

A.B.P.A.



**Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 27 No. 2 April/May 2021**



**We Are Back.....!!!!!!!
Thank You Tenterfield!**

Poets' Breakfast

King of the Ranges
Murrurundi NSW

Hosted by Carol Heuchan

With 'Dubby' Doubleday

Saturday 25th September

8am - Poetry & Tucker Tent

Walk-ups welcome!



50th BRONZE SWAGMAN AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE 2021

ENTRY NOW OPEN

Be part of history. Pen a verse or two or three
and enter the 2021 competition.



Entries close 30th April 2021

See www.bronzeswagman.info
or contact

Jeff Close, Hon Co-ordinator
closeandmoller@gmail.com

2021 INVITATION

You are cordially invited to attend the
celebrations for the
50- Bronze Swagman Award For Bush Verse

to be held in Winton on
Monday 20th September 2021
at Windemere Station, just out of town.

You may be interested in also taking in:

- Thursday 16th September 2021 – children's Bush Poetry Performance Festival at Winton Shire Hall. Free entry
- Saturday 18th September 2021 – proposed North Gregory Race Club meeting
- Monday 20th September 2021 – 50th Bronze Swagman Event which will also be our Welcome to the Outback Festival
- Tuesday 21st September to Saturday 25th September – Winton's Outback Festival.

Plan early to be part of the fun and celebrations.
Contact: Jeff Close, Hon Bronze Swagman
co-ordinator at closeandmoller@gmail.com

Website: bronzeswagman.info

Important Notice From The Editor

Due to a recent email Hacking Event please note that all submissions should be addressed to

macpoet58@gmail.com

until further notice.

A call out to all Members to make sure you Membership has been renewed for 2021 and also your Insurance if applicable.

Membership Renewal Forms were included in the previous issue but are also available online at our website

www.abpa.org.au

A big thanks to those who have already renewed and may 2021 be kinder to all our members than 2020.

Neil McArthur

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

State Reps

Peter Frazer (Qld)
Bill Kearns (NSW)
Jan Lewis (Vic)
Irene Conner (WA)

Non Committee Positions

Webmaster	Gregory North	web@abpa.org.au
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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.

Next Magazine Deadline is May 27th 2021

For Magazine Submissions can you all please note.

Articles, Poems, Stories, etc. need to be submitted in either Word (.doc or .docx) format or PDF (.pdf) format. Old Publisher files and .odt and .windat files can not be used due to being outdated.

For Photos, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE send Pics that are of a high quality and most importantly IN FOCUS! A lot of readers tell me 'That photo was a bit blurry!'. But when receiving one photo from an event which has not been captured well, it does not matter what programs, filters etc. you put it through, it cannot miraculously be put in focus.

I appreciate all efforts of those members submitting to the magazine, so they are just a couple of important hints to help me publish your articles and poems with the respect that they deserve.

President's Report

As we slowly grope our way back to something like normal, we are still quite restricted in numbers that can attend events, but as the vaccine rollout gets going we should see those numbers relaxed.

The ABPA currently offers an annual low cost Public Liability Insurance Cover for performers. The committee is now negotiating with our current insurer to have Poets Associations throughout Australia auspiced by the ABPA. This means that individual poets associations and their members would be covered under the Association insurance for their activities. Currently most Poet Associations source their own PLI and this can be expensive.

To enable our insurer to provide a quote we require the following information from all interested Poetry Groups and Associations to to be forwarded to treasurer@abpa.org.au.

- a) Name of the Member Groups to be noted and insured
- b) Number of Members in each Organisation
- c) Approximate annual turnover for each Organisation or Member group

At this stage The Oracles Of The Bush festival is on next weekend in Tenterfield.

The weekend of April 8-11 will see The Man From Snowy River Festival back in operation in Corryong and we are looking forward to attending and helping out. It will be our first live bush poetry event in eighteen months.

The National Australian Bush Poetry Championships are planned for Orange next February, running in conjunction with the Banjo Paterson Poetry Festival.

A grant has been applied for through the Building Better Regions Fund and we are hopeful of being successful with that application. The festival has strong support from the local councils and is a definite goer at this stage.

The spirit of Tamworth remains strong with some of our best poets keeping the caravan parks entertained by Ray Essery, Errol Gray and David Proust.

It was particularly pleasing to see that Kelly Dickson has finally been awarded a Golden Guitar. His "Leave him in the Longyard" is a great story up there with the banjo Paterson classics.

To all the poets and storytellers, keep your distance, keep smiling and keep telling your stories.

Tim Sheed
President ABPA



Visit Our Website www.abpa.org.au

Tenterfield Puts Hope Back Into Bush Poetry

Through Floods, Covid, Mice Plagues and whatever else the world hurled at it, the fighting Spirit of the Yellow Shirt Brigade of the Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush marched on through adversity to not only produce one of it's best ever Oracles Festivals on it's 25th Anniversary, but also, single handedly, kickstarted Live Entertainment for Buch Poetry by producing the first of Australia's major Poetry Festivals in our Covid-Normal world.

Although crowds are not at full capacity due to Covid Social Distancing regulations, every ticket on offer was snapped up quickly by people and with the amount of enquiries from others, it would have been a sell out at full cavity as well.

Entertainment started in Bruxner Park on the Friday morning with Poets Marco Giori, Ray Essery, Greg North and Neil McArthur, along with Balladeers Jeff Brown and Becky Hance.

From there the town was abuzz with venues hosting breakfasts, lunches, dinners, afternoon teas etc. all with entertainment from various mixtures of the artists.

It culminated in the Saturday Night Main Concert which people were claiming as one of the most entertaining evenings of Bush Poetry they could remember.

Maybe absence does make the heart grow fonder, or maybe the hard work of the Tenterfield Oracles Committee and their superb and friendly organisation again came to the fore.

And then to top it off, we had our first full blown Performance Competition for what seemed like an eternity! A wonderful lineup of senior and junior Bush Poets lined up to strut their stuff in front of Judges and an eager and appreciative audience!

Winners were : Adult Previously Published

- 1st :- Paddie O'Brien with Delhi (by Tom McIlveen
- 2nd:- Marion Dreyer with Jelly Melons (By Kim Eitel)

Original

- 1st :- Claire Reynolds with Green Tomato Chutney
- 2nd:- Mary O'Brien with The Handshake
- Novice:- Debbie Berryman

Children's Sections:

Performance Poetry

Primary

1st – Jai Khamkoed – Channon Public School

2nd – Sage Haaksted – St Josephs Primary School

Secondary

1st – Larissa & Archie George – Stanthorpe State High School

2nd Prize – Ashah Hillier - Tenterfield High School

I was starting to think the days of performing in front of audiences may never happen again and then, against all odds and everything Mother Nature threw at them, Tenterfield revived my faith in the world again by staging one of the most wonderful events I have had the pleasure to be part of for many, many years. Forever the front runners in Bush Poetry, I don't think they realise how massive the success of this year's Festival was on the entire Live Entertainment Industry.



Comp Winners Mary O'Brien, Paddy O'Brien, Claire Reynolds, Marion Dreyer and Debby Berryman.



Above - Breakfast In The Park
Below - The Main Concert



2021 Oracles Legends - The Yellow Shirts!



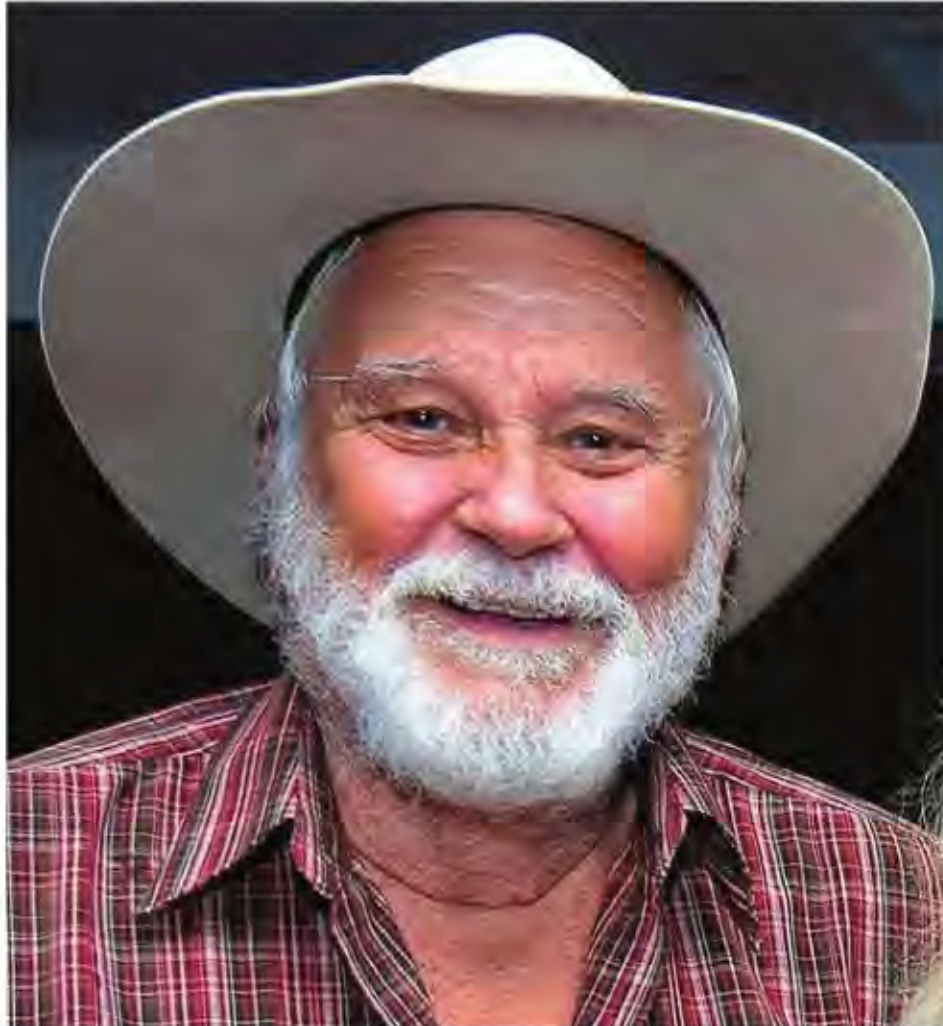
VALE – HAROLD DAVID PRITCHARD

Harold David Pritchard (Hal) died on 18th January at age 79. Hal had been particularly ill during the last year. He endured bravely and now is beyond the reach of pain. He left this earth plane after a wonderful and varied life going forward to greater light and love.

Over the last decade and a half, Hal brought his diverse background experiences and managerial skills into the poetic arena and his consequent contributions to the ABPA were significant.

As well as travelling Australia for nine years as an administrator, a performance judge and workshop co-presenter, Hal served as ABPA President in 2014 and 2015 and as Vice-President in 2016. Among the thousands of tributes received from people from all walks of life are comments from his fellow ABPA committee members –“...Hal was such a great supporter for you and bush poetry in general. His selfless input into the ABPA was so appreciated. His big hands and warm heart will be missed.” (Gregory North). “...Hal was an able administrator who capably met the day-to- day challenges of organising a group as complex and as scattered as the ABPA. It was a pleasure to serve on committee under his leadership. He was a good man and will be sorely missed.” (Wally Finch) “...Hal was such a huge presence in our bush poetry community. Our community will be the poorer for his passing.” (Robyn Sykes) “Hal’s contribution to the ABPA and Aussie poetry cannot be measured. He will be sadly missed.” (Shelley Hansen)

Hal is mourned by his poet wife of 54 years, Brenda Joy (who he supported in every capacity) by all the members of both sides of their loving family, and by friends and associates world-wide.



Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival

Orange NSW 13-21 February 2021

It was great to be part of this wonderful event once again. It started out with a poet's brawl in Molong and ended with a Banjo Paterson show at the beautiful Strawhouse Winery in Orange. In between, I was kept busy with school performances and poetry writing workshops at seven schools in the area ranging from small to large primary schools and even a high school. As usual, the children enjoyed the rhyme and rhythm of bush poetry and were excited to take part by acting out characters in poems. During the workshops, we wrote class poems which the students added lines to. There were some very creative results and I'm sure that some will continue writing their own poems so they can compete in the festival's poetry performance competition for children next year.

This year's children's original performance competition took place on Saturday 20th February and I was delighted by the quality of poetry and performance. Most of the high school student would give adult competitors a run for their money!

On Banjo's birthday (17th February) a spectacular new statue of Banjo in his World War I military uniform was unveiled at the Banjo Paterson More than a Poet Museum in Yeoval. Major Paterson was in charge of the remount unit in Egypt ensuring horses and mules were prepared for the Australian Light Horse and artillery regiments and the grand statue is a wonderful tribute to his war service.

Ian (Macca) McNamara of ABC radio's Australia All Over program unveiled the statue which makes a fine landmark out the front of the museum. I also had the pleasure of meeting Banjo's great, great grandson before ducking off the Yeoval Central School. Alf and Sharon Cantrell deserve great credit for bringing the project to fruition. You really must see this statue, it's breathtaking.

The twilight saw a commemorative event at the Banjo Paterson Park on Ophir Road in Orange. Thursday night there was a walk-up poetry competition at Heifer Station cellar door. It is another beautifully appointed winery and saw Ian Butters win a fine bottle of Heifer Station wine for his performance of his original poem about a golfer going where no man had been before. It was a wonderfully entertaining poem and a great night was had by all.

Friday morning saw a poets' breakfast at the Orange Civic Centre. Several poets from near and far shared some wonderful poetry but the highlight was a range of performances from students from Orange Public School with renditions of Banjo Paterson poems and a group presentation of Old Man Platypus.

The plan is for the festival to host the Australian Bush Poetry performance championships next year, so polish up your writing and performing and mark your calendar for the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival in Orange NSW next February.

Gregory North.



Vale Terry Regan

Sad to say that 2007 Australian Male Champion Bush Poet Terry Regan has passed away. He had been suffering from dementia and was in a nursing home in Western Sydney. He suffered a stroke a couple of days previously and deteriorated suddenly. .

Terry and his beloved wife Dulcie (deceased) were at many of our first bush poetry events and became firm friends immediately. Terry taught many how to write bush poetry and was a great mentor and friend. He was a keen bush poetry writer and performer with a rich, deep voice. Skilled in both serious and humorous poetry, he was a favourite at many festivals right around this big country that he loved. He and Dulcie travelled far and wide in their camper, attending poetry events wherever they could.

Terry was a great and successful promoter of Australian Bush Poetry Events and had recieved many trophoes and accolades

Terry is survived by his two daughters Linda and Jenni and two granddaughters Grace and Lily and will be sadly missed.



Never feel your Bush Poetry is either too good or too bad to share. Never doubt nor underestimate yourself, nor place too much self-importance on yourself.

We write our Bush Poetry as a means to share our stories and experiences. This is what our Readers and Audiences want. That is why Bush Poetry has always had such a staunch following.

Poems hidden away in drawers from lack of confidernce, or because they are only written for monetry prizes or Awards are the Poems that almost no one ever get to hear.

Please send your work to the Magazine to share with other Bush Poetry lovers, Never underestime nor overestimate the worth of your words!

The Editor



THE DREAM

© Terry Regan

I had a dream the other night and took a most fantastic flight,
until the Pearly Gates came into view.
Saint Peter met me at the gate and said; 'Now hurry, don't be late,
the Poet Show is at the bar-b que.'
'Bob Miller is MC today, so hurry down without delay;
Bob always gets a full house at his show.
He's rustled up a mighty crew, with poets old and poets new,
and everyone is sure to get a go.'

When I got to the bar-b-que the place was jumping, I'll tell you;
I'd never seen a show like this before.
While experts worked to tune the sound, beaut fillet steaks were handed round.
Then with a cheer, Bob Miller took the floor.
Now I've seen Bob perform before, I've seen them laugh and call for more,
but I could not believe what I saw then.
He first did 'Bingo', then 'The Will' – and 'Raymond' brought back mem'ries, 'til
it seemed like old times multiplied by ten.

And then what followed – strike me pink; my head still spins each time I think
of all those long-dead masters on the bill.
When Henry Lawson took the stand the audience response was grand.
Then 'Banjo' was the next to show his skill.
Yes, P J Hartigan was there, Will Ogilvie, with Scottish flair,
then Souter, Dyson, Spencer, Kendall too.
It wasn't just old masters there; some modern poets did their share –
Claude Morris, Marshall, Scott to name a few.

When Dad performed I felt so proud – 'Bushland Cathedral' pleased the crowd.
He told me later on that Mum was fine.
Slim Dusty and Stan Coster sang, about that rail construction gang,
who worked to build the Townsville - Greenvale line.
As Bobby wound the show up then, he winked at me, said; 'count to ten
and all you see before you will be gone.
I hope you have enjoyed the show and with some luck, you never know,
perhaps we'll see you up here later on.'

Saint Peter then took me aside and said because I had not died,
I'd have to go back down for just a while.
But then he said; 'don't worry, mate, when next you come up to the gate
you'll join the crew and then perform in style.'
Well, as dreams go that dream was great. One day I hope to reach that gate,
and if it is that good I'll have a grin.
But in the meantime I'm down here enjoying life and, have no fear,
I'm in no rush to go and enter in.





Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

FOR THE ANZACS -



Caleb's poem was Highly Commended in the *Junior Primary Poetry* at the 2019 *Laura Literary Awards* and published in the *LLA Anthology, 2019*

The judge commented:
"A sobering
description of war,
well constructed."

THE LONE SOLDIER by Caleb LeRoy

Hiding in a shell hole, far away from home
all his mates, killed by Johnny Turk –
Now very much alone.

The night closes in, the sky painted black,
shells explode high in the air,
like fireworks they crack.

Mud stains his uniform, sweat covers his face,
the battle long finished, death in its wake.
Young men never to be seen again
because of one man's mistake.

Two whole Brigades completely wiped out
in this crazy landscape.

His body wounded and barely awake,
hidden in scrub away from Jacko and Turks,
clasping his gun thinking of the worst –
Now trapped in this land.

Back home awaits his wife, thinking
his is another wasted life
Will he die there? In the scrub on a dead Jacko
or will he live to fight another day,
or even get back home?

Just another eager young lad
to be swept into war,
into the firing line
in the infinite hell of Lone Pine

© 2019 Caleb LeRoy (at age 10)

Great work Caleb and Amaeh.

THE POPPY TREE by Amaeh Reed

For a thousand years it seems,
I have stood in this very place
and witnessed generations pass,
yet I remember every face.

A boy so young, so long, long ago,
too young to go to war
would find respite beneath my leaves,
far from the raging shore.

He was a lad from outback Australia,
born in Ballarat.

A shearer's son, hardworking,
distinctive in his slouch hat.
But underneath his cheeky smile,
his eyes were dark with terror.
The booming of artillery shells,
shattered his peace forever.

He would rest under my sheltering branches,
during the summer day
but when his battalion stormed the trenches,
he was swept away.

But I remember that lad's eyes,
softly, as the warm wind blows,
his death, a terrible tragedy,
one of so many, God knows.

And when the war was over,
finally, the guns to rest,
and the world stood in stillness,
the sun sinking in the West,
the rivers and the lakes wept silently,
in grief and sadness
hearts breaking as they remembered
the destruction and the madness.

Now, the grassy field below me,
is no longer gentle, rolling green
but red with a sea of poppies
that silently remember the scene.
But one poppy I remember, in the distance,
where the soft fields end,
stands the poppy of my boy,
stands the poppy of my friend.

© Amaeh Reed, 2019 at age 11

DELUGE OF THE PLAINS

© 2020 Brenda Joy

*For the victims of the 2019 North-West Queensland, Inland 'Tsunami':
Winner 2021 The Kembla Flame Award, Illawarra, NSW*

We're stranded by an inland sea. We're isolated. Fear is threatening my sanity. Away to East I hear the helicopter's distant drone – our only solid link – and here we wait, two souls alone, too traumatised to think.

To think of how we welcomed rain to end the years of drought – the source of constant stress and strain that wore our spirit out. But this was not a normal storm. Our jubilation ceased as downpour surged beyond the norm. Intensity increased.

Increased until this fierce monsoon with unrelenting force unfurled a trail of wrack and ruin on creek and water course. Destructive winds of gale intent brought chaos in their wake – disastrous tale of deep lament that caused my heart to break.

To break in sobs to see our stock entrapped in oozing mud unable to withstand the shock effects of wind and flood, I watched my man in ordeal try to feed our starving cows and saw this stoic, grown-man cry, while labouring for hours.

For hours but then to have to shoot those weak beyond all hope; to have to face the absolute defeat. We had to cope. The animals we'd raised with love depleted down to bone. We prayed for strength to God above and yet – we felt alone.

Alone in this calamity, we watched our land submerge. The power of Nature's symphony became our funeral dirge. Then in the next dramatic stage, we realised we weren't the only ones. Another page of tragedy was learnt.

Was learnt through images of plight in Queensland's vast North West as helicopters took to flight and damage was assessed... While in our microcosmic realm all we can do is wait. As my emotions overwhelm – we're victims of our fate.

Our fate! The pilot's sad report has graphically revealed the battle that our girls' have fought and, though our minds were steeled, his aerial surveillance found the truth we'd come to dread with cows that reached the higher ground outnumbered by the dead.

The dead! The rest in huddled fright. The pilot was disturbed. As witness to this dreadful sight this hero was perturbed at wild-life heaped in piles with stock. Attempt could not disguise the depth of such horrific shock within his haunted eyes.

His haunted eyes and trembling lips bore message to his grief. He struggled hard to come to grips, to try to give relief. Cows left cannot access their feed, it's caked with mud and slime. He's flown to bring the hay they need. – Pray he returns in time!

In time we'll have to face the task of cleaning up the mess. My husband wears a rigid mask symbolic of distress. The arduous, rebuilding phase, runs rampant in his brain. He's in a post-traumatic haze. He'll have to start again.

He'll start again and I must too. We'll salvage and repair. Resilience will see us through and help us past despair. The cleaning up of trash and muck, rebuilding miles of fence will call for fortitude and pluck. But courage is immense.



Immense community support will rally to our aid. 'Help out your mates!' – that's what we're taught. That's how the West was made. But when support has moved along, for years we'll need to strive. and only those remaining strong are destined to survive.

Survive the rugged, harsh terrain, the threat of flood, the drought, the debt to banks, the mental strain that 'sorts the weaklings out'. It will be tough. We'll cry, we'll grieve and curse this tragic flood yet we'll resolve to never leave – this life is in our blood.



***Dusty Swag Winning Poem.
Congratulations
Brenda Joy!***

A Yarn of 'A Nautical Yarn'

By Stephen Whiteside

'A Nautical Yarn' is one of the nine Australian folk songs that American singer Burl Ives recorded in 1952, and which were to have such a profound effect on Australians' perception of their own folk music heritage. The 'yarn' takes place on the Murray River. (Whether the adjective 'nautical' can be applied in the context of fresh water is arguable.) The words are credited to Keighley Goodchild. They are a play on the general notion of shipwrecks, so many of which occurred, and so tragically, in the 19th century. A paddle steamer is making its way upstream to the town of Wahgunyah (the furthest upstream port on the Murray) when a storm arises during the night. The crew fear for their lives, but the boat is grounded on a sandbar, and they all walk safely through the shallow water to shore!

According to his obituary, which was published in *The Riverine Herald* in 1888, Goodchild was born in London, and had a good education. He had arrived in Melbourne fifteen years earlier (1873) from New Zealand. How long he had been in New Zealand is not stated.

The Echuca Historical Society also has information about Goodchild's life. He was born in 1851. (By way of historical comparison, Henry Lawson was born in 1867, and Ned Kelly in 1855.) Goodchild was very much a newspaperman. In Melbourne he worked for the *Argus*. He moved to Echuca in 1880, and stayed there until his death at the age of only 37 of 'consumption' (TB) in 1888. He worked for a number of newspapers, and was editor of the *Echuca Advertiser*. For the last two years of his life he worked as a compositor for *The Riverine Herald*. (It was the job of a compositor to arrange type for printing.) He also published a column under the title 'Municipal Musings'. (Many of these can be easily accessed via Trove.)

Goodchild also wrote poetry, and in 1883 he self published a small collection of his own work with the title 'Who Are You? : A Volume of Verse'. One of the poems in this book, 'While the Billy Boils', was included in the final volume of a series of poetry collections published in London. The series was titled 'Canterbury Poets', and the final volume, with Goodchild's poem, 'Australian Ballads and Rhymes: Poems inspired by Life and Scenery in Australia and New Zealand' (1888), was edited by B. W. Sladen of Oxford. (Goodchild received his copy several days before he died.) The phrase, 'while the billy boils', was just beginning to gain traction in Australia and New Zealand, and this was not the first time it was used. It was also chosen as the title of Henry Lawson's first collection of short stories, published in 1896. Lawson did not use the phrase himself, but his editor, Arthur Jose, felt it was apt. (Jose almost certainly knew of Goodchild's poem.) Plans were afoot for a second collection of Goodchild's verse to be published in London, but this did not eventuate, no doubt due to his premature demise.

Here is the first stanza of 'While the Billy Boils' by Keighley Goodchild.

While the ruby coals in the dull grey dust,
Shine bright as the daylight dies;
When into our mouths our pipes are thrust,
And we watch the moon arise;
While the leaves that crackle and hiss and sigh
Feed the flame with their scented oils,
In a calm content by the fire we lie
And watch while the billy boils.

'A Nautical Yarn' is included in the blog 'An Australian Folk Song A Day', by John Thompson. John references the source of the song as 'Big Book of Australian Folk Songs' by Ron Edwards, and adds this note from the book:

"...Ian Mudie in his book 'Riverboats' suggests that "it is so different from the rest of Goodchild's work that it seems quite likely he heard it on the riverboats or in the pubs of Echuca – and wrote it down as his own."

So perhaps Keighley Goodchild did not write 'A Nautical Yarn' after all!

To further complicate matters, there is more than one tune for the song. Goodchild's stated tune was 'The Dreadnought', but Burl Ives' folio of Australian songs used 'Villikins and his Dinah'.

Who knows, perhaps Goodchild would have developed into a writer to rival Lawson and Paterson if he had lived longer? Then again, that can no doubt be said about a number of writers whose lives were cut short in those hard, early days.

A Nautical Yarn

© Stephen Whiteside 13.06.2020

I sing of a capting who's well known to fame;
A naval commander, Bill Jinks is his name.
Who sailed where the Murray's clear waters do flow,
Did this freshwater shellback, with his Yeo heave a yeo.

To the Port of Wahgunyah his wessel was bound
When night comes upon him and darkness around;
Not a star on the waters it clear light did throw;
But the wessel sped onward with a Yeo heave a yeo.

Oh, Capting, oh! Capting, let's make for the shore,
For the winds they do rage and the winds they do roar!"
"Nay, nay," said the capting, "though the fierce winds may blow
I will stick to my vessel with a Yeo heave a yeo."

"Oh! Capting, oh! Capting, the waves sweep the deck,
Oh Capting, oh! Capting, we'll soon be a wreck –
To the river's deep bosom each seaman will go!
But the capting laughed loudly, with his Yeo heave a yeo.

"Farewell to the maiding – the girl I adore;
Farewell to my friends – I shall see them no more!"
The crew shrieked in terror, the capting he swore –
They had stuck on a sandbank, so the men walked ashore.



References

Keighley J. Goodchild (The Riverine Herald, Friday 6 April, 1888, page 2)
(<https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/114660028/12107908>)

<https://echucahistoricalsociety.org.au/poetry-trail/keighley-goodchild/>

<https://www.austlit.edu.au/austlit/page/A9270?mainTabTemplate=agentWorksBy>

'Biography of a Book – Henry Lawson's While the Billy Boils' by Paul Eggert (Sydney University Press 2013, pages 150 - 1)

<http://ozfolksongaday.blogspot.com/2011/11/nautical-yarn.html>



FRG 1258/1/12

RODEO REMEMBERS!

© Barry Graham 2018

The chute gate bursts open, to the crowd's tremendous roar,
bull and man erupt, and they yell and scream for more.
Propping, spinning, bucking, the rider strains to make the bell,
but eight seconds is like a lifetime, when you're on the way to Hell!

He's impossible to ride the distance, and tonight will be the same,
just another beaten cowboy who tried to add his name to fame.
No matter where he was ridden, the Isa- or somewhere on the coast,
the rider who drew 'Chainsaw', would thrill the crowd the most.

Bought from Victorian Brahman stock, to star at rodeo,
'Bull of the year' for eight years straight, feared, and rightly so.
Gary McPhee had found the bull the crowd just loved to see,
for fourteen years he plied his trade, now etched in history.

Some said there must be a system, that they tried to understand,
'Chainsaw' gave them no respite, throwing riders was his brand!
Eighteen hundred pounds,- pure red hot hate, but agile as a cat,
and upon his back, not too many stayed; he made sure of that!

Securely trapped in the mounting pen, his anger knew no bounds,
as rider fought to set himself, bellows drowned all other sounds.
With flank rope tight, then a mighty blast as the jigger was applied,
the cowboy knew without a doubt, this could be his final ride!

Left hander's never stood a chance, his moves bought all undone,
a twisting, writhing, unique style, kicking sideways on the run.
Though not the largest circuit bull, yet best by a country mile,
his reputation knew no bounds, the crowds just loved his style.

'Chainsaw' became a legend through his career of many years,
though as he aged, none heard the bell, relieving all their fears.
'94 saw his last battle, a minute's silence held that night,
Rodeo still remembers, the bull who never shirked a fight!



LEST WE FORGET

© Kathy Edwards 26/3/2019

To the beat of their battered boots,
they marched for new recruits
from Gilgandra as they shouted out 'Coo-ee" to one and all.
Boys and men joined in,
despite their colour race or kin
and together marched to Sydney when they heard that "Coo-ee" call.

From Gallipoli at dawn,
the Anzac name was born
An acronym, Australian - New - Zealand - Army - Corps
From all those years ago,
a debt that we all owe
to the Aussies and the Kiwis who fought in that Great War.

How it fills my heart with pride,
when I think of those who died
they had left their homes and loved ones to fight on foreign shores.
Nobody could tell
they were being sent to hell
and they were told that it would be the war to end all wars.

Yet from that fateful day
how it grieves my heart to say
too much bloodshed and too many wars and conflicts have been fought.
Thanks to Anzacs, you and me
enjoy our liberty
Do you think that we have learned the lessons that were taught?

Young men strong and bolder,
to enlist said they were older
Did they take the time to reminisce and did they ever feel regret?
Did they foresee the plight
when those Anzacs went to fight?
Now their memories and heroic deeds live on - LEST WE FORGET!

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

Derby

It won't be long before WA Bush Poets will be heading north for the winter months. Our target will be the Derby Bush Poet's Brunch in July.

Before that we will be attending the Moondyne Festival in Toodyay in May.

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Poets, accompanied by Warwick Trent will be entertaining the crowds that come from Perth and nearby for a very popular day of reenacting the famous capture of bush ranger Moondyne Joe. Patrons dress in period costume and provide a colourful spectacle with lots of gaiety and fun throughout the day.

Both Boyup Brook and Bridgetown Country Music Festivals have been cancelled this year but WA Bush Poets have kept up our monthly Musters with good attendance and some new poetry being presented.

The Silver Quill Written Verse Competition is now open and entry forms can be obtained from our website: www.wabushpoets.asn.au or www.abpa.org.au



Derby Bush Poet's Brunch

Derby Sportsmans Club

Entry:
\$25 Including Brunch
\$10 Poetry only

Derby Visitor Centre 9191 1426
Bill Gordon 0428 651 098
www.wabushpoets.asn.au

Sun 18th July 2021 10.30am - 1.30pm
following Derby Cup



Gatherings at Cobber's Corner Boyup Brook are still popular. Poetry and music are enjoyed for a weekend of fellowship.

(left) Cobber Lethbridge and Maxine Richter. (above) Bev Shorland, Meg Gordon, Christine Boulton and Heather Joass

Great Aussie Reads

With Jack Drake

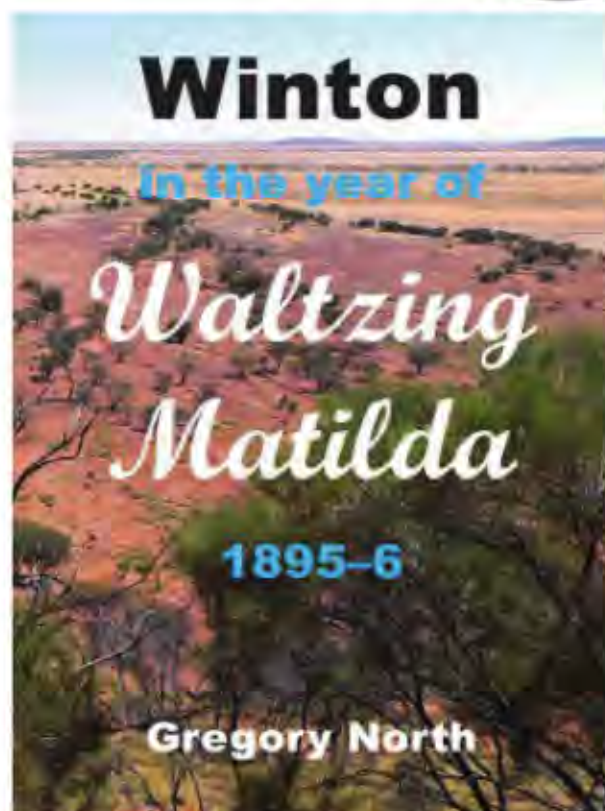


"Waltzing Matilda" has been the subject of several books and it is great to see one of ABPA's own adding his contribution. *Winton in the Year of Waltzing Matilda 1895 – 6* by Gregory North (self published www.gregorynorth.com.au 2020), is a very interesting read.

Inspired by the Matilda story with its main players Sarah Riley, Christina Macpherson and A.B. "Banjo" Paterson, Greg decided to delve into Winton's history at the time of Banjo's visit. Because Peterson was only known by his pen name "The Banjo" until his identity was revealed on publication of his first book, his visit out west was largely unreported.

Greg set out to replicate this and *Winton in the year of Waltzing Matilda*, gives a fascinating insight into the day to day functions of an outback pioneer settlement. By researching all the available newspapers and other records, Gregory North has left us an insight of the life and times of Winton in 1895-6 when Australia's unofficial anthem was first written and performed.

Good on yer Greg. Great work. You can get a copy by contacting Greg direct.



The very first book I reviewed for this column was Tom Ronan's *Moleskin Midas*, and I was thrilled to pick up another of his works quite by accident at a market stall.

Vision Splendid by Tom Ronan (Curry O'Neil 1972) is another novel of the outback by an author who really knows his subject.

Vision Splendid tracks the fortunes of Mr. Toppingham, a young World War I veteran who takes a job as a book keeper and storeman on an outback station intending to stay a year or so, save his money and return south with enough funds to marry.

Unfortunately for Mr. Toppingham, or "Top" as he is soon known to the casual characters who inhabit the Top End, the bush weaves its relentless spell around him pulling him further and further into the "further out".

I won't spoil the story for you but if a copy of *Vision Splendid* can be dug up, it is more than worth a read.



More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

THE UNLUCKY ONES

© Maureen Stahl Elliminyt

The marble with his birth date on was one that was drawn out
so the army owned him for the next two years.
A lottery that was unfair, (of that there was no doubt),
saw the confirmation of our greatest fears.

Plans for a future together now had to be adjourned,
the career that he was starting put on hold;
to be resumed again when, after two years, he returned
and no longer lived within the army mould.

One of his friends missed out, returning to the family farm.
"Damn! the farm is boring; I'd have liked to go."
He spoke as if it was a jaunt with no cause for alarm.
How naïve was he? How little did he know?

There was another of our friends whose marble came out too.
This man, Robert, was his parent's only child.
Although worried and upset there was nothing they could do
and soon to this fact they both were reconciled.

I shared their worry and concern; I felt it wasn't right
and I said a prayer each night when in my bed.
So many males my age were being sent abroad to fight,
I had fear for them forever in my head.

I wrote to my fiancé on each day he was away,
each time telling him of my undying love,
while my fears about his safety I tried not to betray,
and I put my faith and trust in God above.

Then with their two years over some returned but not unscathed.
Bodily injuries could be clearly seen
but the atrocities they'd witnessed left them near depraved;
they no longer were the men that they had been.

No cheering crowds with banners waving greeted their return,
for no hero's welcome was awaiting them.
Ugly stories had been heard which made righteous people churn;
some are quick to judge and quicker to condemn.

These men who had been forced to give up two years of their lives,
done their training then as soldiers had emerged,
were subjected to disdain and contempt that pierced like knives;
any wonder many on depression verged.

Thankfully my prayers were answered; my man came back to me
and then shortly after I became his wife.
But for Robert's anxious parents such joy was not to be
for encountering a landmine took his life.

Our parents came to our wedding and watched our children grow,
basking in the love that only grandkids bring.
But all of these pleasures Robert's folk will never know,
to grief and fading memory they cling.

Conscription is an ugly thing tearing families apart;
those men didn't volunteer to go to war.
So many young lives over when they'd barely made a start.
And did we really know what they were fighting for?



PRESS RELEASE for Australian Bush Poets Association Newsletter ***Western Australian poets rally to help the Man From Snowy River Festival***

The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival in Victoria was cancelled last year but it's full steam ahead for 8 – 11 April 2021 at Corryong. Patrons and locals are looking forward to finally celebrating 25 years of the festival.

The communities of Corryong, Cudgewa and the Upper Murray have suffered emotionally and financially. The town and farms were decimated with horrendous loss of animals, fencing, fodder, sheds, pasture and houses. The festival storage shed and two shipping containers of historical records, signage, display screens, bunting and Banjo's stage were also burnt. However, despite so many heart-rending stories there have been many Aussie everyday heroes who have stepped up to lend a hand

Jai Thoolen, a Children's book author and poet from Rosebud in Victoria was approached by Christine Boulton from the West Australian Folk Federation and the West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners. Christine asked if he would co-ordinate the building of a new Banjo's Block stage for the poetry event at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival. These two WA organisations undertook to raise funds to go towards the costs of materials and transport. As Corryong and Cudgewa had been so badly burnt the stage needed to be rebuilt and transported from out of town to reduce the pressure on locals. It was obvious they needed time to refence their properties and come to term with their losses.

The initial hat around at Wireless Hill's Australia Day Bush Poetry event in Melville (WA West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners) raised \$800.00. This meant there was enough money to begin.

Jai had a trailer of his own that he was able to donate. He also sourced steel at cost through an anonymous company; the wood and corrugated iron were also donated. Jai's Uncle Henry in New South Wales let Jai build the stage in his workshop. Uncle Henry also assisted Jai with his welding and design skills, encouraged by many Facebook supporters.

Last year in March the WA Folk Federation held a concert and raised \$1300.00. This meant that the cost incurred in the construction and transportation of the stage would be totally covered. So a huge thank you goes out to Jai and his team across three states who have ensured Corryong will receive a new stage for Banjo's Block. The poets are excited! Some of the money was used to purchase books from Jai, to be donated in the Festival's name to local schools and library.

The Poetry and Bush Music programme at the 2021 festival will be in honour of all the poets, yarnspinners and singers who have provided us with entertainment, so sentimentality is highly encouraged! If the weather allows, most of the action will be outside on Banjo's Block, from the new Banjo stage, and only our competitions and evenings in the Youth Hall.

An enthusiastic band of performers includes Geoffrey W Graham, Gregory North, The Rhymer from Ryde (Senior Judge), Jenny Markwell-Taggart, Rhonda Tallnash, Christine Middleton, Tim Sheed, Peter Klein, Rob Christmas, Howard James, Colin Carrington, Kevin McCarthy, Simon Dillon, Matt Hollis, Phil McManus, Maurie Foun, James Thomas and of course Jai Thoolen (after he puts the finishing touches to the stage). We appreciate that many other poets and friends have willingly signed up as volunteers (needed this year because of Covid safe practice at inside venues in particular). Programme available www.abpa.org.au/events.html

If you ever have the opportunity the visit to The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival you will be in for a memorable experience. For more information please check out the websites <https://www.vbpma.com.au/> and <https://www.bushfestival.com.au/>.

Jai Thoolen has many photos on his Facebook page and being a poet has recorded the process of building the stage in rhyme.



The Phoenix.

© Jai Thoolen 9/3/20

Up where the mountain riders ride and poets meet their muse.
At Corryong's own mountainside there was some awful news.
Where poetry of old is read and music makes its mark,
A terrifyin' fire had spread and burnt down half the park!

The storage sheds and lots of gear could not withstand the rage.
The festival was lookin' drear and fire'd claimed the stage.
With only weeks and days to go the people set their jaws,
'Cause poet folk are tough, you know, they'd rally to the cause!

While Jan and all her minions kept the festival on track,
Christine was raising "millions" with her western poet pack.
She raised a bit of funding when they passed around the hat
To help with all the spending and to build a stage, and that.

She'd met him in Benalla just a year or so ago.
He was a large-ish fella and she rang and said, 'Hello.'
She asked him if he's able and/or willing to give aid.
She'd heard about the fable of the trophies he had made...

He quietly accepted, thought it quite a simple task,
When so many were affected it was not that big an ask.
He kinda had a trailer and a few tricks up his sleeve.
He'd collect donated timber and on Monday he would leave.

His uncle had a workshop on a farm out in the sticks.
There'd been no rain to work crop so he helped for next to nix.
Heroes come in any size and they're not born, they're melded.
So quick it burns your eyes if you'd seen how this man welded!

When times are tough, then poetry, will show who people are.
We're all one big community, no matter near or far.
And phoenixes cannot be born when times are dull and tame.
When we're all down and out, forlorn, it rises from the flame!

Now, Maurie made a Banjo's hat, the stage's finished touch.
So, now, I guess that that is that, it didn't take too much.
The MFSR festival begins on April 2.
They've put the 'do' in do-able, now all they need is YOU!

(Jan Lewis edit..... The MFSR festival begins on April 8.
They've put the 'do' in do-able, so come, and bring a mate!!)



Bittersweet Harvest

© Shelley Hansen

Winner, 2021 Blackened Billy Verse Competition, Orange NSW

Author's Note: During the second half of the 19th century, thousands of South Pacific Islanders were lured by deception or kidnapped from their islands in a practice known as blackbirding, to provide cheap labour for the sugar industry. It is estimated that as many as 15,000 died in Queensland alone, a staggering mortality rate of 30%.

Your back is almost breaking and your muscles, taut and aching,
rebel against the swinging cane knife's blade.
Just sixteen years and willing, you were kidnapped with a shilling
by ruthless men engaged in human trade.

You signed three years indenture with a yearning for adventure –
the lure of wealth persuaded you to roam.
But here in this new nation, just a sugar cane plantation
is all that you will ever call your home.

Their promises were broken and their gifts a puny token
of guarantees intended to be fake.
Lives deemed not worth a penny, they returned to capture many
in ships that spewed forth anguish in their wake.

No money for your wages as you labour through the stages
of planting, burning, cutting of the cane.
You work for food and lodging, keeping silent, always dodging
the foreman's acid tongue, the whip's sharp pain.

From dawn till dark you're toiling in the Queensland summer, boiling
in fields where stifled air is far from fresh.
Your itchy skin is loathing white men's heavy woollen clothing –
their modesty prohibits naked flesh.

The cane fires haunt your sleeping and the smell of ash is seeping
through sinuses that taint your sense of taste.
The water you are drinking comes from stagnant ponds whose stinking
mosquito-ridden depths hide human waste.

Your name has been forgotten, just as surely as the rotten
and rancid meat they serve you drains your breath.
You answer to "Kanaka" as relentless, grinding yakka
defeats your spirit, numbs your mind to death.

At night you dream of beaches with their endless sandy reaches,
of coral pools whose blueness never dies.
Where coconuts are falling you can hear the seabirds calling
as far away, the waters meet the skies.

You dive with sharp precision and your underwater vision
is heightened by the penetrating light.
The bounty of the ocean filters past in liquid motion
with silver flashes darting by in fright.

You hear your mother singing, cooking fish that you've been bringing.
The little ones surround her silhouette –
their childish laughter blending with embraces she's extending ...
and even in your dreams, you can't forget.

Then suddenly she's wailing, and you're on a ship and sailing
so far away, beyond her loving arms.
No time for last embracing. Now you're wide awake and facing
another day of slavery on farms.



You long to be returning to your Island, where the yearning
transports you back and will not let you rest.
But tears are unavailing, and the punishment for failing
impels you out of fear, to do your best.

You've never been a quitter, but it turns your belly bitter
to taste the juice of sugar cane, so sweet.
Enduring scorn and sneering for the white man's profiteering,
you bow your head, acknowledging defeat.

I stand here on a mission to embrace an exhibition
of cultural involvement in the past.
My brimming eyelids glisten as I take the time to listen
and learn how fortune's fatal die was cast.

Your photograph compels me, and your stoic silence tells me
much more than word-rich essays can convey.
Your gaze meets mine to bind me, yet it seems to look behind me
as if to focus somewhere far away.

In vain we seek excuses for indignities, abuses.
Perhaps we simply try to shift the blame
and leave the past behind us, till your haunted eyes remind us
that we should learn the lessons just the same.

A Human Rights Commission may at last grant recognition
but it will take a hundred years and more,
and white man's legislation cannot calm the agitation
or wipe out cold injustice done before.



THE 19TH ANNUAL NANDEWAR POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY
NARRABRI & DISTRICT HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.
SPONSORED BY
NARRABRI SHIRE COUNCIL

FIRST PRIZE: \$150 AND TROPHY
SECOND PRIZE: \$100
THIRD PRIZE: \$50
BEST FIRST-TIMER 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
Poets must indicate on the entry form if they are a First – Timer...yes – or – no

“BUM BUM CREEK.”

© Peter White, Eagleby, 2021

On the A3 south of Yarraman, if you take a peek,
You'll see a sign informing you you're nearing Bum Bum Creek.

Not that much to see but the future isn't bleak.
They've built a ten million dollar bridge crossing Bum Bum Creek.

Since then, streams of traffic use it every week.
The greatest thing to happen to this stretch of Bum Bum Creek.

Grey nomads on their travels, eye-catching sights to seek,
Attracted by its quirky name will visit Bum Bum Creek.

Beneath the nearby road sign, they stand there cheek to cheek
And then take a 'selfie' of themselves at Bum Bum Creek.

They email it to their grandkids, a bit of havoc to wreak,
Saying, "Look, kids, Gran and Pa at a place called Bum Bum Creek."

The parents are less impressed and in a fit of pique,
Say, "How dare they send that photo depicting Bum Bum Creek!"

Don't they realise the kids will say it with a shriek
And giggle uncontrollably, while repeating "Bum Bum Creek"?"

So 'grandies' on your travels to places quite unique,
Take photos for your grandkids; but start with Bum Bum Creek!

You are invited to be part of the 2021 Blackened Billy Verse Competition

The 31st Annual Competition continues the legacy of Tamworth Poetry Reading Group (TPRG).

Since 1991, thousands of entries have been submitted, recording many aspects of Australian country and character. Past Award winners provide exemplary guidance for writers seeking rhyme and metre mastery.

"The Blackened Billy Verse competition has encouraged writers to put pen to paper to produce the most incredible range of rhyming verse, over the years honing their skills to now produce some of the best bush poetry ever written, as good as, if not better than Paterson or Lawson." - Jan Morris, on behalf of the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group (November 2019).

Competition Founder Jan remains a guiding force. The 2021 Billy is in the kiln. Made in the hills of Moonbi, by two blokes who play with clay above where the fibreglass chook is perched to attract tourists and draw attention to the poultry industry. Ian and Fred have been crafting the unique and hard-won Billy trophy annually since 1991.

The Billy plaque will be custom-curved and engraved in Tamworth – as it has always been. The winner's trophy plaque will be engraved and attached in the community hosting the awards ceremony. The minor question is where will that ceremony be? The more inviting question is 'Will your name make it onto the Trophy Plaque?'

The 2020 Awards Ceremony was celebrated as part of the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival. It is anticipated the Awards for the 31st Billy will be announcing during the 2021 Festival, currently estimated to run from 13-20 February. Covid times add question, and Festival organisers will not decide for some time yet about happenings. Late October at earliest. In the interim, entrants should submit the BB2021 entries prior to the 30 November closing date.

In 2020, the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition was warmly welcomed by locals, poets and media, with newspaper and television tuning in to capture and share advice of the winners. The success of previous poetry events in Orange has lured an Australian Performance Poetry Championship to Orange for 2021. Excited to see what opportunities are realised, as the Covid-19 saga unfolds.

Entrants for the 2021 Blackened Billy Verse Competition may submit entries via postal or electronic means. Publication of future Tribute Books containing Blackened Billy Winners is likely. Will you be in it?

\$1000 Prize Pool



First Prize	\$500 plus Trophy and Certificate
Second Prize	\$250 plus Certificate
Third Prize	\$150 plus Certificate
Highly Commended	5 x \$20 plus Certificate
Commended	5 x Certificate

The 2021 Winton Outback Writers Festival 22-24 June 2021

The 2021 Outback Writers Festival will be held in Winton, Outback Queensland, from Tuesday 22nd of June until Thursday, 24th of June. The venue will be the iconic Waltzing Matilda Centre.

Each year, including COVID YEAR 2020, we have conducted a short story Competition and 2021 entries close on 30th April. 3000 words max. To celebrate QANTAS' first board meeting in Winton in 1921, a special prize will be awarded by the Judge to a writer who also incorporates the acronym QANTAS into their story. The judge will also select entries to be included in the 2021 book. Books 1-5 will be available at the Festival.



Further details from our website www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au

Happy Writing,
Jeff Close

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 6571 1398.

Wombat Bush Poets meet at 1.30 pm at the Young Hotel for poetry, music and open mic. Last Sunday of even months except December. Contact Ted Webber 0459 707 728

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush 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 the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156

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. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (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

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596.

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



THE NORTH PINE BUSH POETS GROUP PRESENTS THE QUEENSLAND STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR WRITTEN AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY

Poems must be written with good rhyme and meter and be about Australia, Australians or the Australian way of life.

This competition will be conducted under the auspices of the Australian Bush Poetry Association and in association with the Moreton Bay Readers and Writers Festival and the Fellowship of Australian Writers (Qld).

Entries are welcome from Interstate and overseas.

Open for entries: 30th April 2021. **Closing date:** 28 May 2021. **Results:** 4 July 2021

Classes:

- Open, Novice and Junior sections

Prizes

- **Overall Champion** (from the open class winners):
\$350 plus Graham Fredriksen Trophy.
- Open
 - Serious – 1st Prize \$350 – 2nd Prize \$100 – 3rd prize \$50
 - Humorous – 1st Prize \$350 – 2nd Prize \$100 – 3rd prize \$50
- Novice
 - Serious - \$100
 - Humorous - \$100
- Junior - 1st prize \$75 – 2nd prize \$25

Details will appear on <https://northpinebushpoets.com/> and the Australian Bush Poets Association website <http://abpa.org.au/events.html>

About Graham Fredriksen:

Graham was a very talented bush poet from the Kilcoy region who died in a tragic farming accident in 2010. His family has lived on "The Ten Mile" for generations. Graham was only the second poet to win the Bronze Swagman Award 3 times. He was a founding member of North Pine Bush Poets. His poetry lives beyond him.

The organisers are very grateful to the Championships Sponsors:



ABPA



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Members
of NPBP