

Merry Christmas and a Safe New Year To All Our ABPA Members.

ABPA



Australian Bush Poets Association

Volume 27 No. 6

December/January 2021/22



Dave Proust

27-06-59 ~~(1959)~~ 20-10-21

Vale Prousty

Thanks For The Memories

poets Breakfast

COME Join US!!
Host
TOM McILVEEN



BUSH POETS MUSIC YARNSPINNING

West Tamworth Bowlo
Belmore St, West Tamworth

DAILY from 8.30am - \$10
Mon 17th to Sat 22nd Jan

*** Ray Essery *** Greg North *** Bill Kearns *** Paddy O'Brien ***
*** Peter Mace *** John Peel *** Dave Elson *** Dave Melville ***

MUSIC by Tom McIlveen / Susan Ashton
SPECIAL GUEST Pat Drummond

More Info
Phone 0417 251 287

MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

8AM POETS BREAKFAST WITH WALK UPS WITH A DIFFERENCE. PRIZE'S
\$100 1ST \$60 2ND \$40 3RD ENTRANTS MAY RECITE OR SING A SONG UNACCOMPANIED (WITHOUT MUSIC)



milton show
society

OPEN PERFORMANCE COMPETITION TO START AT 11AM
TO BE HELD AT THE MILTON SHOW
IN THE JNA THOMPSON PAVILION
SAT 6TH MARCH 2022

OPEN COMP CARRIES A TOTAL OF
\$1500 PRIZE MONEY

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

MAXIMUM OF 15 PERFORMERS ACCEPTED ON FIRST IN FIRST SEERVED BASIS
Entries postmarked no later than 5th FEBUARY 2021 Entry fee \$15
Entries to Poetry Coordinator John Davis 37 George Avenue Kings Point NSW 2539

POEM CAN BE SERIOUS OR LIGHT HEARTED AND CLASICAL, CONTEMPORY OR ORIGINAL
COMPLIMENTRY TEA & COFFEE WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE VENUE.

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

Contact John Davis 37 George avenue Kings Point NSW 2539
Ph 02 44552013 email jda76436@bigpond.net.au

To the committee and everyone that is associated with ABPA,

I just wanted to say thank you for your generous donation to the Prousty's Last Hurrah for the Mark Hughes Foundation. Our fundraising effort couldn't help Dave but hopefully it will change someone else's future. So far we have raised over \$30,000. which is amazing.

When Dave was diagnosed with the brain tumour in 2018 we were devastated, but then he just seemed to deal with it and being on stage during this time helped him enormously, performing his poems and standup routines gave him so much joy, he just loved to make people laugh. In January 22 it will be the 21st Anniversary of Dave rocking up to The Imperial Hotel and winning the Original section with his poem "Mates". So many wonderful opportunities and beautiful friendships came from that first encounter, I will be forever grateful for so many wonderful memories.

We all miss him so very very much he has left a massive hole in our lives.

Thanks again and I hope to see you in Tamworth next year.

Kind regards

Therese Proust

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

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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.

Ad Payments have been suspended during Covid for all but Personal Merchending Ads until further notice from the Committee,

Next Magazine Deadline is January 31st 2022

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 a .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 you publish your articles and poems with the respect that they deserve.

President's Report

As the year draws to an end we look forward to better days.

It is an opportunity for families and friends to be reunited and to celebrate Christmas in our traditional ways.

The new year will see the Tamworth Country Music Festival, incorporating our Golden Damper Bush Poetry Awards being conducted at the Southside Uniting Church. For further details see elsewhere in this edition.

The Australian Bush Poetry Championship will be held in Orange on Thursday 17th and Friday 18th of February at the Orange Ex Services Club, 10am to 5pm with the presentation of winners at 4pm on Friday. Details on the orange360.com.au website and elsewhere in this edition.

The Australian Bush Poets Association Incorporated AGM will be held in Orange on Wednesday 16 February 2022 at 1pm EDT, venue to be confirmed and via zoom. Please contact treasurer@abpa.org.au to be sent a zoom link if you wish to participate.

On a more somber note, Dave Proust, much loved performer and Association member lost his battle with a brain tumor. Instead of flowers we donated \$100 to the Mark Hughes Foundation for Proust's Last Hurrah. The initiative raised an amazing \$30,000 for research.

The ABPA is seeking expressions of interest from poetry groups for insurance cover under the Association. Those interested in exploring this potential cost saving opportunity should contact treasurer@abpa.org.au

I personally can't wait for the festivals, the fun and the travel to get going again.....it has been too long.

I take this opportunity to wish everyone a happy, safe and enjoyable Christmas and new year. Hoping to see you along the road.

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

TOP CAMP – 'Up in the Devil's Lair'

© Terry Piggott

Winner, The Betty Olle Poetry Award 2021, Kyabram and District Bush Verse Group, Kyabram, Victoria.

Where the stony creeks meander and the schist clad hills rise high,
you can feel your heart beat faster as you near where nuggets lie.
Yet this country can be treacherous for those who don't take care,
death has long since cast its shadow here up in the devil's lair.

There's a lonely grave that greets you where the ghost gums line the creeks
and it's here he'd sought his fortune once amid these crumbling peaks.
There's a worn-out pick and shovel there and boulders still lay strewn
and you hear the dingo's howling with the rising of the moon.

On a termite ridden tree trunk is a rusty frying pan,
where his mates had scratched the name once of this long-forgotten man.
But the words have disappeared now, so there's just a stone lined grave,
that's a poignant last reminder of a mate they could not save.

Far out in this wilderness his friends could only hope and wait,
praying for a miracle to somehow save a dying mate.
Though by then their hearts were hardened to the perils faced outback;
death no longer was a stranger to those men who blazed the track.

When you look down at his grave, you think of how it was that day
and you wonder at the heartache of a mother far away.
Then you think about a sweetheart and the life they'd hoped to share
and you feel a tinge of sadness here up in the devil's lair.

Time has silenced all the voices now of those who'd been his mate
and there's little still remembered of the way he met his fate.
With no comrades left to mourn him and no lover to shed tears,
he has rested here forgotten for one hundred dreary years.

Yet this country holds him to its breast and guards his resting place,
while the changing seasons come and go at their unhurried pace.
When the summer storms arrive each year to swell the creek once more,
you can hear the boulders crashing and the raging river roar.

At a waterhole that fills here after cyclones have passed through,
there are signs he may have camped there to enjoy the peaceful view.
As the nighttime shadows gathered and the sun began to sink,
he could watch the country stir again as creatures came to drink.

There's a haunting feel about this place when stars are shining bright
and you sense you're not alone, although there's not a soul in sight.
As the nighttime breezes stir the leaves they whisper as they go
and it sounds just like his voice at times around this old-time show.

As you daydream by your campfire at the closing of each day,
you imagine he's there with you pointing out where nuggets lay.
For it's easy to believe now that his spirit roams here still
and he guards these creeks and gullies from his grave up on the hill.

There's a nagging urge to come here, though I never stay for long,
yet I find it hard to leave at times; the lure of gold is strong.
It's remote and inhospitable when summer's in the air,
but again, that sense of sadness as you leave the Devils' lair.



Vale Prousty

It is with great sadness that we announce that one of our most popular Performance Poets, Dave 'Prousty' Proust, finally succumbed to the brain cancer which he had been suffering from since 2018.

Despite everything the cancer could throw at him, and an early diagnosis giving him six months to live, Prousty, being the tough and fit little bugger that he was, managed to fight off for three years before it finally beat him.

Poet, Entertainer, Plumber, Fireman.....Prousty's self acclaimed greatest achievements were being a husband, father and grandfather to a tribe of amazing kids and their offspring.

His ever suffering wife, Therese, was rarely far from his side in all the years I knew him. He always spoke of his family, even when I had shoved a sock in his mouth, and loved every minute he spent with them, every little thing they did. No achievement by a grandson or granddaughter was petty enough to not warrant a two hour lecture on the subject.

He was a man you couldn't keep down, despite trying many times. His energy, his enthusiasm, his love of the stage and the audiences were so evident in Prousty that it became as much of a trademark as his Jacky Howe singlet, Yakka Shorts and double-plugger thongs, his standard Stage attire.

Prousty first came to notice in the Bush Poetry scene back around 2005 when he again won the Original section of the Golden Damper Awards and was quickly brought over to The Longyard Hotel's Poets Breakfast by Frank Daniel and quickly established himself as a crowd favorite, performing there every year, right up until the most recent Festival in 2020.

But with Prousty, you can't just rest back on your laurels. Oh no! He went to the Cowboy Poetry Festival in Nevada and took them by storm. The poor old cowboys didn't know what hit them! He had them roaring laughing at every turn, despite rarely mentioning a Ranch, a Horse or a Cowboy!

He would always be found performing with not just the Bush Poets, but with some of the greats of Aussie Country Music, such as Adam Harvey, Becky Cole, Amber Lawrence, Buddy Goode and many others that he and Therese had made friends with around their beloved Central Coast haven of Forresters Beach.

He would always take me on some of the most beautiful and often terrifying Coastal walks I have ever been on. "Just don't look down!" he would always tell me as I clung to a wet, vertical cliff face.

He performed in every State of Australia and endeared himself to so many people.

He regularly went with Therese on Macca's Tag Along Tours, towing all sorts of vans with all sorts of vehicles and performing to the crew every night.

After his diagnosis, he didn't stop. He was determined to get to Africa to watch the Wildebeests run, and made damn sure he got there, with his brother and sister in law as well. They experienced a great few weeks over there. He'd also been to Vietnam and returned with some lairy outfits that would give Jim Haynes a run for his money.

From the stages of Tamworth, to Nevada. From the Rugby League fields of Terrigal, where he played Grade Footy till the age of 53, and only then succumbing to a torn Achilles. From the Top End to the outback and on down to the vineyards of South Australia and the dry lands of the West, very little of this country was untouched by the energy of Prousty as he would fly through it in his Toyota Troupie, with the love of his life sitting beside him. Driving as he slept.

Prousty was larger than life. He lived life at a hundred miles an hour but always stopped to smell the roses. He passed away at home, surrounded by his family, early on October 20th. My birthday. Just so I would have to drink twice as much each year from now on, on that date!!

Gonna miss you Prousty, and although the world will be a poorer place without you, Heaven is gonna be a hell of a lot noisier! All our love and thoughts are with Terese and her family at this time.

Prousty's Funeral at the Star Of The Sea Catholic Church in Terrigal was one of the biggest events seen on the Central Coast for many years.

Hundreds of double vaxed locals and those who could travel interstate, were treated to a non-traditional and typical Prousty Funeral, with the man himself making a video appearance to kick proceedings off!

After some amazing speeches from his family and friends, he left the church through a NSW Fire Brigade Guard Of Honour, which seemingly stretched for miles.

He was seen off back at the Bataeu Bay Hotel, where his Country Music mates gave him an amazing send off, as well as Prousty's youngest boy, Pete, delivering a brillinat rendition of Hot Revenge!

RIP Mate.

You will be missed.



What Happened To The Horses?

© Dave Proust (Prousty) 2001

We all knew Prousty as a larikin and an exptovert, who mostly made it his life's mission to entertain and make people laugh. But he was also fiercely proud to be an Aussie and had a passio to write the occasional serious and heartfelt poem, which is why I chose this piece to publish as I knew how proud he was of it.

I read the poster on the wall it said now be a man,
Come and join the light horse and do the best you can,
The war was on in Europe and all those foreign lands,
But I went off to Egypt to fight in desert sands.

I was Jackerooing out Western Queensland way,
I came into town with cattle though I wasn't s'posed to stay,
But I signed up then and there and went off to Brisbane town,
A chance to see the world they said, "I shouldn't let them down".

We only trained for 5 short months to teach us how to march,
For we could ride and shoot and fight, except for pommy Arch,
I'd never seen the sea before I couldn't even swim,
Now here we where a boarding ships, we did it on a whim!

The trip to Cairo was so long it bored us all to tears,
Then up the great Red Sea we sailed, it seemed to take us years,
We disembarked and went to camp we saw those pyramids,
We found our land legs and our gear and where pestered by the kids.

First job I had was pick a horse but I had no idea
The bond we'd have between us that would grow form year to year.
Bill was nothing much to look at, he stood round 15 hands,
He was tough and strong, good-natured and had a trust without demand.

We hit it off there straight away I took Billy for ride,
He could gallop, trot and canter, jump and never miss his stride,
I slept with Bill in lines that night to make sure he'd settle down,
But he was calm and quiet and he never made a sound.

The Light horse trained us for a while in this baron land,
We got used to heat and flies and the burning of desert sands,
Then our turn came for battle we where ready for this stunt,
We attacked the Turks at Jiffa Bore with me and Billy at the front.

The fight was on in earnest now but lots of us where downed,
Man and horse together died there on foreign ground,
Then the Turks attacked the Suez, Britain's artery to the East,
But we repelled the beggars as we hurried their retreat.

Out on patrol in the Sinai searching for our foe,
We where ambushed by the mongrels and the sergeant said let's go,
Half our troop had lost their lives and many horses too,
But me and Billy got away his speed had got us through.

Then looking back I saw two men running hard on foot,
I turned my mount and rode him back through sand and smoke and soot,
The sergeant said "now just take one" I couldn't leave him there,
One mile with three men on his back, Bill galloped nostrils flared.



We sent to take Beersheba and rode for two full days,
Horses went without their water in this dry hot desert haze,
I filled my hat and shared with Bill the little that I had,
One officer that saw me thought that I was mad.

The charge to Beersheba was a four-mile desert plain,
The light horse rode in hard and fast giving horses all there reign
We raced beneath the big guns and past machine gun nests,
And took the town and water cause our horses where the best.

Another year of fighting and the war was finally won,
I looked forward to going home far from this desert sun,
Then we where told the news that burnt deep into my mind,
That all the horses and my Bill would have to stay behind.

We'll sell them to the locals" I heard a General say,
My Bill stay! with these Gippos not if I get my way,
The light horse ranks rebelled at this, so this idea was dropped.
For we knew the local's cruelty and that it could not be stopped!

So the horses that where young and fit to India would go,
The rest would stay and be put down, but how I didn't know.
Special squads to shoot our mounts came round to where we sa
But I said "I'll do the job myself at least I owe him that".

I took my Bill into and olive grove and let him have a graze,
And we spoke of all our Battles and good mates we'd left in graves,
We spoke for many hours till my mates came in to say
To "Let the squad boys do it" but I told them "GO AWAY"

Then I looked my best friend in the eye and he seemed to know,
The time had come to say Good-bye that it was time to go.
I took my raffle from the ground to bring this to an end,
With trembling hands and tearful eyes
..... I shot my Greatest Friend!!!!

Tamworth Gardens Estate Annual Poets' Dinner Show

will be on again this Country Music Festival in Tamworth 2022. As per usual, it will be the Thursday Night with Dinner commencing at 6pm and Poets' and Balladeers' Show commencing at 7pm. It will be at the usual location of 36 Johnston St, North Tamworth. It has become a traditional get-together for all poets visiting Tamworth. Come along and enjoy a well priced meal in Air Conditioned comfort with full bar facilities. We have a great line up of entertainment, including... music, poetry and an hilarious Skit. Hosted by Tom McLveen and Susan Ashton, who provide music in conjunction with Folk Music legend Pat Drummond. Performing Poets will be led by Ray Essery, and include Greg North, Bill Kearns, Peter Mace, Paddy O'Brien, John Peel, Dave Melville and Dave Elson.

For enquiries Phone Tom McLveen 0417 251287.



KEMBLA FLAME WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

presented by the Illawarra Breakfast Poets
COMPETITION CONDITIONS

PRIZES

Total prize money \$900, all prizes are cash with certificate. Winners to be announced on January 21st, 2022. The decision of the judging panel is final.

OPEN

First place - The Kembra Flame Trophy, \$300 and certificate.

Runner up - \$200 and certificate

Two positions of Highly Commended - \$100 each and certificate.

NOVICE

\$100 and certificate. For poets over 18 years who have not been awarded any prize in a written bush poetry competition.

JUNIOR

\$100 and certificate. New section for 2022 for poets under 18 years.

HOW TO ENTER

Closing Date 24th December 2021. Late entries will not be accepted. There is an entry fee of \$6 per poem or 3 poems for \$10 and must be paid before judging.

Entries are posted to the Competition Secretary. Fees are payable by bank transfer. More details are found on the form (available on website abpa.org.au)

Please complete the fillable form and then print it and sign it.

Please send 3 PRINTED copies of each poem accompanying your form. These copies must not have your name on them. There is no limit to number of poems entered.

You may enter multiple sections, but the same poem cannot be entered in both sections.

For enquiries, contact EMAIL: zondraeking@gmail.com or PHONE: 4283 7061 or 0401 160 137 or the Australian Bush Poets Assn abpa.org.au (events page).

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

This is a written Bush Poetry competition and therefore is for poems written with consistent rhyme and meter.

There is also the requirement that the theme or subject matter must be

The Trial Version

Australian by nature. For example, horse riding in the mountains would only be considered "Australian" if the mountains were named e.g. The Snowy Mountains etc. Such detail as this may be the deciding factor.

Write well and good luck!

Laura Literary Awards

The Laura Literary Awards, SA, are co-ordinated by Rocky River 'Riters and proudly sponsored by The Flinders News and Rocky River 'Riters. The annual competition closes in April.

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

Knox Grammar Preparatory School is an independent, Uniting Church school located in Wahroonga, a North Shore suburb of Sydney. Once again, pupils from Knox have been successful in competition. Thank you to co-ordinating teacher, Ann Prentice for facilitating the publication of winning poems from Laura.

WINNER – Junior Poetry

Seasons on the Shore

by Jake Upson

The golden sun warms the brown sugar sand.
I dig my fingers in and it sieves through my hand.
The seagulls swoop low
and squeal a gleeful song,
Summer has come and my heart feels strong.

The once gentle waves that curled to the shore
look lonely as the children don't come any more.
The weather has cooled
and the leaves have turned brown,
the clouds have turned moody
as the rain falls down.

The wind whips the sea foam into the cold air
but it doesn't matter because no one is here.
The beach is deserted like a sunken pirate ship
but on the scale of time it is only a blip.

Far out on the horizon there is a huge splash,
The whales are migrating south in a dash
for the water is warming again, spring is here.
I look around the crowding beach,
it is that time of year.

My feet are on fire as the sand burns my toes,
I dive under the water and it tickles my nose.
The wave leave a long, fluffy, silvery track.
I hear families laughing, Yay, summer is back!

© Jake Upson (at age 9)

JUDGE'S COMMENTS RE SEASONS ON THE SHORE

Beautiful, well-crafted piece, with strong poetic form. This poem takes the reader through the seasons with good descriptions.

TWO HIGHLY COMMENDED – Junior Primary Poetry

Green is the Colour of Many Things

by Alan Zhu

*There is a lot you can say about green
as green is the colour of many things.
Green is nature, animals and plants
Green is an emerald, as precious as can be.*

Green symbolises good health,
new beginnings and wealth.
Green creates balance and harmony.
Green is comfort, relaxation and calmness.
Green is spring, a time of renewal and birth.

Green is an apple, lime and watermelon skins.
Green is an alien
as mysterious as an unknown code.
*There is a lot you can say about green
as green is the colour of many things.*

© Alan Zhu (at age 8)

JUDGE'S COMMENTS RE GREEN IS THE COLOUR OF MANY THINGS

A well written poem with good rhythm and well contained rhyming within the stanzas. It is a complete poem with the repetition of the first two lines looping up as the finishing two lines.

Red by Aaron Yang

Red is fire
Rising from the blazing hot sun.
Red is blood,
Pumping in our veins, boosting us to run.

Red is poppies,
Waving on the land where the Anzac heroes rest.
Red is a ruby,
A precious present for Mum who is the best.

Red is the sunset,
Like a stunning painting hanging from the sky
Red is powerful, red is joy.
If you don't like red I wonder why.

© Aaron Yang (at age 8)

JUDGE'S COMMENTS RE RED
A poem with good structure, rhythm and rhyme and an open-ended finish.

Jan Facey - 2021 Bronze Swagman Winner

Jan Facey from Bargara is thrilled to have recently won this prestigious written competition – the Bronze Swagman Bush Poetry Award from Outback Queensland which attracted poems from around Australia and overseas. Her winning poem “Campfire Dreaming” has been published in “The Bronze Swagman Book of Bush Verse 2021 - 50th Edition” book which is available from the Winton Business and Tourism Association, PO Box 44, Winton, Qld.

Jan can now add this beautiful statuette (which was designed and sculptured by Daphne Mayo) to her collection of numerous trophies, medals and certificates that she has received over the years, many of which were from State and National Championships.

Previously, Jan has been the Queensland and Australian Bush Poetry Performance Champion, performing around the country, covering classical, modern and her own original poetry.

She has been on local radio plus the ABC, written books of poetry plus text books and has had some of her poems published in other anthologies. Jan has also addressed primary, secondary schools and TAFE students, judged various performance and written competitions and given seminars.

Hot on the heels of winning the Bronze Swagman Award Jan has just been awarded a Highly Commended for her poem “On ‘Olidee Wiv C.J. Dennis” in this year’s Betty Olle written poetry competition.

CAMPFIRE DREAMING

© Jan Facey

Winner, 2021 Bronze Swagman Award for Written Bush Verse, Winton, Queensland.

The outback stock route’s scorching days
give way to evening’s cooler haze.
I’m sheltered by your drover’s hand
that’s cracked and dry. You understand –
for I’m your campfire on the earth
where flickered sparks now light my birth!
I know you’re big and tough and strong
but tenderness now comes along.

You coax my nest of twigs to burn.
Each flame’s empowered to take its turn
and then begins to jump and leap
as I devour that gidgee heap.
I gather strength, yet feel beguiled.
You still protect me in the wild
expanses of those plains out west
where drovers rarely get a rest.

Some ominous, foreboding clouds
now cloak the skies – like blackened shrouds
and zig-zag lightning darts around.
This spooks the cattle on the ground!
Their restless moans pervade the air
and stockmen struggle in despair
to keep the herd all close and calm.
They need to keep them safe from harm.

I feel some teasing, dreaded rain-
drops falling on that dusty plain.
It’s what they need but I survive
by fighting back to keep alive.
In my defence I spit and hiss –
defy that deadly dampened kiss!
I kick out left and lunge to right
to keep my strong fire hot and bright.

But stormy clouds soon drift away,
I’m tougher now. I’m here to stay!
The billy tea is on the boil
as men dispel their day of toil
and there’s contentment when they place
their oven in my warm embrace.
They’re all so hungry, yet they feel
great pleasure waiting for their meal.

The men begin to tell their yarns
of bushrangers and snakes in barns
with poetry from by-gone days
while resting in my smoky haze.
They’re all so tired! With aching bones
the end of day is full of moans.
It’s time for me to use my powers
to help them through the lonely hours.

I lure them in, then start to sway –
inviting them to end their day.
I flicker softly in the night
enthraling eyes that cannot fight.
With subtle hues of red and gold
my magnetism can unfold –
so leaning gently side to side
I take them from their tiring ride.

I weave my magic sultry dance
to put them in a sleepy trance,
to hypnotise and mesmerise –
yes, mesmerise their weary eyes.
They’re wrapped by night-time’s starry wall
as heavy eyelids start to fall
and when the moon begins to creep
then one by one, they fall asleep.

You’re tired but with your caring mind
you prod my embers. Here you find
my spirit with its heartfelt beams –
your lullaby of campfire dreams.
I’ve kept you warm. I’ve cooked your food
and soothed and eased your drowsy mood.
I’ve done the things you always ask –
I will not fail my final task!

Your home is distant. I am here
and my objective’s very clear –
to rest your soul and then to keep
you comforted with calming sleep.
So, listen closely, for my sighs
will tantalise and hypnotise –
then once again I’ll mesmerise ...
I’ll mes...mer...ise your wea...ry eyes.



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

Poets on stage for Bush Poets Breakfast at **Nambung Country Music Festival.**

1400 patrons enjoyed beautiful spring weather at Nambung this year with hosts Brian and Gloria White putting on another splendid festival. \$25000 was donated to several charities as a result of the four days of Music and Bush Poetry.



Winners are grinner!
WA State Championship winners.
(left) Michael Darby (Overall) and Peter Nettleton (Yarnspinning)

(right) Michael Darby, Roger Cracknell (3rd), Christine Boulton (2nd) Shire of Toodyay CEO Suzie Haselhurst, WA President Bill Gordon



At the workshop conducted at the WA Bush Poets & Yarnspinners State Championships in Toodyay recently, the guest speaker was Mick Colliss (above)

Mick Colliss is an author, writer, rugby commentator, emcee, guest speaker and modern day poet who writes poetry people can understand and has a wide following as a result. His laugh out loud story about mateship, having a go and never giving up, no matter what the odds.

Clients across the corporate world in Australia and overseas have enjoyed his very inspiring Australian yarns. Mick has published two books, one of which is a collection of poems from his weekly "Poem in an Hour" segment on radio 6PR's Breakfast Show.



Our much loved centenarian **Arthur Leggett** (above) once again came to the WA Bush Poets State Championships in Toodyay

Poets on stage at Seniors Council Have A Go Day (l to r) John Hayes, Bill Gordon, Meg Gordon, Bev Shorland



WA Bush Poets receive funding from Road Safety Council and a poetry challenge is conducted using theme (Speeding) to raise awareness of road safety. This year's placegetters (above l to r) Christine Boulton equal 2nd and Chris Taylor 1st and Roger Cracknell equal 2nd



A Tale of a Bush Psychiatrist - the Cat Boy

© Dr Neil R. Jeyasingam

I don't know where to start this, as the tale I tell is true
But the bloke the story is about is neither old nor new
Perhaps the best would be if I describe when we first met
When he a patient was, me a psychiatrist - not yet.

I was training in a country town, fairly near the shore
The area that I worked in had controversies galore.
One day I got a call - a man had come in with his son
The emergency department really wanted me to come.

He thought he'd lost his boy - you see, he'd left six years ago.
An argument? A fight? A clash? He simply didn't know.
But one day on a walk, the father to an alley turned
He scarce believed his eyes, as the prodigal son returned.

However, it was just the start, as the more he heard his son,
He knew that something had gone wrong, the story'd just begun.
His son told tales of where he'd been, of living on the streets.
He'd travelled to the city, and then his words were on repeat.

The same phrases kept returning, his language was bizarre.
He talked about the day he met a woman at a bar.
Who told him that she was a queen, an African at that,
And ruled a small battalion of sapient jungle cats.

She'd stroked his chin and promised as the night sky carried on
She'd find him yet again one day when he was twenty one.
And so, the boy explained enthralled, his eyes both burning bright
She'd been tracking him relentlessly through distant satellites.

The story kept repeating, and the father clearly knew
That the boy he thought was gone was back - but there was more to do.
Some medication'll do the trick, he asked me to assist.
But I knew that what he needed was far more than a single script.

I thought - what were my options now? He didn't want to stay.
He needed help, he was at risk, there was no other way.
I could call for staff, they'd hold him down, sedate and drag him through.
Such trauma for an innocent soul - the best that we could do.

So I thought I'd be a clever sort, and get him where he had to be,
"I've got an expert in this ward, who'll help you, come and see."
My white lie brought him willingly - did I have the right intent?
I locked the doors behind him, and he realised what I meant.

My clever ruse burned in the guilt, as dad berated me,
"We came to you for help!" he cried. I tried to make my plea,
But what happened next surprised me and it's burnt into my head.
The son, in all his madness, turned to his dad and said -

"It's fine, dad, I'll be all right, you can go and I will stay."
I stared in quiet amazement at the words that he did say.
Why on earth was he so calm? Did he know he was unwell?
I let dad and son speak for a while, the tension slowly fell.



We started him on treatment. Many days, then weeks went
He slowly got much better - no more cats or talk of spies
His language cleared right up - he was looking more his best
But still he was so certain of the queen at his behest.

His dad fortunately forgave us, we were glad at how he'd do
But soon the day arrived when the boy turned twenty or
We bought a cake and sang a song, and then congratulate
And then, to see what he'd do next, we cautiously all waited.

I spoke to him next day - he was a totally different soul.
Bright and cheery and, well, nothing like the victim of old
He was happy with his treatment, feeling safe to return at last
I then asked him the question - what of the queen from his past?

He stopped, the mood had shifted. He then looked me in the eye
My breath paused for a moment. Would he fight? or fly?
He spoke his words just as I was about to call for backup,
"Can you believe it? Six years and the bitch doesn't show up."

He left a few days after, son and father went back home.
He found work washing dishes - no desire left to roam.
I still think about the man inside the sickness that I saw,
The strength he had to overcome the years that came before.

I'm grateful for the tales of the patients that I see.
Grateful more for the privilege of being part of the story.
That Queen will keep on calling, begging him to hear her so
But he will never listen, because his mind is strong.

Bush Poets Honoured

The 16th annual Gidgee Coal Awards became yet another event that was hammered by Covid in mid November. The brainchild of Keith Jamieson OAM and Ros Scotney (former Pittsworth Mayor), this event acknowledges excellence in the recording and writing of Bush Ballard music, Australia wide.

Stan Coster wrote the iconic 'By A Fire Of Gidgee Coal' while staying in a hotel in the small Darling Downs town of Pittsworth, which hosts the Awards. Unfortunately due to covid, this years event saw the cancellation of the main concerts but the Awards were still presented by Ros Scotney on the Friday night.

Among the awards, three special "Legends Awards" were presented on the night. The Legends Awards were introduced a few years ago to acknowledge outstanding contributions to the genre of Bush Ballard Music, they are Awards which acknowledge a body of work over many years. This year's Legends recipients were:-



Johnny Greenwood: Now in his 80's, Johnny has been thrilling audiences all over Australia for decades. While he does not do as many gigs as he used to, he is still a household name and adored by audiences, not only for his singing but for the fact that he is regarded as one of the true gentlemen of Australian Country Music.

Ray Essery: Bush Poet Ray Essery, who has been a part of the Gidgee Coal Awards for 14 of the 16 years, was awarded 'Legend' status for the enormous amount of work he has done in increasing the audiences appreciation of the spoken word at a long list of Bush Ballard events.

Gary Fogarty: Gary has performed at all 16 of the Gidgee Coal Awards, and after bringing Ray into the fold, the two have become mainstays of the entertainment line-up at many Bush Ballard events. Gary was also acknowledged for the work he does as MC or Roving Announcer. He has also served for 3 years as a Judge on the Bush Ballard Integrity Panel, and 2 years as a VIP Judge for the Gold Guitar Awards.

Together Ray and Gary have ensured that Bush Ballard music and Bush Poetry are mentioned in the same breath. While other poets have obviously contributed, it would be difficult to find two poets who have done more. Over the years they have introduced Bush Poetry to a long list of events. Bouldy Bash, Yellowbelly Festival, Cunnamulla, Gidgee Coal, Coober Pedy, Renison Valley, Australian Camp Oven Festival, Gayndah Orange Festival, Miles Show, Tara Festival of Culture, Texas, Capella and many more. Name just a few.

Ray and Gary have always refused to sit back and wait for gigs to fall into their laps, they have gone about seeking new outlets for Bush Poetry, creating not only paid work for themselves but also for countless other poets who have followed. In Bush Ballard circles they are very much recognised as a double act, bringing their own brand of original Australian humour and Bush Poetry to grateful audiences. It is fitting that they were both honoured in this way, together, on the same night.



Where the Curlews Nest

©Helen Harvey 2021

Winner, Serious and Overall, 2021 King of the Ranges, Murrurundi, NSW.

I will bid farewell with sun's first light.
Oh, my dear one please don't cry,
If you think of me at this time each night,
Then the days will surely fly.
I must ride again where the Curlew's wailing
Can reach as far as the bright stars trailing
The soft, silver moon that is slowly sailing
On a dark blue velvet sky.

For I ride once more on a lonely plain
Through the heat and blinding glare,
Which may bring back pain of thirst again
That no man should have to bear.
While a mirage waves with a flaunting, taunting
As a hot wind whines which is strangely haunting,
And they play their games which are weirdly daunting
To the men who ride out there.

In a veil of haze that is ever there
From the tread of cloven hooves,
We must ride all day through the grit and glare
While the cruel sun hardly moves.
As skulls of dead cattle lie grinning, bleaching
On land as it saps and is slyly leeching,
We hold to the hope we will soon be reaching
The town with its glinting rooves

Oh, the bullocks know as we push them on
From their runs out in the west.
They can sense or smell that those days are gone,
So, they jib or try to test,
With their stubborn ways and a willful moaning,
Or they start to ring with a numbing droning,
Then just plod along with a grateful groaning
From land where the Curlews nest.

Oh, the devil wind drains a weary mind
As it sears and saps men dry,
'til the man you were has been left behind
Out there where the dead men lie.
In the distance, squalls of red dust are stirring,
Then the wind assaults with a whining, whirring,
And cattle are spooked by its blinding blurring.
We know how a man can die.

Now I yearn for a home as I sit and stare
At the ember glow at night,
Or lie in my swag on a landscape bare,
While bathed by the soft starlight.
So, The Cross rolls by as I should be sleeping
And the first night watch rides cautiously keeping
A vigilant guard for some wild dogs creeping,
Not far from our camp tonight.

Now the railhead yards have come into sight,
So, this trip is almost done.
We penned all the bullocks in the fading light,
Then counted off one by one.
The months on the road will seem far away,
When we meet at the pub to collect our pay,
Then we'll drink and we'll vow we will meet some day
On another droving run.

I will miss good times with the mates I've made,
Who are stockmen, bold and true.
They will stick with you through the light or shade.
Better men I never knew.
I will miss the fire of a sunset glowing;
The wagonette drafts with their thick manes flowing;
A steady night horse in a wild wind blowing,
And the scent of dusty dew.

So, the night rolls on as we forego sleep
To relive times we have spent.
Push back tomorrow so this night will keep,
Then wonder where the time went.
The yearn in my heart is for one who's waiting,
And love for a land, so hostile, berating;
Now I find myself torn and hesitating,
As I ponder my lament.

We will bid farewell in the morning light.
As friends, we will try to jest,
With a true handshake and a grip so tight,
Then ride away from the west.
There's a place in my heart that will sometimes ache
For this desolate place that can only take.
But though I shall leave I would never forsake
The land where the Curlews nest.



"AVYERADYERSHOTS?"

© Peter White, "The Eagleby Elegist", 2021.

Where Aussies now are meeting a question's asked as greeting.
It's heard in bars and cafes and oft frequented spots.
When you are making your way, through an open cafe doorway,
someone there on duty asks - "Avyeradyershots?"

The other day while shopping - "Buy Some Lunch" - my list was topping.
The Tavern's lunch-time specialties are gigantic "Parmis and Pots".
And so I made my way there. My intention was to stay there
for my lunch. But first the question - "Avyeradyershots?"

"Before you're inside going, some proof you must be showing."
"That all sounds to me," I said, "a bit like Commie plots."
I saw he didn't like my tone. He said, "Just show me your iPhone.
Something will show up on there if yer've adyershots."

"I don't have one of those," I said. Confusion on his face I read.
He was thinking but his light bulb was only fifteen watts.
And then standing like a sentry, he said, "I must bar your entry
to the Tavern 'til you answer - "Avyeradyershots?"

I said, "You can take my word. For "Truth" it stands a byword."
I could see him deep in thought trying to connect the dots.
I must have shown my disdain for the ability of his brain
because he angrily roared at me - "AVYERADYERSHOTS?"

By now we both were yelling and my story I tried telling.
Security was called. By two heavies I was grabbed.
They said, "Just get on your way," and pushed me through the doorway.
I said, "Let me go yer big tough heroes. I'M DOUBLE-JABBED!"

So if you're a modern Luddite you'll be thought of as a dud
right away by these retail staff who treat us all as clots.
And though they are reprovng you will have no way of proving
you're legitimate when they ask you - "Avyeradyershots?"



KEEP AWAY FROM DOCTORS!

© Bessie Jennings

Keep away from doctors, Mabel. It's a crying shame
how I've suffered since I went to Doctor What's-his-name.
There was nothing wrong with me except a bit of gout (p'raps because when I was young they took my tonsils out.)

They make you take an eyesight test when you turn 85 –
just to keep your licence and be able still to drive.
The doctor said "We'll have to take these cataracts away –
first one eye, then the other – six weeks later, to the day."

Jock next door said "Nothing to it. You'll be quite all right.
They just remove the cloudy bit, and that improves your sight.
I shouldn't have believed him. When I had the left eye done
I came home with a patch on that eye (not a lot of fun).

When the patch was taken off I got an awful shock;
I never should have listened to the doctor – nor to Jock.
Looking in the mirror, I could see my face was wrecked.
I reckon it just serves me right. Well, what did I expect?

I'm just a mass of wrinkles now. I shook my head and stared.
I've lost my looks forever and my face can't be repaired.
I've made my mind up. I won't go and get my right eye done –
not after seeing how I look, just after doing one.

Where Even Windmills Die

© Peter O'Shaughnessy

Winner 2021 Bronze Spur Award for written bush verse, Camooweal, Queensland

A dreadful drought destroys these desert lands.
Few living things can stand the sun's demands.
Dust-devil's spiral plumes and dancing twists
twirl fiercely on the plains, like dusty mists.
'Heat shimmers' dance beneath the sun's hot hand,
but breezes don't disturb this burning sand,
for here the fearsome fiends of fiery hell
have been released to cast their scorching spell.

This tortured land has seen it all before.
Ten thousand droughts and there'll be many more,
but now the precious grass and feed has gone
this sparse dry scrub can barely carry on.
Too many hooves have trashed these lonely plains,
the land destroyed, not much of worth remains.
Distressed, these lands have had to pay the cost,
and no one can repair what has been lost.

And so we see a fence hang uselessly,
loose wires, on mulga sticks, strung brokenly.
A sheep's-head skull with ghastly broken teeth,
hangs from a post, dry bones lie underneath.
Bare, well used tracks converge through broken gates
to where a worn-out windmill stands and waits,
a futile wait on this dry salty crust
of hard red dirt baked by the sun's hot lust.

But then a swirl of dust – a hint of breeze –
though not enough to stir the mulga trees
until the swirling dust becomes a twirl
of leaves and sticks, a fitful dancing whirl.
For then the mill disturbs, a soft, slow glide
that pushes rods to shudder, strain and slide –
then stop! The creaking mill goes softly slack.
Worn valves within the mill go flop and clack.

Then once again the burning breezes stir.
The great fan creaks, then spins, a hissing whirr.
The pump begins to slide then with a jerk,
rods shudder, groan, they screech and then they work.
The mill lifts water up from deep below,
a drip at first and then a tiny flow.
A sign of hope that promises rebirth,
but quickly dries out on the dry red earth.

Dust-devils swirl and dance as they incite
dry leaves and sticks and dust to frenzied flight.
Rods rattle, strain, then creaking softly – stop!
The sticks and leaves that swirled so lightly – drop!
The wilting scrub returns to what it's been
a silent place where little life is seen.
Hot silence fills the furnace of the air.
There is no breeze just heat and dry despair.

So now the useless mill's hot creaking's fade.
Dry dirt now lies where once cool pools were made.
And in the drooping listless scrub we see
a desiccated crow – too parched to flee.
The crow, a gruesome, black and awful bird
croaks out a mournful aaaark – it sounds absurd –
a dreadful sound, a requiem to say,
this mill has died, the drought has had its way.



TO MY POETIC FRIENDS

© Graham Fredriksen 1956 - 2010

So now we'll write some poetry:
we'll get the rhythm back on track,
and place the words where they should be,
and not pronounce them front to back;
recite them all the right way round,
so they don't falter, stall or jar;
create the most delightful sound;
enrich our rhyming repertoire.

And when we've got the rhythm right,
just so our verses are not wrecked,
we'll make sure all our rhymes are quite
the perfectest we can perfect.
We'll use alliteration, too,
to soothe along each lilting line,
and soften every edge so you
can show the infidels we shine.

For never master poem-smith
should yield an inch to tough critique;
we'll leave them all dumbfounded with
manipulation and technique:
enjambment; split internal rhyme;
analogies and metaphors;
let onomatopoeia prime
the ears engendering our cause.



We'll polish and we'll paraphrase,
and finely tune our images,
and turn in unexpected ways
the rhymes that mere apprentices
could never hope to emulate;
for WE are 'craftsmen', WE are 'best',
who never settle second rate
or being less than cleverest.

And when it's time to show the world,
precise and clear each syllable
of fire in every verse unfurled
will testify the power we pull.
And from the rostrum, centre stage,
each line defined so cleanly that
the world will know, by every page,
there stands a 'poet laureate'.

SPRINGBOOK

©Catherine Edge (Circa 1914)

G'day Neil

The attached poem was given to me some years ago by Owen Edge, 90 years old. It was written by his mother, Catherine, circa 1914. She was the wife of a timber getter & sawmiller at Springbrook (in the Qld border ranges) At the time of writing they were preparing to move to north Qld.

Catherine's great grand- daughter has given me permission to send it to you for publishing. I have performed it many times at our North Pine group and received good remarks. I feel it is too good a poem to be lost.

John "The Joker" Pampling

Oh Springbrook in the mountain,
of you I'll sing a song
For in your mountain ranges,
I find I'd tarried long.

The clouds oft fold around you,
their mantle soft and light.
Like bride upon her wedding morn,
all veiled in misty white.

The magic of your waterfalls,
the gorges wild and deep.
Ah Springbrook in the mountain,
fond memories I'll keep.

Who could not, but be uplifted,
from the depths of deepest gloom,
If ere they saw the ranges,
when the flame trees are in bloom.

So far up on the steep hillside,
their blaze of red is seen.
Or deep down in the gorges,
amid their wealth of green.

Ferns and palms grow in the scrub,
where timid wallabies hop,
The glass-rock cutting by the road,
the views from mountain top.

The orchids and the stag-horns green,
the mass of tangled vine.
Oh Springbrook in the mountain,
you 'round my heart entwine.

So Springbrook in the mountain,
I now bid you adieu.
Who knows perhaps another day,
I'll sing again for you.



VICTORIAN Bush Poetry Championships
at the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival
Thursday 7th to Sunday 10th April 2022
All the usual swag of Poets Breakfasts, walkups,
Written and Performance sections
Competition and camaraderie at Corryong,
NE Victoria
Main Judges: Rhymer from Ryde, Mel and Susie

Entry forms and info available 5th December at
www.bushfestival.com.au and www.abpa.org.au
Adult entries close 18th Feb, Juniors 18th March.
Enquiries to Jan Lewis 0422848707



Campbell always knows where the good times are!



James Thomas, Lawrie Sheridan
Encouragement Award



Heather Casey, Jan Lewis Encouragement Award



Lisa Ride winner Carol Reffold Memorial One
Minute Poem award

2022 ABPA Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition

COVID SAFE GOLDEN DAMPERS

Excitement is building for Tamworth January 2022. Accommodation for Country Music Week is filling up fast and the hotel, motel and caravan park people are smiling widely, not really surprising after all the lockdowns. People want to get out and break free.

Entries for the Golden Dampers are also trickling in and I know our people are itching for poetry events to re-commence. The Golden Dampers are going ahead in January and, as mentioned, places are filling. We do have scope for some extra entries but spaces are definitely limited.

The ABPA will be conducting the event under the NSW Covid Safe Rules as they apply at the time.

We're also sending a shout out for volunteers to help with the flow of the competition. Particularly ...

Stage manager, two Collators, two Scrutineers, a Time keeper and two Comperes.

Any volunteers for the above positions please contact Manfred below ...

email the "Co-ordinator" goldendamper@abpa.org

or snail-mail at ...

ABPA Golden Damper PO Box 701 Morningside Qld 4070

Cheers,
Manfred

2022 ABPA Golden Damper Bush Poetry Competition

to be held at the Southside Uniting Church TAMWORTH
440 Goonoo Goonoo Road Tamworth

HEATS: will be held on Tuesday 18th, Wednesday 19th
FINALS: Thursday 20th January

ALL PERFORMANCES START AT 9:00AM AND FINISH AT 11:00 am

There are two sections:

1. ORIGINAL – Performers to perform their own original works
2. ESTABLISHED – Performing other's well known or traditional works.

Nb. for Established, participants must not present their own work and must advise the original author's name (if not genuinely Anon.)

PERFORMANCE TIME: MAX. 6 MINUTES INCLUDING PREAMBLE
(Preamble simply sets the scene but does not attract points - so keep it short)

After each heat, selected contestants will be invited to participate in the Thursday Finals.

Prizes and Medallions will be awarded to Winners and Place-getters in the Finals only.

To enter the Competition, fill in the Entry Form available at www.abpa.org.au, and forward to:
"The Co-ordinator" ABPA Golden Damper Competition goldendamper@abpa.org.au

ENTRIES MUST BE DATED NO LATER THAN 7TH JANUARY 2022

Every effort will be made to enter you on the day selected.
If you can give a second preference, or if you can come ANY day, please advise.

Confirmation of your Entry will be advised by return eMail.

COVID SAFE

All shows are subject to any NSW COVID restrictions that may apply on the day.

**Entry Form & Conditions Of Entry are available
on our Website, at
www.abpa.org.au**

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 Fre 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

Dear Poets

Planning is well under way for the 2022 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival to be held in the Orange region, NSW, from 11 to 20 February 2022. With great excitement, we are including the National Bush Poetry Performance Championship competition in the Festival in association with the Australian Bush Poets Association (ABPA). The competition will be run on Thursday 17 and Friday 18 February at the Orange Ex Services Club, (17 February being Banjo's birthday).

Details of the competition can be found on the ABPA website under the Events heading <https://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>

We are most hopeful that interstate travel will be eased by February allowing this national competition to go ahead. I know that performance poets and bush poetry enthusiasts across the country are itching to get back together, so have a look at the details and prepare your entries.

For further information about the Festival, the Orange360 website (<https://www.orange360.com.au/>) will be updated in the very near future, with details of events and opportunities for walk-up performances during the Festival. In addition to the Festival program, Orange has a lot to offer by way of scenery, wineries, eateries, museums and historic villages. Book in early and secure your accommodation for February.

Regards
Len Bank

Rotary Club of Orange

Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival

Neil McArthur

Presents

Tamworth's Funniest and Most Popular Show

The Longyard Bush Poets Breakfasts

Daily From 8am till 10am

Saturday 15th to Sunday 23rd January

Featuring

Marco Gliori
Ray Essery
Murray Hartin
Errol Gray
Greg Champion
Bill Kearns
Gery Fogerty
John Lloyd
Greg North
Joey Reedy
plus Special Guests
and a Friday Tribute
to 'Prousty'



Longyard Hotel

Goonoo Goonoo Room

Gates open 7am

\$10 per head

Breakfast Available

Tickets can be prebooked at

Bottleshop

or available at door

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.

Kurripla 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



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Inaugurated 1994 ARBN: 104 032 126 ABN:17 145 367 949

www.abpa.org.au

Treasurer: Christine Middleton, PO Box 357 PORTARLINGTON VIC 3223

Email: treasurer@abpa.org.au Phone: 0419 526 550

Membership Application Form 2022

You may pay via direct debit (see below for details)

Renewing membership New member

Membership is for a calendar year from 1st January to 31st December.

Annual membership includes all magazines (including back issues) for the current calendar year.

Members joining after 30th September will receive the year's remaining issues as well as membership for the following calendar year.

Name:

Postal address:

..... State..... Postcode:

Phone: Mobile:

Email:

Signature: Date:

ABPA Membership Fees: (AUD)

- | | | |
|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Single membership..... | \$45 | (posted magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Single membership..... | \$35 | (emailed magazine only) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dual family membership | \$60 | (one posted magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dual family membership | \$50 | (one emailed magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Junior membership | \$20 | (under 18 years – emailed magazine) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> International member supplement..... | \$25 | (for postage - not for emailed magazines) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Public Liability Insurance | \$95 | (\$20 million PLI cover 31/01/21- to 31/01/22) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Membership badge..... | \$10 | (includes postage within Australia) |

Total: \$

- Receipt please
 NO receipt thanks (your magazine address label will show your receipt number and membership expiry.)

Cheque Payable to:

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Credit Card:

Contact Christine direct on 0419 526 550

Or pay by direct deposit to:

Bank: Bendigo Bank
BSB: 633 000
Account Number: 154842108
Account Name: Australian Bush Poets Association Inc
Reference: Your NAME

Please include **your NAME** as the EFT reference and send advice to treasurer@abpa.org.au

Or send cheques and completed forms to P O Box 357, PORTARLINGTON VIC 3223.

**NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETS
ASSOCIATION
2022 A.B.P.A. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Bush Poets Association Incorporated will be held in **ORANGE** (venue to be confirmed) and **VIA ZOOM on Wednesday February 16th 2022 at 1pm EDT**. At that meeting, all office bearing positions will be declared vacant.

OFFICE BEARER NOMINATION FORM

(N.B. Any financial member of the ABPA can nominate for a position).

Nominations of candidates for election as Executive, Ordinary Committee or State Delegates must be made in writing on this form, signed by the Nominee, the Nominator and the Secunder. This form must be signed and delivered/scanned to **Greg North - 5 Dryandra Place, Linden 2778** web@abpa.org.au or signed, scanned and emailed to Treasurer, Christine Middleton – treasurer@abpa.org.au at least 14 days before the date of the Annual General Meeting at which the election is to take place. If insufficient nominations are received to fill all the office bearing vacancies, the candidates nominated are taken to be elected and nominations for the unfilled position/s may be received from the floor at the AGM.

Nomination for the position of PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER,
SECRETARY,

COMMITTEE MEMBER, STATE DELEGATE for the State

of.....(Please circle one)

Nominee.....(Please print)

Address.....

Nominees Consent.....

(Signature).....(date).....

Nominated by.....(Please print)

Address.....

(Signature of Nominator).....(date).....

Secunder by.....(Please print)

Address.....

(Signature of seconder).....(date).....