

ABPA

Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 26 No. 61 February/March 2020



*Welcome To T20
and Our Land Of Extremes.....*

A new written competition will be run in 2020 as part of the King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge & Bush Festival at Murrurundi, NSW. The already popular Poets' Breakfast awards best walk-up poetry performance, judged by Carol Heuchan. Next year, \$500 prize money has been ear-marked for the inaugural Written Competition, with sections for Serious and Humorous poetry and overall Champion.

Carol has regularly been the featured performer at King of the Ranges Festival and just loves the whole event, saying it is, without a doubt, her favourite Aussie Festival.

Keep an eye out on the ABPA website for the entry forms soon and start planning for this exciting, dinky-di Aussie event. Enjoy the poetry and see - first hand - our own Stockman and women become legends. Whip-cracking, packhorse, cross-country, trick riding, bareback, saddle bronc. riding and brumby catching are all just part of the action. The kids are country kids – bullet proof and keen as mustard to have a go at things like wild goat racing! Yep, fair dinkum feral goats are harnessed to carts and kids hop in and take their chances! Spills and thrills and heaps of fun. Book your camping or accom. (limited) now for 27-29 Feb. 2020 see www.kingoftheranges.com.au



The 2020 Inaugural

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

\$500 Prize money!

Original Serious 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Original Humorous 1st \$100 2nd \$30 3rd \$20

Best Poem overall will receive an additional \$200

ENTRY FORM available from www.abpa.org.au

\$10 per poem or for two poems

Critique (if required) additional \$10

Entries to:

The Secretary, Kay Seath (KOTR)
17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong. 2265
Enq: 0416 262399

Email (enquiries only): kaysie2@hotmail.com



The new written poetry competition to be held for the first time at the King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge, Murrurundi NSW, 28 Feb to March 1, 2020, now has a magnificent perpetual trophy as well as substantial prize money. The trophy is a bronze statue of a stockman and is entitled

'Outback Heritage.'

There are two sections to the competition, serious and humorous and the trophy will be awarded annually to the best overall poem. (Poems can be about any subject.) See details and entry forms on ABPA website.

Next Magazine Deadline is March 27th

ABPA Committee Members 2020

Executive:

President	– Tim Sheed	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	– Ray Essery	essery56m@bigpond.com
Secretary	– Meg Gordon	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Treasurer	– Christine Middleton	treasurer@abpa.org.au

Members on Committee:

Manfred Vijars		manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
Tom McLveen		thepoetofoz@gmail.com

Non Committee Positions

Webmaster	Gregory North	web@abpa.org.au
Magazine Editor	Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Facebook Editor	Jan Lewis	janlewis1@hotmail.com

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

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Black and White Ads

Full page \$95
Half Page \$55
Quarter Page or less \$35

Full Colour Ads (Space limited)

Full Page \$240
Half Page \$140
Quarter Page not available

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

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

All payments to be made within 14 days to

The Treasurer - Christine Middleton

P.O. Box 357 Portarlington
Victoria 3223

treasurer@abpa.org.au

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

Bendigo Bank

BSB: 633000

Account: 154842108

Please put your name/club/invoice as reference so Treasurer can identify who the deposit is from.

Editorial



Member's Written Competition has been discontinued.

Sorry to all, but due to an amazing lack of interest, we have discontinued the bi-monthly Written Competition. I cannot work out why there was such little interest from a group of writers and poets who look for opportunities to be published. This period we had four entries. If anyone can enlighten me as to such a lack of interest, I would be interested to hear. Was it the generalised subject? Was \$100 not enough money? Is the interest from our writers just dying a slow death? Anyway, a very big thank you to those who did support the idea and I'm very sorry that this Competition wasn't supported.

Last Month's Competition was interesting but the Judge particularly loved the winning poem..

Congratulations Grahame 'Skewiff' Watt

Don't forget to pay your Annual Membership and Public Liability Insurance.

Pay online at

www.abpa.org.au

President's Report

This last year has been very busy, as they all seem to be. I would like to thank the members of the committee who worked tirelessly for the good of the organization. Ray Essery as Vice President, Meg Gordon as Secretary, Janine Keating as Treasurer. Committee members Manfred Vijars, Bob Kettle, Bill Kearns, Irene Connor, Peter Frazer and Jan Lewis. (Our thoughts go out to Jan and Linton who were victims of the bushfires, although they managed to save the houses and machinery shed.)

I also thank Neil McArthur for his work as Magazine Editor. The Magazine is our main means of communicating with and informing our members.

Greg North for his work as Website Editor and Returning Officer and Jan Lewis for her good work as Facebook Editor.

During the year the NSW Office of Fair Trading ratified a change to our Constitution making State representatives full Committee members. The ABPA Constitution may be viewed on our website.

The Treasurers report indicates that the organization is in a sound financial position but the steady attrition of memberships is a concern that the committee must endeavor to address this year.

The Golden Damper and Frank Daniels Bush Poetry Competitions attracted a very high caliber of performance. Prize money was allocated for winners and place getters and the judges and workshop presenters were paid for their work. The Golden Damper pottery prizes for first place in the two sections were very well received and Ray Essery kindly donated the Frank Daniels Trophy (a beautiful glass sculpture).

It is clear that bush poetry and yarnspinning are a fundamental part of Australian culture and a means to hand down the folklore of our country.

Many of our poets are active in working with schools and my experiences have been very positive.

The kids particularly love a chance to participate and dress up and it doesn't require much as they have such active imaginations. If you are a bush poet, and know it, then share it and show it.

Tim Sheed

A big thank you to our outgoing Treasurer, **Janine Keating** for doing such a great job over the time of her tenure. A thankless job at times but one that takes a lot of time and effort in processing ABPA Memberships, all aspects of ABPA Finances, looking after the distribution and postage of this Magazine as well as so many other tasks.

The Treasurer does a lot behind the scenes, and we appreciate and applaud Janine on her work and wish her all the best in her new leisure hours that she can dedicate to her own contributions towards Bush Poetry.

Thank you from all here in the ABPA, Janine.

And welcome to our new Treasurer, **Christine Middleton**, whom Janine is now crossing over with and teaching the ins and outs of the job. We wish you all the best in the Treasurer's position.



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We Are Australian

New Poets Breakfast hits mark with Tamworth Fans



Poet's Breakfast at West Bollo with Bill Kearns, Tom McIlveen, Susan Ashton and Ray Essery.

The Inaugural Poets' Breakfast of 2020 at West Tamworth Bowling Club this year got off to a flying start, with capacity crowds each morning, confirming that Bush Poetry is indeed well and truly alive and still kicking at Tamworth Country Music Festival. Hosted by duo Tom McIlveen & Susan Ashton, it proved to be immensely successful on debut. Tom and Susan have put together a 'WE ARE AUSTRALIAN' show, which includes the history of Australia, told in narrative, verse and song.

It begins with a personal account from the character Thomas Patrick O'Reilly, who is sent from Dublin in Ireland to Portsmouth Bay in England to join the First Fleet, sentenced to life imprisonment in the far off God forsaken penal colony of New Holland. The show is structured into various segments: The First Fleet, The Drovers, Shearers, Squatters & Swaggies, Discovery of Gold, the Eureka Stockade, the Bush Rangers, War & finishes with a tribute to our in

Performing Poets and masters of their craft: Ray Essery, Dave Proust, Greg North & Bill Kearns; were brought on between each segment for a change of pace and mood, which proved to be very effective in providing a variety and balance of laughter and light hearted entertainment, poetry, banter and yarn spinning. The audience were obviously enthralled during the two hour show and stayed seated throughout. Many came up afterwards to congratulate us on a very entertaining variety show and vowed they would be back next year. We are attracting new people who have not been to Bush Poets shows before, and this can only be a good thing for Bush Poetry overall, as word of mouth brings more people back to shows, not only in Tamworth, but indeed throughout Australia. We also had the opportunity to bring to the stage newbie poets who have not had the opportunity to perform in front of larger public audiences, namely Tamworth's 2020 Frank Daniel award winner David Melville and Tamworth's Golden Dampier 2020 winners David Stanley (& the not so newbie) Paddy O'Brien. We will be back, bigger and better next year, with new material and our usual top shelf line up of performing poets, with a few newbies thrown in to spice the mix for good measure.

Tom McIlveen & Susan Ashton.



Susan Ashton & Prousty share a joke between performances.



Golden Dampier winner David Stanley performing to a full house

Corryong MFSR Festival 2020

The Bush Festival at Corryong is definitely on....There's movement at the station, pass the word around... Man From Snowy River Bush Festival 2nd to 5th April

Unfortunately, all resources stored in the MFSR Festival shed at the Rec Reserve were burnt, including the Poetry Banjo's Block sign and Banjo's outdoor stage built by Corryong Men's shed members. Poets around the country have vowed to recreate the trailer/stage and we are overwhelmed that the WA poets have collected \$700 already. Jai Thoolen, from Mornington Peninsula in Victoria, has agreed to coordinate the project. There are promises of the stage's transport to Corryong, If you want to help, please contact preferably Jai on Facebook or Jan Lewis.

The farms around Corryong have suffered badly, including Jan and Linton's property (where the Poetry Banjo's Block sign was burnt).

Locals' recovery will impact on their capacity to volunteer, so there could be opportunities for more or different volunteers this year to replenish what is lost and to help event managers of the different events at the festival cope with their roles..

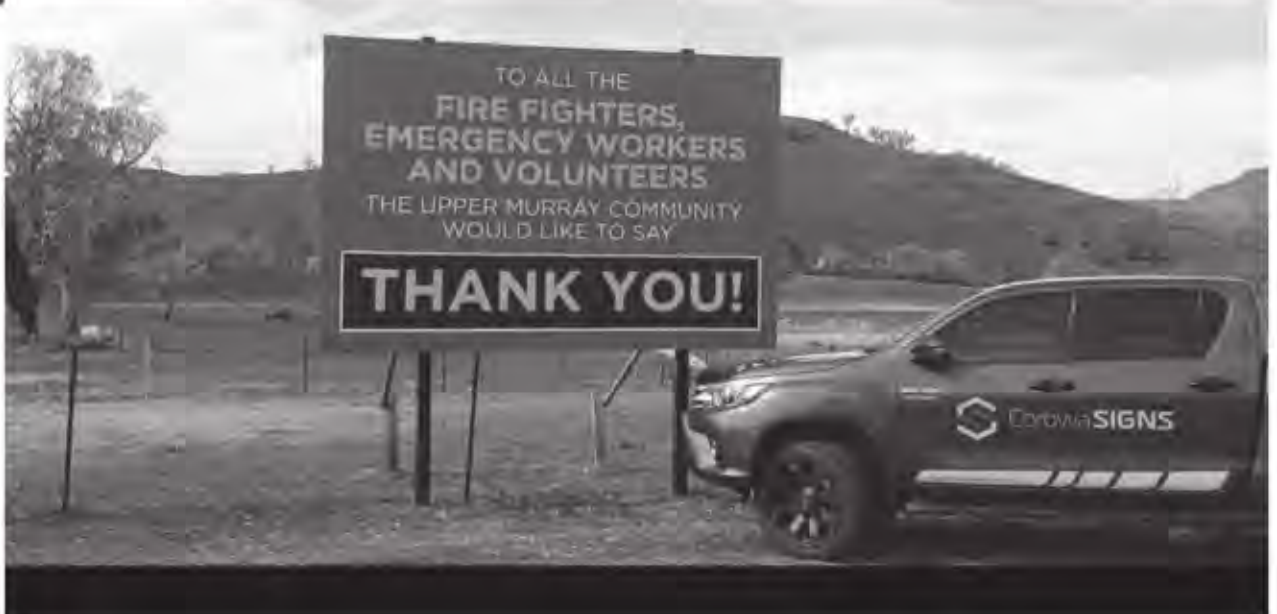
More info: contact Jan Lewis janlewis1@hotmail.com Camping -book online EXCEPT Poets Corner camp, must book through MFSR office.

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival 2020 will be the biggest and best ever with 100% of profits supporting the Upper Murray bushfire recovery.

Thank you to the thousands of people that have donated their time and energy to the cause.

Come and join the rebuilding of the Upper Murray and celebrate the regeneration of the High Country. www.bushfestival.com.au Office 0260761995

Jan Lewis



The Yellow Bin Job

© Long John Best 2020
longjohnbest@bigpond.com

See some Crims aren't over clever, don't possess a lot of nouse,
So when Jim the Crim from Brunswick, saw on telly that a house,
That had a Yellow Bin outside, indicated no one's home,
He thought, you beaut, fuelled up the ute, and he commenced to roam.

Jim's luck, or lack of it, I s'pose, had led him to our town,
Which had wound up almost gutted, when the embers tumbled down,
So swiftly had the Red Steer run, on its race from hell to us,
That only one street had survived, and the only bloke there, Gus.

For the rest had bailed, who'd blame 'em, most had seen this all before,
But Gus had blown his pension cheque, and had passed out on the floor.
Next door neighbour guessed he'd hopped it, so put Gus's bin outside,
When Gus awoke saw flame and smoke, I'm in Hell, I must a died.

Then he realised his error, as his brain began to clear,
He'd heard about the Yellow Bins and he mused what have we here.
A stranger strolling down the road, like he didn't give a hoot,
Armed with two TVs, a laptop, why this bastard's here to loot.

Though no Angel, Gus had listed, all the low life he had met,
And had figured that a looter was as low as one could get.
No, his town did not deserve this, had more than its share of woe
Shaky Gus the old Roo Shooter, knew this mongrel had to go.

Trembling limbs and emphysema, aren't much help when you take aim,
But young Gus would top the tally, way back in the culling game.
And the top rail and the fence post, steadied, nullified his sway
Gently Gus caressed the trigger, squeezed, the looter went away.

Seems the tip caught fire soon after, how or why nobody cares,
Burnout ute and unknown person, no one knew, not one of theirs.
Two TV's and lonely laptop, welcomed back into the fold,
How they wound up on the front porch, is a tale that won't be told.

Yellow bins are for recycling, who would treat a looter thus?
No, The Tip's the place for rubbish, on that, I agree with Gus.
But he had a sense of humour, and I visualise him still,
Stuck on his Bin a sign that read, Shooters 1 v Looters nil!



Longyard Bush Poets Breakfasts Tamworth Country Music Festival 2020

Well that came around and went pretty quickly! Amidst the Bushfires ravaging our country, the Dust Storms which seem to be commonplace nowadays, and the everlasting Drought, people still found time to come not only to the Tamworth Country Music Festival 2020 but also to pop along and share breakfast with us over a host of comedy and heartfelt poetry. We sang, we rhymed, we lied. And although numbers were down a little on the past couple of years, the Longyard Poets Breakfasts held their place as iconic shows of the Festival, entertaining for nine days straight.

This year we had some regulars belting out ballads again, such as Marco Gliori, Ray Essery, Prousty, Greg Champion and Errol Gray, joined over the week by Alan Glover, Murray Hartin, Greg North, Bill Kearns, Gary Fogarty, Maggie Swain-Daley, Dave Prior and our latest member of the team, 13 year old Joey Reedy.

We are often asked about the key to the success of the Breakfasts and it is simply to present the audiences with great Storytellers. Entertaining Storytellers. And most importantly, Storytellers who tell their OWN story. Not other people's stories. It's pretty simple and people love hearing great Aussie stories from characters who really enjoy telling them (with a little embellishment!)

We copped the usual from some quarters about being a 'Boy's Club', but hey, I Am open to anyone to put their hand up as a genuine, original and highly entertaining Poet/Storyteller. Next year will see some BIG changes to the shows and if you want to get a guernsey then stand up and be counted during the year. It is a wonderful feeling to be able to present the crowds with a team of performers who can bounce off each other, not be thrown by little hiccups on stage and work tight to a schedule. To put egos aside and give the crowd a great variety show.

Prousty this year not only battled through Tamworth with his brain tumor, but also had to handle Theresa needing to leave after her dad was put into hospital and passing away the day after Tamworth. Our hearts are with you both.

Joey's story can be found on the next page.

Errol Gray showed why he is the most professional and original comedy Singer/Songwriter in the country.

I could go on and on, but the key word was TEAM. You work together as a team and know what that team expects from you each time you go on stage, then the magic will happen

I thank each and every member of the team again this year and have already started shuffling things for next year. Bigger, Faster, Stronger. Let Bush Verse flourish in this land of do-gooders and politically correct nuisances.



Our wonderful Longyard. Audience.



Left - Errol Gray backing Host, Neil McArthur during Heartbeat Of Australia on Australia day.



Right - backstage with Ray Essery, Dave Prior and Prousty.

Cheers Always

Neil McArthur

From DamperGate to The Longyard One Big Step For One Small Bloke!

Joey Reedy

Last year at the Longyard Hotel, I was approached by a young kid by the name of Joey Reedy. Joey came from Wallabadah about 55 km south of Tamworth on the New England Highway. I hadn't met him before, but talking to his Dad, John, he told me Joey had a passion for Bush Poetry and recited himself.

"Ya wanna do a poem, Joey?" I asked."

"Yep," was the reply

He proceeded to walk onto the stage and blow everyone away with "The Regulator" by Jack Drake

Naturally I had him back on another morning and again he brought down the house!

So what was it with Joey? He was not performing his own work, yet he managed to take a tale by Jack Drake and somehow turn it on himself and as a 13 year old kid, make it apply and stick. To sell it to an audience is an entirely different talent again! Sound easy? Well you are all too old now to try! He performed the poem better than Jack Drake and that is saying something! But I know that Jack would be the first to sit back and applaud his talent.

Joey then went across to the ABPA's Golden Damper award and proceeded to kick their arses over the top. So much so, that after winning hands down, some bloody grumps tried to have him disqualified! Why? For being a kid! Luckily they were howled down and common sense prevailed. Are we not all about trying to nurture young talent in our Bush Poetry circle? Joey couldn't defend his crown this year due to family commitments with Doctors in Sydney.

Anyhow, now Joey has taken the step onto the Longyard Stage and is a regular paid performer and a big part of our show, this year and into the future.

A country kid. A product of our land, a wonderful Aussie Family of the land, a kid with manners, personality and talent beyond his age, and a little sister, Bianca, who has also battled the odds with open heart surgery and showed her performance skills on stage as well this year.

Thanks Joey, John, Mandy and Bianca. The future holds no bounds for this young man and I am thrilled to have him as part of the Longyard Poets Team!



Joey Reedy in full flight!



Little sister and Biggest fan, Bianca, getting in on the act!



Joey and Greg Champion tearing it up!

Mates At The Gate

© Mick Martin

The bank had loaned him thousands
And he signed as farmers do
To keep from going under,
And the interest would accrue

The years of drought had pushed him
To the edge of dark despair
His family loved their station
But the bankers would not care

For bankers are like dingoes
Waiting on that final fall
For blokes like Arty Fleming
There would be no curtain call.

Six years of drought behind him
Surely rain was over due
He had to feed his family
There was nothing else to do

The tanks were all but empty
And the dams were bowls of dust
The stock were dropping daily
And this loan was do or bust.

While some had rain a plenty,
Even floods so cruel and cold
The dust and flies kept coming
And his dice had now been rolled

"I'm sorry Mary darling
I have done all I can do.
Forgive a dopey farmer
It's a bitter pill to chew"

The banker came in person,
Even feigned his sad remorse
Left Arty with the papers
Saying things had run their course

No words could Arty mutter
He was crushed and cold inside
To tell his wife and children
Was beyond this farmers pride

The grapevine did its duty
And the news spread far and wide
His neighbours felt his anguish
And collectively they sighed

But rain was due that evening
Even that would be too late
For Arty and his family
Waiting for their gloomy fate

The bank took all the titles
Leaving Arty in the cold
But neighbours helped their mate out
As the chattels would be sold

He'd need to buy a dwelling
In the town not far away
The bankers left quite quickly
Thinking wisest not to stay

It started with a bore pump
As the bids went up in tens.
But soon they were in hundreds
As he watched his farming friends

See every single dollar
that the auction made from then
Was just a masked donation
From these farming wives and men

Then Bill bid twenty thousand
For the tractor near the gate
He wished he'd helped him early
Maybe now was all too late

When Mrs Farring Fosworth
bought his clapped out Falcon ute
The auctioneer was speechless
Even Arty stood there mute

It only took the morning
And the lots were spoken for
300 k said chalky
Bill said make it fifty more

With tears of silent "thank you"s
Arty held his darling wife
And took the gift from neighbours
then to start a brand new life

But Mrs Farring Fosworth
In her subtle quiet way
Gave Arty one more gesture
"If your family care to stay

I'll buy your family station
And I'll need a leading hand
Don't move into the city
You belong here on this land"

"And when at last I leave here
You can keep the title too
We like to help our neighbours
And I know that you would too"

And not one auction item left
His neighbours thought that fair
So that's the way it happened
Arty stayed and he's still there.

Through drought and fire or flooding
Mates will always find a way
It's part of being Aussie
It's our nation's DNA



MY NEW YEARS RESOLUTION.

@ Grahame "Skew Wiff" Watt
(Winner of this Issues Magazine Comp.)

I've made a Resolution,
to give up writing Rhyme,
To lead a Life that's Normal,
and not go 'wasting time'.

It's just a silly Habit
which started years ago,
With the likes of William Shakespeare,
and Edgar Alan Poe.

And then we have Australians,
like 'BANJO' and John Shaw,
They 'rhymed' away those early days,
in a never ending War.

And I cannot see the reason
(With Ross's Farm on Fire,)
Why not call the Fire Brigade?
or the local Village Choir?

SO MY New Year Resolution
is to use a 'level Head',
An' not to give a 'Tinkers'
if the Rhyming part is dead.

So here's a Toast to Poets,
May New Year bring you JOY,
With a Brand New way of writing
for every Boy and Girl.



An early photo of 'Skew Wiff'

The Bush Poet's Revenge

by Robert Cox (Jaromin Publishing, UK, and Amazon Kindle)

It's not often that you'll find bush poetry as a key theme of dramatic fiction, but here's a book that can help bring the art to a wider audience.

In his second novel, Robert Cox has served up an intriguing tale full of well-drawn, colourful characters. This highly original drama will appeal, in particular, to anyone who has ever been wrongly accused or betrayed. They will find a whole swag of inspiration here on how to get bitter-sweet revenge as the 'bush poet' freely employs identity theft and plagiarism to achieve his ends.

In plotting the twists of Samuel Clifford's campaign of revenge, the author has cleverly used the lack of exposure of most people from outside Australia (and many who have lived down-under all their lives!) to bush poetry. The flawed and cuckolded champion of revenge-seekers everywhere, Samuel demonstrates a mastery of guile and disguise as he returns from self-imposed exile, back to his old haunts in England in obsessive pursuit of those who have been the cause of his shame and downfall.

If this intriguing tale brings more people to an appreciation of Australian bush poetry, it will have been a very worthwhile creation. But it will do far more than that - it will entertain and keep readers guessing and wondering to the final page.





Amaeh Reed

Amaeh attended the Awards Night in Ipswich and is shown with her winning certificates.

The Holy Cross School, Trinity Park, Cairns, North Queensland, which won the overall school award at the 2018 Ipswich Poetry Feast, is very proud of the achievements of its pupils. The school set a goal in 2018 to provide increased opportunities for High Potential Learners to shine and shine they did at the 2018 Ipswich Poetry Feast.

Thank you in particular to teacher Leanne Morton for her role in this achievement.

"Hi. My name is Amaeh Reed and I live at Trinity Beach, Cairns. I live with Mum, Leanne, Dad, Luke, and have three older siblings, Matisse, Nic and Abriel. Luckily, I was so excited to achieve an award in the Ipswich Poetry Feast - it was the best thing that happened to me all year!

"I love writing poetry. I think it's special that you can communicate ideas and emotions in only a few words or stanzas. When I wrote Henry's Poem, I was trying to think about what Henry Lawson thought about when he wrote his famous poem, The Babies of Walloon. I tried to imagine the man of Henry Lawson and tried to capture his emotion. I also visited the Henry Lawson Park at Walloon - it was a peaceful place and the memorial to Bridget and Mary, the two young girls who drowned in that fateful waterhole, was beautiful.

"I'd like to thank the Ipswich Poetry Feast organisers and the Ipswich Community for organising the Ipswich Poetry Feast. It's been such a great experience for me - being so far away in Cairns, it really brings everyone together across the world in a shared love of poetry. And I'd like to thank my wonderful teacher and my family, for always listening to me recite my poems and giving me lots of encouragement along the way!"

© 2018, Amaeh Reed (at age 10)

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

Henry's Poem

Ipswich District Teacher Librarian Network
First Prize ages 8 - 10 years

As the ink spread across the paper,
I felt the little girls' fear
as I recalled their sorrowful story,
I shed a silent tear.

Those two darling little sisters
all alone, now so very lost.
For a touch of a lily's petal,
two little girls payed the cost.

So fragile and so unknowing
of the dangers they would face,
for the lilies beckoned softly,
in their elegance and grace.

Skipping to their neighbours' homestead
on a sunny autumn afternoon
little Kate and Bridget found
the danger of Walloon.

The love the sisters cherished
was their life's greatest gift.
As they floated to the bottom
their love, it did not shift.

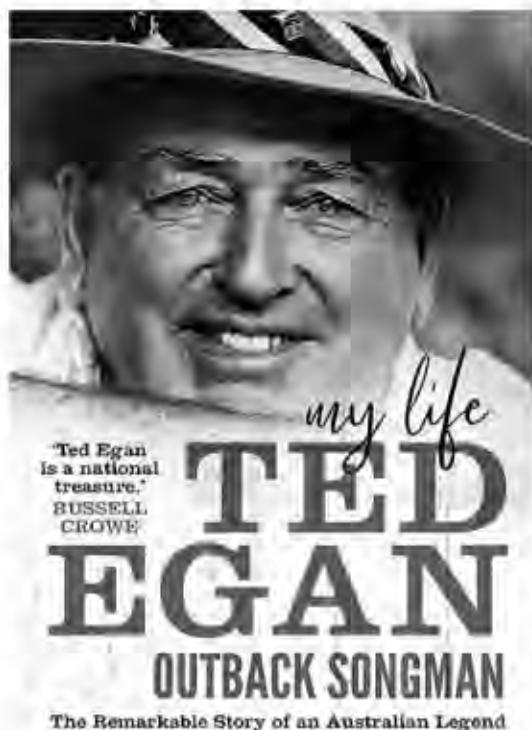
My sorrow for these little girls
never falters, nor will fade.
If only someone could have saved them,
or Heaven come to their aid.

I touch the delicate, rosy cheek
of my young girl, my Martha
and wonder how I could live in this world,
to be a man, without her.

And I remember the two lively, little girls
lost far, far too soon
lost to all of us, in the tragic
waters of Walloon.

Great Aussie Reads

With Jack Drake



There are not many people in the Bush Poetry and Country Music business who do not know Ted Egan. Ted is a man who created his own genre and now he has told his own story. Ted Egan. Outback Songman. My Life (Allen and Unwin, 2019) is a great read.

From his early days as a child of the great depression, growing up in an Irish Catholic family, through his knock about years to a career with the Native Affairs Department in the Northern Territory, Ted brings his experiences vividly to life.

Outback Songman breezes along tracing the career of a man who became a legendary entertainer thumping out his tunes on an empty beer carton. Stories with a passion for Australian history, indigenous Australians' past history and future welfare, Aussie Rules and music, leap off the pages propelled by the pen of an exceptional raconteur.

Get a hold of a copy because Outback Songman is really worth reading.

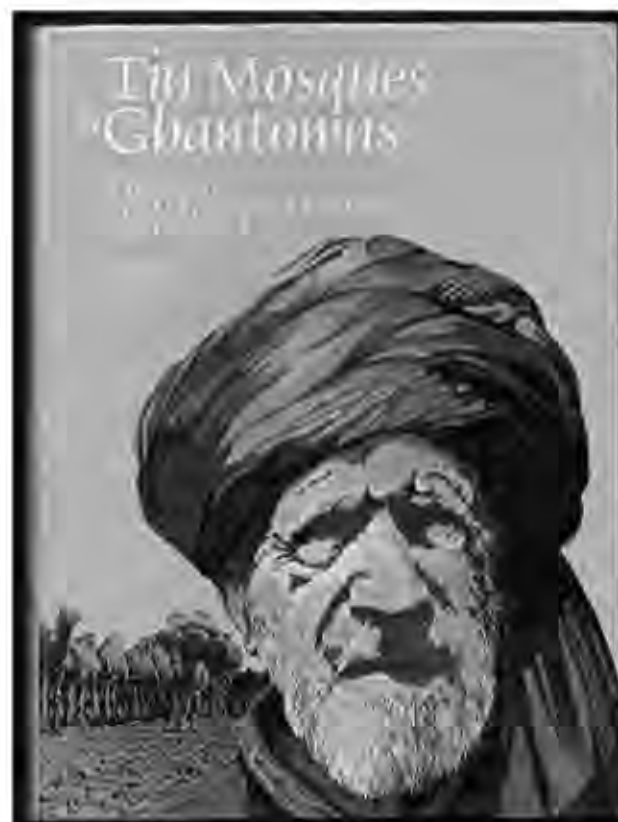
I was in Jeff Close's "Rhonda's Refits" shop in Toowoomba a few weeks ago. Jeff is "Outback Books" - a regular advertiser in the A.B.P.A Newsletter.

A book on the shelves took my eye as some usually do. I seldom get out of Jeff's shop without a new read or two.

by Christine Stevens, (Paul Fitzsimons, Alice Springs, First published by Oxford University Press 1989) is a fascinating glimpse into the little known world of the Afghan Cameleers imported into this country along with the first dromedaries.

Christine Stevens has obviously spent a great deal of time researching her subject. The Afghans set up large communities in South Australia, Western Australia and Queensland based on the camel being the best, and sometimes the only means of carrying goods and produce in the barren in-land.

Tin Mosques and Ghantowns is probably the definitive work on a little known and often ignored piece of Outback History. Well worth a look.



More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

Fair Crack Of The Whip, Muz!

Tamworth 2020 saw Murray 'Muz' Hartin return to his old stomping ground armed with a new collection of yarns, poems and articles from his days as a journalist. Murray, who travels Australia performing to rural, city and corporate mobs, has struck it lucky with a Publisher approaching him to put this collection together.

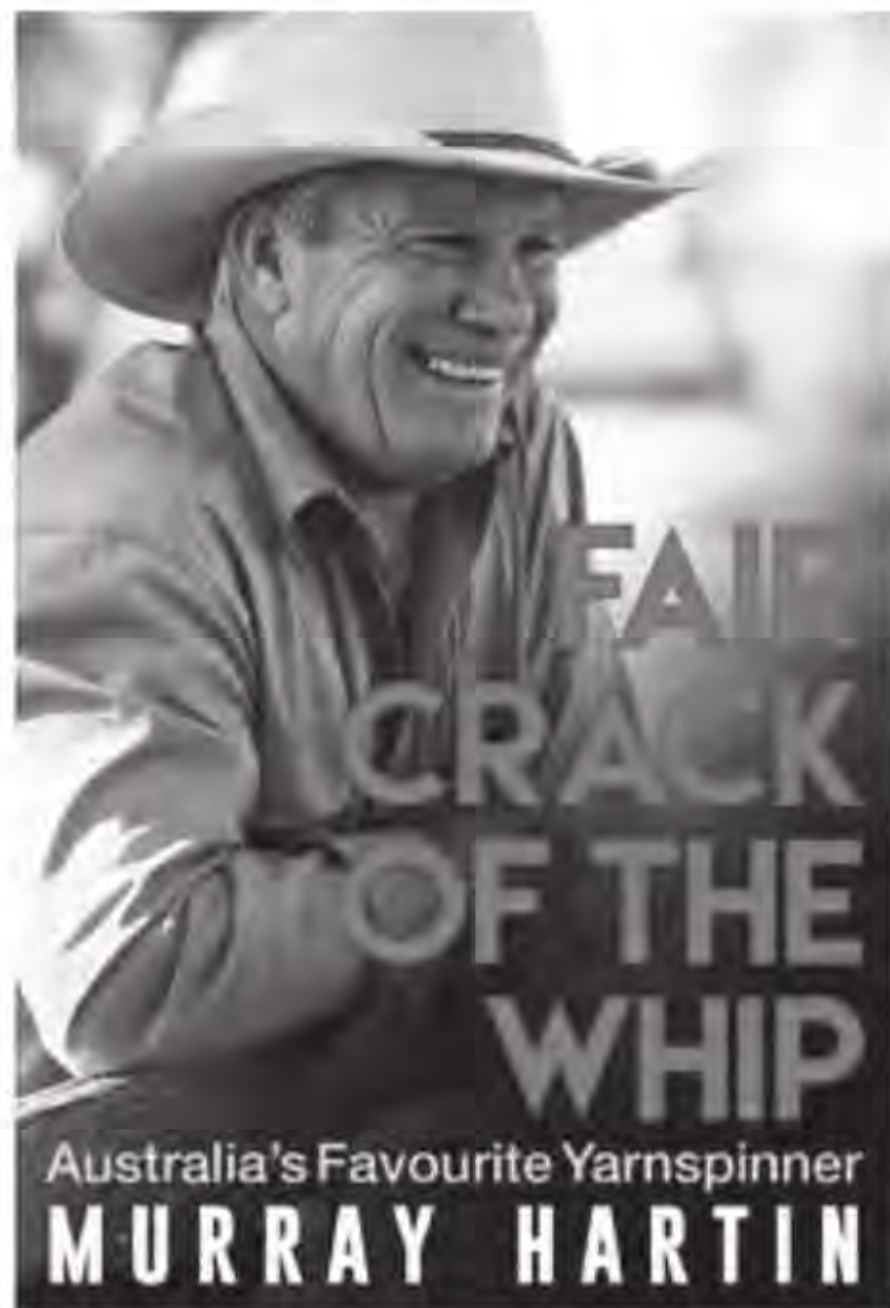
Murray has hand picked these poems and anecdotes from his vast array of material he has gathered and woven into rhyme over his many years of performing.

He launched the book 'Fair Crack Of The Whip' at the home of his old Rugby Union Club, the Pirates, in West Tamworth. The turnup was great, the entertainment was second to none, and even the medium rare saugages from the sausage sizzle drew few complaints from those who spent the evening laughing along, shedding a tear and reminiscing about the Muz they have come to love over the years.

His book is available from all good book stores and probably even a few very average ones. Or else you can get in touch with Muz through his website www.murrayhartin.com

Fair crack of a read, but we know that the best is probably still yet to come from Murray as he continues his touring of this great country and collecting observations as he has a unique ability to do.

Do yourself a favour, as another man in a hat once said!.....



Muz launching his book at Pirates Rugby Club during the Tamworth CMF 2020



A hungry crowd of Poetry and Sausage Fans pack out the Pirates for the book launch.

Tamworth Competition Results

It's been a wonderfully successful and friendly four days of poetry competition at Tamworth. It was generally agreed that the quality was best to date.

Firstly I would like to thank the Judges, MC's, Scrutineers, Christine, Carol Dave on the sound and the Southside Uniting Church for their catering.

The placegetters of the Frank Daniels Awards were:

1st Dave Melville

2nd Michael Jones

3rd Dave Elson

Special thanks to Ray Essery for donating the Frank Daniels Trophy.

The Golden Damper Original Poetry category, placegetters were:

1st David Stanley

2nd David Melville

3rd Michael Jones

The Golden Damper Established Poetry category was:

1st A draw between Jacqui Warnock and Paddy O'brien

3rd John Bidgood

Congratulations to all those winners and placegetters on a very high standard of competition.

Tim Sheed
ABPA President

*No Blackened Billy Written Competition was held this year at Tamworth CMF



Frank Daniel award winner David Melville with 2nd placed Michael Jones and the 'Beeman' Dave Elson taking 3rd place..Trophy donated by Ray Essery who has dedicated much time and effort in keeping these awards running at Tamworth in honour of Frank Daniel.



Jacqui Warnock & Paddy Obrien equal 1st placed winners of Tamworth's Golden Damper Established Section, with John Bidgood taking 3rd place.



President Tim Sheed and vice president Ray Essery, congratulating Golden Damper Original Section Winners 1st placed David Stanley, 2nd David Melville and 3rd Michael Jones.

RED JACK

by Anthony Hammill

A tall, slender, attractive young woman with long, flaming red hair, mixing it alongside men in the rugged pastoral industry of the 1890's; a woman with her own sad story, who kept away unwanted attention with her stockwhip, and employed her own crafty strategies to outsmart locals - this was Red Jack. Through various sources I was able to reconstruct this remarkable individual's story.

Hannah Glennon (1872-1904) was born on a small farm at Westbrook near Toowoomba, Queensland, and was the youngest of eight children, two of whom died in infancy. A number of tragedies beset the family, including the death of her only brother Bill, who taught her to ride (she was an excellent horse breaker), and her father and stepfather, and the sale of the farm. In 1889 Hannah headed west along today's Warrego Highway looking for station work, and some bush character gave her the witty sobriquet Red Jack, which stuck.

In Charleville Hannah met and married Thomas Doyle, a boundary rider. Their marriage lasted around three weeks, with Doyle accusing her of being unfaithful to him. She had a child to him who died after four days. After a split and reconciliation Hannah fled to Adavale. Doyle followed her, and there committed suicide using a shotgun in 1891. Hannah's deposition at the inquest reveals Doyle's unbalanced mind and his attacks on her with a hairbrush. Hannah had a daughter, Mary, to Doyle.

Thereafter Hannah led a wandering life with her daughter. In the Blackall district north of Charleville in 1893 she gave birth to a son, George, whose fate is unknown. She visited her sister Mary Ann at Cunnamulla, where in 1894 she had a short-lived marriage to a Robert Watson, then travelled north along today's Matilda Highway, working around towns like Winton. She would work as cook for the shearers, doing laundry work for them, or wool-rolling or dagpicking. She occasionally went droving. A resourceful woman, she would win local races riding her packhorse which was actually an ex-racehorse! In Cloncurry she famously won a race against a Chinese market gardener for a stake of ten pounds. Here she put her daughter Mary in the care of the local convent and resumed her travels. She called herself Annie Glennon or Annie Doyle.

Michael Durack, father of author Mary Durack (*Kings in Grass Castles*), fortuitously left us in his diary a brief description of this intriguing lady when she stopped the coach on which he was riding on today's Overlander's Way between Richmond and Hughenden (a road well-known to me) to collect her mail in 1898. At the time she was working at Mt Devlin Station. Mary recorded the encounter in her book *Sons In The Saddle*, and wrote the classic bush ballad Red Jack. Hannah's black horse was called Mephistopheles.

On 3 May 1902 Hannah gave birth to her final child, a girl she named Ada, at Fischerton, near Chillagoe. Ada's descendants today live at Herberton, near Cairns. Hannah was injured in a mustering accident at Chillagoe Station, and died in Mareeba Hospital on 22 December 1904. She was buried in Costin St Cemetery Prot B36 under her last married name Hannah Watson. I notified the Cairns Family Historical Society who were unaware that Red Jack lies there. Another researcher, Elwyn Troughton, erected a small monument over her grave. No photo of her is known to exist.

The illustrated poem is available on abebooks.com, largely from the USA, where they love her story. My full article is available from Boolarong Press Brisbane (*History Queensland Magazine* nos 9&10).

RED JACK

by Mary Durack

She rises clear to memory's eye
From mists of long ago,
Though we met but once, in '98—
In the days of Cobb and Co.

'Twas driving into Hughenden
With mail and gold for load
That I saw Red Jack, the wanderer,
Come riding down the road.

Red Jack and Mephistopheles—
They knew them far and wide,
From Camooweal to Charters Towers,
The route they used to ride.

They knew them round the Selwyns where
The Leichhardt has its source,
Along the winding cattle ways—
A woman and a horse.

And strange the tales they told of them
Who ranged the dusty track:
The great black Mephistopheles
And the red-haired witch Red Jack.

She claimed no name but that, they said,
And owned no things but these:
Her saddle, swag and riding-kit
And Mephistopheles.

And often travellers such as I
Had seen, and thought it strange,
A woman working on the line
That crossed McKinlay Range.

Had seen her in the dreary wake
Of stock upon the plains,
Her brown hand quick upon the whip
And light upon the reins.

With milling cattle in the yard
Amid the dust-fouled air,
With rope and knife and branding iron—
A girl with glowing hair.

"Red Jack's as good as any man!"
The settlers used to own;
And some bold spirits sought her hand,
But Red Jack rode alone.

She rode alone, and wise men learned
To set her virtue high,
To weigh what skill she plied her whip
With the hardness of her eye.

I saw Red Jack in '98,
The first time and the last,
But her face, brown-gaunt, and her hair, red-bright,
Still haunt me from the past.

The coach drew in as she rode in sight;
We passed the time of day;
Then shuffled out the mail she sought
And watched her ride away.

And oh! her hair was living fire,
But her eyes were cold as stone:
Red Jack and Mephistopheles
Went all their ways alone.

Where Is Micky Brennan?

© Zondrae King

*The blast was heard for miles round the Kembla mine that day
and lives were lost of horses, men and boys.
It started as a rumble then the mountain swelled and burst.
As far as Jamberoo they heard the noise.*

*A new chum, Mickey Brennan, had just started work that week
as wheeler, guiding horses at the pit.
He had a premonition of disaster in the mine
but jobs were scarce. He went ignoring it.*

*A Thursday, cold and windless, at the changing of the shift
with two hundred and sixty men below.
At two that afternoon a cloud rose up to hide the sun.
Just seconds burning gasses were aglow.*

*John Clark who, at the mine head, had the task of turning skips
was blasted backwards for hundred feet
and children, at their lessons, heard the classroom wall go 'crack'.
They took no time escaping from their seat.*

*Then Ramsey, in his paddock, as he started on his lunch,
saw flame and smoke escaping from a vent.
A lad named Robert Kirkwood, ran off looking for his mum.
The word went out and telegrams were sent.*

*As bodies lay among the rock, the rescuers approached
and tried to resurrect the ones they might.
They found some bruised and broken men and carried them aloft,
while most returned unaided to the light.*

*They found Frank Dungey's body, recognized him by his watch.
His torso found without its head or legs.
The tags were hung and tallied, as each lifeless form was claimed.
'til only one was missing from the pegs.*

*So where is Micky Brennan? Did he perish in the blast
or did he find an exit on his own?
They found his skip and horse and so his body can't be far.
So does he lie in darkness, all alone?*

*A pile of blackened cinders, to the right, in number one.
That's all they found of clippers from that line.
When Parliament, in Sydney, heard the news, they closed it down
as all and sundry headed for the mine.*

*They brought in carts with horses to begin the gruesome trek
as ninety five were claimed and sent away.
In spite of poisoned gasses many men came out alive
and bravery was commonplace that day.*

*Some women, wives and mothers, still remaining at the pit,
stood strong, a sixty hour watch they kept
'til loved one, son or husband, had been brought from down below.
The gassed ones looked as though they simply slept.*



*But where is Mickey Brennan did he really die that day?
Or in confusion, was his body lost?
Were wrong remains identified, and quickly hauled away
then buried at another families cost.*

*Did Mickey's lack of knowledge cause a flair that lit the gas
and was he blown to pieces by the force?
His father lived in anguish as his wife and children mourned.
Why was his son not found beside his horse?*

*The sun had sunk below the hills and still the search went on.
The owners of the pit spared no expense.
It's said that looters sought to profit from the empty homes.
For such a lowly act there's no defence.*

*The roads of town were clogged with mourners marching in a row
with minister or priest directing prayer.
To ground at Windy Gully, plant them deep and let them rest
or grave yards in the town and lay them there.*

*As eight years passed, each Saturday, his father faced the pit
to ask was Mickey found by anyone.
He lost his wife, his fortune and he fell into despair
then drowned himself, at last to join his son.*

*They speak of how a miner, many years after the event,
aged ninety seven still, when asked, replies
"I helped to dig three graves that day but only two had names."
An unmarked grave, - is this where Mickey lies?*



Nancy and the Overflow or Predictive txting

©Roger Lusby 27/12/19

He had written her a letter which he had to reach her quicker
Txd in the knowledge that its speed would help it go
To reach where she resided as in it he confided
He had feelings for his Nancy that made him overflow

And an answer came directed with a message unexpected,
(And I think the same was written with a thumb that txt'd too)
He was sure that she did write it so verbatim I will quote it
You can stick your fat presumption that I feel the same for you

But in his wild erratic fancy visions came to him of Nancy
Driving in her Mini on the Western motorway
Where rows of cars are stringing Nancy sits behind them singing
For a driver finds much pleasure commuting through the day

With her golden hair all flowing in the northwest wind now blowing
The murmur and the gasses from exhaust pipes of the cars
He sees the vision splendid of his true loves legs extended,
As he dreams of wond'rous moments when they dance beneath the stars

But the words that he had written about how he was so smitten
Didn't seem at all attractive to a love he called his own
And so to find the reason why his love was not in season
He read again the message he had txted on his phone

He thought that he had said that her mini was the thread
That unravelled his decorum and brought him to the boil
but the txt had changed the meaning by predicting he was saying
that it was her mini cooper and smell of burning oil

So to help explain his message he txted back that marriage
Was the only way to quell the fire burning in his heart
But his txt again had messed with the line of his request
and predicted that her carriage made all his throbbing start

Now I somehow rather fancy that he'd like to change with Nancy,
and take a turn at driving where the mini coopers go,
Than to try to quell the fire caused by her short attire
But I doubt he'll use a txt to tell his Nancy it was so



Hello Janine and Neil

My wife and I would like to offer any Australians caught up in the bush fires some respite if they would like it, by offering free accommodation for as long as they need for a break, at our home in Nelson, Top of the South Island. We really feel for you guys and don't know what else to do. I hope you are all ok.

if anybody would like to have a break and stay with us please have them email us at rlusby@xtra.co.nz

Another thing I am doing is running the Bards Ballads and Bulldust Festival at Naseby this year in May 15th to 17th I have attached a flyer if you would like to put it into your magazine please and let me know the price.

I also run the poetry sessions at a little festival we have near here over new year break and I set a challenge for anyone to take up if they want to, to write a poem based on a topic I give them. It has always proven very popular and this year the topic was "Predictive txt What I meant to say was....."

This was my contribution to the occasion this year with my apologise to Banjo Patterson

Results of the Kembla Flame, Written BushPoetry Comp 2020.

Kembla Flame Trophy,

1st Place	REGENERATION	by David Campbell
Runner Up	OLD GWEN	by Peter Shaughnessy
Highly Commended	IMITATION EAGLES	by Brenda Joy
Highly Commended	THE STORYTELLER	by Shelly Hansen
Commended	CENTRAL CAFÉ	by Juliette Dowling.
Commended	COMING HOME	by Terry Piggott
Novice Section	JENNER'S RUN	by Martin Connolly

We were delighted with the large number of entries received and the standard of the poetry which gets better each year. With entries coming from Ireland, Uruguay and New Zealand we are truly an international Competition.

Zondrae King
A woman of Words

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA



Wireless Hill, situated on the southern side of the Swan River in Perth, provided an idyllic setting for our annual Australia Day Poetry Festival.

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinnners Assn.

Comments from the crowd sum up its success.

"Great poetry and stories enjoyed in a lovely setting and the companionship that we have with our bush poets family and patrons".

"It was an excellent afternoon. Thanks to all performers and organisers".

"Great way to spend Australia Day. Good weather, excellent poetry, happy patrons. Bush poetry alive and well".

Three members of the Bunbury Theatrical Group re enacted a story of when the poet Adam Lindsay Gordon passed through Bunbury in 1868. His mission was to start a grazing enterprise near Manjimup in SW of WA. Unfortunately the venture failed but his style of poetry that was considered as 'the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry' and was revered by our great poets Paterson and Lawson and others of that era, lives on today.

WIRELESS HILL



Above clockwise Bev Shorland, Christine Boulton, Irene Connor.



Left to right: Bunbury actors Norm Flynn, Alli and Yarno Pyne



WA State Champion, Roger Cracknell (above left) and John Hayes (above right)



Above: Barry Higgins and Cobber Lethbridge performing a duo on the Crystal Swan



Above left to right: Greg Joass, Alan Atken Michael at Wireless Hill



Above: Arthur Leggett at Wireless Hill. Arthur also performed on the Crystal Swan



Left: Paul Browning and above Rob Gunn with patrons on the Crystal Swan



WA Poets again were part of the Fringe Festival in Perth recently. There were four evenings this year with three different poets each week. The Crystal Swan Entertainment vessel pulled out into the Swan River for an hour long show. Patrons enjoyed refreshments and listened to entertaining poetry while the sun set on the Perth city skyline.

PARODIES from Bessie Jennings

'Clancy of the Overflow' is one of Banjo Paterson's most popular poems, and later writers have had fun writing parodies. I have two versions of my own, beginning with

NANCY OF THE CAMPERVAN.

I had written her an email, and because she is a female
I surmised she might have changed her name since last we were in touch.
We were schoolmates when I knew her, so I sent the message to her
to 'request the latest whereabouts of Nancy such-and-such'.

And an answer came directly. I had guessed the facts correctly.
She was married to a drover and was travelling out west,
and her life was so exciting that a book she'd finished writing
was about to hit the bookshops; and she wished me all the best.

And I sometimes rather fancy that I'd like to change with Nancy
as she travels round the country, with her lap-top and her man.
Would she like my life nocturnal, nursing night shift? It's infernal
– so I doubt she'd suit the town life, Nancy of the campervan.

I like that version, but because I enjoyed the exercise so much I took another stab at it and came up with

NANCY OF THE LONG AGO

I had searched for her on Twitter, and because I'm not a quitter
I kept asking all the folk I knew at church, and round the town.
And I asked if she would phone me; 'twas in Nabiac she'd known me
when we'd both been on our uppers, unemployed and feeling down.

And an answer came directly. I had guessed the facts correctly.
She was married to a migrant, an exciting millionaire.
They were travelling for pleasure – filthy rich, enjoying leisure
– taking wonderful safaris in the Serengeti air.

And I sometimes rather fancy that I'd like to change with Nancy
as she travels in the tropics, seeing hippos and giraffe.
Would she like my life nocturnal, working nightly for the Colonel?
No; I doubt she'd work for K F C; the idea makes me laugh.

So I'll keep on cooking chicken, making sure it's "finger-lickin' "
and perhaps I'll meet a rich man who'll explore the world with me;
but I'll keep in touch with Nancy. In my wild erratic fancy
I can travel round the planet through the programs on T V.



SQUIRT

©Bessie Jennings

When I was coming home from school,
do you know what I found?
A naked baby cockatoo –
he'd fallen on the ground.

I wrapped him warm and took him
home. I fed him every day,
and now he's grown his feathers
but he never flies away.

He sits up on my shoulder
when I take him for a walk.
He sometimes steals the dog's food, and
now he's learned to talk.

He copies what my mother says,
or things that I have said.
He'll say "Come get your dinner, Squirt!"
or squawk "It's time for bed!"

He sometimes make a sloppy mess all
down my nice clean shirt.
It isn't very hard to guess
why we have named him SQUIRT.

John Streeter Manifold was born on the 21st April, 1915, at Toorak, Melbourne. His father was a grazier, and his parents, both Victorian born worked two family properties in Western Victoria where John spent his youth. From age ten he spent eight years at Geelong Church of England Grammar School where he excelled in languages and verse translation, publishing his 'Verses 1930-1933' during his final year at school. A scholarship enabled him to go to France for a few months in 1934 and then he entered Cambridge University. In 1937, with a BA in modern languages he worked as a translator for a publishing house in Germany until 1939, when he returned to the UK.

Although he was far from home his heart remained figuratively in Australia, and he produced a slim volume of bush verse, *The Death of Ned Kelly and other ballads*, 1941.

Manifold spent the War as a commissioned officer in the British Army Intelligence Corps serving in Africa and Western Europe. Demobilised as a lieutenant in 1946 he worked in London teaching and writing poetry and essays and he became involved with London musical circles. His *Selected Verses* (1948) showed his inclination to reinvigorate the Australian Bush ballad. John Manifold returned to Australia in 1949 and settled at Wynnum, Brisbane. The following year he helped found the Realist Writers' Group and became involved in a number of literary, musical and political groups of communist leanings. At some point during the next few years he joined the Fellowship of Australian Writers Queensland. After three years on the committee he was elected President in 1963. He was elected Life Member in 1968. I am a member of that Fellowship and Manifold's humour in the poem below appeals to me.

Over the next few years he produced a few slim volumes of verse including *Nightmares and Sunhorses* (1961), *Six Sonnets on Human Ecology* (1974), *On My Selection; poems* (1983) and he compiled an anthology, *The Penguin Australian Songbook* (1964). John Manifold died at Wynnum on the 19th April 1985.

1. Hatherell, William, the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Vol 18, (MUP) 2102.

The Bunyip and the whistling Kettle, by John Manifold

(From his book, The Death of Ned Kelly and other ballads. (Source: State Library of Victoria).

I knew a most superior camper
Whose methods were absurdly wrong;
He did not live on tea and damper
But took a little stove along.

And every place he came to settle
He spread with gadgets saving toil,
He even had a whistling kettle
To warn him it was on the boil.

Beneath the waratahs and wattles,
Boronia and coolibah,
He scattered paper, can and bottles,
And parked his nasty little car.

He camped, this sacrilegious stranger,
(The moon was at the full that week)
Once in a spot that teemed with danger
Beside a bunyip-haunted creek.

He spread his junk but did not plunder,
Hoping to stay the weekend long;
He watched the bloodshot sun go under
Across the silent billabong.

He ate canned food without demurring,
He put the kettle on for tea.
He did not see the water stirring
Far out beside a sunken tree.

Then, for the day had made him swelter
And night was hot and tense to spring,
He donned a bathing-suit in shelter
And left the firelight's friendly ring.



He felt the water kiss and tingle,
He heard the silence—none too soon!
A ripple broke against the shingle,
And dark with blood it met the moon.

Abandoned in the hush, the kettle
Screamed as it guessed its master's plight,
And loud it screamed, the lifeless metal,
Far into the malicious night.

DELHI CALLING

© Tom McLveen

Winning Poem Humorous Section W.A. Championships Silver Quill 2019



I am sick and tired of taking calls from strangers overseas
who annoy me any time of day or night.
They provoke me and confuse me any time they damn well please,
and then wonder why a bloke gets so uptight.

'I am calling you from Delhi Sir, regarding N.B.N,
and to tell you why your internet is slow.
You will need a calculator and some paper and a pen,
and a statement from your current Teleco.

They are calling me Raytaji here, but you can call me Ray...
as I'm thinking it's appropriate for you.
It's Australian for Raytaji and is easier to say,
and I'm thinking it is sounding truer blue!'

'They can call you Raj or Raymond mate, I couldn't give a stuff,
just as long as you are leaving me alone.
If my internet is getting slow and running out of puff,
then I'll use my trusty Telstra telephone.'

'Oh my gracious, goodness crikey, you cannot be doing this!
It is very unreliable I think!
Your provider's internet is very often hit and miss,
and your telephone will soon be on the blink!

I am telling you this offering will not be lasting soon,
and is better than our bundles from the past.
It will only be in place until tomorrow afternoon,
and is definitely much too good to last!'

'I will call you back Rahtaji, when you're finished for the day,
and relaxing with a cup of chilli tea.
I will wait until you're dozing and about to hit the hay,
and you're sick of fleecing silly sods like me.'

'Oh my goodness gracious crikey, you cannot be doing that...
I am working for a major Teleco.
I am not available for everybody's chitty chat –
I am qualified professional you know!'

'You can stick your calculator mate, your paper and your pen,
and your super-duper fibre optic line.
You can put them in a bundle with your fancy N.B.N,
and can shove 'em where the Delhi sun don't shine!'

So I grabbed the phone and slammed it down in anger and disgust,
and then hoicked it just as far as I could throw.
I could feel my ulcer bleeding as I ranted, raved and cussed
every rotten, foreign, mongrel Teleco.

But as soon as I had settled down and started to unwind,
I was roused by an unfamiliar sound.
It was coming from beneath the lounge or somewhere close behind
but the lousy thing was nowhere to be found!

When I'd finally retrieved it from behind the kitchen door,
it was screeching like a wounded cockatoo.
So I picked it up and answered with a God Almighty roar...
'Have you bludgers nothing better else to do?'

Then a foreign voice resounded through the broken telephone...
'we have booked you in for Friday afternoon.
You will need to N.B.M until the lab results are known,
from the medical we gave you back in June.'

'I have had a flamin' gutful mate, of you and N.B.N,
and your Teleco's and fibre optic line.
For the last and final time Raytaj, I'm telling you again
you can stick 'em where the Delhi sun don't shine!'

'I am Doctor Maharaji Sir, from Sydney's Royal South,
and I'm phoning with a standard pre-op clause.
As the N.B.M I'm speaking of refers to 'Nil By Mouth'
and is standard in procedures such as yours.

I am cancelling your surgery as you are quite distressed,
and delirious as far as I can tell.
I'm prescribing pharmaceuticals, with seven days of rest,
and a psychiatric sedative as well.'

'I am sorry Doc, I didn't realise that it was you!
I mistook you for a foreign Teleco.
I had absolutely no idea who I was talking to...
are you there? Hello ? Hello ? Hello ? Oh noooooo!!!!'

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 @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. 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 Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan, Enter via Church Lane. 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) 4155 1007 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, cnr Nolan St & Strickland Rd, Bendigo 1.30pm to 4.30pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 03 5446 7104 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121
Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. - Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Monastery Hall St, rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street, Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016
Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606
Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636
Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181
Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809

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R. M. WILLIAMS
EST. 1962 AUSTRALIA

THE MAN FROM
SNOWY RIVER
BUSH FESTIVAL

CELEBRATE 25 YEARS OF BUSH POETRY AT THE 2020 MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER BUSH FESTIVAL

2ND - 5TH APRIL 2020

JACK RILEY HERITAGE AWARD: MALE AND FEMALE

ONE MINUTE AND MFSR RECITAL COMPETITIONS

POETS' BREAKFASTS AND CONCERTS

DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM THE WEBSITE FROM 8TH
DECEMBER 2019 OR CONTACT:

Jan Lewis: 02 6077 4332 or janlewis1@hotmail.com

BUSHFESTIVAL.COM.AU



WANTED:

PERFORMERS TO PRESENT POEMS, YARNS
AND SONGS IN CELEBRATION OF THE LAST
25 YEARS OF THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
BUSH FESTIVAL - VISIT WEBSITE FOR DETAILS

BUSHFESTIVAL.COM.AU



THE MAN FROM
SNOWY RIVER



MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY 8AM POETS BREAKFAST WALK UPS WITH A DIFFERENCE.



milton show
society

PRIZES \$100 1ST \$60 2ND \$40 3RD ENTRANTS MAY
RECITE OR SING A SONG UNACCOMPANIED

OPEN PERFORMANCE COMPETITION TO START AT 11AM
TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW
IN THE JNA THOMPSON PAVILION
SAT 7TH MARCH 2020

OPEN COMP CARRIES A TOTAL OF
\$1500 PRIZE MONEY

1ST \$600 2ND \$350 3RD \$250
PLUS 3 HIGHLY COMENDED AT \$100 EA

MAXIMUM OF 15 PERFORMERS ACCEPTED ON FIRST
IN FIRST SERVED BASIS

Entries postmarked no later than 7th FEBRUARY 2020
Entry fee \$15

Entries to Poetry Coordinator John Davis 37 George
Avenue Kings Point NSW 2339

POEM CAN BE SERIOUS OR LIGHT HEARTED AND
CLASSICAL, CONTEMPORARY OR ORIGINAL
COMPLIMENTARY TEA & COFFEE WILL BE AVAILABLE
AT THE VENUE

DOWNLOAD ENTRY FORMS FROM ABPA WEBSITE
OR www.showdayonline.com and follow the

prompts OR

Contact John Davis

Ph 02 44552013 email jda76436@bigpond.net.au