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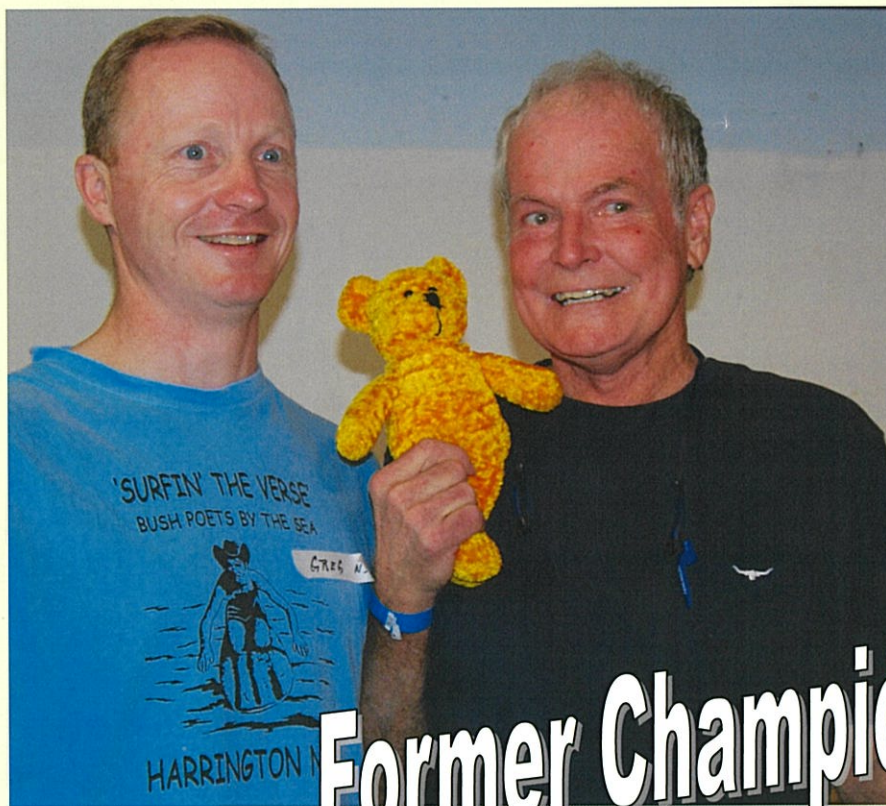
A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

*Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our members
and readers.*

*Keep on writing and keep on reciting from the ABPA executive
and representatives*



Former Champions

Gregory North

Milton Taylor

Gary Fogarty



**Noel
Stallard**

Three weeks ago I had a heart attack which did some minor damage to the heart. With their angiogram investigation they discovered a 99% blockage in my right coronary artery. They inserted a stent and provided I do the right things and take the right tablets I should be as good as new.

Not being allowed to drive for four weeks has been a pain but a small inconvenience compared with what might have been.

Attached is a poem I have made available to the Heart Foundation in the hope that it may encourage others to take appropriate action should they experience the symptoms of heart attack.

THANK GOD FOR ONE PERCENT

by Noel Stallard 11.11.2011

Now as a teacher I've corrected essays and the like
and know how the percentage mark reflects the wrong and right.
I've watched elated students when percentage marks are high
and gloom surround the battler when results have gone awry.
But last week Life dealt me a lesson on percentages
and showed me how just one percent can have advantages.

Good health is something I've enjoyed,
I'm really light in weight,
and when I went out walking I was really feeling great.

But then from seeming nowhere came this tightening of the chest
which made me stop and question if this walk was for the best.
By chance our son was passing, stopped and asked, "Dad, you okay?"
He drove me home, the pain had gone. I slept that night till day.

But intermittently next day this chest distress returned,
and when it came consistently we all

became concerned.

The doctor's comment, when we rang, was, "You ring triple O!"

In minutes Ambos had arrived assessed the status quo.

Professionally they went to work and helped to ease the pain
then drove to Holy Spirit where more treatment I'd obtain.

The blood tests and the graphs revealed some damage to the heart.

"We'll know more", said the doctor, "when an X-ray test can start."

"An angiogram will indicate what blockages are there
and stent or by-pass then we'll use if arteries need repair."

This X-ray probe procedure, scans the arteries and can show
if there's impediments to blood that could prevent its flow.

A local anesthetic means your conscious for this test
and watch on monitor as probe progresses through your chest.

"We have a blockage", said the doctor, "ninety nine percent."

It only took a second comprehending what this meant.

Who would have thought that one percent of anything had worth
but I knew then that one percent had kept me here on earth.

A stent was then inserted where the blockage once had been
this metal tube pushed out the wall so blood could flow between.

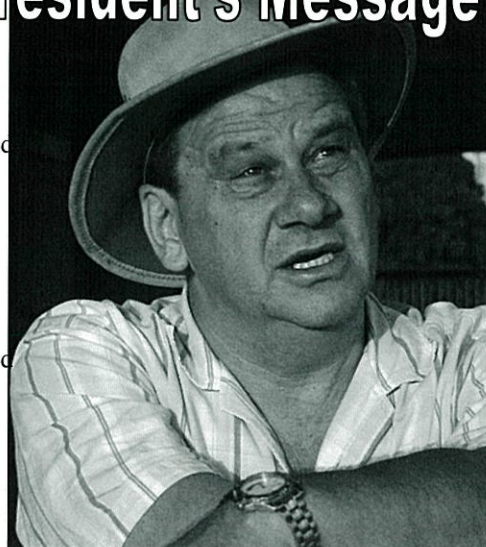
The pharmacy supplied the pills to combat heart disease
and Rehabilitation Programmes gave the expertise
of exercise and food types one should use in meal and snack
to help reduce the reoccurrence of a heart attack.

What's, "Out of sight is out of mind!" too often we apply
as we can't see how well our veins convey our blood supply.

We will get indicators if there's trouble with this flow
don't put them off, take every step to help this problem go.

Had I not called the Ambos, got relief by way of stent
I wouldn't have the air to say, "Thank God for one percent!"

President's Message



G'day,

Christmas time is upon us again, and another year has flown. Our sympathies go out to the families whose loved ones have passed on; and to the people of Gunnedah, friends of the late Mikki Maas OAM who kept the memory of Dorothea Mackellar prominent in poetry circles. Our hearts go out to the ill and infirm among us with wishes for speedy recoveries. Our thoughts are particularly with Ellis Campbell, recently admitted to Dubbo Hospital, and Noel Stallard recovering (and well on the mend) from his recent heart attack. Glori O'Brien has been through her transplant and now has the recovery phase to get through. It's pretty hard going but her attitude is good.

You may call her on, 0407 007 782.

The ABPA - ABLA agreement is in place and functioning. All the entries for the 2012 Australian Bush Laureate Awards have been scrutinised (by the ABPA) and judging is underway. The raw judging sheets will be audited by representatives of both the ABPA and ABL. With the results confirmed, the winners will be announced at the Australian Bush Laureate Awards at the Tamworth Town Hall on Tuesday 24 January at 2.00pm.

Discussions with the ABLA are ongoing and will continue early next year.

As mentioned previously, discussions are also ongoing with the Balladeers to present a major show, "Bush

Bards and Balladeers" at a venue in Peel Street during the 2013 Festival.

This January the ABPA will be 18 years old. How did we get here? What have we accomplished and is this where we want the ABPA to be? We didn't plan for where we are now so maybe we're only one year old - eighteen times over. The ABPA has issues of diminishing finances. A focus on replenishing those finances is a survival imperative. We do have a buffer in our investment account, however it would be folly to dip into that fund without a program for replenishment in place. We need to seriously look at what direction the ABPA should be headed in the next five to ten years. To this end I propose that we start the process of defining a Strategic Management Plan for the ABPA. The outcomes of this process will clarify our purpose and give us direction, and the means, for reaching our objectives.

One of the highlights of our calendar are the many Poet activities at the Tamworth Country Music Festival. Many of us will be travelling to compete and perform as well as attend the offerings of the annual Festival.

THE ABPA have been invited to join the Festival Cavalcade in Tamworth on Saturday 28 January at 9:00am. Cavalcade entry will be free of charge and, participation will give the ABPA an opportunity to fly our banner. We are however, lacking a Float. If anyone has access to, or knows someone, with either a flatbed truck, or tractor with tray of suitable size (along with a few hay-bales for seating) to transport a bunch of poets, for the Cavalcade, please contact either Greg or myself.

Given that many of us travel to the Festival, is reason the ABPA AGM is held in Tamworth.

The AGM will be held 2:00 pm Wednesday 25th January 2012 at St Edwards Hall.

In line with the AGM all positions on the ABPA Committee are vacated in January.

Members are encouraged to become involved and nominate for positions on the ABPA Committee. Work on Committee can be frustrating but it's also rewarding knowing that we're striving for the

longevity of our Association as "Keeper of the Culture".

I would encourage members to put their hands up and 'have a go' at a Committee position.

Those positions are President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Members on Committee (3) and State Representatives (representing each State as applicable).

The President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer make up the Executive of the ABPA.

The roles of Magazine Editor and Web-site Administrator are appointed by Committee and are not voted on, but ratified at the AGM.

The role of the **President** ...

In the ABPA Constitution, there is no role description for the office of President.

However, in the general accepted terms, the President is the elected CEO of the Association, the responsibilities can be summarised under three areas:

1. *To ensure the Association is managed effectively*
3. *Uphold the legal requirements of governing documents, constitution, relevant bylaws etc. (where relevant).*
4. *To represent the Association as it's figurehead*

The role of the **Vice-President** ...

In the ABPA Constitution, there is no role description for the office of Vice-President.

However, in the general accepted terms, the role is to administer the ABPA in the absence of the President.

The role of the **Secretary** is to support the Chair in ensuring the smooth functioning of the Management Committee.

In summary, the Secretary is responsible for:

1. *Ensuring meetings are effectively organised and minuted*
2. *Maintaining effective records and administration*
3. *With the president, upholds the legal requirements of governing documents, constitution, relevant bylaws etc. (where relevant).*
4. *Communication and correspondence*

The **Treasurer** has a watchdog role over all aspects of financial management, working closely with other members of the Committee to safeguard the organisation's finances.

In summary, the Treasurer is responsible for:

1. *General financial oversight*
2. *Financial planning and budgeting*
3. *Financial reporting*
4. *Banking, book keeping and record keeping*

Members on Committee (3) are elected from the general membership and sit on Committee with full voting rights.

State Representatives

In the ABPA Constitution, there is no role description for the office of State Representatives.

However, in the general accepted terms, the State reps liaise with their State members and clubs as possible hosts for State and National ABPA events. State reps sit on Committee and have full voting rights.

The roles of President, Vice-President and State Representatives need to be defined and incorporated into the ABPA Constitution. I recommend that this be looked at by the 2012 incoming Committee for debate and possible ratification for the 2013 ABPA AGM.

Good luck to all those participating in competitions. Through your dedication to the craft, the standard for writing and performance of Australian Bush Poetry is raised every year.

On behalf of the ABPA Committee we wish members and their families a joyful and safe Festive Season, and ask that we all take care in our travels so that we, and others, may return safely to loved ones.

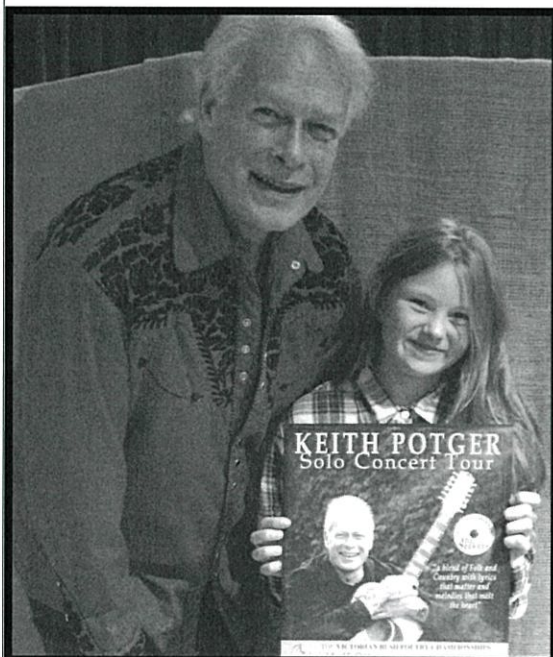
Kind Regards,

Manfred. 20.11.2011

**The
Annual General Meeting
of the
ABPA Inc.
will be held 2:00 pm
Wednesday
25th January 2012
at St. Edwards Hall
Hillvue Road
Tamworth**

VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

AT BENALLA



Up and coming bush poet Caitlan Klipfel loves the Seekers and was delighted to receive a signed copy of Keith Potger's poster at the Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association's Concert in Benalla 14 – 16th October. The Variety concert featuring the Championship judges, Jill Meehan, Geoffrey Graham, Colin Milligan, Colin Driscoll and Keith Potger was a highlight of the weekend with plenty of humour and sing-alongs.

Champion Men's Bush Poet was Russell Heathcote from Sale, Barry

Tiffen runner up and Maurie Foun was placed third. Russell has a liking for Rupert McCall poems and does a great job with them. There was a tie in the Women's Champion Bush Poet section with Kathy Vallance from St Arnaud and Robyn Sykes from Binalong, NSW, and third Annette Roberts from Bellbridge. Kathy & Robyn also tied for the Contemporary poem. Kathy has had a rapid rise in poet circles, and does a terrific job of Riding of the Rebel amongst other good titles. Robyn was our only NSW competitor and was new to our audience – she also writes and performs poems with fitting emotion, such as 'Old Bill's Regret'.

Yarns seem to be a dying art, but Colin Carrington showed us how to do it properly by winning Yarn Champ with 'The Dairy Inspector'. Song Champion was Haelwen-Sian from Benalla with stylish wins in both Original and Non-Original song sections.

The competition sections each had around 15 entrants from all around Victoria and Robyn from NSW, with a sprinkling of new faces, in place of the missing well-known performers who were unable to attend for various reasons. Even though there are only so

many prizes, we were treated to some very fine performances all weekend.

Novice sections were won by Jim Carlisle & John Wallace, Intermediate by Ken Jones, Ross Noble Encouragement Awards by Ray Lobo and Susan Clark.

In the Open Written Poem section, no surprises there – Ellis Campbell 'Where have all the Baa Baas gone?', David Campbell 2nd with 'Shadows'. Tom McIlveen was third with 'The Ghost of Johnny Mack' and also won the Novice Written with the same poem.

Lachlan Frischke (P- Yr3), Crispin Smythe (Gr 4-6) and Naomi Frederick (Sec) were our Junior Written Winners. In the Junior Performance, Naomi also won Sec section, with Claire Mawley winning Primary section.

We advertised in the Seniors' Week booklet which brought in new faces and they said that it was an enjoyable opportunity to be introduced to Bush Poetry of a very high standard, and some have joined groups to enjoy more! The annual event encourages the up and coming poets to have a go. Benalla Bowls Club was a very good venue for the Championships, with food, drinks, a quiet space that had capacity to make bigger and parkland outside if you wanted a break.

The VBPMMA appreciated the financial support given by Regional Arts Victoria and Benalla City Council.

By the way, the **Australian Bush Poetry Championships** are to be held at Corryong, as part of the Man From Snowy River Bush Festival Mar 29 – April 1 2012.

RATHDOWNIE HERITAGE FESTIVAL

and BUSH POETRY FESTIVAL EVENT

Easter Sunday 2012

Open Written Competition

Traditional or Modern Section

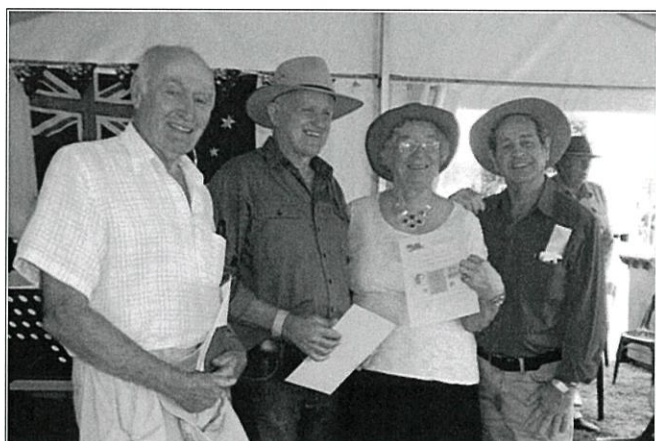
Original Section - Children's section

Go to Rathdowney Website

<http://www.rathdowney.org.au/>

Contact Gerry King 07 554-7 8342

Jim Tonkin 0403 871 325



Hi everyone.

It's coming up to AGM time again and as promised in the previous magazine, here is a brief outlined of the duties of office bearers. As an Incorporated body, we follow the Department of Fair Trading guidelines. As well (and as simply) as possible, these are as follows with, in italics, some minor modifications and/or additions as relevant to our own Association.

President: to chair meetings. (Normally does not move motions.) May vote and also, in the event of a tie, has the right to a casting vote. Directs Secretary to arrange regular committee meetings to address issues relating to the organisation. Figurehead for ceremonial occasions. In emergencies, can act, with the Executive, to manage urgent matters. Is bound by the democratically voted directions of the committee. Produces and presents President's Report to the AGM.

Produces President's report for magazine.

Vice-President: one (or, with AGM sanction, two of equal or pre-determined seniority): Deputises when President is absent or unavailable. Takes over temporarily should President resign or be permanently unable to continue duties. Vice-President then to organise procedure for instating him/herself officially as President or for electing a new President.

Treasurer: Responsible for retrieving, collecting and paying accounts. *ALL payments, membership, advertising and otherwise to go direct to Treasurer.* Keeps accurate and official records of all inwards and outwards financial transactions, receipting if and as warranted by the Association. Produces financial statement as requested. Produces full financial statement at AGM. Accounts need not be audited if financial statements and records meet approval of membership. *Advises Magazine Editor re financial membership updates.*

Secretary: Notifies Dept. Fair Trading of Office Bearers. Ensures safe storage of archives. Keeps contact list of membership (*liaising with Treasurer*) Records and produces accurate records including those in attendance of meetings, including of those in attendance. (Such records to be affirmed by committee.) Handles ingoing and outgoing correspondence as presented to committee. Responds to and/or directs enquiries to committee or relevant authority (*editor, treasurer, State Reps. etc*) Gives due notice of meetings.

Magazine Editor: *Prepares and compiles and sees to the printing and distribution of (now Bi Monthly Magazine). (Token honorarium paid) (Is answerable to the committee.)*

Website Manager: *Monitors and regularly updates the official website. (Is answerable to the committee.)*

State Representatives (part of the committee): Communicate directly with members and outside individuals and organisations regarding enquiries on matters pertaining to the organisation, its rules and regulations and/or to poetry matters in general where possible.

Negotiate and procure where possible, the running of State Championships by competent organisations complying with ABPA guidelines. *Confirmation of same (and also Australian Championships) subject to committee approval.* Act in the capacity of committee members as following -

Committee Members: (3 plus State Reps)

By means of meetings, put forward and/or handle the issues which arise pertaining to the organisation, voting without favour to fairly represent the best interests to their knowledge of the majority of the membership.

Note: Members too have a responsibility to their organisation. It is expected that you ensure you remain financial members to receive the benefits of membership.

We also request that you familiarise yourself with current issues, Rules etc. We encourage you to contact us with ideas, enquiries, complaints or issues you may have so that they can be dealt with in the proper manner for the benefit of all.

carol Heuchan NSW Rep. 16.10.2011

ORACLES of the BUSH

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush is a four day cultural event encompassing live performance of Australian Bush poetry, music and art. The timing of the event is set to coincide with Tenterfield's brilliant autumn - April is resplendent in a cloak of red, orange, gold and yellow providing the perfect backdrop for a truly unique Australian event.

Tenterfield's Oracles of the Bush Committee finds inspiration for the district's premier event in the spirit and character of the region's people, places, history and scenic beauty. Each year the committee honours a worthy local person by naming them 'Oracles of the Bush Local Legend'. Their choice for 2009 is Keith Willcocks (pictured above). Our volunteer members are keen to embrace fresh ideas from other community organisations who share the vision of working together to create an event that is truly unique for both visitors and locals.

The Looming Legend Bush Poetry Competition is a significant and very popular component of Oracles of the Bush - offering cash prizes for both writing and performance of bush poetry. The senior sections are open to all non-professional poets. In the junior competition the written sections are restricted to students of Tenterfield Shire but we now have a junior performance section open to all school students in the country. To page 19



Tenterfield Saddler

Australian Bush Poets' Association (ABPA) Website

In the past year I have won three highly commended awards for my poetry, including one at Bundaberg; won the Emerging Poet at Boyup Brook in WA in February this year and have had several poems published in the local newspapers. What an amazing, colourful, fun packed year it has been.

Just over two years ago I had no idea of metre and I'd never heard the term "bush poetry". I knew that I liked rhyming and rhythmic poetry but I didn't realise there was a name for it until I was encouraged to look at the Australian Bush Poets' Association's (ABPA) website. The rest is history. Since then my life has been transformed. This year I have been to several bush poetry events and festivals including the Bundaberg Muster and Victorian Bush Poetry Championships and this week I will be jetting off to Morisset on Lake Macquarie for the Hunter Bush Poets' Festival.

So, how did this transformation take place? Although I have some natural talent with words, I needed some guidance in learning accurate metre and rhyme (and I'm still learning). That came after I was introduced to the Australian Bush Poets' Association (ABPA), and more particularly that wonderful group of people that use the ABPA website. I visited the website, read the poetry and the friendly banter and I was hooked!

The ABPA website is brimming with poetry writing tips from award winning bush poets such as David Campbell, Ellis Campbell, Noel Stallard and Glenny Palmer; information on bush poetry events; competition information with closing dates and entry forms; competition results; a poets' forum and more.

However, it's when you enter the forum that you discover the quirky and little-known world of funny, crazy and witty poets and a wealth of amazing poetry is revealed. I can safely say that everything I have learnt about writing bush poetry has come from the people and information on the ABPA website. Not only that, but I have made some wonderful new friends, been able to share my poetry and most importantly, get valuable feedback on my poetry in a non competitive setting. All of which has helped me to learn and improve my writing. I've now met quite of a few people that use the forum, have even stayed at the homes of some of them and would count many of them as my long distance friends.

USING THE FORUM

Australian Bush Poets' Association website www.abpa.org.au

The website is easy to use and newcomers to the internet should not fear entering



the site. It is safe and user friendly. First off you click on the "Forum" tab at the top of the Home Page. A new page shows "Link to Forum". This will lead you directly into the forum where you can view various pages such as members' poetry; events; users' poetry; sections for war poetry and poetry for children; a section for yarns; lost poetry; an audio section and various other pages.

As a visitor to the website you are able to view these pages and all the posts but you cannot make any comments. I recommend that you register on the site. This is simply a matter of registering a user name (this could simply be your first name) and a password and your email address. There is no cost. No one viewing the site can see your email address and your security and privacy is of paramount importance to the site administrator. You do not have to reveal your surname or location to other users unless you wish to.

Once you have registered, you are then able to view and access the **General Poetry Discussion** and **Off Topic Chit Chat** sections and you can post your poems and make comments. This is where the fun and learning begins. The poets on the site are very friendly, welcoming, helpful and very passionate about their bush poetry.

There is often robust discussion on poetry and poetry related topics but best of all is the encouragement and assistance you will receive if you ask for it (and sometimes when you don't). The valuable feedback will undoubtedly help you improve your poetry if that is what you are after.

Not everyone that uses the forum is a writer. Some people recite poetry or simply enjoy reading it. Everyone that enjoys

Bringing Bush Poets Together

bush poetry is welcome.

There is also provision for private messages if you wish to send a message to another forum user and not reveal your private email address.

Bush poets are a rare breed and we are often isolated by distance. Poets in the larger populated centres are lucky enough to have writers' or poetry groups; not so when you come from the rural areas of many parts of Australia. This is where the ABPA forum becomes invaluable in bringing poets together from all over Australia. Hopefully I will see you there...

Heather Knight

ABPA Member and Forum Moderator

FORUM MEMBERS' COMMENTS

It's a chance to display your work in an informal setting and perhaps get some pointers on form and style and writing to build up your knowledge. The forum is an avenue to meet new friends with similar interests. It enables people to get a wider understanding of experiences in different parts of the country. Neville

I get to interact with others who share the same passion and interest for both our Australian way of life, poetry and heritage. Bob

Help is readily available and willingly offered or so I have found. I have always received encouragement and support. The great sense of fun and camaraderie on the site is terrific. Guaranteed to lift your spirits on a down day. Maureen

When joining the forum you are among like minded people with a love for Australian rhyming poetry. Your poems will be read by an appreciative audience, many of whom are very skilled poets, who if asked will be only too pleased to help, or offer if it's needed. If you have a thirst for learning more about writing poetry, you have certainly come to the right place. Terry

For myself, living in a far flung neck of the woods (Cape York Peninsula) the ABPA web forum has been fantastic as an ideal conduit to the rich vein of bush poetry know-how that it provides. Through no other avenue could I imagine having instant access to such a wealth of knowledge. There is also great comradery, and genuine respect amongst all forum users. Marty

One of the things that impresses me as a newcomer[I still consider myself new as it's only eight months since I wrote my first ever poem] is the opportunity to ask questions about anything you can't get your

Judge's Report - Eastwood/Hills FAW Boree Log Award for Bush Verse

By Brian Beesley

It was a pleasure to have the opportunity to judge this year's Boree Log Award for bush verse.

All aspects of life were revealed in some wonderfully, well-written ballads, stimulating the reader with pathos, humour and the ever-present beauty of the Australian bush.

In choosing the final short-listed entries, I looked for consistent rhythm, uncontrived rhymes, credible story lines and poetic language. The final selections met with all those criteria.

However, some good stories were spoiled by incorrect rhyme choices, for example a common fault is to rhyme singular with plural ie: *flight / nights*. Other ballads began well but deteriorated in rhythm structure. Generally speaking, the first verse determines the make-up of the poem, both in the number of lines and syllable count.

I believe there are more gifted poets, writing superior ballads today than perhaps there were ten years ago, so it is imperative that writers focus on rhyme

and metre for success. And words preceding the rhyme are not merely a vehicle to arrive at the rhyme – every word must count. Thank you to all entrants, it was a privilege to read your work. For those who were unsuccessful, keep writing, keep going over your poem, honing, questioning the value of chosen words and changing where appropriate and selecting credible rhyming words

NULLARBOR DREAMING

by Brenda Joy

Winner of the Eastwood/Hills

Fellowship of Australian Writers 2011

BOREE LOG AWARD FOR BUSH VERSE

Where the surge of Oceana's mighty forces
gains its power through the winds Antarctic born
as the waves that crash Ceduna's rugged coastline
curve the banks of sands by time and weather torn;
we anticipate our patriotic journey
into barren, treeless place where eagles reign,
for it's part of our Australian 'Right of Passage'
to be stirred to cross the Nullarbor's vast plain.

Wide horizon spreads its full expanse around us
punctuated by a single rocky crop
with the derelict remains of stone-walled homestead
only sign of long forgotten wayside stop.
We are conscious of the breadth of our great country
as the steps of past explorers we retrace
with black ribbon highway making no impression
on the grandeur of this land's extensive space.

Reaching crags that sharply drop in regal splendour
it's as if the very edge of Earth is found.
Permeated with the glow of winter sunlight,
we can feel our heartbeats pulse to ocean's pound.
Where the southern whales give nurture to their new born
near the Bunda Cliffs that mark the Head of Bight,
where the shoreline cavalcades toward the distance,

head around and someone will either answer it or guide you in the right direction to source information. I love the diversity of the poetry here. Everyone has their own style, and just by reading you learn so much. But the most important thing for me is the knowledge that if you live in an area where there is little contact with bush poets [as I do] this forum goes a long way towards closing the gap. Help and contacts are always close at hand. If your looking for information on upcoming events in your area, this is the place to find it. But the most im-

we are constantly aware of Nature's might.

With the cries of sea-linked birds that pierce the seedbeds
navigating facets of *façade* so steep,
far below a playful family of dolphins
penetrates productive pleasures of the deep.
Through the phases of the cycles of the daylight,
from the soft embracing subtleness of dawn
to the clarity of edges cut by noon-light
to the radiance before the night is born.

All the while these cliffs of Bunda change their colours
from the pinks to rustic reds to glows of gold,
each rendition captivating in its splendour
as the layers of its variance unfold.
We absorb this sculptured spectacle around us.
It imbeds within our hearts forever more,
for the love of Nature's realm is overwhelming
where the Bundas skirt the Aussie Bight's great shore.

There are magic sites on earth where awe puts focus
on the marvels that Creation can unfold
and this ag-ed, limestone region lies in waiting
like a slumb'ring giant carved from times untold.
Though we've left this pristine wilderness of beauty
where the sunlight blazes and the moonlight gleams,
we go forth transformed by reverential wonder,
whilst the ancient plain of Nullarbor just dreams.

Brenda Joy →



Sue →

Praise for MORRISET

To Trevor Harragon - Hunter Poets

I was mulling over the great time I'd had at the Poetry Fest last weekend and wanted to express my thanks to Carol, yourself and the rest of your team. Congratulations to everyone involved in presenting a top-notch festival!

For my part, I enjoyed myself immensely from go to whoa. The setting was ideal, the facilities top-notch and, in particular, the contributions made by Carol, Frank, Greg, Glenlynn, Manfred and Milton were simply outstanding (not to mention that of the "Midnight Carolers"!) Their generosity in sharing the benefits of their wealth of knowledge and experience is humbling.

The job of keeping that mob of bush poetry yobboes under some sort of control and the programme on track (more or less) was obviously a pretty hard slog. I am amazed at Carol's sheer doggedness, persistence and work ethic. That she was able to wrangle that mob without resort to a stockwhip is a tribute

to her yarding skills (tell Carol I now think of her as Carol "Heeler" Heuchan!)

Of course without the assistance of her hard-working team organizing registrations, assigning accommodation and handling all those mundane tasks and little issues that crop up in such a gathering, her job would have been even more daunting.

I do hope that the event proved a viable proposition financially and that it can be repeated next year. As a general concept, being able to provide both accommodation and festival activities at the same venue is terrific in my view. It allows much more interaction with the professionals and fosters a greater camaraderie between fellow participants.

Once again, congratulations to all concerned, and I look forward with eager anticipation to the next festival.

It has been a great pleasure to meet you Trevor. Hope to bump into you soon.

Cheers, Will Moody.

Community



from Duncan Williams.

Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Awards

The Weekend from Friday 18th November saw the rejuvenation of the Annual three day Upper Lachlan Wool Wagon Awards Competition held at the Crookwell Services Club.

By far the greatest weekend of entertainment experienced by all, with prizes valued in excess of \$4,000.00. Mr. Alby Schults, Federal Member for Hume opened the proceedings to a huge audience.

The Friday night was a free concert sponsored by Crookwell business houses and Barry 'Spud' and Denielle Murphy, local Inn-keepers and some of our leading poets which included Jim Brown, Graham Johnston, Zondrae King, Frank Daniel, Robyn Sykes, Garry Lowe and the 2009 winner Terry Reagan. Others included new writing sensation Tom McIlveen, Heather Knight, Sue Pearce, John Davis, Bill Williams, Will Moodey, and Ken Tough.

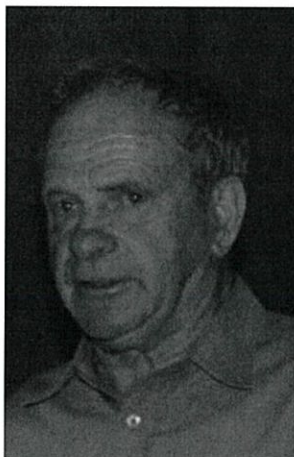
The theme this year was a tribute to Frank Daniel, a bush poetry icon who has been reciting for over 40 years, has

been a past President and Vice-President of the ABPA many times and is the current Editor of the association's magazine.

Saturday was competition day with Breakfast from 9.00am and the novice section. Any beginners could enter whether reciting or reading a poem. Mr Ron Evans' wool wagon carvings are highly sought after prizes with poets coming from Australia wide in the hope of taking one of these prestigious awards home. The craftsmanship and detail of Ron's work has enhanced this annual event.

Saturday night hosted an open music and poetry concert plus the awarding of the prizes.

Spud
Murphy



Tributes have been flowing in for former Deputy Mayor, Mientje Adriana Anthonius Septimus Maas OAM, who died at Gunnedah Hospital on 22nd October.

Affectionately known to everyone as Mikki, the much-loved founder of the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards for Schools was born in Holland but had her feet and heart very firmly planted in Australia.

Gunnedah Shire Mayor Adam Marshall said it was a sad time for the Gunnedah community which had lost "one of its greatest patriots". "Mikki's passing is deeply saddening - she had an unwavering enthusiasm for life, work and her adopted home, Gunnedah. It would be difficult to find a more proud local citizen and one who was more willing to promote the community," Cr Marshall said.

Cr Marshall said Mikki was the person who gave Gunnedah its Australia Day focus.

"Single-handedly in the early stages of the 1980s, Mikki initiated Gunnedah's renowned Australia Day activities and celebrations, which stimulated local feelings of national pride," he said. "The celebrations have become a proud tradition still continued 30 years on.

"Serving 15 years on the Gunnedah

loses great patriot

Mikki Maas was a champion of the town she adopted in 1969. Born in Holland but fired with a fierce pride in Australia after migrating in 1949, Mikki worked tirelessly to promote Gunnedah and everything it had to offer. Her drive and enthusiasm literally carried the town's fledgling tourism industry through the early years, however, one of her greatest contributions was the Dorothea Mackellar Memorial concept and the poetry competition for schools. Mikki died at the age of 88, still planning and thinking of ways to promote her beloved Gunnedah.

Municipal and then Gunnedah Shire Councils, including two terms as Deputy Mayor, Mikki immersed herself in many community activities," Cr Marshall said.

"Mikki formed the Tourist Activities Promotion (TAP) and set about raising funds for a memorial to the famous poet Dorothea Mackellar, who has ties to the district – the group raised more than \$30,000 for the memorial, which was constructed in ANZAC Park.

"Not content with that, Mikki went on to initiate the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Competition for schools, which has now become the largest and longest-running poetry competition in Australia."

Over her years of community service Mikki Maas received many accolades and plaudits.

In 1987 she received the Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) followed by the Centenary Medal in 2001. In the same year she was inducted into the Australian Pioneer Women's Hall of Fame.

In 2003, at her 80th birthday celebrations Mikki was presented with the Gunnedah 'Roving Ambassador Award' by former Mayor, Gae Swain, in recognition of her tireless work promoting the town.

At this year's Gunnedah Australia Day Awards, Mikki received a Mayoral Meritorious Award in recognition of 40 years of dedicated and committed service to the community.

"Mikki was a person that every community wished it had but that seldom do – they are simply very rare," Cr Marshall said.

"Those around her were amazed by her stamina and capacity for hard work. After falling in love with Gunnedah she devoted more than 40 years of her life to its improvement and promotion.

"Mikki earned her place as one of our community's legends and that is how she

will always be remembered."

Former Gunnedah Mayor Gae

Swain said Mikki had made a magnificent contribution to her adopted town and to Australia.

"Mikki's vision taught us so much about being Australian," Mrs Swain said.

"She always called herself an ABC – Australian By Choice, and she forced us to look at ourselves and consider how much we cared about our country and what was important to us.

"With her husband Max quietly supporting her behind the scenes, Mikki was a force to be reckoned with.

"She was very determined to do what she knew should be done and would not take no for an answer, however, it was always for the right reasons.

"Mikki challenged us as a community to think about what we could contribute – I had never even thought about going into local government until I heard Mikki speaking on the radio about the need for all of us to think about what we could contribute.

"She knew hardship during the war years and she taught us to look beyond our comfortable lifestyle – Mikki was a living treasure and she will be sadly missed."

Mikki was a founding member of the Australia Day committee, which started organising celebrations in 1979.

John Hickey, who was "persuaded" by Mikki to take over the Australia Day sporting events in 1983, said she had been an "inspiration".

"Mikki may have been born in another country but no-one represented the Aussie spirit better," he said.

Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards



President Philippa Murray said Mikki Maas had left an incomparable legacy. "Her great love and passion for her 'new' country resulted in a children's poetry competition that is known Australia-wide and still going strong as it approaches its 30th anniversary," Ms Murray said.

"Mikki was active in the poetry awards right up to the end – she attended a monthly meeting only six weeks ago and true to form, bristled with ideas and suggestions.

"Her contribution was inestimable – she was able to share her experience and hindsight together with many forward thinking concepts.

"On behalf of committee past and present, we mourn the loss of our founder."



Dorothea MacKellar 1885-1968

Article for ABPA Interview with Jack Thompson by Australian filmmaker Chris Noonan

CN: Jack, you are well known as an Australian actor, from your roles in movies like *The Man From Snowy River* and *The Sum of Us*, but someone like me for instance, never knew you had other strings to your bow, so to speak. How did you come to be interested in classic Australian poetry?

JT:: The man who raised me, my adoptive father John Thompson was a poet as well as a Senior Features Writer and Producer with ABC radio. He was actually born in Melbourne and shortly after graduating from Melbourne University with a B.A. in Classics, his grandfather paid his fare to London in 1931. He tried to make a go of it as a poet and novelist. He didn't manage to sell any novels but he did get a collection of romantic verse called *Three Dawns Ago* published. It might seem a little old fashioned now, but there is still some lovely work there. He met my adoptive mother in London where she was working in a bookshop and between them they cobbled together a living- John was very good looking and he sometimes as a fashion model and also managed to get small parts in movies. However, writing was always his thing and, after they came back to Australia, just prior to World War 2, he started at the ABC in Perth and then later he came across to the ABC in Sydney as a War Correspondent. After the war, he managed to convince "the powers that be" to let him create a show called *Poet's Tongue*, which became quite the popular literary programme of the day. He gave Peter Finch, the Australian actor, his first job on radio reading the worlds of Australian poets in this programme. He met many of the Australian writers as a consequence of this, and also, I suppose by natural inclination because he was still writing poetry himself, and many became friends. It was nothing to come home and find Kenneth Slessor and his circle sitting around the kitchen table having a glass of rough red. They were the people in my young life. Within the group, there'd often be furious argument about where Banjo Paterson fitted into the scheme of things, how Lawson should be memorialised and so on- that kind of argument was just part and parcel of kitchen table life. I didn't know any different. It was great.

CN: What are the poems you remember

from that time?

JT:: Well, I was about six I suppose when a teacher read the Lewis Carroll poem *Jabberwocky* to me and I can still recite it by heart- Carroll was enormously influential and I find I come back to his work all the time. I find the whimsy of it delightful and have become a bit of a collector of Lewis Carroll works. I'm going to record his works next I think- I love *The Hunting of the Snark* and *You Are Old Father William*. All kids knew that one.

CN: But what were the Australian poems you first came across?

JT: Dad read me Henry Lawson's *Battle of the Drover* pretty early on and I still find it incredibly moving. It's one of my favourites and everybody but everybody knew *The Man From Ironbark* and *The Geebung Polo Club*- the City vs the Bush sentiment was alive and well, even in downtown Paddington. They are genuinely funny poems. I still get a kick out of them. The other poem that made a big impression was the Paterson wartime poem about the horses not coming back from the war. It affected me greatly too. Many of the soldiers had brought their horses with them from Australia and at the end of the war they weren't allowed to bring these incredibly loyal, brave animals back with them. I think its called *The Last Parade*. It's terribly moving.

CN: What Australian work are you going to record next?

JT: It's interesting how technology is changing things. I now think we're nearly at the stage where you can record just one track you like of a particular poets work and distribute that as a download without having to record a whole album and I find that particularly attractive- the idea that I might be able to record say, *Mad Jack and his Old Cockatoo* by Bill Ryland, and not have to put together a whole album of his work or try and find other work to go with it, seems deliciously efficient and fun! It's a great poem and my publisher says I could record it in a morning and have it up on iTunes pretty well the same afternoon. I think that's the way of the future. We're not quite there yet, but I can see that's the way to go.

I'd love to do some T.A. Hungerford too, he's a Western Australian writer that I admire and there's still a lot more of Henry Lawson that hasn't been done. There's so much really. I've just recorded the Lawson short story *Grandfather's Christmas* which took a couple of days to get right and I'm doing some live

shows in the New Year, one in Tamworth at the Country Music Festival and one at the Joan Sutherland Centre in Penrith on Australia Day. I have a cameo piece in the new Baz Luhrmann film, *The Great Gatsby* and then early next year I start rehearsing for *Under Milk Wood* at the State Theatre Company in Sydney. That feels like about enough for the next six months I reckon!

The Jack Thompson Fine Poets Collection is available from www.finepoets.com and ABC Shops Australia wide.

A SPECIAL BUSH POETRY CHRISTMAS TREAT FOR FIVE LUCKY READERS *plus a special discount offer for everyone else!*

Aussie icon Jack Thompson is a big fan of the ABPA and is offering five lucky readers an autographed copy of his *Jack Thompson, Live at the Gearin*, Favourite Australian Poems DVD as a prize. It'll make a great Christmas present for someone! This live performance includes classics like *The man From Snowy River*, *Clancy of the Overflow*, *Said Hanrahan*, *The Integrated Adjective* and some lesser known works by Henry Lawson and Jack's own father, poet John Thompson.

To win a DVD, just renew your membership before Christmas to be in the draw.

Any other APBA member can order a CD of the same show from Fine Poets, the publisher at a cracking \$5.00 off the retail price of \$19.95, which means you get it for \$14.95 plus \$1.55 postage and packing. They'll even giftwrap it for you and write a personal message on a gift tag so you need do nothing but place your order and the present will arrive ready to go.

To place an order, go to www.finepoets.com and click on the **Live at the Gearin CD**, and put the word **BONZA** into the discount code box at the checkout. Your discount will be automatically applied. This offer is exclusive to APBA members. If you don't want to use the website, just ring Fine Poets on 0296656135 and tell them that you are an APBA member who wants to order. They're very helpful.

Merry Christmas from Jack Thompson!

and would not shirk my duty to my Company or you.

The Runaway

by Bert Pullen

There was sent by urgent despatch that
some wagons were on the go,
because the guard had failed to catch
when he had slipped in the snow.

The order was to clear the line and the
crossings to secure,
and predicted not too much time but
their schedule not real sure.

I was at the Tamworth station when
many long years ago,
this urgent notification was despatched
for all to know.

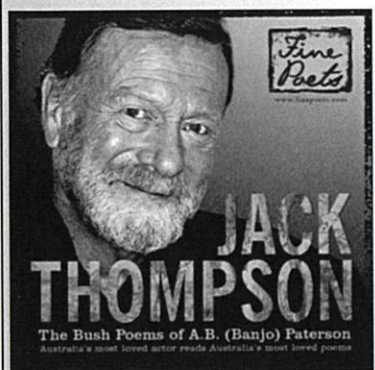
It said that there's a runaway that is rac-
ing at fast rate,
and I remember to this day when we
braced up for the wait.

It was a cold bleak winter's night when
the boss made this demand,
and the whole region was in fright coz
they knew not where they'd land.
Wagons on the way from Walcha were
on the way to Tamworth,
and the line to the board joker was the
hottest line on earth.

Loud roaring of the wheels were heard
from so many miles away,
Cattle stampeded as a herd and the
chooks went off the lay.
And Rover broke his rusty chain and he
is still on the run,
whilst Digger yelled "nips back again,"
and discharged his old shot gun.

But like all things must come to end
when those runaways did stack,
when they had failed to take the bend
near Warrengen jumped the track.
Then the boss sat back in his chair and
announced "it's all over",
and pondered on the whole affair, whilst
Digger can't find Rover.

Jack Thompson Reads
the Bush Poems of Banjo Paterson
14 Tracks plus 2 bonus tracks
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REMEMBERING MARYSVILLE

Winning entry - Escape Artfest Poetry Competition.
The theme: IGNITE

REMEMBERING MARYSVILLE

Written by John Davis Ulladulla NSW 11.06.11

The day had been as hot as hell; the wind was like a furnace breath.

All was oppressed and they could smell, upon the wind a hint of death.
The forest dry and limply lay beneath a cloudless burning sky.

Unless it rained by break of day, with all the land so hot and dry,
Before another day is through; If they survive another night.

This hot dry land is going to, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

A lightning strike a sullen morn a tiny wisp of smoke unseen,

A devil's breath and then is born the very worst that's ever been.
As flames leap high from forest floor and wildlife flee before the flame

The fire roars on engulfing more. Will ever here now be the same?
Smoke clouds billow in the sky and flames climb to a fearsome height.

The very tree tops waving high, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

Small creatures die in choking pain when smoke clouds fill the air around.

Their terrible cries mournful refrain as they lie writhing on the ground.
The stench of burning flesh is strong as people face this mighty foe.
The flames sing now their fearsome song as roaring through small towns they go.
Destroying homes and taking life; All through the day into the night

And now twin fears of death and strife, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

And when at last the fire is done and there are no more flames to fear.

Smoke clouds no longer hide the Sun. The sky once more is blue and clear.
What once were gardens now burnt ground; In front of houses now burnt down.

There's burnt out wreckage all around this devastated tiny town.
Folk stare at homes that smolder still while teardrops blur this dreadful sight.
Numb despair in each now will, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

The forest trees are black and bare, for many miles no hint of green.

Soft gray ash spread everywhere; No living creatures to be seen.
Supplies of water are polluted and in every burned-out town
Their lives will now be convoluted but they don't let it keep them down.
Despair with courage they replace and in their eyes a glowing light.
The fires they need the pain to face, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

They'll not forget the ones, who tried, in the bravest of endeavor,
to fight the fire but lost and died; memories will linger forever.
They will rebuild their homes again and reconstruct their village life.
Put aside the terror and pain of danger and personal strife.
When we see determination, to work as one and put things right,
the flames of our admiration, Ignite Ignite Ignite.

HELP the ABPA

Earlier this year, Bill Williams of Queanbeyan NSW, offered members through the ABPA Forum a chance to get together to produce an album to be sold as a money-raiser for the Bush Poets association.

Ten poets took advantage of his offer and sixteen tracks of varying styles were laid down last month.

Those appearing on the CD con-

sisted of Glenny Palmer, Maureen Clifford, Frank Daniel, Dave Smith, Bill Williams, Neil MacArthur, Neville Briggs, Andrew Hull, Sue Pearce and Bob Pacey.

The CD, 'Relaxing Aussie Tales' is available for the sum of fifteen dollars, (post paid) of which five dollars will be donated to the ABPA funds.

To obtain a copy please send \$15.00 to the Editor, ABPA, PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804.

Ph. 02 6344 1477 editor@abpa.org.au

'Coo-ee' from Gil

'HOW YOU GOING, MATE?'

© Ron Stevens Dubbo NSW 2011

1st prize Open - 'Wellbeing, Invest in your Life' section,
Gilgandra Cooee Festival 2011

I answered 'Not too bad' but that's not good enough.
Not that I should have bored him with the painful stuff.
Imagine his surprise if I'd replied 'The day's
begun terrifically, with pink galahs' displays
outside my hostel window just on breakfast time.'
Their calls and antics mingled with the bell's bright chime,
no doubt the reason why the plain but healthy fare
seemed tastier than usual, prepared with care.

Yet care, I'm sure, is always borne in mind by staff,
much overstretched preparing meals on our behalf
A word of our appreciation brings a smile
returned, which beats a whinge and frowning by a mile.
We residents are happier since management
began the weekly meetings where some different
ideas are discussed about improvements here,
concerning our health and overall atmosphere.

Not in a negative way or with major things
re-decorating colours, which songs our choir sings
at Christmas concert, visits to and by sports teams,
church services available, artistic schemes.
An instance of a better outlook shone last week
when our tame psychiatrist suggested we seek
his help beating depression, then young Tony called
'I'll paint that mongrel black dog pink-and-white piebald.'

To 'How you going, Mate?' I now can answer 'Well
with chemo visits nearly finished and
Estelle and I the runners-up last Tuesday's mixed-pairs bowl, I
am confident and pretty much on-a-roll.'

Gilgandra Cooee Festival

The Cooee Festival commemorates the famous 1915 Cooee March. After the Gallipoli disaster and the first casualty lists were published the number of Australian men enlisting to go to war dwindled. In an attempt to change this trend, thirty-five men set out on a recruitment drive from Gilgandra to help in the WW1 effort, calling out "Cooee" to encourage men along the way to come and enlist also.

On the 12th December the Cooee's reached Sydney with 277 men! The Cooee March was the first of many recruiting marches in this country, with recruiting marches playing a vital role in Australia's World War I effort. The Cooee Festival showcases, preserves and celebrates Australian history in a unique and special way.

To celebrate this proud and unique event in Australia's history, Gilgandra comes alive with a jam-packed schedule of events over the course of the days with a street parade, roving entertainment, bands, bush poetry, golf, jumping castles, face painting and markets. There is plenty of food and full bar service available.

The Coo-ee Festival is made possible by a dedicated team of volunteers and generous sponsors.

Each year the event grows from strength to strength, with more and more tourists joining in to celebrate the culture and character of this remarkable historical event.

NEWS FROM DOWN BELOW

© Ron Stevens. Dubbo NSW 2011

3rd prize. Open Section, Gilgandra Coo-ee Festival 2011

It's good to know we're not forgotten, Mate.
Just heard on phantom radio 'The fate
of Handcock and Morant should be recalled.'
Went on to say no soldier should be hauled
before a secret military court,
as three are now at risk from having fought
some years ago in that misguided plan
to civilise or crush Afghanistan.

Apparently, on false intelligence
(what's new?) they stormed a house where innocents
were killed, but as we found in Spelonken,
the enemy's chameleonic - men
or women, children; in mufti or dressed
in uniform (their own or ours) obsessed
with vengeance and their god, or pacified.
But which? Split-seconds only to decide.

Ah, Peter, bloody military courts!
And especially British ones, where rorts
and subterfuges, barefaced lies protect
each lordly reputation; where respect
for truth comes second to the noble cause
of empire, king and vanquishing the Boers.
Far better sacrifice Colonials
than damage Kitchener and gutless pals.

No hope for Major Thomas to defend
us well at one day's notice or contend
with tricks like vital witness Colonel Hall
transferred to India, beyond recall.
Recommendations for mercy denied.
Our brief mid-trial release to fight beside
our gaolers, defending Pietersburg, no
deliverance against our courtroom foe.

Though Major Thomas did his Aussie best,
the Federal government acquiesced
to Kitchener's deceit and arrogance.
Against such power we never had a chance.
Not until the Great War did Aussies see
a government with guts to disagree
with British death-sentencing - none among
a hundred and twenty one shot or strung.

Upsetting for the generals, of course
but proof, as Major Thomas urged, each force
of Aussies should be under their commands.
A caution too: invading others' lands
invites some counter-butchery because
the enemy might not forgive the flaws
in our intelligence from which untold
collateral casualties unfold.

For that's the euphemism in use now.
I heard it several times when somehow
freak wireless talk last penetrated here.
Collateral - a word all troops should fear!
Great pity we can't send this warning through
to troops when H/Q plans have gone askew:
'Don't fear the enemy but watch your backs
from brass and politicians' joint-attacks!'

ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES

© Ron Stevens Dubbo 2011

2nd prize Coo-ee March section, Gilgandra Coo-ee Festival 2011

Four years to go, yet rumour has it plans are under way to re-enact the Cooee March for day on footsore day. In 1915 we were battling heathen Turks and Huns, Gallipoli had scythed so many patriotic sons that urgent calls were being made of 'Coo-ee' to their mates. A call, familiar around the bush, that resonates so well among a trio in Gilgandra they decide a bold recruiting march to Sydney was well justified. The story's proudly told how blind officialdom ignored the scheme, relenting when Gil's thirty-five signed up; which soared to sixty by Wongarbon, then snowballing on, coo-eed through town on town, three hundred and twenty miles, to succeed in reaching Sydney's goal with two hundred and sixty three. The epic tale from Gilgandra to embarkation quay and on to France reveals heroic characters and paints contemporary viewpoints, morals, loyalties, restraints.

So how to represent so many vague concepts before an audience a century removed from that Great War? As in the 1987 re-enactment, cheers and coo-ees all along the route will help to shrink the years but only on the surface. Coo-ees marched to different songs respect for King and Country, God, deep sense of rights and wrongs. Our Empire was an idol Uncle Sam has not replaced in Aussie hearts; United Nations never has us braced against the wall defending Britain's common-market clan. We're keen to save-the-whales but lack a nation-bonding plan. Instead, success in sport or fleeting eminence on stage appear to be the selfish battle standards of this age. That's not to say the Coo-ee re-enactors can't succeed in paying homage to what seems almost another breed of Aussies than us soft and cozy city-centred lot, who whinge too much and rarely offer thanks for what we've got.

Yet if I'm still okay when 2015 comes around, I'll coo-ee to the marchers as they tread familiar ground. I'll cheer the high-school band if they are leading marchers through, survey the passing faces and imagine they're not new. They'll surely be Bill Hitchen, Leslie Greenleaf spry and tall, James Cameron and others who had heard that coo-ee call. Then later at a function, welcoming old words are read by a schoolchild wearing robes befitting a civic head. I hope responding platitudes don't come from Chaplain Lee. His sermons and his speeches never have appealed to me. To hear some child repeating insults - 'You cowards, shirkers!' might herald calls to 'Burn the mosques' or to 'Banish burqas'. The Cooees might have thought their march would help to bind this land. The subsequent divisions, they could never understand. I hope this re-enactment casts a reconciling net, a bond from past to future, a Coo-ee 'Lest we forget.'

THE PROMISE by Grahame "Skewiff" Watt.

The folk from old Goodmalibee had gathered at the church,
Where they heard the Parson pray for rain from off his lofty perch.
They knew his words were moving as he prayed with all his might,
But after years of praying there was still no rain in sight.

"Let's move into the Hall," Paddy Carey said. "Take heed,
we can't go on just prayin', it's action that we need.
There's not a blade of grass in sight the dams are bony dry.
If prayin' doesn't work this week our sheep will surely die".

Old George from Baddaginnie said, "All things have got their price,
The Lord is sick of pleading, what He wants is sacrifice".

He said, "I'll give up smoking and never smoke again,
Until our 'Maker' ends the drought and sends us folk the rain".

Then bravely Missus Claxton, (who gossiped far and near),
Said, "I'll never breathe a word - if the rain clouds did appear".
There were promises of abstinence from sins untold before,
They crossed their hearts, made promises, and on the Bible swore.

Said Mick from out near Goo-roombat, "I'll pay me gamblin' debts, [
If only it would rain," he said, "I'd give up layin' bets".
Then Tarnook Fred declared himself, he said, "It makes me think,
If rain would come I'd sign the pledge and give up on the drink".

There were promises from all the folk with offerings galore,
"If only it would rain," they said, "We'd give the world and more".
And as the din of voices started slowly to subside,
A lonely voice said, "Listen! What's that noise I hear out -side?"

It's raining! Raining! Raining! Oh! What joy, it's here!
The roar of rain upon the roof is music to the ear,
The creek is overflowing, the dams have burst their banks,
Dear Lord the drought is over, and to you we give our thanks.

And as for all those promises, about things that we love best,
You know that we were joking, and only spoke in jest.
Our Parson and his prayin', He's the one who made it rain,
You can keep our vows in stor-age, in case of drought again.

"THE PROMISE" 1st prizewinner at the CJ DENNIS Toolangi written competition won by Grahame Watt. It is the second year in succession that 'Watty' has taken out this award. The theme for this year's competition was based on the CJ Dennis Poem "A Song of Rain".

MORRISET

from Trevor Harragon Hunter Poets:

Thank you for the comments. I also had a great time (it's been a while since I tried to sing a lot of those songs) and your feedback and contribution to the festival is appreciated.

The good news is decisions and bookings have already been made to do it all again next year and our first organising meeting has been held SO TELL EVERYONE YOU KNOW AND SPREAD THE WORD THE HUNTER BUSH POETS POETRY FESTIVAL IS ON AGAIN 19th OCTOBER 2012.

from: Mary and Barry Moody
Morriset Festival feedback
G'day Trevor...

I was mulling over the great time I'd had at the Poetry Fest last weekend and wanted to express my thanks to Carol, yourself and the rest of your team. Congratulations to everyone involved on presenting a top-notch festival!

For my part, I enjoyed myself immensely from go to whoa. The setting was ideal, the facilities top-notch and, in particular, the contributions made by Carol, Frank, Greg, Glenny, Manfred and Milton were simply outstanding (not to mention that of the "Midnight Carol-ers"!) Their generosity in sharing the benefits of their wealth of knowledge and experience is humbling. The job of keeping that mob of bush poetry yobbos under some sort of control and the programme on track (more or less) was obviously a pretty hard slog. I am amazed at Carol's sheer doggedness, persistence and work ethic.

That she was able to wrangle that mob without resort to a stockwhip is a tribute to her yarding skills (tell Carol I now think of her as Carol "Heeler" Heuchan!)

Of course without the assistance of her hard-working team organizing registrations, assigning accommodation and handling all those mundane tasks and little issues that crop up in such a gathering, her job would have been even more daunting.

I do hope that the event proved a viable proposition financially and that it can be repeated next year. As a general concept, being able to provide both accommodation and festival activities at the same venue is terrific in my view. It allows much more interaction with the professionals and fosters a greater comradeship between fellow participants.

Once again, congratulations to all concerned, and I look forward with eager anticipation to the next festival.

A Letter from the Front

by Brian Beesley © 2011

Dear Mum and Dad, how are you both? Still anxious I suppose. The years have drifted slowly from the day I caught a rose while marching down that long and dusty, winding, western track. My hopes remain this war will cease and I'll be coming back.

Those eager Coo-ee ranks, which stood in Miller Street that day are much depleted now, because ol' Fritz got in our way at Mouquet Farm and Pozières and also at Fromelles, where we became acquainted with a first-hand glimpse of Hell.

It only took one battle under heavy German fire, and loss of trusted mates like Billy Hunter and Maguire, to make me understand about the rank stupidity of fighting someone who, in peace, would share a beer with me.

The blind belief in noble causes running through my head, encouraged by the Rev'rand's speeches, now is surely dead. The milling crowds, the sights and sounds on that October morn, when Gil rejoiced with fervent pride, have also thinly worn.

But after all I'm in this war, a Coo-ee through and through and would not shirk my duty to my Company or you. That's how this game pans out you know, it's mate looks out for mate, a bond of sheer 'esprit de corps', to numb the hand of fate.

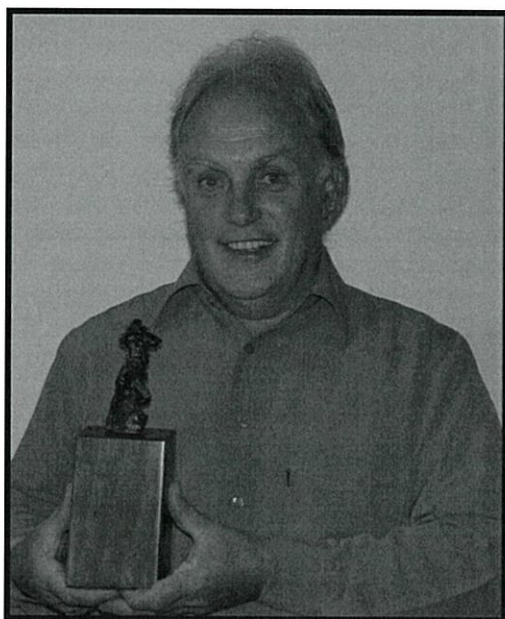
We're holed up in a little town called Villers Brettoneux, the word 'round here says Fritz is building up for one last show. I guess this place won't count for much when all the fighting's done, unless the locals glorify our stance against the Hun.

We have a new Commander now; I can't recall his name, they say he's pretty savvy at this dreadful killing game. His background's engineering and he doesn't suffer fools; he's one of us and has no time for English public schools –

which makes me think this conflict has a strong patrician ring, so now we fight for one another, not for God or King. Our losses are appalling; hardly any ground is claimed – I wonder if those two look on and ever feel ashamed.

We got the news some time ago that Captain Bill had died; he passed away in hospital embraced in Coo-ee pride. And yet I doubt his patriotic view would be as clear, if he had made it to the Front and seen the slaughter here.

Remember Leslie Greenleaf, that young Pommy mate of mine? He featured in some action when he came back to the line. Our Company was 'called-up' overnight. When morning crept across our Front, we heard a soldier scream, so Greenie leapt



The attached poem, 'A Letter from the Front', won the Coo-ee March Section at the recent Coo-ee March Festival Poetry Competition at Gilgandra. The judge also awarded the same poem the trophy for the best overall winning poem from the five categories contested in the competition.

out of the trench and ran, with nothing but a haversack,
toward the chilling, woeful sounds and brought the beggar back.
Turned out to be our Captain, with his leg all shot to bits,
now Greenie's tunic models courage where a medal sits.

An eerie silence sweeps across the lines before stand-to;
it's then my thoughts drift homeward to Gilgandra and the view
across that endless, sunlit plain, where sheep and cattle run;
perchance I'll see it one more time before my days are done.

And yet this place has changed us all – for better? I'm not sure.
I only know we'll take some frightful mem'ries from this war –
the constant crump of groaning guns; the raging battle's noise;
the tortured face of wounded men who, yesterday, were boys;

the wretched mud; the crawling lice; the searching Maxim guns –
I think the dead and buried are indeed the lucky ones.
But spare a thought for Fritz as well, our sufferings are his,
and if there's something worse than death, then I know what it is.

I'm sorry if I'm sounding apathetic and depressed;
I need to write to get this hellish madness off my chest
but as the war drags on to please the bootless Chiefs-of-Staff,
more women weep while staring at a cherished photograph.

I often look back to that day, in front of Garling's store,
when I was one of 'Hitchen's own' committed to this war;
a war that feeds off sacrifice made freely by good men
but those returning must ensure it never dines again.

I know the 'Brass' will censor most of what I've written here
but never mind, they tell us that the end is almost near.
The war has broken Fritz at home; four months will see it won.
So until then, God bless you both, love Jack, your faithful son.

TO THE SECRETARY:

My daughter gave me a year's subscription to your magazine for my 87th birthday. I have enjoyed the submissions and are somewhat envious of the authors' ability with words.

I am enclosing an effort I put together for discussion at a poetry group we formed in Gosford. I didn't know where to send it but guess you will see it gets to the appropriate person.

Sincerely

Ian Clarke

PS the poem is based on a true story.

ME MATE BILL

© Ian Clarke 22.8.2011

"'ave yer got a minit, Bill," I yells
to me mate across the street.

"I wanta show yer what I got
while bird-nestin' just last week.
A 'ard-ta-get magpie's egg
from a tree down by the creek."

"Yer mad, yer silly coot," says Bill,
to rob a 'maggie's' nest.

Yer coulda got yer eyes plucked out –
them birds attack with zest!"

"Yeah, but it give me quite a frill
ta prove that I were best."

We kids in them there far orf days,
we never give a thought
to dangers that confronted us,
like pinchin' fruit and not get caught.
The freedom we enjoyed back then,
today jest can't be bought.

Bill and me, mates to the core,
at school a deadly team:
cricket, football, we played 'ard
on the oval or in back yard.
Life were just a carefree dream
until there were this war.

We joins up tergeva, Bill and me.
Why? We didn't give a thought
to what the fucha 'eld for us,
it was adventure that we sought.
But this game were different, see;
was tuff battles that we fought.

Me, I've come back and settled down
with wife and family of me own.
It 'urts to know that me mate Bill
didn't make it, 'e were killed, yer see –
a sniper 'idden in a tree.
I know 'e smiles down on our home.

Tribute to Frank Daniel- **From one Poet to Another**

by Jim Brown

Lets salute the poets who have roamed across this land
And herded thoughts from their minds to the pen
Their wordsmith's wit makes images which help us understand
That this land breeds great women and great men.

It's not complicated compositions aided by Thesaurus
Which capture our attention from the start
But insightful observations in the words that are before us
When we know those words came from a poet's heart

For lovers of our language it is beyond compare
To hear our mother tongue in Aussie style
Or be entranced by poetry on pages written there
With words which make us marvel, weep or smile.

What joy when poet's words reach out strike a chord
On the reader's heartstrings when they scan the a page
Or pierce the heart when the poet's pens becomes a sword
To stir emotions so deep few can gauge

When warm west winds come wandering, or sunset fires the sky
When birdsong rents the air at break of day
When dancing streams are babbling flanked by forest, poets try
To say with their words more than words can say

When pioneers persevered and they learned to survive
Where nature daily put them to the test
The heritage they left us our first poets kept alive
In verse which surely ranks among the best.

Banjo, Henry Lawson, Ogilvie and many more
Their verse the virtues of this land extol
In words with rhyme and meter and with skill you can't ignore
Tell stories which can touch our very soul.

From heartrending tales of Anzacs lost, to limericks of the dunny
Of unrequited love and mateship true
Bush poetry lives on my friends, the tragic and the funny
And the best thing is it's owned by me and you

But you know our best bush verse is not just history
It lives today as vital now as ever
Today's poets, like the masters, still engage the mystery
Of Australia and that bond nobody can sever

Poets will chase rhyming words just like a cocker spaniel
Plays for hours the games that give the pup a thrill
I'm so grateful that domestic breed rhymes nicely with Frank Daniel
But I love his verse, and know I always will.

Five generations Aussie-- of Irish Catholic bent
You ask him which comes first and he responds
Tapping into Celtic wisdom surely heaven sent,
"Kittens born in ovens are not scones!"

From childhood on the land then riding, droving, and truck driving
Frank can look back now that he's long in the tooth
And feel proud he's played his part to keep bush poetry a thriving
And only half the lies he's told might be the truth

And so my dear bush poet friend, and friend you are to all
Your gift to us is all those tales you've told
You made the right decision Frank to heed the poet's call
Your talent, like your verse, can not grow old

THE PIONEERS

by Heather Corfield Taroom Q.
from her book 'Beyond the Ranges'

Pioneers travelled into the west
It was out there where they faced the test
Coping with the heat, flies, dust-storms, and flood Fol-
lowed by the many miles of mud.

Mothers were teacher, nurse, stockhand, and cook. They
rarely had a chance to read a book
They were busy, early morning to night
Then cared for them all by candlelight.

Many men had to go away to work
And worried about dangers that did lurk,
Odd strangers, fire, and any stray brown snake,
About illness, a fall, bones they might break.

There was Illness, accidents, some had died.
Some had lost their loved ones, and they cried
There was the chore many learned to dread
They would dig the graves, and bury their dead.

The isolation was just part of their life
For every settler each husband and wife.
But they accepted that this was to be
When they settled in the outback country.

Progress finally came to the outback
The Phones, cars, roads, and the new railway track.
Civilization was almost at hand
In this western country of soil and sand.

Today many have their own property
A nice house and garden for all to see,
Each of them improved his piece of land
Fences, stockyards, a bore,
It sure looks grand.

Children travel by bus to boarding school
NO lessons at home, no acting the fool.
Power, CB radio, and TV,
It's a changed world for you and me.

There's folks who like to live in the far west
Out there they are still facing every test
Coping with the heat, flies, dust-storms, and flood Fol-
lowed by so many miles of mud.

Young students listen to School Of the Air
The Flying Doctor calls on them out there.
Some like to visit the city or coast
But it's their home in the west they like most.



FRANK DANIEL TRIBUTE:

Australian Bush Poets Association Inc. members and friends gathered at the Crookwell Services Club for the Upper Lachlan Woolwagon Awards and to pay tribute to Frank Daniel for his services to Australian Bush Poetry; for his contribution and assistance to up and coming new members and writers. He was born in Bungendore NSW in 1942 and moved to Canowindra in 1974.

Frank is one of Australia's foremost performance bush poets, a true-blue Aussie with an Irish heritage, who believes in keeping his country's traditions alive. With a unique laid-back Aussie country-style, coupled with more than a touch of the blarney after five generations in Australia, he can make an audience laugh reminiscing about days gone by or turn them to tears with nostalgia.

His charity work started in his youth. For six years he was a member of Queanbeyan Torch Bearers Legacy Younger Set, advancing to President for two years and Secretary for two years. He was an inaugural member of the Australian Bush Poets Association in 1993 and has travelled nationally as a performer and story teller for over thirty years.

Though never a member, he has assisted the likes of Apex, Rotary and Lions on many occasions, was a member of the Canowindra Bushmens Carnivals Association and was involved throughout its duration with Martis Canowindra Hot Air Balloon Fiesta.

He had a long association with Billi-Can Productions appearing in at least six plays.

From 1978 he conducted a transport business and is renowned for dumping a

load of wheat on the steps of old Parliament House on New Years morning in 1986, to awaken the country and its politicians to the plight of the Australian Farmers and the high rates of interest charged by the banks.

Frank was awarded the Australia Day Citizen of the Year in Cabonne in 2004. In the same year he was appointed Australia Day Ambassador to Canberra, receiving both awards on the same day. Canberra in the morning and Canowindra in the afternoon.

Currently he is editor of the ABPA 24 page bi-monthly magazine.

In 1997 he was inducted to the Bush Poets Wall of Renown at the Longyard's Fireside Festival, Tamworth.

In 1997 he was placed third in the World Championships Yarn-spinning in Darwin, an event previously won by the late Frank Hardy. In the same year he placed second to Kel Watkins, a West Australian story teller in an International Yarn-spinning challenge at the Adelaide Comedy Festival, against competitors from England, Scotland, New Zealand and Canada.

In 2002 he beat all comers in the Australian Yarn Spinning Championships at Mulwala, during the annual Australian Bush Poetry Championships.

From his early days at school and the works of the great masters Paterson and Lawson, he has maintained a keen interest in bush poetry over a wide and varied career.

He won the inaugural Yarn-spinner of the year title at the 2005 National Folk Festival (Canberra) and in 2007 he beat all comers to win his seventh Australian Yarn Spinning Championships title at Dunedoo NSW.

Since incorporation in 1994 Frank Daniel he has served Seven years as President of the Australian Bush Poets Association Inc, eight years as Vice

President, and eight years as Editor of the bi-monthly magazine.

Frank has appeared at all of the major festivals in Australia and annually since 1993 at the Tamworth Country Music Festival where, for a number of years, he co-ordinated the Traditional Longyard Hotel Bush Poets Breakfasts over the ten days of the festival.

To date he has self-published two books of yarns and verse. His first '*Bush Yarns and Poetry*' was runner-up in the 1996 Australian Bush Laureate Awards and '*Chuckin' Rocks*' gained prominence as a finalist in 2000.

His work has appeared in no less than nine anthologies and on ten compilation albums.

He won the inaugural Yarn-spinner of the Year title at the National Folk Festival (Canberra) in 2005.

In 2007 he beat all comers to win his seventh Australian Yarn Spinning Championships title at Dunedoo NSW, during the annual National Australian Bush Poetry Championships.

Most people believe whatever Frank tells them but, as he so often says . . .

**'Only half the lies I tell
are the truth!'**



COUNTRY LINK PARKES ELVIS FESTIVAL ELVIS POETS BREAKFAST THURSDAY 12th JANUARY 2012

FOLLOW THAT DREAM
CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF THE PARKES ELVIS FESTIVAL
JANUARY 11TH—15TH JANUARY 2012
PARKES VISITORS CENTRE
www.parkeselvisfestival.com.au
Ph. 02 6862 6000
Entries Close 2nd January 2012

Rotary Club of Buderim Presents

OUR HERITAGE IN VERSE
2012 Bush Poets Concert
2.00pm Sunday March 11th 2012
The BUDERIM
WAR MEMORIAL HALL
www.buderimrotary.com



Poets at MFSR Statue

2011: Lt to Rt Back row: Tom O'Connor, Mick Coventry, Maurie Foun, Bill Gordon, (Barry Tiffin obscured)
Front: Tony Lambides, Annette Roberts, Jan Lewis (event manager), Carol Reffold, Carol Heuchan & Geoffrey Graham (as Banjo Paterson)

AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS *The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival.*

Have you heard the word? On the changeover weekend from March to April, the mountains around Corryong are set to ring with a new crop of **Banjo Paterson** fans and entrants in the Poetry and Bush Music events at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival. This year, we are proudly presenting the **Australian Bush Poetry Championships!** This means we must follow the ABPA's rules and categories; however, we have retained our popular **MFSR Recital comp**, with three finalists reciting the famous poem on Friday night at Banjo's Block, the poets' home base.

From Thursday to Sunday, somebody, somewhere in Corryong will be reciting a poem or singing a song....people have been actually known

to attend a festival without even going near a horse! However, we DO encourage you to try different components of our authentic bush gathering.

Seriously, with **\$5000 in prizemoney**, there's a lot of competition to be taken care of! If you're a competitor that's an opportunity, and if you're a visitor, listen up and laugh at renditions of some of Australia's favourite poems, yarns and songs of life, lame ducks and locals. **Entries close 18th February** and entry forms are on three websites - ABPA, VBPA and MFSR or contact Jan (details below)

Geoffrey Graham has wowed audiences all around Australia with his characters and one of his best is Banjo Paterson. Relive our bush traditions at Geoffrey's show this year. www.dinkumoz.com.au

It'll be standing room only at the Comedy Comp, a favourite with festival goers on Saturday night, followed by our highlight concert starring our guest poetry judges, including **Susie Carcary, Michael Darby, Melanie Hall, and Graeme Johnson**. Other judges to be confirmed along with other entertainers

such as Carol Reffold www.patchworkpoette.com

Once the Drover's Camp dinner is eaten, get ready for some ridgy-didge camp-fire entertainment at Banjo's Block, where most poetry and music events are held. The competition will be inside the hall, along with campfire singing well into the night around the fire where the billy will be on the boil.

The Poetry and Music events at our Bush Festival will give you chance to experience the friendly country hospitality and spectacular beauty of the high country in autumn. You never know, you might get caught up in the magic and start reciting bush poetry, singing campfire songs, and do a bit of yarn-spinning yourself. We hope to see you there.

Jan Lewis poetfarm@corryongcec.net.au
0260774332

Entry forms: www.vbpa.com.au ;
www.abpa.org.au ;
www.bushfestival.com.au
or send SSAE to Jan Lewis,
275B Cudgewa Valley Road,
Cudgewa, Vic 3705

BEEF AUSTRALIA 2012

7-12 MAY ROCKHAMPTON
WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

Entry Fee: \$5.00 per poem

1st prize \$500.00 2nd Prize \$300.00
3rd prize \$200.00

Post entries to
ATTN:

Ashla Doherty
Event Coordinator
BEEF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
PO Box 199, Rockhampton Q 4700

Entry forms via ABPA Website

2012

17th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTERJULY 13 - 14TH - 15TH

at

ACROSS THE WAVES SPORTS CLUB
MILLER STREET BUNDABERG

2012

Performance Competitions

- Open (Male & Female)
- Intermediate
- Novice
- Junior Categories (U/ 8 Yrs. & 8 Yrs to U/16 Yrs.)
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

**Competition Enquiries & Entry Forms**

SSAE to:

Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG SOUTH 4670

BUSH LANTERN AWARD - WRITTEN COMPETITION FOR BUSH VERSE
and BUSH LANTERN AWARD - JUNIOR CATEGORY - Primary & Secondary School Students

Closing date for written
Competitions May 25th, 2012.
 Results announced on July 15th
 at Muster week-end.

Entry forms : SSAE to
 Bush Lantern Co-ordinator
 Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc.,
 PO Box 4281 BUNDABERG SOUTH. 4670

All phone or e.mail enquiries:

Sandy Lees (Muster Co-ordinator) .. 07 41514631 or leesjds1@yahoo.com.au
 Edna Harvey (President) 07 4159 7198 or edna_harvey@hotmail.com
 Jayson Russell (Vice President) 07 4155 0778 or planate@bigpond.net.au
 or the ABPA website www.abpa.org.au

The Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc. is proudly supported by Across the Waves Sports Club

Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush

**Featuring Gary Fogarty, Peter Capp, Neil McArthur, Brad Maclean
 and Laura Downing**

For more information, contact:

**Tenterfield Visitors Information Centre
 157 Rouse Street, Tenterfield NSW 2372.**

Tickets (02) 67362900

Join us for a celebration of Australian bush poetry.
 Bush ballads, music, dance and fun

March 29 – April 1, 2012

www.oraclesofthebush.com

***Competitions for both written and performance poetry, with prize
 money of more than \$3000.00***

The Australian Bush Poets

Association Inc.

(Established 1994)

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Website: abpa.org.au

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Federal Member for New England in the
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20th of month preceding the month of issue.

Note: Every endeavour is made to inform readers, poets, competitors etc., of functions, written and performance competitions and so on. Space does not provide to print competition entry terms and conditions, or details beyond the closing dates and dates of such event. Further information can be obtained from the organizers by sending an SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) to the addresses supplied.

ADVERTISING RATES

1/3 Column \$10.00

2/3 Column \$15.00

Full Column \$20.00

Half page \$40.00

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free. (Two lines only)

To allay costs, copy regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid advertisement.

Terms strictly C.O.D. with ad.

Send details in plain text along with payment to:

The Editor

PO Box 16 Canowindra NSW 2804

email. editor@abpa.org.au

phone 02 3644 1477

BUNGENDORE COUNTRY MUSTER

Australian

Bush Poetry at its Best

Saturday and Sunday

4th and 5th

FEBRUARY 2012

7am Brekky

8am Walk Up Poetry

Contact

Frank Daniel

Ph, 02 6344 1477

editor@abpa.org.au



Major's Creek Folk Festival

The weekend of 11th, 12th and 13th of November saw the return of the Major's Creek Folk Festival. It was good to see the festival on again after a year's absence. On Saturday morning I was given the task of presenting the Poet's Breakfast. There were a total of fourteen poets who put their names down to present poems. Barry Lake, Fran Bush, Campbell 'The Swaggie', Laurie MacDonald, Lorraine McCrimmon and Jane Scott were all present and we also had some new faces. David O'Connor from Tasmania who is a seasoned performer, new to Major's Creek but not the spotlight, gave us several polished poems and Barry Parks from Hornsby/Kuringgai Folk Club also pleased the crowd with his original verse.

On Sunday morning Lorraine McCrimmon was on duty as MC and again a good sized crowd gathered and stayed for the full two hours. Aside from the regular faces they were rewarded with a delightful performance by an eight years old young lady, Claire who did a perfect recital of "Mulga Bill's Bicycle". Included in the morning's presentation was a final farewell to David Meyers in which Laurie MacDonald and Lorraine McCrimmon dedicated a poem to David. I rounded it off with the poem I wrote in David's memory "Our Mate Dave".

While the 'talk' is that this festival will only be on every second year, it was very well attended and everyone I spoke to are hoping the committee were rejuvenated by the year off and that it will return to its annual timetable.

Zondrae King

A woman of Words

COMPETITION RESULTS

SHOALHAVEN TIMBER FESTIVAL WRITTEN COMPETITION

The top six poems in the Southern Shoalhaven Timber Festival Poetry Comp are,

- 1st Our Timber Cutters Legacy
 - By Tom McIlveen
 - 2nd Timber By Meg Thomas
 - 3rd The Spirit of Timber
 - By Nerelie Teese
 - 4th The Old Bullocky
 - By Bill Williams
 - 5th Memories of Maurie
 - By Nerelie Teese
 - 6th Woodsman Jack
 - By Ray Rowling
- Congratulations to all successful poets. John Davis.

Glen Innes

Heritage in Verse

The Winner of the New England Heritage in Verse Competition for the New England University Trophy held on the 5th November 2011 was won by:

- 1st Tom McIlveen
- 2nd Terry TeVelde
- 3rd Maureen Halloran

Land of the Beardies Social Club Inc Committee thanks the New England University for the donation of a wonderful trophy for this event.

The Poets Breakfast held on Sunday the 6th November 2011

Open Original Humorous:

- 1st Paddy O'Brien
- 2nd Alex Carmichael
- 3rd Albert Pullen

Open Original Serious:

- 1st Tracey Smith
- 2nd Alex Carmichael
- 3rd Cay Ellem

Modern Contemporary Poetry:

- 1st Paddy O'Brien
- 2nd Cay Ellem
- 3rd Alex Carmichael and Barry Ellem

- D/H

Classical Bush Poetry:

- 1st Alex Carmichael
- 2nd Cay Ellem
- 3rd Barry Ellem and Paddy O'Brien - D/H

Novice Event:

Raelene Watson

Junior Event:

Jason O'Brien

Outstanding Entry: Entry of (Lady of the Knight) Tracey Smith

This Shield donated by Alex Carmichael in honour of Bush Poet Col Newsome.

Neville Campbell

Chairman / Coordinator

Land of the Beardies Social Club Inc

Victorian Championships— 2011

Men's Performance Cham- pion

- 1st Russell Heathcote
- 2nd Barry Tiffen
- 3rd Maurie Foun

Ladies Performance

Champion

- 1st Kathy Vallance (Tie) Robyn Sykes
- 3rd Annette Roberts

Men's Original

- Russell Heathcote -
- Barry Tiffen - Ken Prato - Maurie Foun

Women's Original

- Robyn Sykes - Annette Roberts -
- Kathy Vallance - Val Kirley - Lynne Frederick

Men's Contemporary

- Russell Heathcote -
- Barry Tiffen - Maurie Foun - Tom O'Connor

Women's Contemporary

- Kathy Vallance - (tie) Robyn Sykes -
- Val Kirley - Susan Clark

Men's Traditional

- Tom O'Connor - Russell Heathcote -
- Barry Tiffen - Ken Jones

Women's Traditional

- Annette Roberts - Kathy Vallance -
- Robyn Sykes - Val Kirley

Novice Original Perform- ance

Jim Carlisle

Contemporary Perf. Novice

Jim Carlisle

Traditional Novice

John Wallace

Intermediate Performance

Ken Jones

Yarnspinning Champion

- Colin Carrington - Russell Heathcote -
- Russell Heathcote - Ken Prato

Ross Noble Award

Ray Lobo - Susan Clark -

Open Written Champion

- Ellis Campbell -
- David Campbell -
- Tom McIlveen

Novice Written - Tom McIlveen

- Yvonne Harper - Yvonne Harper

Junior K-3 Lachlan Frischke

Millicia Frost - Caitlin Forbes

Junior Years 4-6 Crispin Smyth

- Holly Fitzpatrick - Taylah Barnes

Junior Written Section

- Naomi Frederick -
- Adelle Colbert

Jun. Primary Performance

- Claire Mawley - Crispin Smyth -
- Caitlin Klippel

Jun. Performance Section

Naomi Frederick

Original Song Winner

- Haelwen-Sian Langeberg - Kerry Dobbins - Neil Higgins

Other Song Haelwen Langeberg.

Jindabyne Festival

Written Competition -

- 1st Gregory North 'Court Thought'
- 2nd Max Merckenschlager 'Police Mare Ariel'
- 3rd David Campbell 'The Fading of the Light'
- HC Val Wallace 'Another Reluctant Hero'
- C Zondrae King 'His Father's Coat'

Open Original Performance Comp

- 1st Peter Mace
- 2nd Paul Montague

3rd John Peel

Open Non-Original Performance

- Competition 1st Hana Reicker
- 2nd Peter Mace 3rd John Peel
- Judge Carol Heuchan

Upper Lachlan

Performance competition Contemporary

1. Garry Lowe
2. John Peel
3. Terry Regan

Traditional

1. Ken Tough
2. Terry Regan
3. Garry Lowe

Original Serious

1. John Peel
2. Terry Regan
3. Robyn Sykes

Original Comedy

1. Peter Mace
2. Terry Regan
3. Garry Lowe

Novice

1. Allan Stone
2. Sue Pearce
3. Marty Boyce.

Upper Lachlan written serious

- 1st Tom McIlveen

Highly Commendeds

- Glenny Palmer
- Tom McIlveen
- Joyce Gaul
- Tom McIlveen

Commendeds

- Brenda Joy
- David Campbell
- Brenda Joy
- Arthur Green
- Ellis Campbell

Comedy Section Written

- 1st Carol Heuchan
- Highly Commendeds

.....

Commendeds

- Tony Hammill
- Grahame Watt
- Carolyn Eldridge Alfonzetti
- Ron Stephens
- Grahame Watt

BOREE LOG AWARD

Carolyn Alfonzetti, the 2011 Competition Secretary, advised that at their awards presentation in August, the Eastwood/Hills Fellowship of Australian Writers announced that the winners in the Boree Log Award for Bush Verse for 2011 were –
First – (and recipient of the Boree Log

Award trophy hand-crafted by Brian Beesley)

Brenda Joy (Qld) *Nul-larbor Dreaming*
Highly Commended – Ellis Campbell (NSW) *The Bullrider*
Don Adams (NZ) *My Riverina Home*
Commended – Terry Piggot (WA) *The Old Mine*
Ellis Campbell (NSW) *Evensong for Mary*
Tom McIlveen (NSW) *The Barraba Drovers*

2012 POETS CALENDAR

The only dates to hand at the time of printing are:

January

11th - 15th

Elvis Festival Parkes NSW

www.parkeselvisfestival.com.au

13-16 **Illawarra Folk Festival** poets Breakfasts (3) Limerick Competition, One minute wonders, Lots more. Featured Poets:

info at

www.illawarrafolkfestival.com.au or
ph1300887034.

21 - 27 **TAMWORTH** Kookaburra Comedy Kup 7.30am daily Saturday 21st to Grand Final 27th January 2012 in The Chillingworth Room at Wests League Club. CONTACT: Grant Luhrs ph: 0418 694 469
luhrs@exemail.com.au

25th ABPA - AGM

St. Edwards Hall
Hillvue Street at 2pm

The Poettes show will be on Friday afternoon 28th January.

We are also hoping to run one or two walk-up poetry events (dates to be confirmed).

FEBRUARY

5-6 **Bungendore** Country Muster Bush Poets Turnout Contact Frank Daniel 02 6344 1477 editor@abpa.org.au

GOSFORD Bush Poets meet at 7pm the last Wednesday of every month

at the Gosford Hotel, Mann Street, Gosford.

Contact Vic Jefferies
0425252212 or Peter Mace
43693561

A.B.P-A Limericks

by 'Skew Wiff' Watt

Our Patron's a man of great note,
A man of few words and I quote,
"I stand – for my seat,
And I sit when we meet"
No wonder that he gets my vote!.

Our President's clever it's said,
The right man to have at the head,
He's a man of great fame,
With a real 'Ozzie' name,
Three cheers for our man 'Fred'.

A Poetic young man called Greg,
Said "Silence please all now I beg,
I am talking today
In a most balanced way",
(And proceeded to stand on one leg).

There was a young girl called Kym,
Whose prospects were looking quite grym,
Then she met with a squire
Who sang in the choir,
And that was the finish of hymn.

There was an old bloke From Canowindra,
Who was caught with a girl - (Quite a Boundera)
When charged in the court,
His defence was quite short,
"I just looked in my bed and I founder."

There was an old poet called Jim,
Who made a rude noise at the Gym,
As he came off the floor
He Pointed next door -,
(But everyone Knew it was him.) (All care taken.)

Annual Rathdowney Heritage Festival

Remembering the ANZAC Spirit
Sunday 24th April 2011

In 2011, RADHA Inc. will run its first Bush
Poetry Competition during the Heritage
Festival.

Entry Forms are required to be lodged by
15th April, 2012.

Find all the full details about the
Bush Poetry Competition here.

<http://www.rathdowney.org.au/>

E-mail: info@rathdowney.org.au

Telephone: Gerry King 07 5547 8342

Jim Tonkin 0403 871 325

Rathdowney Memorial Grounds
8:00am - 4:00pm

Ghost Child

by Kym Eitel

*The two year old daughter of a local farming family, drowned in
the creek near their house. The parents say they can still hear
her playing in their bedroom each night ...*

As they're laying in the darkness, trapped by trials and curse of life,
there's a broken-hearted husband and his broken-hearted wife.
Are they sleeping? Are they dreaming of their little one passed on?
Cold, wet teardrops on their pillows prove the aching hasn't gone.

So they listen to the darkness for they feel their child is near -
creeping, creeping as they're sleeping. Yes, there's sadness, but no fear.
They hear little footsteps patter, and they hear her gentle breath,
never aging, never aging, youth preserved in tender death.

Oh, the mother's heart is shredded and she longs to stroke blonde hair
but she knows it's just a ghost child, just the empty warm night air.
Yes, for many nights before this, she has scrambled out of bed
feeling certain that the noises weren't just memories in her head.

As she flicks the light and searches, calling, crying; heart lays bare,
all her expectations shattered, for her daughter isn't there.
So they sadly lay and listen to the one they'll never hold,
to their ghost child softly playing in their room, with hair of gold.

Amy's curly locks are sunlit, laughing eyes of summer blue,
smiling cheeks are soft and chubby with a glow of rose-pink hue.
Such a perfect little cherub in the photos on the wall -
she is smiling, giggling, laughing, but for parents, teardrops fall.

They hear scuffling, shuffling, muffling as she plays with toys and sings.
They hear clinking on the duchess as she tries on Mummy's rings.
And the cat is watching, watching, with its knowing feline stare
and it's purring, blinking, purring. Unseen fingers stroke its hair.

Then the angel girl is sleepy, hear her softly, softly yawn,
then they feel the blankets lifting as she slips in bed at dawn.
So for now, the family's whole again - with mum and dad, she lays.
Feeling peace at last, they fall asleep, to dream of better days.

Was it just imagination or a desperate, desperate dream?
Did they feel her red-lipped kisses by the wisp of moon's bright beam?
But the morning light brings tears of joy to sail a thousand ships,
for their cheeks wear lipstick kisses from their angel girl's sweet lips.

**ABPA ANNUAL
MEMBERSHIP
FALLS DUE
DECEMBER 31st.**

Treasurer: Kym Eitel, 24 Sneddon Road
Limestone Creek Qld 4701

Email: treasurer@abpa.org.au Phone: 07 4936 1598

Annual membership \$33.00

Five (5) Years \$150.00

See renewal form included in this issue

WHO IS THE FUNNIEST PERFORMER AT THE FESTIVAL?

Kookaburra Komedy are launching an exciting new competition at Wests League Club, The **KOOKABURRA KOMEDY KUP**, with a first prize valued at over \$1000.

Designed to find **Tamworth Festival's Funniest Performer**, the competition will have **Bush Poets** competing against **Singers** to discover what makes us laugh loudest – a dose of Aussie Comic Verse or a well sung Witty Ditty!

'There will be two categories - Song and Verse,' explained **Kookaburra Komedy Kup** Host **Grant Luhrs**, 'and performers can attempt to make us bust a gut or fracture a funnybone with original material - or their favourite song or poem written by anyone else.'

'The important thing to stress is that this is a **PERFORMANCE** based competition. We want the audience roaring with laughter and audience reaction will be a very important consideration in the



judging process,' Grant added.

Luhrs, who wrote and sang such comedy classics as *Let's Get A Cow* and *Nude Bootscootin'*, will be joined by co-host Bush Poet **Paddy Ryan**, whose well-known party pieces include *Pop's New Boots* and *The Rubik's Cube*.

'Paddy and I have a little side bet going about whether a bush poet or singer will win the inaugural **KOOKABURRA KOMEDY KUP**,' said Grant.

The **KOOKABURRA KOMEDY KUP** is open to all solo performers and duos, professional or amateur. Applications to perform must be made in advance, and successful entrants will be notified.

The two section winners will receive a framed Certificate, a recording package

NEW COMPETITION TO CELEBRATE COMEDY AT TAMWORTH

Application forms are available from Grant Luhrs at luhrs@exemail.com.au

at Flying Fox Studio valued of \$300 and a Book and CD Package valued at \$200. The overall winner will also receive **THE KOOKABURRA KOMEDY KUP** Trophy, \$500 CASH and the opportunity to appear on **Jim Haynes' Big Bush Brekky Show** at Wests Diggers.

The **KOOKABURRA KOMEDY KUP** will be a FREE show, held each morning of the Tamworth Country Music Festival at 7.30am in The Chillingworth Room at Wests League Club from **SATURDAY Jan 21st - with the Grand Final on FRIDAY Jan 27th**

CONTACT:

Grant Luhrs ph: 0418 694 469
luhrs@exemail.com.au

BERT'S NEW BOOK!

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Over 25 years railways experience rolled into one fine book of prose and verse

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ONCE WERE RAILWAYS

by Bert Pullen brings to life over twenty five years of working for the NSW railways, his recollections and many railway stories.

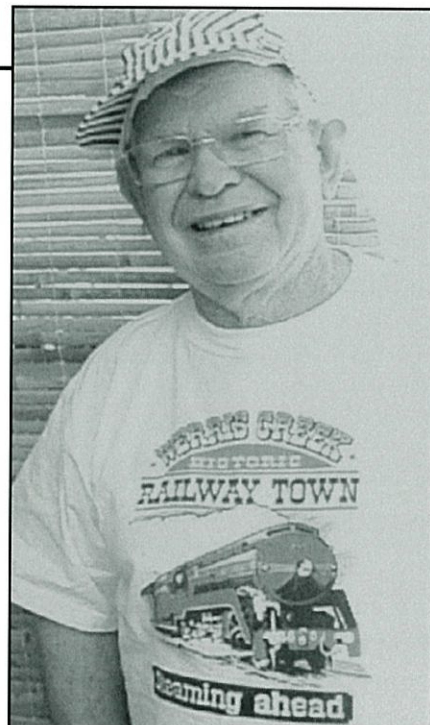
In verse and prose he writes about the history of New South Wales Government Railways.

As a guard of twenty two years he has travelled and met many mates across the state. He is proud to have been a part of the history and the great mateship that continues to remain within the railway family.

Albert joined the railways in January 1958 at Tamworth as a junior station assistant. He transferred to West Tamworth as a Station assistant to become a shunter at 19 1/2 years of age. He transferred to Port Waratah (Newcastle) in 1960 as a shunter.

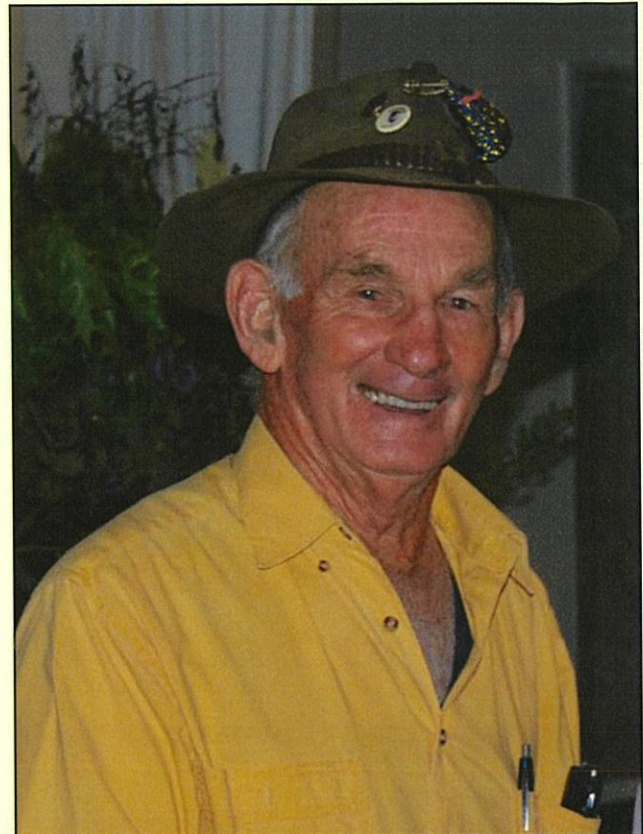
He served as a Guard at Port Waratah, Werris Creek, Sydney, Punchbowl, Penrith and Clapham (Brisbane).

He was medically retired in November of 1983.

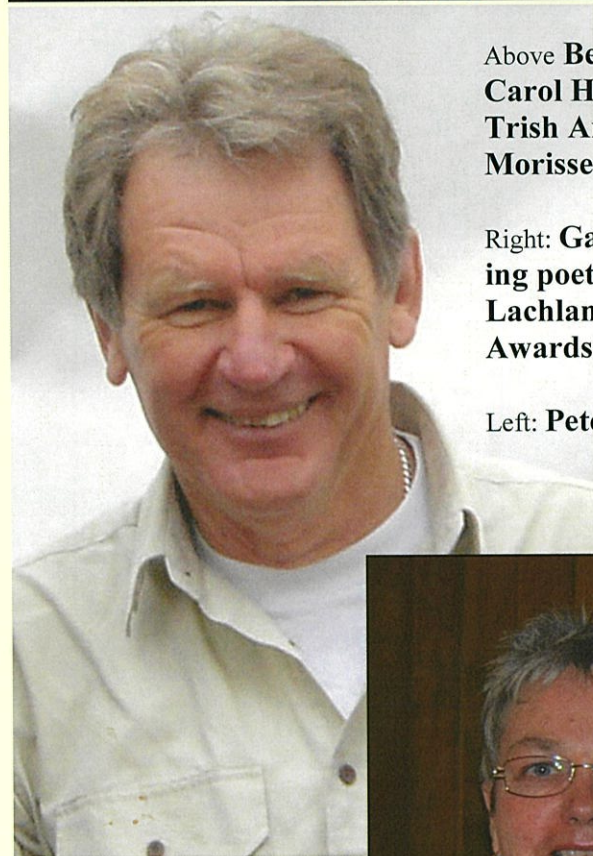




Above **Beryl BJ Sterling**
Carol Heuchan and
Trish Anderson at
Morisset.



Right: **Gary Lowe**, lead-
ing poet at the Upper
Lachlan Woolwagon
Awards



Left: **Peter Mace**



Up and coming Novice
Sue Pearce of Tumut at
the Upper Lachlan
Woolwagon Awards.



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