



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 27 No. 4 August/September 2021



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!



THE 'BETTY OLLE' POETRY AWARD

"WRITTEN COMPETITION"



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
- Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$10 per entry form (2 poems)
- Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31st August 2021.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

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



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



Hoping that everyone is staying as well as possible during these difficult times.

With Festivals and Concerts being postponed or cancelled all around the country, the thought of all the ABPA family are with you all.

Some events have gone ahead, and I really do believe it would be a positive move for anyone involved to share their success stories with others.

It seems no one wishes to submit any articles on events where Bush Poetry is still entertaining people and cheering people up during this National crisis. Please consider sharing your stories in future issues. Lord knows we can all do with the positive News.

Cheers
Neil McArthur

ABPA Committee Members 2021

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
Magazine Editor	Neil McArthur	macpoet58@gmail.com
Facebook Editor	Jan Lewis	janlewis1@hotmail.com

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

Black and White Ads

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

Full Colour Ads (Space limited and applicable to Printed Magazine only)

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.

Next Magazine Deadline is September 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

I am writing this report as Victoria is coming out of the fifth (and hopefully last) lockdown. Good news!!! Ray Essery has kindly helped me to add some flesh to this report.

Casino Beef Week from 27th to 30th May was an outstanding success for bush poetry and country music with Ray Essery, Gary Fogarty and Kylie Castles headlining the three very successful shows at the Cecil Hotel. Ray has been at Casino Beef Week since 1994, an amazing achievement from one of our legends.

The Country Music Week at Saint George from the second to the fourth of July was another roaring success with Keith Jamieson, Ray Essery, Gary Fogarty and Peter Pratt.

On the way to the Cunnamulla Poetry and Music Festival Ray had the misfortune to hit a roo that did a fair bit of damage but didn't dampen his spirits, another huge success from fifth to eleventh of July.

Meg Gordon, our secretary, will submit her own report on WA events but the takeaway message is that Australian Bush Poetry is going gangbusters and a lot of people who had not previously experienced it have now had the pleasure, thanks to you know what.

We are resolutely working towards the National Bush Poetry Competition, in conjunction with the Orange Banjo Paterson Poetry Festival in February 2022 so remain tuned in. The trophies have already been made and first entries have been received.

Tim Sheed

President ABPA



Great News that the Golden Damper and Frank Daniel Awards will be going ahead at Tamworth in January 2022.



Find us on
Facebook

and Visit Our Website
www.abpa.org.au

SECRETS OF THE DESERT

© Brenda Joy

Winner, 2021 Laura Literary Awards

The CJ Dennis Poetry Awards – Open Poetry, Laura, South Australia

The endless desert stretches out before us
a sun-seared surface baked with blistered sands,
where whirling winds bewail in eerie chorus
as hardy life-forms bow to harsh demands.

A realm that captivates with vivid glories,
with colour spectrum spanning vast extremes,
a realm that infiltrates with whispered stories
that haunt you like the images from dreams.

Where desert people cling to ancient magic
through legends passed on down from days of old,
where interwoven in the weft, the tragic,
more modern tale of Lasseter* is told...

...there White Man Dreaming had origination
in claims he'd found a massive golden reef,
inspiring lust and wild anticipation –
for avarice can lure to bring belief.

A reef "...as splendid as the sun emerging..." **
yet hidden in the vast expanse around,
has fed the hopes of fortune seekers urging
it must exist – but still it's not been found.

The Aborigines felt earth around them
was sacred. Knowledge helped the race survive.
The bounty of its riches could astound them;
its fruits and waters kept their tribes alive.

Yet men will seek to claim and take possession
of Nature and the gifts that she bestows.
Their quest to conquer festers to obsession
but Nature can't be ruled – as Black Man knows.

So does the ghost of Lasseter still wander
among the spirit ancestors, alone,
with eons of eternity to ponder
the dream for gold that he could never own?

Here where the shifting sand protects its treasures,
where elements of time can't be imposed,
the desert winds employ their constant measures
and buried secrets will not be disclosed.

The blood-red landscape paints its own illusions –
mirages that can drive a man insane.
This realm of mystery denies intrusions
and only those who love it may remain.

* Lewis Hubert Lasseter (1880-1931), gold-seeker.

** From Journalistic reports – quoted as Lasseter's wording



The Riderless Horse

© Catherine Lee

Where mountains loom black on a darkening skyline and cradle a myriad stars,
their forested slopes in a blanket of growth that no timber machinery mars;
when bandicoots, wombats and possums emerge from their cover of daytime cocoon
and dingoes start howling their timeless lament to inscrutable luminous moon,
there'd come from the valley a thunder of hooves that would resonate into the night;
the earth seemed to tremble—small creatures dispersed, while the startled rosellas took flight.
Then stillness descended—a shadow emerged like a king to survey his domain—
the clouds of dust settled, revealing the shape of a stallion with dew on his mane.

They said the magnificent riderless steed was still seeking the master he'd lost
when Jack was assaulted on Warrabee Track to his tragically ultimate cost.
They dragged him to earth in a vicious attack, thrashed him senseless and nicked all his gear,
attempted to steal his superlative mount, but the stockhorse was blinded by fear.
He reared up in panic—the thieves hit the ground and were rapidly forced to desist—
then saddle askew and his reins flapping randomly, disappeared into the mist.
With Jack in a coma, we all tried to track his devoted and heartbroken friend;
the beast was elusive—no more would he venture to trust what a man might intend.

With scant understanding of what had occurred, just a sense of contentment defiled,
he took to the hills in frustration where soon in his freedom and rage he turned wild,
became like a phantom that haunted the bush as he searched for the stockman in vain—
though sightings were common, his place of concealment we somehow could not ascertain.
Not seen in the day, after dark without fail the exceptional equine came back—
appeared like a dream on the crest of the mountain which soars above Warrabee Track,
parading in solitude faithfully waiting, a schedule not once seen to change—
unbidden, he honoured the man that he loved by repeatedly pacing the range.

The riderless horse had become so familiar a sight around Warrabee Plain,
we took it for granted his grief-stricken presence was one that was sure to remain.
But early one morning I suddenly woke with a sharp premonition and chill—
without comprehension raced out the back door—then astounded, fell perfectly still.
The full moon was casting a shimmering glow, while above like a proud statuette
a breathtaking vision stood high on the summit displayed in distinct silhouette,
His saddle now tightened and reins firmly grasped in a confident, sensitive hand,
the animal snorted, alert and relaxed as his rider examined the land.

A posture I knew like my own—now my eyes revealed truth I just couldn't dispel!
I gaped disbelieving as Jack raised his hand in a poignant and final farewell.
Though sorrow encroached, I felt strangely at peace with a sense of release unsurpassed,
while somehow perceiving this image of both of them certainly must be my last.
I watched as they reared against velvety sky, spun around, bolted off in a streak,
to vanish from view in a flurry of burgeoning dust from the edge of the peak,
then waited awhile till the phone pierced the silence, confirming my instinct inside
that Jack had succumbed to his multiple lesions and finally, quietly died.

Out here where the spinifex tosses and blows and the stars dance in glittering show,
the dingoes still howl on the Warrabee Track in the moonlight's ethereal glow;
nocturnal pursuits carry on through the forests that thrive on both mountain and plain—
but never again have those thundering hooves split the calm of this tranquil terrain.
Though grieving for Jack, we believe he's still out there astride his remarkable horse—
such faith the result of this story I've shared, which our mates staunchly choose to endorse,
convinced of that blissful, triumphant reunion just prior to imminent light
when stallion and master together at last galloped forth into limitless night.



Outback Masters Golf Supports Australian Bush Poets

It was quite a pleasant surprise, when I answered my phone to a voice offering neither Solar Power rebates nor an alternative Energy Provider, but instead a friendly voice asking what I was doing, poetrywise in July 2021!

I quickly blew the dust off my diary and checked between Tamworth 2019 and the Queensland Olympic Games in 2032 and found that I was pretty clear of bookings.

The phone call was from Trisha from the Outback Masters Golf crew, who was booking acts for its concerts over the six weekends of the Outback Golf tour. To find that one of the venues was Hughenden in Qld was even more appealing as there was a good change, give or take a lockdown, that I would be in Charters Towers at that time, entertaining the Grey Nomads and begging for food.

When I received the contract and had a look at the Program, my old heart shed a tear of blood as I saw that every one of the six Concerts consisted of a Bush Poet as well as the musical act.

Other Poets to perform were Margy McArdle, Manfred Vijars, Noel Stellard, Murray Hartin and our great friend and Balladeer Errol Grey.

For such a wonderful and highly attended event to consider our Genre for part of their entertainment and to be willing to ship us so far out to perform for them, was not only a reminder of why we perform the poetry we do for people as well as a reminder of the gratitude we receive and the wonderful acceptance of our form of the art of Australian Storytelling.

Bookings are being made already for next year's event and will feature a fresh array of Poetic Voices travelling outback to entertain these Golf-mad nomadic hackers and slicers!

For the record, the crowd was one of the most accepting and lively I had performed to in a long time, although admittedly the only other show I have done recently was a United Nations Conference and after asking where everybody was from.....well that was all the time I had, pretty much!



BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

12th to 20th February 2022

Incorporating

NATIONAL BUSH POETRY PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS 17 and 18 February 2022

Join the community of Orange, NSW and its surrounding villages in a week of bush poetry events for their annual Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival in February 2022. This will be a special festival as the Rotary Club of Orange is partnering with the ABPA to host the National Bush Poetry Performance Championship competition in association with the Festival.

Banjo Paterson was born in Orange on 17 February 1864 and what more fitting way to celebrate than to gather the best bush poets from across Australia in competition, entertainment and storytelling.

Put the dates in your diary and book accommodation early, as Orange has become a sought-after getaway destination. It offers great scenery, food and wine experiences, historic villages and lovely parks and gardens.

The program for the week is looking like this at the moment, and as the year goes on more events will be added.

Saturday 12 Feb

- Boree Cabonne historic homestead afternoon tea, Borenore
- Rosebank Guesthouse afternoon entertainment, Millthorpe
- Poetry Brawl, Molong

Sunday 13 Feb

- Poets' brunch, Yeoval

Monday 14 Feb

- Brekky and Poetry on the Pavers, Orange

Tuesday 15 Feb

- Brekky and Poetry on the Pavers, Orange
- Lunch at Ironbark Hotel, Stuart Town (via XPT from Orange)

Wednesday 16 Feb

- Brekky and poetry on the Pavers, Orange
- Wrath of Grapes, Heifer Station Wines

Thursday 17 Feb

- ABPA National Championship, Orange
- Twilight birthday celebration, Orange

Friday 18 Feb

- ABPA National Championship, Orange
- Food and wine night Market, Orange

Saturday 19 Feb

- Youth Poetry Competition, Orange
- Entertainment at Strawhouse Wines

Sunday 20 Feb

- Rotary Community Market, Orange
- Poetry performances and workshops in schools

Keep an eye on the ABPA website (www.abpa.org.au) for information about the National Championships and on the Orange360 web site (www.orange360.com.au) for program and booking information about the festival.

Len Banks

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 confidence, or because they are only written for monetary 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 underestimate nor overestimate the worth of your words!

The Editor



2021 Golden Wattle Awards and Queensland State Championships for Written Bush Poetry

Almost 100 entries were received from across Australia for this competition conducted by the North Pine Bush Poets club giving the committee plenty of development opportunities in the arts of collating, organising, categorising and printing. While it was disappointing that the planned awards presentation event had to be cancelled due to a sudden Covid lock-down in Brisbane, we managed to stick with the promised date of 4th July by using that greatly-valued pandemic alternative, Zoom. Thanks to the technical support of the Fellowship of Australian Writers Queensland and the wry humour of Mick Martin who hosted the 'meeting', it all went pretty smoothly. It was also a good way to meet and find out about bush poets from many parts of the country and one participant joining in from Delhi, India.

Three highly experienced judges made the selection of award winners in serious, humorous and junior categories with novice awards in the serious and humorous sections. All the judging was done blind and independently; that is, the poems were anonymous so the judges had no idea who the authors were and they applied very strict criteria as laid down by the APBA relating to style as well as literary merit. Our very sincere thanks go to those judges for their hard work and expertise.

Also, due to very generous sponsorships, a total prize pool of over \$1600 was distributed to the winners – 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the open categories and 1st place in the novice and junior categories. So, huge thanks to the generous sponsors of the competition:

- o Australian Bush Poets Association
- o Bendigo Bank
- o the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Queensland.
- o AimLab
- o members of the North Pine Poets club

The awards for the 2021 bush poetry written competition, then, are as follows:

- State Champion (Graham Fredriksen Trophy) and Open Serious section 1st place: Peter O'Shaughnessy for 'Kadaitcha'.
- Open Serious 2nd place: David Judge for 'Henry'.
- Open Serious 3rd place: Irene Timpone for 'The Debutante'.
- Open Humorous 1st place: Veronica Weal for 'Breakfast by the Creek'.
- Open Humorous 2nd place: Peter O'Shaughnessy for 'In the Clean Bar'.
- Open Humorous 3rd place: Veronica Weal for 'I spied a Spider'.
- Novice Serious: Howard Kennedy for 'Pandemic Protocols'.
- Novice Humorous: Howard Kennedy for 'The Theatre of a Sale'.
- Junior: Devmika Bogahapitiya for 'The Silence Beauty'.

Highly commended:

- Open Serious: Veronica Weal for 'Daisies and Snail Shells'.
- Open Humorous: Peter O'Shaughnessy for 'An Ancient Tiger'.

Commended:

- Open Serious: Shelley Hansen for 'The Trial of Harry Redford'.
- Peter O'Shaughnessy for 'The Landing'.
- Open Humorous: David Judge for 'The Outback Surfie'.
- Peter O'Shaughnessy for 'Shanghaied'.

On behalf of the club, huge congratulations to all our winners and thank you to all the wonderful poets who entered their work. Keep on creating and keeping the spirit of bush poetry alive!

Doc Bland

More Winning poems from the
2020 Dusty Swag Award

For entry forms to upcoming
competitions for Juniors go to
<http://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>



Congratulations to all the young writers who entered competitions this year.

JUNIOR (Primary) POETRY
Age 7-9 Years



HARMONY WITH NATURE
by Sri Arush Madtav Sastram
(Parramatta, NSW)

The kookaburra singing in delight
hidden out of sight,
The koala climbing a tree
now that it's seen me,
the kangaroo bouncing through the day
going its own way.
The dingo eating its meal
with a delightful squeal.

The trees long and tall
with leaves dewy and small,
The shrubs glistening in the light
from the sun which is super bright
The rainbow stretching to the indigo
across the sky that rained a while ago.

I walked through the bush,
dazzled and awestruck!
Harmony with Nature,
if this isn't it, then what is it?

© 2020 Sri Arush Madtav Sastram (at age 9)

JUNIOR (Primary) POETRY
Age 10 – 12 Years



BLUE

by Ehan Ali
(Waitara, NSW)

Blue may differ in hue
lightness or chroma
so to say "I feel blue"
is a miscoloured misnomer.

You may be the blue
of Pantone two ninety two
but perhaps another blueness
will give a better trueness
of your inner you-ness.



Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy



Why not try sky
some shade of Cerulean,
pale, bright or frosted
to use logic that's Boolean.

Sit and contemplate your Navy
Aquamarine forms of sea power
or pluck blues out of nature
like Duck-egg Blue or Cornflower.
For those who remain loyal
then of course there is Royal,
but if you remain sceptic
of have tastes more eclectic,
like me you might consider
going Electric.

Then there is Spanish, Prussian,
Egyptian and Persian.
There are a lot of nationalities
of which blue has a version.

Which blue hue is the true you
is not for me to tell –
and if you are not sure
there's always Azure.

© 2020 Ehan Ali (at age 10)

LIFE ON THE FARM
by Belle Rae
(Charters Towers, Qld.)

The sun begins to rise
to start another day.
My family wakes up
and smells the fresh cut hay.
I hear the horses trotting
towards the rusty wire,
they are waiting for their treat
while I'm sitting by the fire.
The cattle are mooing loudly
the chooks are in their pen,
the sheep are in the yards
the dogs are in their den.
There are chores to be done
before the sun heads west,
it's a busy, rewarding lifestyle –
life on the farm is the best.

©2021 Belle Rae (at age 11)

Her Dog Had Not Been Missed

© Ross Rolley
May 30th 2021

Brown water-spiders cast their ripples past the dappled shade,
to fade across the wide green reach the summer rains had made.
The drooping fronds of paper-barks dipped gently in the breeze
to touch and taste the wedge of water hemmed between the trees.

A solitary stockman knelt with reins across his arm,
and shared a common bonding with a mare of class and charm.
The pair drank long and deeply in the heat of summer noon,
then rested briefly on the bank beside the cool lagoon.

Involuntary visions filled his mind with sudden dread,
and drove his every conscious thought to fear the time ahead.
The horse had sensed the shift in mood, and stood to play her part:
from head to hoof, she offered him her fighting lion's heart.

Across the ridges, down the flats, they worked like oiled machines,
to set a pace, to cover ground, and show what 'gallop' means.
He spurred the bay from river's bend and through the homestead gate
to calm his wife and hear the news that would define their fate.

A bonnie tot with chubby cheeks and braids of golden hair
had wandered off and found a way to foil her mother's care.
Those clear, blue eyes had opened wide and childish mischief sought
to stir her curiosity before she could be caught.

The father saw her yearning eyes each time he rode away.
He knew the fearless gift she had, her joy in every day.
He prayed to find her safe and sound – their precious little girl:
no God would ever laud an act that harmed a cultured pearl.

The word was out, the locals heard there was a job at hand –
to travel now and travel fast across the wide brown land.
So often, rural people find how brutal life can be,
when youngsters lose their given right to perch on old Dad's knee.

The ground beyond the homestead rail was stirrup-deep in grass,
where tyre tracks wound through the trees to help the infant pass.
This knowledge drove the searchers on to find some vital clue
that gave them cause to celebrate in every way they knew.

The chaos grew around the house when darkness crossed the land;
when ringers, truckies, and their wives arrived to give a hand.
The kitchen served up pots of tea and chunks of crusty bread
while men on foot trudged through the dark until the East glowed red.

Amid the toil and nervous woe, her dog had not been missed,
that blind blue-heeler, never seen as one who could assist.
The truth be known, a bond had grown so strong between the pair:
that hound was bound by love alone to scent of long, blond hair.

As sunrise brought a bright, clear day, a miracle was born:
the girl awoke beside her dog, to stretch, to smile and yawn.
The imp was wrapped in Mother's arms before the breakfast bell,
while adults wept with happiness and bade their grief farewell.



'The father saw her yearning eyes'

WHATS HAPPENING IN WA —THE DERBY BUSH POETS FESTIVAL

Twelve months of planning has paid off. WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinner Association successfully conducted the 22nd Derby Bush Poets Festival on Sunday 18th July 2021. (last years festival was cancelled due to co-vid) It was a pleasant surprise to see Cheryl Holmes as a visitor. Cheryl started the Derby Bush Poets Festival 23 yrs ago before she moved on and the local committee took over the event.

A new format was trialled—a brunch instead of a breakfast with a later starting time.

Southern poets Bill, Meg Gordon and Alan Aitken finally made it to Derby after spending some weeks traveling up the west coast promoting poetry and the Festival. Christine Boulton unfortunately had to return home due to becoming unwell.

Contact was made with the ladies in Derby, Elsie Archer, Diana Troup and Robyn Bowcock, who had been our assistants on the ground while we organised the event from down south. They had done a marvellous job with raffles and pamphlets and signage so we were all set for a great Poets Brunch at the Sportsmans Club.

The new venue proved successful and locals and visitors alike gave us good feedback. We have taken their suggestions on board and will utilise them in planning next year's event.

The day started with music from Terry Bennetts, Fred Russ and Sam Lovell while visitors arrived and gathered their food.

There was a lineup of eight poets, including two young locals who bravely recited poetry including an eight year old, Alice Hardman who recited perfectly "Clancy of The Overflow". The other was Isabel Dunster who had performed in recent years and she amused us with a piece from "The Magic Pudding".

Broome poet, Dave Morrell started the show which also included Cobber Lethbridge, Stinger Nettleton, Bill Gordon, Alan Aitken, Paul Ellis and Ivan Bridge. Meg Gordon was MC and kept the poets to their time slots so that the three hours moved along smoothly to finish on time.

We thank Kerry Leamy, Vice President, Brad Taylor, Manager and Phil Norris, cook at the Sportsmans Club for their generous assistance with table arrangement and service during the meal. The display of Desert Rose plants around the stage was stunning.



Terry Bennetts with locals Sam Lovell and Fred Russ



Derby Bush Poets Festival at Sportsmans Club



Cobber Lethbridge



Ivan Bridge yarnspinner
Halls Creek



Junior performers
Alice Hardman (left)
and Isabel Dunster
(Right)



Cheryl Holmes and Meg Gordon



Dave Morrell—Broome



Desert Rose

KING OF THE RANGES

STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

Showcasing Stockmanship Skills

with Bush Festival Entertainment for the whole family



24 - 25 September 2021
Murrurundi NSW

Phone: 0428 471 712

More information - www.kingoftheranges.com.au

#kingoftheranges

KING OF THE RANGES

STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

The 2021 Annual

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

and your name on the magnificent Outback Heritage Trophy

\$10 for first two poems then \$10 a poem. (any topic)

Critique (if required) additional \$10 Poems may be any topic.

Entries:

The Secretary, Kay Seath (KOTR)

17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong. 2265

Enq: 0416 262399

Email (enquiries only): kaysie2@hotmail.com

CONDITIONS

This competition is an **OPEN** event for **ORIGINAL** verse having good **RHYME** and **METER**.

- Previously published poetry that has not been published for monetary gain and has not won a first prize in any written competition will be accepted.
- No responsibility for poems entered in the wrong category. Please check.
- A4 size pages should be used keeping each entry separate, using one side of paper only.
- Entries should be typed where possible.
- Cover sheets should be used. Entrants name or other details or identifying marks of any kind must not appear on any of the poems.
- **Direct Deposit** (stating name & details) to KOTR
WP Life BSB 03254 Acc 289374
Or Cheque or money orders for the total amount of entry fees (and any critique fees) should be made out to King of the Ranges (Bush Poetry) and must accompany all entries not paid and referenced by Direct Deposit.

CLOSING DATE. Entries date stamped no later than **25th August, 2021** will be accepted.

Copyright remains with the author. Poems will not be used in any anthology without the author's permission. Poems will not be returned.

The winners will be announced at the **Poets' Breakfast** at the King of the Ranges Festival on **Saturday morning 25th September 2021.**

If required entrants should supply a SSAE for results to be posted after the awards are presented. Results will be posted on ABPA and KOTR websites.

The judge's decision will be final and no further correspondence will be entered into. As well as 1st, 2nd and 3rd places, there may be Highly Commended awards made according to the judge's discretion.

**ENTRY FEE: \$10.00 PER POEM OR for two poems
(Critique additional \$10 per poem)**

Extra poems can be listed on a separate cover sheet. Entry forms may be copied.

Original **SERIOUS** Category: (please tick poem if **Critique** required)

Poem Title

1.....

2.....

Original **HUMOROUS** Category

Poem Title

1.....

2.....

Add others (if applicable) on a separate sheet may be used

NAME (Please Print).....

Postal Address.....

..... Code.....

Phone.....email.....

Number of Entries..... Entry Fees applicable.....

plus Critique fee of \$10 per poem (if required).....

TOTAL.....

Payment details: Total entry fees plus critique if required:

Direct Deposit Name reference, to KOTR, WP Life. BSB 03254 Acc: 289374

(Payment can also be by chq. or money order payable KOTR, 17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong, NSW 2265) Enquiries kaysie2@hotmail.com

Signed..... Date.....

An adult must also sign if the entrant is under 18 years of age.....

Signs and Portents

© Ted Logan

Melbourne living through the time of COVID,
Like London in the time of plague!
Changes in people's lives and behaviour,
Signs and portents clear or vague.

Signs that times are different now,
Where everyone is wearing a mask,
As they go through their exercise drill,
Or perform their outdoor task.

Not to hide their facial features,
Like a Zorro or Burglar Bill,
But to control the spread of COVID
Which is making our close contacts ill.

Masks are moving now up-market,
Like a Venetian Masquerade,
Perhaps to make a fashion statement,
Or to show we are not afraid.

Decorated street trees festooned with paintings,
Cards and posters, messages of hope,
Good wishes sent to passers-by
Urging everyone to cope.

Hopscotch layouts chalked on footpaths.
Traditional "Taws" land on a numbered square.
Intrigued walkers stop to hop –
And wonder who is living there.

Smilers and milers and "once in a whilers,"
People out walking with dogs or alone,
Doggers and joggers and itinerant bloggers
Perhaps in a reverie, perhaps on the phone,
Girls on scooters, boys on bikes,
Teens on skateboards, bubs on trikes

Melbourne living through the time of COVID,
Like London in the time of plague!
Changes in people's lives and behaviour,
Signs and portents clear or vague.



"G'DAY, ME NAME IS CLARRY!"

© Peter White, Eagleby, 2021

G'day, me name is Clarry an' me story I should tell,
so that when I finish it yer'll know me pretty well.
I was born in 1876 in Auburn, South Australia.
I'm a bit of a writer. With me stories I'll regale yer.

I started school in Gladstone; no not the one up north.
I'm talkin' South Australia. Stay with me there 'enceforth.
Me dad, 'e owned a pub there; 'e was a man of means.
'e sent me orf to Adelaide to college, in me teens.

'e then moved to Laura an' bought a pub once more.
No, not the town in Queensland! What did I say before?
At college I was educated by the Christian Brothers.
I would have gone to Uni, if I'd 'ad me druthers.

But me first job beckoned. I became a solicitor's clerk.
Pretty dull an' borin'. It was no walk in the park.
An' so I took to writin'. It 'elped to pass the time.
In no time at all, it seemed, I'd published me first rhyme.

Next year, I joined "THE CRITIC", on their literary staff.
By 1904 I was Editor, sortin' wheat from chaff.
In me time I met the "Banjo", 'enry Lawson also.
We sometimes worked together. A thrill fer me don't yer know.

From writin' I made a good livin' an' earned me daily bread.
Me output was quite prolific. I'm sure there's somethin' yer've read.
One of me pomes made a movie. Is it one that yer've seen?
It features me favourite characters, the Bloke an' 'is girl, Doreen.

Aged 61 I died in Melbourne. For each the wheel of life turns.
P.M. Joe Lyons suggested I was Australia's Robbie Burns.
An' that, me friends is me story. Oh, an' by the way,
me family name is Dennie an' me initials are C.J.



CAMPING IN THE RAIN

© Maureen Stahl Ellininyt

I've seen many glossy brochures of Grey Nomads on their trips.
They're relaxing in their deck chairs, wine glasses close to lips.
Their site is carpeted with grass, behind in easy reach
on which the sun is shining is a lovely Aussie beach.

It's such a nice inviting scene it makes you want to roam
to pack and hit the road and leave your worries back at home.
Great when the sun is shining but what happens in the rain?
Then camping's not much fun in fact it's just a blooming pain.

We're shut inside the van and getting on each other's nerves
We need a good supply of patience, all that's in reserve
The windows are all fogged up so we can't see out at all
and at times the van is shaken by a sudden gusty squall.

It seems each time I move my hubby's backside's in the way
and passing can be difficult we have to bend and sway
Our feet just take up so much room; do you know what I think?
The rain has caused our shoes to swell and the caravan to shrink

Condensation's a problem when it forms above my head'
The droplets start to fall then making patterns on the bed.
We develop cabin fever. Is it so bad out there?
Maybe we'll go for a walk and enjoy some good fresh air.

Then we return with dripping coats and boots all caked with mud
to find the ground around the van has got a mini flood.
Then where do we hang our wet coats? Inside there is nowhere,
and we have a van with no annex added on out there.

Ok I've voiced my grievances and I think I've made it plain.
If there's one thing that I hate it's camping in the rain.

"A HOMOPHONIC AND HEDONIC TONIC."

(A pleasurable sense of invigoration induced
by the repetition of the same sound.)

The old Australian bushman, a character iconic,
isn't very talkative. In fact he's quite laconic.
To some his constant silence means he is moronic,
or at least possessed by some incubus demonic.

Those periods of silence at times seem catatonic.
Other times his lilting voice is musically harmonic.
His distinctive drawl is manifestly monotonic
and soothing, if you're suffering an affliction chronic.

Troubles are erased by a pleasing voice symphonic,
more so than today's modern music electronic.
The behaviour off city folk in their attitude sardonic,
doesn't seem to phase him. I find that quite ironic.

They try to lord it over him in a tendency Teutonic,
acting dictatorially in a style Napoleonic.
Usually when faced with a tirade histrionic,
the bushman retaliates in a manner cacophonous.

Slow to anger but if riled his demeanour is cyclonic.
His strident voice resembling a boom supersonic.
So city folk when meeting with a bushman be platonic,
or he'll request you shove it in an area colonic.

© Peter White, Eagleby, 2021

THE WEDDING

© Hugh Allan

The island of Rottnest has beautiful bays,
and the wedding proposal was this:
the guests would all stay for a couple of days
and relax on the beaches of bliss.

The wedding location so worthy of praise,
was a beach at the base of a stair:
a timber construction from which one could gaze
over reefs in a shimmering glare.

A bus took the wedding guests down to the coast,
where they climbed down the wooden device.
The oldies who struggled were puffing the most,
and the kids, just for fun, did it twice.

Bikinis would better have suited the sand
than the high heels and elegant dress;
the chairs were all lined up in front of the stand,
where the minister made his address.

The bride and the groom were pronounced man and wife,
and the cheering began on the beach.
Photography reigned and champagne came to life,
and a seagull looked on with a screech.

Then hearts started racing and faces turned red,
as they climbed up the stair to the top.
The kids had a laugh when the minister said
that his lungs were about to go pop.

Reception's festivities saw a good show,
and a band brought out dancers galore.
But weather forecasters predicted a blow
and conditions at sea would be raw.

Round midnight the wind came in, straight off the bay,
at a hundred and forty at least.
By morning the storm had moved further away,
but the sea was a turbulent beast.

The guests, having packed, were all ready to go,
but of Fremantle ferries, no news.
The sea at four-metres gave people a show,
as they stood on the wharf in long queues.

Then late in the morning from Hillary's, came
an adventurous ferry at last,
and those who embarked saw the sea as a game,
but the sick-bags were filling up fast.

The ferry took swells from the port side, and steep,
and she tilted to cries of 'Oh Lord!'
Then slid from the top to a trough blue and deep,
as the water cascaded on board.

Excitement is wonderful if you survive,
and the passengers did, looking green;
an excellent feeling just being alive
when you've sailed through a washing machine.

Great Aussie Reads

With Jack Drake

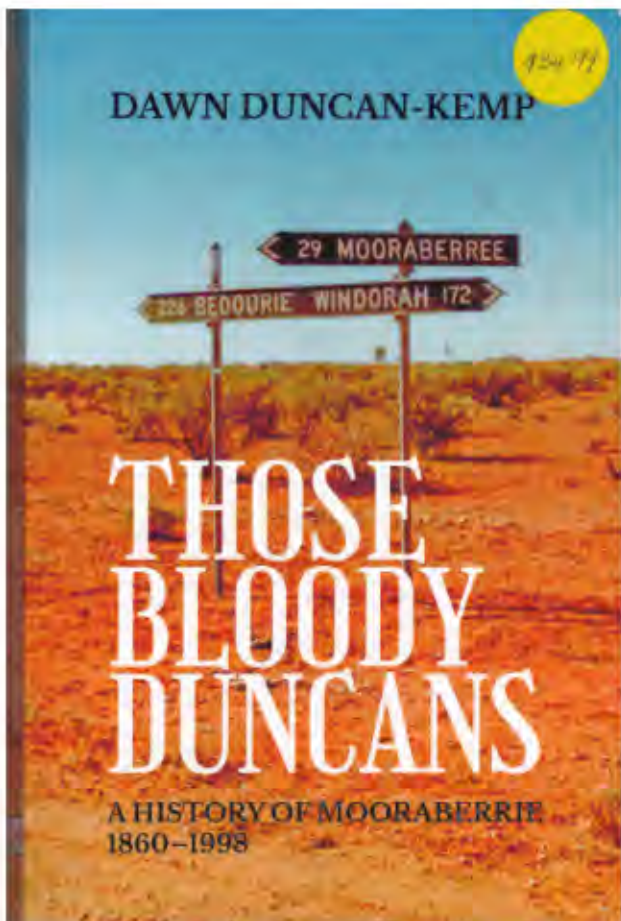


A while back I reviewed a very good Australian novel called *Cattlemen* by R.S. Porteous. Thanks to Jeff Close of Outback Books, this book is back in print again as is the author's other work of fiction, *Brigalow*. (Spur N Eight Publishing 2017)

Brigalow is the story of Bob Anders, a young ringer who takes an overseer's job on a Queensland station that appears well run on the surface, but has issues with staffing and the state of its herd.

Bob's adventures knocking the station back into shape make great reading. R.S. "Skip" Porteous obviously knows of life in a big cattle country and this shines through in his writing.

Brigalow is a great read. I would certainly recommend it.



Mooraberree Station which is now incorporated into the Kidman chain of properties in Queensland's channel country, is a place with a very interesting history.

Before the turn of the 20th Century William Duncan became manager and eventually owner of the place. Unlike most cattlemen of those times, Duncan worked closely with the indigenous Karuwali people who became personal friends and were hugely influential in developing the station.

Duncan died in 1907 and his wife, Laura, took over the management. In an extremely "blokey" time and place, Laura Duncan ran Mooraberree profitably and at times truculently in the face of male attitudes from neighbours and authority. With the help of her three daughters and the Karuwali whom the Duncans referred to as "The Landlords", the property stayed in Duncan hands until 1998.

The female management caused the male chauvinist attitudes of the time to label the family "Those Bloody Duncans" and this is the title of the work of descendant, Dawn Duncan-Kemp's work.

Those Bloody Duncans (Boolarong Press 2020), is a history of the station and a fascinating insight into a part of Queensland that is naturally irrigated by the Western River system making it some of the greatest cattle fattening country on earth.

This book is definitely worth reading.

More great Aussie reads at www.outbackbooks.info

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

© Kathy Edwards 17/5/2021

My friend Gwenda was a joy to know, full of laughter, love and mirth and on Mother's Day Twenty Twenty One she departed from this earth. Would I say something at the Service? her husband Laurie requested a poem he suggested one by a famous author and I could also recite one of my own.

I started to write one for Gwenda and as I commenced to compose was told time didn't allow for 2 poems Should I do mine or the one Laurie chose? I wanted to write something special for my friends Laurie & Gwenda Grime now alas, I am told to only say one because there will not be enough time.

Choosing which poem I should say was becoming quite a dilemma I pondered, I thought and wondered which poem should I say for Gwenda? On the day of Gwenda's funeral as we drove down along the highway I thought maybe I should ask Gwenda which poem she would like me to say

Then a car passed us and drove in front just metres away from our fender 'It's a hearse' I said 'with a coffin inside I KNOW who it is, It is Gwenda'. We followed the hearse to the Crematorium a distance of maybe 5 or 6K's all the while I spoke to my friend til we reached her final resting place.

Was it coincidence following Gwenda, for after weekends away years ago we'd stay behind to follow the Grimes and were always the last ones to go. At the Service I said the poem I wrote, the one with Gwenda in mind I knew in my heart she'd enjoy it for when critiquing my poetry was kind.

2 days later we stopped to have lunch as we travelled in our bus back home still wondering as I had done all week would Gwenda have liked my poem? I walked from the bus across the park admiring the ocean's beautiful view what happened next I cannot explain another coincidence believe me its true

Something suddenly struck me without a warning, I felt a whack who would have thrown a ball or a stone and hit me so hard on my back? As I turned to confront the culprit I was taken quite by surprise no one was near but a little bird I just could not believe my eyes.

It flew across my shoulder and sat in front of me on the rail I said "Hello, how are you?" and it answered with a flick of its tail. And then it started singing the most melodious sound I had ever heard not a whistle a tweet or a warble but a beautiful song from this little bird.

When it stopped I said "you are clever" I could've touched it, it was so near then as it started singing again down my cheek, I could feel a tear. I said "May I take your photo?" it puffed out its chest as it struck a pose was this a message from Gwenda or a coincidence, I wonder, who knows.

I can say that Gwenda is happy and if someone asks how do I know I can reply without hesitation that a little bird told me so.



I'm Sick of Seeing Noses

© Stephen Whiteside 21.10.2020

I'm sick of seeing noses as I wander through my day.
When it comes to wearing masks, there is a right and proper way.
We have a mouth to eat and drink, but when we want to breathe,
We use our nose. Each time I see another one, I seethe.

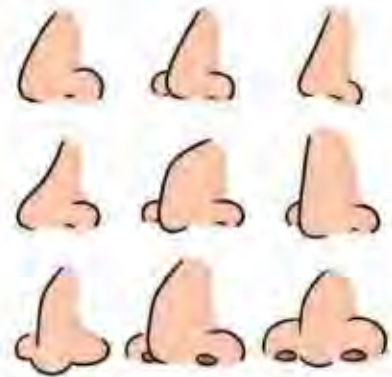
See, I live in Melbourne city, where coronavirus rules.
It's shut down all our offices, our restaurants, our schools.
We haven't simply been in lockdown once. We've been there twice.
Each resident will testify, it isn't very nice!

I'm sick of seeing noses. They should all be out of sight,
Covered up by masks that wrap around them, tied up tight.
Some masks just hang loosely. Other masks are tied below
The breathing apparatus, with both nostrils out on show.

Is it carelessness or selfishness, or simply want of brain?
Whatever the excuse might be, it rubs against the grain.
Each one of these bare noses might yet be the witless donor
Of our deadly, silent enemy – the virus called corona!

I'm sick of seeing noses. Have I made myself quite clear?
Life is such a precious gift. I hold it very dear.
There are already far too many ways it can be lost.
I do not wish to see one more upon the scrap heap tossed!

So, please, wrap up your nostrils with whatever is at hand.
Public views of noses – for the present time – are banned.
Please, try to hold the line until this great threat disappears.
I'm sick of seeing noses – all I want is eyes and ears!



THE NASHO'S REUNION MOREE

© Max Pringle O.A.M
For March 2018

The National Service Act was passed
Back in nineteen sixty four
To fight the war in Vietnam
Though it did exist before.

The Nasho's are a special breed
Only called in times of war
When the populace in general
Is called on to do much more.

While there were many volunteered
There were other's got the 'call'
To go and fight the Vietcong
Where so many were to fall.

But they went and did their duty
In our countries time of need
They fought as hard as 'regulars'
And they proved their worth indeed.

Though not called on to fight these days
They still like to keep in touch
So each year there's a reunion
And that's not asking too much.

Where they talk about the old days
Of the good times and the bad
Back when they learnt what mateship meant
When a mate was all you had.

Those mates still stand the test of time
As these reunions will attest
And that's why they're all here today
To catch up with all the rest.

They're not here glorifying war
That's not what they're here about
They're just catching up with old mates
And perhaps join in a shout.

So hold your heads up everyone
I take my hat off to you
As Churchill said 'so much is owed
By so many to so few.

God Bless the Nasho's
Max Pringle O.A.M
For March 2018

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

© Maureen Stahl

"Grass is always greener on the other side of the fence," they'd say.
So I took a piece from each side, but they weren't different. No way!
It was exactly the same colour, that grass each side of the fence.
The grown-ups said so many things that just didn't make any sense.

They would tell me, "Hold your horses," when there wasn't a horse in sight.
Grown-ups, I thought, knew everything so you would think they'd get stuff right.
One time they said, "Don't rock the boat." But there was no boat I could see
and people were like "chalk and cheese" yet they looked just normal to me.

They talked about "playing with fire." Surely grown-ups wouldn't do that
and somebody "stole their thunder". I wonder how they managed that.
They talked of "a bird in the hand" and about two more in a bush.
"Beating around the bush," I think made those birds go off with a woosh..

They would "kill two birds with one stone." Hearing that I started to cry.
And it made me feel quite hungry when they talked of "pie in the sky."
They spoke of "cutting the mustard" but I don't like mustard at all.
And "using elbow grease" on the floor! Wouldn't that cause me to fall?

They said it took "two to tango." Are Mum and Dad learning to dance?
Do you think they'd let me go too and watch? I don't think there's a chance
They said it "rained on their parade" but I'd seen no parade that day.
How could they "jump on the bandwagon" when there was no band to play?

They said don't "cry over spilt milk." I didn't spill any I swear
And "take it with a pinch of salt," "but I don't like salt", I declare
There's "water under the bridge" but it's dry as there hasn't been rain.
They said we'd "missed the boat." Oh dear that invisible boat again.

Our grass is the same as the neighbours who live just over the fence
And I'm shaking my head in despair because grown-ups don't talk any sense.

"QUEENSLAND'S ILL-FATED MEN."

© Peter White, Eagleby, 2021

(In memory of Sapper Charlie Coombs, my
grandfather, who did not survive Ambon.)

As part of "Gull Force" leaving Darwin, was a complement of sixty-three men,
Section 3, 2/11th Field Engineers. Few were seen again.
The 2/11th were from Queensland and to do their bit were prepared.
But from the conditions they suffered only eighteen were spared.

To support the Dutch at Ambon in December '41 "Gull Force" sailed.
A Japanese invasion expected, this hastily devised strategy failed.
Overcome by superior numbers in February of '42,
"Gull Force" surrendered in total. There was little else they could do.

Then followed the massacre of three hundred men at Laha Military Airfield.
At a much later War Crimes Tribunal, to the world this fact was revealed.
The survivors were then imprisoned for the remainder of the war.
Some were transferred to Hainan, an island off China's shore.

In the camps their situation was a appalling with conditions most unsanitary.
Little wonder so many didn't survive from dysentery and beri-beri.
Their captors, contemptuous of prisoners, showed cruelty beyond belief.
From starvation, beatings and illness often death was a welcome relief.

The survivors, in poor health, were rescued at the very end of the war.
Nine from Ambon, nine from Hainan made it back to Australia's shore.
None of them now are surviving. Each their old comrades have met.
All of us need to remember them. LEST WE FORGET.

SANDY WHERE THE RIVERS FLOW

(With apologies to BANJO)

© James Kent

I had messaged him by Email but with no addressing detail
sent it to the country council that employed him years ago.
Grader driver when I knew him so I sent the message to him,
just line or two of greeting so alive I was he'd know.

Came the answer unexpected with the spelling uncorrected,
(hot and venomous the words, like little dripping drops of tar.)

It was Sandy's wife who wrote it and partly I will quote it,
"Sandy's shot through fishing north and I don't care where he are!"

In my planning and my scheming though I know it's mostly dreaming,
visions come to me of Sandy where the tidal rivers flow.
with the Barramundi fighting, Mangrove Jack and Queenies biting
for the fishing there has pleasures that so few of us will know.

River mossies greet him and the crocs would like to eat him,
wild and wet or hot and dry and cyclones come and go.
Heart and hide as tough as leather never bities, beasts or weather
threaten, scare or worry him, Sandy where the rivers flow.

I am sitting here and shivering with folks around me dithering,
rugged against the winters fury threat'ning wind and rain and sleet,
while the icy air and frigid has almost froze me rigid,
through the long and weary weeks of drifting thoughts and restless feet.

On the warmer days extended lines of anglers never ended,
crowding one another rudely when "I got a bite" the call.
In local waters oily black fishing lines are mostly slack,
Tiddlers, toadies only hooked if any fish are caught at all.

In the place of catching Barras I am merely feeding sparras.
hungry cheeky little vagabonds all noise and ceaseless patter,
not the strident crying of the swans in formation flying,
with the hunting call of eagles and the cockies' raucous chatter.

So I think it rather dandy if I could make a change with Sandy,
chasing after Barramundi and Queenies on the go
while he faced the daily grind of the care and "never mind".
though I doubt he'd suit the nursing home, Sandy of the river flow.



The Boat Race

© Ted Logan

Sir William Clarke of Rupertswood,
A wealthy station owner,
Made contributions to charities,
And to many a church was a donor.

Had early connections to Footscray –
"Note Clarke and Rupert Street"
Named after family members –
A rich tycoon's conceit.

For his support of worthy causes
Made a baronet by the Queen.
Especially cricket and horse-racing
And the Footscray sporting scene.

In eighteen hundred and eighty six
He donated a silver cup,
To be a trophy in a rowing race –
Either down the river or up.

That's the Maribyrnong River,
Between "The Anglers" and "Pioneer,"
Footscray and Essendon Rowing Clubs
Would participate each year.

On one side the wilds of Footscray Park,
On the other Flemington Races
Where the Melbourne Cup is proudly held,
And folks kick over the traces!

There was, what turned out to be,
An unfortunate clause to view;
If the trophy was won three years in a row,
Would be retained by the winning crew.

Not expected to happen, but did!
Three years Footscray won that race
To keep the trophy outright –
And show in a suitable place.

Probably went straight to the pool-room!
Or to the president's display.
But the race sequence had come to its end
Much to everyone's dismay.

The Boat Race Cup then disappeared,
Its existence faded from view;
Till it re-emerged and was recognised,
Cleaned and polished and restored as new.

A century had passed from the River Race
Seemed a miraculous coincidence,
To pay our homage to the past,
Freshen our thoughts of the race sequence.

An icon of historical worth,
Council states it would hold a dinner,
Invite members of both rowing clubs,
Present the Cup to the original winner.

Other invitees, councillors,
The Historical Society and Press;
Lady Clarke to present the Cup;
The function was a great success.

Grand-daughter-in law of the sponsor,
Lady Clarke was a Bracknell type
Entertaining, brash and lively,
Giving other opinions a swipe.

As Mayor I hosted the evening
Quite enjoying the speech and ad-libs,
Except Lady Clarke punctuating her points,
Digging her elbow into my ribs!

AUSSIE SPOKEN BLOKE

Graham Scobie



Aussie Spoken Bloke

Aussie Spoken Bloke is a CD of 15 original bush poems by south coast NSW poet, songwriter and musician, Graham Scobie. Some of the poems were originally released as songs on Graham's music CD's, *By the Banks of the Billabong*, *Aussie Gospel Bloke*, *100 Years Australia* and *Granite Town*, but all began life as bush poems. Others were written more recently such as *The Fire at Yankee's Gap* which occurred in August, 2018, and which Graham fought as a member of the Mogendoura Rural Fire Service Brigade. Other poems such as *Stand to Intention* and *Backburn 3am* were written over the 2019/2020 bushfire season as Graham and his wife, Michelle, run a farm just outside Moruya and a bushfire burnt most of the property on Thursday, 23 Jan 2020.

Copies of the CD are available from Graham for \$10, including GST and postage, on 0409 225957, graham@scobie.com.au or PO Box 87, Moruya NSW 2537. A sample can be found at www.scobie.com.au

WINNING STORY from the 2020 Dusty Swag Awards

Co-ordinated by ABPA Treasurer Christine Middleton

Judges – Brenda Joy and Terry Piggott

JUNIOR (Primary) Australian STORY

Age 7-9 Years

"SKIP" by Eleanor O'Brien (7 rs)

(Lenah Valley, Hobart, Tasmania)

Loves reading, writing stories, horse riding in the holidays

Eleanor was inspired to write the story of "Skip" during a period of bushfires throughout Australia

Skip is a sheepdog. He was found in a train station. The only thing he had was a red hat. He was one when he was found. When a family found him he was taken to a farm. The owners took great care of him.

One day his owners left to go on a holiday and it was getting very hot. The sky was orange. Day by day it was hotter and hotter and skip saw flames in the distance. Skip was worried, He howled.

One morning he woke up and saw flames. He was scared. He tried to get out but it was no use. Suddenly Skip heard a loud noise in the fire. It was like "HELP". Then Skip realised his neighbours were on holiday but the little girl didn't go. She hid.

Skip rushed up to the little girl. The little girl grabbed onto Skip's fur. The little girl coughed. They heard sirens... "Wee Nore Wee Nore". The fire truck arrived and out of the fire came Skip and the little girl.

Skip got a badge and the little girl's family came back. Skip's family was moving so the little girl's family kept him.

THE END

They had two horses.



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

BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

11 to 20 February 2022

Planning is well underway for the 2022 Festival in Orange, NSW. This incorporates the National Bush Poetry Performance Championships on 17 and 18 February; a great way to celebrate the birth and early life of Andrew Barton Paterson in the Orange district. There will be a youth poetry recital competition of original poems, a poetry brawl (1-minute poems), plenty of opportunities for walk-up performances in Orange and in our surrounding villages, a yarnspinning competition, a twilight celebration of Banjo's birthday and, if COVID restrictions permit, we will be back to having our renowned food and wine night market.

Reserve the dates and spread the word. There is lots to see and do in the Central Tablelands of NSW with the Banjo Museum at Yeoval, other museums, art galleries, wineries, lakes, cafes and restaurants, as well as beautiful scenery in the lead into the magnificent Autumn colours of the region. Keep informed through the Orange360 website.

Len Banks
0428 4549 117
contact@rotarycuboforange.org.au

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) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 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



LOGAN PERFORMANCE BUSH POETS
Presents



**LOGAN'S MUDDY RIVER PERFORMANCE
BUSH POETRY COMPETITION**

*A Three day Muddy River Bush Poetry Festival
Comprises*

Friday 10th September 6-10pm – The EAGLE TAVERN at (166 Fryer Rd Eagleby) 'Meet and Greet'- an informal get together with walk-ups, competitions and the one minute poem.

Saturday 11th September 9-3 pm Beenleigh Show in the PHOENIX ENSEMBLE THEATRE. Competition day - Novice, Classical, Modern, and Original. There will be 15 (max) in each event.

Sunday 12th September MUDDY RIVER SUNDAY 9-12pm Beenleigh Historical Village 205 Main St Beenleigh –A wind-down with walk-ups. An award of the 'Most Enjoyable Poet' of the three days-trophy and cash prize- (Judges from audience)

Ring Gerry for more information 0499942922
Or check out the entry form at
www.abpa.org.au