say to her to put her in a spin?"
she asked as they escaped from the commotion and the din.
"Strike! I dunno," Old Billy said, "I simply pointed out
that water they were sellin' wasn't fit to break a drought!"
"You great galah! That's perfume and it comes straight out of France!
Most girls would love to buy it if they only had the chance.
You're in the City now, and things aren't always what they seem."
"Too right," said Bill, "feels like I'm livin' in some crazy dream!"

"The only use for what you're callin' perfume, seems to me
is shoooin' flies an' skeetas off – but that's best done for free!
I'd teach these folks a thing or two if I could 'ave my say –
back 'ome we light a cow dung fire to keep the flies away!
It's no good Lil – this City life fair gives a bloke the pip!
I've seen enough! I'm packin' up to make the 'omeward trip.
I've learnt some lessons, but the one that's better than the rest –
is findin' out that Cooper Creek's the place I love the best!!"

The Australian Bush Auctioneer

©David Judge 2019

(In memory of the late Max Judge who was a legendary Bush Auctioneer)

Of all the characters in the bush we love, the auctioneer is one of a kind
Strutting the planks with a view from above, no more Australian could you find
Most represent the big wool-broking firms, 'Stock and Station Agents' as they are known
Winchcombes and Elders were well known terms plus Dalgetys and New Zealand Loan

The stock crates rattle in and back up to the bay covered in shit, dust and flies
Its cattle then sheep up for auction today, there's fear and terror in their eyes
Men with big hats and twin pocketed shirts yell obscenities at barking blue-healers
It's no place for sheilas in high heels and skirts, just agents and farmers and dealers

The stockmen draft animals into numerous pens with numbers for ease of id
so the various buyers can make some sense of what they've come to see
Angus cows and calves go into pen number one, Hereford steers in pens two to eight
And the Brahman bull gave the stockmen some fun when he charged at the bloke on the gate

In the sheep pens next door it's a similar sight except there's a lot more of 'em
Thousands of wethers squeezed in tight making it hard to move among 'em
'Saleo! Saleo!' Yells the auctioneer with conviction, the cattle are first to be sold
'Five cows and calves' as he starts the description 'they're worth their weight in gold'

His banter is sharp his humour is dry, he scans the crowd for the opening bid
He looks for a nod or a wink of an eye, the reserve is a thousand quid
'Is that a bid or are you just pickin' ya nose?' He asks bended down on one knee
The big bearded bloke smiles 'cause he already knows it's all part of the repartee

With two thousand yarded there's no time to waste, lots are sold with frenetic precision
'Are you bidding, all done' is the pleading in haste, there's no retreating from that decision
And after all the cattle have been sold, it's time for a cuppa tea
Then ewes and lambs and some rams to be sold have been drafted as well as can be

There's fine wool merinos and crossbred lambs, some crutched and others shorn
There's hoggets, four tooths and Poll Dorset rams and some that are yet to be born
The sun beats down on the yards with no shade, the kelpies are finding it rough
This is a place where the money is made - or lost if you don't know your stuff

At the end of the day the yards become quiet except for the bleats and lowing
Some will be loaded, some will stay overnight, and the agent's commission will be owing
This goes on every week all year; the auctioneer's work is never- ending
At the end of each day he shouts a beer for the farmers and dealers for attending.



The annual 'Spirit of the Bush' festival held at the Boondooma Homestead, Central Queensland, was again a great success with a week of entertainment including music - balladeers, four poets' breakfasts, fun activities and a very moving Anzac service. Lots of good Aussie sharing.



Photo of the poets (left to right) – Noel Sorrensen, Brian Wiere, Paul Fleming, Suzanne Honour, Brenda Joy, Clarrie Weller, John Bidgegood and Gary Fogarty.



Six-times past President, the late Frank (Joe) Daniel's grave was recently adorned with a headstone in the Canowindra cemetery, NSW. His family were very proud to include the ABPA penny logo. Frank was a wonderful performer and promoter of bush poetry and the ABPA. He is sadly missed.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE NORTH?

The Townsville Bush Poetry Mates have brought a big smile to some of the locals in the north after enduring a long 12 full days of rain, floods and heartbreak, back in February. The region is slowly getting back on its feet. Our first charity concert in 3 years, held on 30th March, was an outstanding success and just what the people needed. With 260 people through the door and more who were wanting to, we entertained a packed crowd at the beautiful Carlton Theatre at the Carlyle Gardens Retirement Village. With the red-headed ratbag, Kathie Priestley, our emcee, we knew anything could happen but she kept our 12 poets organised and in good form. (Unfortunately, she had us all under the pump that nobody thought to take photos!!). Included in the line-up were 3 junior placings from the 2018 Junior Eisteddfod, Lachlan Denman, Katelyn Denman and Brook Anderson. The crowd warmed to the great performances from these young poets and it's gratifying to see the future of Australian bush poetry looks to be in good hands. Also our special friend from Charters Towers, Wendy Emmerson, joined us to enthral the audience with her beautiful renditions of poetry put to music, unaccompanied.

Great feedback from our audience was that they want more, hopefully next year. Perhaps we need to look at organising these concerts on a more regular time-frame. The very substantial profits from door sales, raffles and donations allowed us to donate \$5000 to the Qld. Drought/Flood Relief Fund to give our farmers a helping hand.

As we are all getting older, we continue to look for new, younger members to keep it alive. This seems to be the main issue with other groups as well. We continue to entertain at several Aged Care homes in our region on an average of twice a month along with a few other regular events such as the Dam Fine Rally, Heritage Tea Rooms fundraisers (usually Australia Day), and Toomby's Wonderland Country Music weekend. So for a small group we are quite busy. Just need to find the time for more writing. But while we enjoy what we are doing, I'm sure we will all stick with it.

Rhyl Graham....T.B.P.M Inc.

Vale Maureen Campbell

*Maureen Elaine Campbell
1/1/36---7/4/19*

*She lived with the late, great
Ellis Campbell
as wife, compatriot, critic, editor
and chauffeur.*

*Her funeral was held in Dubbo
on Friday, 12th April.
Vale Maureen*

Fish Out of Water.

© Jim Lamb 2018.

I was working near Menindee and hanging for a beer,
So I slipped into the local about January last year.
I grabbed an ice cold schooner and took a squiz around,
And spotted this old fisho, his name was Spinna Brown.

He said "have a seat old son and I'll spin you a tale",
So I sat down next to him and started working on my ale.
I lifted up my glass and took a long hard swig of beer,
And wondered what flaming furphey I was about to hear.

He said "years ago a big drought descended on the land,
Yeah she was dry alright; Mother Nature played an awful hand.
The cows were givin' powdered milk and I'm tellin' you no lies,
The crows were flyin' backwards to keep the dust outa their eyes.

Well the big dry became a worry and made me flamin' frown,
When the streams began slow and the current muddy brown.
See I was livin' on the river and fishin' was keepin' me alive,
I thought if all the water dries up how's a blinkin' bloke survive.

Well if all the rivers dry up a bloke would starve real quick,
'cause fish are swimmin' creatures and would die if they couldn't take a dip.
There wouldn't be any water and fish can't live on land,
But I thought...why bloody not?...and started workin' on a plan.

So for five minutes every day I took them from the creek,
Then I doubled that again and very soon they lasted a week.
Then they bailed up, wouldn't go back in, they were sick of bein' wet.
So they stayed out all day mate, yeah they were really bloody set.

Now livin' out of water was somethin' they'd never ever done,
Of course they had their problems but they were overcome.
I had to think real quick or my plan would be up the spout,
'cause they had no flamin' legs and found it very hard to get about.

See their bellies were draggin' and needed to be higher,
So I made some artificial legs from Mulga sticks and wire.
Well that worked real flamin' well if you kept the joints well oiled,
Yeah these land lubbin' fish, they were really bloody spoiled.

They thought I was their saviour and soon became like pets,
If I left them alone for long they'd drop their lips and fret.
Then every night I'd massage their tail and gills and fins,
Then for an extra treat I'd tickle their little chins.

Well the plan was workin' well and for years they supplied the tucker,
For a feed I'd just dong one on the head and eat the little sucker.
Sometimes I'd do a few and stick them in the fridge,
I know you don't believe me mate but fair dink its ridgey didge.

Of course the drought she broke and we all began to cheer,
We celebrated loud and long and the pub ran out of beer.
We thought that we were saved; our problems would be over,
The end of all our troubles mate, from now on we'd live in clover.

Well it rained for days and then for weeks and flooded every creek,
All the land went under, yeah she was really bloody deep.
All the towns got cut off and the roads chopped up real bad,
I thought that's enough now Huey old mate, you can turn off the tap now my lad.

Then I had this sorta sinkin' feelin' and thought what about my fish,
Well they should be alright, they just had to give their tails a swish.
But I couldn't believe my eyes mate, they were belly up and grim,
See they all bloody drowned mate 'cause they'd forgotten how to swim.



This is a modern story about the change in the thinking of our society. Things that were once considered taboo, we are now more accepting of. With sincere apologies to Mr. Patterson, I present to you

"Nancy of the Undertow"

© Bob 'Pa' Kettle

I had written him a letter,
But I should have known better,
For I knew that dopy bugger couldn't read.
I met him at the fair,
He was on the Carousel there,
And I watched the useless Sod fall off his steed.

The fair was by the beach,
And it was out of reach,
Of the Bondi waves breaking on the sand.
He looked like a Bronze Ozzie,
In his tight Speedo cossie,
They should have got those Budgie Smugglers banned.

They were tight up in his crack,
Somewhere around the back,
And kept those cheeks apart, both left and right.
As he jogged along the beach,
All the mothers started to screech,
And tried to hide their children from the sight.

He decided on a swim,
Which was rather stupid of him,
He couldn't even dog-paddle to save his life.
In his stupid haste,
Ran in up to his waist,
An undertow got him and pulled him in to strife.

But being rather lucky,
He was saved by a rubber duckie,
Manned by a Lifesaver; big and strong.
And much to his surprise,
When he looked into those eyes,
He got feelings that he knew should be all wrong.

When he thought about those eyes,
He started to realize,
That the feelings he was feeling weren't the norm.
Now he was born Clancy,
But he felt he should be Nancy,
And that with family and friends would cause a storm.

He was a woman in a man's skin,
And he took it on the chin,
As he started to feel his femininity.
But with a bit of luck,
He could get a "Snip and Tuck",
Use hormone pills to change from He to She.

He thought he looked quite silly,
Now he had no willy'
To do the things that he had done before.
But he took it in his stride,
And with a bit of pride,
He was happy he wasn't a bloke now anymore.

With his Boobies starting to grow,
And put on a bit of a show,
He came to grips with what and who he is.
With Mascara and Lippie on,
And wearing a nice Chiffon,
His mates were starting to get in to a tizz.

She was feeling good as Nancy,
Some blokes were starting to fancy,
Their chances of getting a date; but they didn't know.
About that day at the beach,
Clancy was swept out of reach.
To emerge again as "Nancy, from the Undertow"



THE WHALE BOAT

© Zondrae King

Winner, 2011 FAWNS Vibrant Verse Competition, Fellowship of Australian Writers, North Shore, Sydney NSW.

These weary planks are faded now. My ribs are full of worm and barnacles foul underneath my hull.

I lay here in this mud, there is no choice, I must confirm, that I am now a roost for any gull.

How many years of service did I faithfully complete?
My memory and age are clear no more.

I had in mind a number, thirty years, was no mean feat and now I settle, rotting, by the shore.

The times that I remember, are from days when I was new, just fitted out with whaling as the prize.

I felt those men of Eden, raise the oars. That faithful crew took every care that we did not capsize.

The blood they spilt beside my hull, turned seas a crimson red.
I saw a silent eye's bewildered look.

The harpoon made the mortal wound from which the victim bled.
Such painful dying, and how long it took!

My ribs have strained beneath the weight of many seasons catch.
My gunwales bear these scratches from the pier
but these were small indignities compared with this dispatch,
abandoned with the water, oh so near.

The night birds roost all over me and foul the last few planks that, clinker built, made up my outer skin.

The deck is gone, where clumsy feet, and those of lowly ranks sat, heels dug in, and sweated in the din.

With western wind the waves arise and loudly lap my side,
mere mimic of a mighty tail's thump.

I'll end my days beside the bay, not drifting on the tide.
They've stripped me bare, removed the water pump.

While overhead the gulls screech on, though they're no longer fed the scraps, as men begin to carve the kill.

My decks were washed with blood. The stench of death can foster dread as lower down the scuppers flushed with swill.

One dark and dreadful night, as fog descended through the air and senses of the crew were dull with rum,
from in the mist, another boat, full broadside, hit me square one deathly blow. To fate I must succumb.

Oh why did they not leave me there to wear that foamy pall,
to lay with Davey Jones forever more
but, no, their minds were only for themselves and for their haul.
They dragged me here to this ungodly shore.

I'm stranded here in Limbo, not ashore and not afloat.
These reeds support my bulk, become my hearse.
Where two times every day I am tormented by the rote of water's ebb and flow. It is a curse.

As fungus, rot and barnacles eat at my very core,
I see the whaling boats no longer run.
My planks achieve full circle and the whalers are no more.
Again the universe and I are one.



Rain

© Zondrae King

Winner, 2009 'Wool Wagon Award', Crookwell Upper Lachlan NSW.

First there starts a little smatter, just a gentle pitter patter only soft, a tiny "titter" as it taps on your back door.

This, at first, you try ignoring 'til it's positively pouring it restores and keeps refreshing every living thing around.

Then it trickles down the timber of the trees with branches limber and the leaves surrender dust as, drinking lustily, they sup. Where the droplets make a sprinkle, there the drainpipe starts a tinkle or it tickles through the tendrils 'til it soaks into the ground.

In the gutter there's a puddle, just a little middle muddle then it grows into a gusher as it gurgles past the curb. This torrent tumbles t'wards the tar, ten times as fast and twice as far as the tortured teachers tug at both their tunics and their sleeve.

And again, it makes a bubble and creates a little trouble for the wetness of the water causes weeping from the wise. There's a flooding of the fields as the water waves and wheels and the mourning Mormons on their bikes are crying to the skies.

While the raindrops run round ridges and they ripple down the bridges then they join the joyful journey at the junction with a jog. Once they gather in the gutter there's a gurgling, gleeful splutter with a spattering and utterance, they're singing as they leave.

There's a stutter and a rattle as the gusher fights a battle with the gravity of planet as it joins the chanting throng. But it's nature is persistent and ignores every resistant trend of barriers as willfully it wends it's way again.

Now it seeks the final slaughter and it dives into the water of the ocean at the entrance of the place we call the bay. There's a glad "hurrah" of praising to the Lord who has been gazing down on all his children, named or not, who sought his blessed 'Rain'.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets



MOONDYNE FESTIVAL TOODYAY

Poets including Greg Joass (right) performed at the Annual Moodyne Festival in Toodyay, where the townsfolk dress in period costume and re enact the capturing of Moondyne Joe, The Bushranger. Country/folk music was provided by Kevin Bennett (left).

Rob Gunn, Stinger Nettleton and Bill Gordon also entertained with poetry



Mandurah - Toodyay



WA Poets performed at various ANZAC DAY commemoration activities around the state



Poets **John Hayes** (left) and **Stinger Nettleton** (right) performed some traditional and fitting ANZAC tributes at Cannington RSL Club Perth



MANDURAH BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL

Anne Chalmers from Falcon Lions Club once again worked tirelessly to bring Bush Poetry to Mandurah. A good crowd enjoyed three hours of mainly original poetry put together by fairly new artists to the industry. Acknowledgment of their efforts was rewarded by sponsorship prizemoney and the reaction from the appreciative crowd.



(right)
Alan Aitken -
Bunbury



WINNERS

L to r—Rob Gunn MC, 1st Geoff Maughan (Performance) 1st Roger Palmer (Original read), 2nd Glen Kennedy (Original read) 3rd Bart Mavrick (Original read) 2nd Charleigh Zele (Performance), Bill Gordon WA President.

A SEVEN DOG NIGHT

© Beryl Stirling

I ride a Norton. I've long been a biker,
I've been everywhere, I'm a motorised hiker.
I was headed up North for the excellent reason
That Winter was coming, me least fav'rite season.
The Tropic of Capricorn! That's where it's at
When the temperature plummets. Forget Ballarat!

It was May, it was Autumn and getting quite cold
And I'm no longer young; tell the truth, getting old.
It was brass morikey weather, I tell you no lie,
One more night in the open, I'd probably die
But then I remembered a bloke with a spread,
Who'd accommodate mates in his bicycle shed.

So I turned off the highway and headed due West.
Where he says to me: "Mate, you're a right welcome guest,
But the house is full up, and as for the shed,
Well, its chock full of rats. That's no place for a bed."
He thought a bit: then, "There's the lean-to, all right?
If you don't mind the dogs, you can bunk there tonight!"

Now I have to admit I'm not partial to rats
But dogs are all right; I prefer them to cats.
Put the Norton to bed and accepted some grub
Washed meself at the tank, gave the teeth a good scrub,
Grabbed me swag and took off to the pooches' retreat,
Feeling totally stuffed, not to mention dead beat.

That night, they told me, it reached minus five.
And me mate says next morning: "Thank Christ! You're alive!
It was so bloody freezing I feared you'd be dead.
Sleeping out in your bluey in that flaming shed!"
But: "No worries mate! I slept warm as toast.
And at one bloody point, well, I thought I might roast."

"When you said there were dogs, well, I thought two or three,
But nine of the buggers! Between you and me,
I'd some doubts I could sleep on account of the fleas,
But there wasn't a chance that I'd flamin' well freeze.
It was so bloody hot, more like hell there than heaven.
I shoved off a couple and slept well with seven."

And now, when the temperature registers zero,
I'm thought of out there as sort of folk hero.
And transients dropping by, needing to crash,
Will be offered the kennel. Okay it's not flash,
But forget hyperthermia, laugh at frost bite,
For there's no warmer place on a seven dog night."

Home in the Bush

by Rob Hughes

The rhythm of a city's life attracts a vibrant throng
Of hustling, bustling urban types addicted to its song.
Do they enjoy the towering buildings made of reinforced concrete?
And the belching of the buses on a narrow, crowded street?

With vacant stares and sullen glares and iPods in their ears
They confront the daily struggle of professional careers.
From the suburbs in the morning on a sticky, rattling train
They crush and rush to offices, it almost seems insane.

In the evening they return, because the pubs and clubs at night
Draw in innocents and weaklings just like insects to a light.
The lure of alcohol and sparkling disco lights combine,
Creating charismatic brasseries for folk to wine and dine.

The young who come in droves to celebrate new independence,
Are sometimes overcome by notions of their own transcendence.
And a place where in the day you might enjoy a wholesome brunch,
At night could be the venue for a vicious knockout punch.

I can understand why some might have to live and work in town,
But not for me is all that fancy jumping up and down.
I tried it for a while, but then I didn't need much push
To abandon city life for relocation in the bush.

If you're fed up with the city and the daily traffic battle,
And you crave fresh air and rolling hills, and softly lowing cattle,
Come join me in the country where you'll learn how to relax
And your spirit might grow younger as ensuing years elapse.

Each day the soft light wakes me and the kookaburra's call
Reminds me that no longer will I see a city's sprawl
Through my window, but a gentle morning mist,
And a shimmer on the dewy grass, rising sunlight kissed.

And later, as I take my walk, wand'ring through the trees,
I sense the blossoms' fragrance wafting gently on the breeze.
A noisy green cicada with his mates in concert thrums,
Amid drooping clumps of mistletoe, weighing down the gums.

Such sights and sounds and feelings now are firmly part of me.
That sludgy, dark metropolis has gone. I'm out. I'm free.
Future prospects of a city life for me I know full well
Are approximately equal to a snowflake's chance in hell.

Like Banjo's Snowy River man I now hail from a place
Which gives me added comfort and expansive breathing space.
It's a trifle isolated but I'm sure that here I'll thrive,
But if you plan to come and visit me, you'll need a four wheel drive.





**THE 17TH ANNUAL
NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION**
CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
SPONSORED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
&
NARRABRI R. S. L. C.UB

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

Closing Date - 30th July

THE 'BETTY OLLE' POETRY AWARD

"WRITTEN COMPETITION"



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$10 per entry form (2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31th August 2019.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle

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

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A Collection of humorous poetry
by award winning poet
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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

The Queanbeyan Bush Poets meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

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 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, 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