



# A.B.P.A.

**Australian Bush Poets Association**  
**Volume 29 No. 2 April/May 2023**



***Lest We Forget.....***

**KING OF THE RANGES**  
STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

Enjoy the Entertainment At Friday Night's Camp Oven Dinner!

Don't miss the Yarnspinning at Sunday's Poets' Breakfast!

Hosted by Carol Heuchan

**KOTR Biannual Written Poetry Competition**

22-24 September 2023  
Rosedale Horse Complex  
MURRURUNDI NSW

Written Poetry Winners will be announced during the Poet's Breakfast Sunday 24th September  
[www.kingoftheranges.com.au](http://www.kingoftheranges.com.au)

**Note : Sunday 8.30 am 2023 Inaugural Yarnspinning Competition!**

# KING OF THE RANGES

STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

**Murrurundi 22-24 September 2023**

## 2023 WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

**\$400 Prize money!**

Original Serious 1<sup>st</sup> \$100 2<sup>nd</sup> \$30 3<sup>rd</sup> \$20

Original Humorous 1<sup>st</sup> \$100 2<sup>nd</sup> \$30 3<sup>rd</sup> \$20

**Best Poem overall will receive an additional \$100**

and your name on the magnificent Outback Heritage Trophy.

Any topic. ABPA Guidelines Entry fee \$10 per poem

Critique (if requested) additional \$10 per poem

**The Secretary, Kay Seath (KOTR)**

**17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong. 2265**

Enq: 0416 262399 Email (enquiries only): [kaysie2@hotmail.com](mailto:kaysie2@hotmail.com)

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**22-24 September 2023**

INSPIRED BY THE LEGENDARY



ARCHIE "BUNG" MCINNES

[www.kingoftheranges.com.au](http://www.kingoftheranges.com.au)

King of the Ranges Stockman's Challenge Inc is a non profit organisation and donates to many local community groups & charities

# KING OF THE RANGES

STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

## YARNSPINNING COMPETITION!

**Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> September 2023, 8.30am**

**\$100 Prizemoney**

**PLUS! Name engraved on a new bronze trophy statue donated by Carol Heuchan**

**Entry Fee \$10**

Entries received by 16<sup>th</sup> September will have Sunday entry ticket left at the gate. Otherwise, entries accepted 8 am on the day.

Kay Seath (KOTR) **17/28 Deaves Road, Cooranbong 2265**

OR scan form and email : [kaysie2@hotmail.com](mailto:kaysie2@hotmail.com) Enq: 0416 262399

**Direct Dep.** KOTR Ref: Name, Yarnspinning BSB 932-000 AC 100306285

Yarnspinning Performance competition for Adults 18 yrs. & over.

Note: Yarnspinning is the telling of Australian stories (humorous or serious) as per the idiom of our forebears from the city and the bush. Yarn Spinning is not simply a connected line of jokes, nor is it rhyming verse. Offensive material is unacceptable.

**Time Limit – when we ring the bell!**

Name.....

Address.....

Email.....Phone.....



# President's Report

Our organization held its Annual General Meeting on the twenty third of February. The committee was returned with David Stanley moving into the Vice President position. I thank our committee members for their ongoing commitment to the wellbeing of the ABPA. Membership fees remain unchanged.

We are only into the third month of 2023 and so far we have conducted the Frank Daniels Poetry awards competition in Tamworth and the National Bush Poetry Recital Competition in Orange.

The National Competition attracted many of Australia's finest poets and the level was outstanding. Congratulations to all for participating and particularly to the winners (see article included).

The Rotary Club of Orange did a magnificent job in organizing the event overall with sponsors, prizes and many events across the region being very well attended.

We were invited to attend a dinner meeting of the Orange Rotary Club which was a great opportunity to officially thank them for hosting our Championship and the many poetry events they organized across the region. The Rotary Club of Orange are a dynamic group of people and their President, Len Banks is a member of ABPA.

The Man From Snowy River Bush Festival is being held in Corryong from Thursday 13th to Sunday 16th of April. It is one of the premier Bush Poetry events on the year and a great meeting place.

All in all bush poetry is in a good position with the Sheffield (Tas) Steamfest including it for the first time this year and several other venues hosting our genre.

Tim Sheed  
President ABPA



Tim Sheed  
President ABPA

## ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

ABN 17 145 367 949 ARBN: 104 032 126

### Black and White Ads

Full page \$95

Half Page \$55

Quarter Page or less \$35

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

Full Page \$240

Half Page \$140

Quarter Page not available

## ABPA Committee Members 2023

### Executive:

President	-- Tim Sheed	president@abpa.org.au
Vice-President	-- David Stanley	dstanle5@outlook.com
Secretary	-- Meg Gordon	meggordon4@bigpond.com
Treasurer	-- Christine Middleton	treasurer@abpa.org.au

### Members on Committee:

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

### State Reps

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



### Non Committee Positions

Webmaster	Gregory North	web@abpa.org.au
Magazine Editor	Neil McArthur	macpoet58@gmail.com
Facebook Editor	Jan Lewis	janlewis1@hotmail.com

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

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

All payments to be made within 14 days to

### **The Treasurer - Christine Middleton**

P.O. Box 357 Portarlington  
Victoria 3223

[treasurer@abpa.org.au](mailto:treasurer@abpa.org.au)

or via Direct Debit to ABPA Account

Bendigo Bank

BSB: 633000

Account: 154842108

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

## **Next Magazine Deadline is May 27th 2023**

# Freddy 'K'

© Tom McLveen

Winner, 2023 Blackened Billy Verse Competition, Orange, NSW.

I had met him at the orphanage in nineteen sixty-three,  
in a hellhole named Saint Patrick's Armidale.  
We were similar in age, but he was different to me –  
he was black...and I was pure Caucasian pale.

I had never met a native aboriginal before –  
it was though he came from Jupiter or Mars.  
And although he wore the hand-me-downs we other children wore,  
we were different as sun and moon to stars.

There was something in his eyes that seemed to linger like the spark  
of an ember left to smoulder late at night.  
It was something inexplicable...yet primitive and stark  
as the difference between us – black and white.

He had come from somewhere further out the back of Inverell,  
where the Catholics had claimed him as their own.  
They had built a Koori mission there, a mile or so from hell,  
and occasionally threw the dogs a bone.

We were introduced by Sister Jean, the nun in charge of ward,  
who'd adopted him like some abandoned stray.  
As he had no home or family, except for Christ The Lord,  
we were told to call him simply...Freddy K'.

All the other kids had mocked his strange abbreviated name,  
and began to call him 'K' for Koori Boy.  
He would slink away to sulk and bow his shaggy head in shame,  
till I told them 'K' was for Kamilaroi.

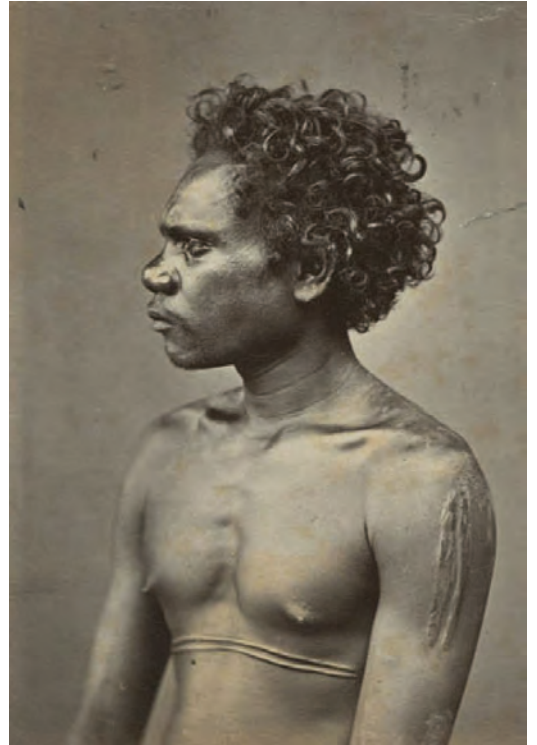
The Kamilaroi, he'd said had been his family and clan,  
and were older than the sun and earth and moon.  
They were children of Eingana and the Gamilaraay Man,  
who was coming back to free his people soon.

When I looked into his eyes I saw the misery and pain  
of a puppy dog I'd found some years ago.  
It had crawled into the culvert of an open council drain  
and was stuck inside the opening below.

He would follow me around just like that puppy used to do,  
and was there when no one else had seemed to care.  
He would come and sit beside me and instinctively he knew  
that a load that's shared is easier to bear.

I'll admit at times I snubbed him as the other kids had done,  
when they mocked his western gibberish and drawl.  
They had thought it was hilarious, a bit of harmless fun –  
he was just another Koori after all!

It is true that every dog will have his day upon the hill,  
and our Freddy 'K' was soon to sample his.  
For it seemed he was endowed with an extraordinary skill,  
and at football was a natural – a whiz!



He was faster than a rabbit and as slippery as glass  
and could run around the other kids with ease.  
He was gamer than Ned Kelly and was twice as bold as brass,  
and could bring a crowd of hundreds to their knees.

He was poetry in motion and had played from half to wing,  
and could kick a ball to kingdom come and back.  
It had seemed at last his time had come, for Freddy 'K' was King,  
and they didn't seem to mind that he was black.

But all kingdoms come and go as they inevitably must,  
and the king concedes his kingdom and his crown.  
When the season is all over and the fields return to dust...  
then the final curtain folds and tumbles down.

So they gathered up the jerseys and the boots were put away,  
and the footy fans had found another toy;  
for the King was soon forgotten and the famous Freddy 'K'  
was again the simple country Koori Boy.

On the day I left Saint Patricks, I had finally been freed  
of the shackles that had bound me for so long.  
I had left behind a brother there, a friend in time of need,  
and a confidant who'd taught me right from wrong.

I remember how he brooded as we said our last goodbyes,  
and then lingered till the car was out of sight.  
It was then I came to understand and sadly realise...  
that our worlds were now divided – black and white.

# ABPA National Championships in Orange.

## 2023 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL

Visitors to Orange for the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival in February 2023 were treated to 19 events over the 10-day festival, beginning with a celebration of Banjo's birth in Orange on 17 February 1864. It was wonderful to see the National Bush Poetry Performance Championships after a 6-year break and the Orange festival proved to be a most suitable host.

Other events included walk-up performances, formal competitions for youth and adults, yarn spinning, a memory workshop, Blackened Billy presentations, markets and entertainment. Venues covered pubs, wineries, Ex Services Club, Orange Regional Conservatorium, historic homes and outdoors; spread across Orange and surrounding villages.

Poets and bush poetry enthusiasts came from WA, Qld, NSW, ACT, Vic and Tas. Orange was pleased to welcome Melanie Hall, Susie Carcary and Greg North as judges for the Nationals; David Stanley and Carol Smithers to judge the youth competition and Mel and Susie judging the open competition for those not entering the Nationals. The standard of performance at all competitions was high and judges tell me the results were close.

Mel and Susie were kept busy as they also performed for 5 schools across the region (6 performances in 2 days) covering 540 students. The small schools in particular are so grateful to be able to give their students the experience of bush poetry as a form of expression and entertainment.

Greg also put on a show about the Life and Rhymes of Banjo Paterson and launched his book (of the same name). I am sure Greg will have some merchandise with him as he travels across the country. Robyn Sykes judged the Poetry Brawl at Molong which involved original 1-minute poems including the phrase 'been there before'. This event proved to be a magnificent recovery for the Freemason's Hotel which had been flooded to a depth of 2 m in November 2022.

The magnificent historic Duntry League Guesthouse was the venue for the announcement of the awards and winners of the Blackened Billy Verse Writing Competition. Janine Keating organised the event which was broadcast nationally on Zoom, with MC and presenters Robyn Sykes and Carol Heuchan in Orange. Also at Duntry League, Mel and Susie ran a memory workshop. A great addition to the festival with a broad spectrum of experienced and beginner poets taking home tips on memorising and preparation for performance.

The festival organisers thank all who travelled to Orange and participated so enthusiastically in the events on offer.

Len Banks  
Rotary Club of Orange



ABPA President Tim Sheed, new Australian Champion Michael Darby, third-placed Debby Berryman, runner-up Jenny Markwell and ABPA Secretary Meg Gordon. The National Bush Poetry Championships were held in Orange, NSW during the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival and Michael Darby is the new champion. Michael is from Western Australia and gave outstanding performances during the competition

ABPA National Championships for  
Performance Bush Poetry  
held 23-24 February 2023 at Ex-Services Club in Orange, NSW as part of the Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival.

### Results

Overall Champion First  
Michael Darby  
Second - Jenny Markwell  
Third - Debby Berryman  
**Traditional**  
First - Michael Darby  
Second - Rhonda Tallnash  
Third - Ken Potter  
**Modern**  
First - Michael Darby  
Second - Debby Berryman  
Third - Jenny Markwell

**Original Serious**  
First - Michael Darby  
Second - Debby Berryman  
Third - Dave Morrell  
**Original Humorous**  
First - Ken Potter  
Second - Dave Morrell  
Third - Rhonda Tallnash



Open Poetry Competition  
1st Colin Elliot  
2nd Ian Butters  
3rd Carol Maxfield  
Encouragement Award  
Scott Barrett  
with Len Banks and  
judges Melanie Hall  
and Susan Carcary



# "Will You Still Remember Us?"

© Peter Frazer

Standing on the cliff face  
Above a moonlight sea  
I waited for the dawn to break  
Upon Gallipoli

And in the predawn stillness,  
I said a silent prayer  
For all the fallen soldiers  
In wars fought everywhere.

Suddenly a voice spoke,  
And addressed himself to me.  
"Cobber, can I stand with you  
Till the sun does kiss the sea?"

I turned to see a young man  
Twenty – three or Twenty-four,  
Dressed in faded Khaki  
Where no one stood before.

He said his name was Frederick  
But I should call him Fred.  
"T' was all the same anyway  
No matter what folks said."

His distinctive Aussie accent  
Came through strong & low.  
Much the way my Grandad spoke  
Many years ago.

He said he came from Queensland.  
From a place they call Paroo.  
A land of sheep and cattle  
Where the wattle blossom grew.

He said "I've been away a while.  
A bit too long, I fear"  
"I suppose Aussie's changed a lot  
Since I come over here."

Tell me, "Does the wattle still bloom?  
In the western spring?  
And have you smelt the gidgee smell  
That the coming storm doeth bring?"

"Do they still play Two –Up?  
When the copper is away?  
Oh how I miss an ice cold beer  
At the closing of the day."

"We gather here each year", he said  
And gestured with his hand.  
"Lest we forget" the reason's  
"We left our native land."

And standing in the darkness  
To the left and right of me.  
Stood rows of Khaki- clad soldiers  
All staring out to sea.

"From Flanders Field, we come," he said.  
"Dunkirk & Normandy"  
"From Tobruk and El-Alamein.  
To this Gallipoli."

As he paused, a silent tear,  
Rolled down his sun tanned cheek,  
As with glistening eyes he turned to me  
And again began to speak.

"We fight for God & Country  
Or so the billboards say.  
And how the crowds cheered us,  
The day we sailed away."

"But the posters have long faded.  
And the cheering crowds have too.  
Somehow we've stopped ageing,  
In the way men usually do."

"Will folks still remember us?  
If we never do go home?  
Or will we be forgotten,  
Condemned to ever roam?"

As I struggled to reply,  
A single bugle blew,  
And the sky began to glow  
With a dawning hue.

For a moment I stood lost in time  
Over a century away,  
With those soldiers clad in Khaki  
As the hounds of war did bay.

And when at last, I turned to speak  
He'd vanished from sight.  
He & his fellow soldiers  
Had faded with the night.

But in his place, a sea of poppies  
Waved to meet the day.  
And as I held one in my palm,  
I hear the soldier say.

"Wear the poppies to remember us,  
With their petals, so blood red.  
And take a message to the bush for me".  
"Say G'day, from Paroo Fred".



# 'St. Paddy'

© Harry Donnelly  
16-3-2023

When Irish eyes are smiling,  
dear St. Patrick will be there,  
with celebrations across the globe,  
we'll party everywhere.

We'll find the smallest drop  
of Irish blood within our DNA  
to claim some piece of Irish heritage  
on that great St. Patrick's Day.

There'll be shamrock decorations  
with all the green bits to adorn,  
Irish bands to tell fantastic tales  
of tiny leprechauns.

The mood across the globe  
will fill with laughter, fun and cheer,  
with an Irish jig accompanying  
every emerald-laden beer.

We'll raise a Guinness to St. Paddy  
in remembrance of the day,  
mid-fifth century, March the 17th,  
when he quietly passed away.

Now...for info about this legend  
I did what modern folk will do,  
and Googled in St. Patrick  
for a good old fact or two.

Well...I discovered to my horror  
things which laid it all out bare,  
St. Patrick's Irish DNA...  
it quite simply wasn't there.

Italian blood one hundred percent,  
born in Scotland...no mistake,  
I wouldn't lie about it,  
I'm a Donnelly for goodness sake.

I was absolutely staggered  
to find this information out,  
all the history and sweet legend  
St. Patrick's Days are all about.

And then...I saw another angle,  
in true traditional Irish style,  
the hint of playful deception,  
and it kind of made me smile.

Because there's no doubt about the Irish  
and their scally-wagging ways,  
why spoil a bloody good yarn with facts!  
...and ruin St. Paddy's Day.

There's actually something quite romantic,  
and multi-cultural you know,  
about this 'real to life' St. Patrick,  
may his legend just grow — and grow.



Artwork by Keith Blake

# Rosemary-Remembrance

© Robert Davis

Rosemary assisted ancient Romans, with death forbearance,  
Traditionally used in burial rites, bouquets of remembrance.

Rosemary profuse, growing wild on the peninsula at Gallipoli,  
Warring Allied souls, in 1915, came voluntarily not cheerfully.

Rosemary a tradition, worn on Armistice and Anzac Day,  
Remembrance of many sacrifices made, along freedom's way.

Rosemary hardy, dark green leafed, small attractive flowers,  
Moistened by dew of the sea, survives infrequent showers.

Rosemary many varied uses, hedging and culinary included,  
Dried and used in potpourris, herbal teas may be exuded.

Rosemary is an aromatic herb, said to aid mental clarity,  
Shared amongst all, freely given, with open honest charity.

Remembrance maybe solemn, memories be reflected joyfully,  
Rosemary on wedding days, symbolises love, happiness and loyalty.



Rosemary is an ancient symbol of fidelity and remembrance. The aromatic herb grows wild on the Gallipoli peninsula in Türkiye, where the original Anzacs served in World War I. Australians traditionally wear sprigs of rosemary as a symbol of remembrance on Anzac Day or Remembrance Day.



# Vale Roderick Williams

Saddened to hear the news that another of our Bush Poets has passed away. Roderick won many State and National Titles throughout his Performing and Writing career. Our thoughts are with his family and friends at this sad time.

## *Travel The Red Road – Dare To Dream ...*

© Rod Williams 2000

Travel the Red Road – dare to dream  
From the eastern shores to the opal seam–  
That weaves down through the red earth deep  
Out in the heart in a timeless sleep.  
Below the ground or above the trees  
Where the western wind at its restless ease–  
Whispers the stories far and wide  
From the Barcoo's banks to the big Broome tide.

Travel the Red Road, stop with me  
Beneath the spread of the Wilga tree–  
As night comes down from your head to heal,  
Through all your body and mind you feel  
the force, that comes and never lies  
As naked under the naked skies–  
You sit till the stars burn in your soul  
And lay you out in your blanket roll.

From "The Roper" down to the sweeping shores  
Where the mighty Southern Ocean roars–  
Where Aurora's colours change the sky  
As flashing and flaming on they fly.  
Then hurtled back from the dazzling sights  
To the stony ground and the "Min-Min" lights–  
Where we'll not know if we can't see–  
Where we belong in the mystery.

Skimming the tops of "The Great Divide"  
From north to south down the eastern side–  
The Gibraltar Range and Hanging Rock  
To the plateau heights of Nowendoc.  
Drifting above the Tumut trees  
We rise with the sharp Talbingo breeze–  
Through the chill of the Kosciusko night  
And follow the Snowy's Southbound flight.

The sounds of the ancient ocean roar  
From the caves beneath the Nullabor–  
To Augusta's crystal stalactites  
Then up to the dazzling floral sights.  
The world's most precious flower display  
Would cheer a heart on the saddest day–  
Colours and styles that breed at will  
It humbles me, in silence, still !

The Brolgas dance on the western land  
By lakes and swamps on the coarse red sand–  
The black swan's glide on the Lachlan Reach  
Then preen themselves on the inland beach.  
The setting sun in a backdrop bright  
Five hundred pelicans trail in flight–

In the channel country the poppies grew  
A humbling sight in that startling view–  
With a man who had waited fifty years  
From the saddle we saw his joy and tears.  
For the rain had come and the heat was right  
Creating Paradise overnight–  
In silence grown men gazed in awe  
To the four who dreamed it was heaven's door.

The dust blows up and in my eyes  
From "The Mulga Scrub" I have seen it rise–  
High in the air and it blocked the sun  
And none knew why and none could run.  
It lifted o'er the land so free  
And drifted across the Tasman sea –  
Rich red dust on a crisp white bed  
It turned the snow on the mountains red.

Oh, heart of a brooding weathered land  
Beating for those who understand–  
But, bleeding because of those who don't  
And dying because of those who won't.  
Fragile, special and sacred place  
If we care about her we must face  
the task at hand and the cancer halt,  
Or watch her drown in a sea of salt.

In firelight glow at the Bulloo's bend  
Where the sickest soul can heal and mend–  
Like a steady flow of Muscat–wine  
Where the spirits meet and their hearts entwine.  
And dance with the tree-tops in the light  
Like diamond tips on a moonlight night–  
Bitterness gone and the anger too  
With an ancient robe, it will cover you.

The "Red Road" runs through every heart  
And it beckons you to make a start–  
Wondering whether you will decide  
To take that long enduring ride  
Come; lay your swag by the Sandalwood  
When the air is fresh and the feeling good–  
You are welcome with your heavy load  
Stop and dream by the long Red Road.



All poems this month were successful in the  
Cloncurry Prize (Junior) 2022  
The 2023 Cloncurry Prize 'Spirit of the  
Outback' is open to Queensland school  
Children entries close 13<sup>th</sup> May  
[cloncurryprize@cloncurry.qld.gov.au](mailto:cloncurryprize@cloncurry.qld.gov.au)  
Don't forget to mark your entries 'Junior'

# Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

## ALPHABET OUTBACK by Eloise Brown

S is for the fiery Sun that rises and sets each day  
P is for the Platypus burrows in each waterway.  
I is for the Indigenous custodians  
that once owned our land.  
R is for the deadly Redback spiders  
smaller than a human hand.  
I is for the native Ibis, their body's black and white.  
T is for the Tawny frogmouth  
that hoots every night.  
O is for the swaying trees,  
calls and sounds of the Outback  
F is for the Flying Foxes hiding in their caves  
away from any human track.  
T is for the Thorny devil  
that scavenges the desert for ants  
H is for the Honey eaters  
that suck nectar from native plants.  
E is for the native Emu  
that has huge feathery wings.  
O is for the Oasis that can be seen  
near desert springs  
U is for the famous rock, Uluru  
with lots of big caves.  
T is for the freshwater Turtles  
hiding beneath the river waves.  
B is for the endangered Bilbies  
that hop across the desert plains.  
A is for the Australian food and culture  
the country contains.  
C is for the freshwater Crocodiles,  
swimming in the rivers and lakes.  
K is for the Kangaroos bounding away  
from ravenous snakes

© 2022 Eloise Brown (at age 12)

## SPIRIT OF THE WILDERNESS by Anna Bravo

The amber grass and the Mulga trees,  
the lush sunsets and wallabies.  
The snakes that slither near the gum nut trees,  
where the koalas live free.  
  
The green tree frogs hop along,  
Past the platypus at the billabong.  
In this place, as gentle as can be,  
Is where my spirit comes to flee.  
  
The dusty foxes zip through the woods,  
on the warm stone the fierce goanna stood.  
Eagles peering from above,  
To help protect its wild neighbourhood.  
  
Rabbits hop through the deserted towns,  
Whilst the sly dingoes prepare to pounce.  
As the wallaroos and wallabies jump  
as they should,  
My spirit lies in the crawling roots.  
  
I feel free watching constellations grow,  
I stand tall as the bright night's glow.  
Rebelling from their ravenous foe  
Soar the cold black crows.  
  
Emus run across the dusty bay,  
The golden oasis is where they stay.  
The kookaburras cry through the desert echoes,  
My spirit lies in this native bungalow.  
  
A deep breath of fresh air,  
The clear stars that the night must share.  
The cool breeze rid's despair  
Of all the clutter my mind dares.  
  
The smell of sweet Eucalyptus trees,  
Fill the air in dawn's breeze.  
We may not have wolves or bears,  
But my spirit is in peace, beyond compare.

2022 Anna Bravo (at age 13)  
Both poems pre-published on the Cloncurry website  
and in the *Free Xpression* literary magazine



## WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

### THE NATIONAL PERFORMANCE CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE RETURNS TO WA

Congratulations to **MICHAEL DARBY** on becoming the **National Performance Champion** in Orange NSW at the Banjo Paterson Festival. Dave Morell (WA) was placed second in the Original Humorous and third in Original Serious.



## W.A. Bush Poets



Peter Capp

Jeff Swain



Phil Strutt (Mother McQ)

While President Bill Gordon and ABPA Secretary Meg Gordon were in Orange co ordinating the Nationals things were happening in WA

### Poets entertain at Nannup Folk Festival

Billed as 'Peter Capp & Friends – 2 hours of poetry and songs', the customary Poets' Breakfast was revived at Nannup Festival on 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> March 2023 after a 2-year COVID hiatus. Former WA and current NSW resident professional poet and yarnspinner, 'Cappie' anchored the 2-hour show, ably supported by locals Phil Strutt (Busselton) and Jeff Swain (Melville), as well as 'walk-ups' by Alan Aitken (no fixed address), Greg Joass (Noggerup), Alan Hill (Rockingham) and Stinger Nettleton (Boyup Brook). Cappie and Strutt performed an hilarious two-handed version of 'The Legend of Mother McQ' by Keith Lethbridge. Cappie also joined Swainie for a couple of songs and joined Stinger for a tandem version of 'The Smiths' by EG (Dryblower) Murphy. All in all, an enjoyable show.



Bev Shorland

### DOWN UNDER COUNTRY MUSIC AT BRIDGETOWN

Down Under Country Music Festival returned once again to Bridgetown and the supporters eagerly returned. Clear skies and warm autumn weather saw numbers back to pre covid times.



Alan Aitkin



Rob Gunn

### ABPA EXECUTIVE TAKING BUSH POETRY TO TASMANIA

After a chance meeting with Tasmanian Leon Wooton while traveling in NW WA last winter, Bill and Meg Gordon planned a trip was to come to Tasmania and promote Bush Poetry.

ABPA President Tim Sheed and ABPA Treasurer Christine Middleton were invited to come too. So after a few months of planning we sailed on the Spirit of Tasmania for 5 weeks touring in the island across the ditch.

Our first gig at Prickly Mo Winery was held on a rainy night in a rustic conversion of a shearing shed but our show was warmly received.



Pete Stratford (Burnie) and friend Kay with Meg and Bill Gordon,



Prickly Mo Winery (Devonport)  
Leon Wooton Bill and Meg Gordon with Christine Middleton and Tim Sheed

Three days at Steam Fest In Sheffield soon followed.

This proved to be a great success as Bill performed at the 3rd Light Horse show with Banjo's poem "We're All Australians Now" and Jack Drake's "The Water of The Wells". Many comments after the six shows proved that this tour back into history was much appreciated.

Bill Gordon with 3rd Light Horse member





## THE STATE ELECTION 2023

© Max Pringle O.A.M  
February 25,2023

With elections soon upon us  
We will have to make a choice  
As to who will represent us  
Who we want to be our voice

They'll make a lot of promises  
Of the things that they will do  
But as soon as they're elected  
They'll forget both me and you

We're all expecting different things  
So we can't all have our way  
So spend time to think about  
Who you'll vote for on the day

There'll be those who want the mines closed  
Those who want the gas shut down  
And those against the Inland Rail  
Coming too close to the town

While some will promise anything  
To see they get elected  
Don't be surprised if when they do  
They don't do as expected

While promises come hot and strong  
To get us to vote their way  
But will we find any substance  
In the things they have to say

We've all been down this path before  
Of promises made, not kept  
They know how to work the system  
At hoodwinking they're adept

Of course we'll all turn out to vote  
And ponder our decision  
But no matter who we vote for  
We'll get a politician

Max has been Organiser of the upcoming Nandewar Poetry Competition during the past fifteen years. Sadly, Max has informed me, this year will be the last year he will be involved due to health issues he is unfortunately suffering. As, which is sadly so often the case, there seems to be nobody willing to take over the reins. We wish Max all the best with his health and thank him for his dedication to our Australian Bush Poetry that he loves so much.

## UNVISITED BY EVEN A WANDERING GHOST

Maureen Stahl Elliminyt

"Surely you don't expect me to live here,"  
the unhappy bride cried in despair.  
"It's old, it's decrepit it's falling down,  
it's in a shocking state of repair."

"But it's got renovation potential;  
I could turn it into a palace."  
"But you're no good with a saw or a hammer,"  
she said with a faint trace of malice.

"Now look at the view; you can see for miles."  
"But empty space is all you look at."  
"What a great place to bring up our children;  
they could have horses, a dog and a cat.

It's a very historic location;  
once a Cobb and Co watering post."  
"I'd be lonely; I'd never have callers,  
not even a wandering ghost.

I was born and brought up in the city;  
I need friends and a bright social life.  
If you want to reside in the outback  
you will have to go find a new wife."

While driving away he glanced at her;  
his dream of a new life in tatters.  
He sighed, shrugged, then smiled and thought,  
"I love her and that's all that matters".

Good morning Neil

Something that may be of interest

My wife is in a nursing home ( alzheimers) and I visit daily. Some time ago I was asked to do a session of bush verse for the oldies - which I did, a mixture of my own and the traditionals, What I thought would be a once off has developed into a regular session, the oldies love it, with one old fellow even making his requests to staff in VERSE.

I recently offered my personal collection of near 200 books by all the Aussie great poets and writers - Lawson, Paterson etc, as a gift to our local schools but was turned down - kids, I was told, are not so interested in bush verse!!! But at least the oldies still love it!

--  
Keep Smiling

Jim Kent

# THE BARDS OF YESTERDAY

© Jim Kent

*"Time has turned the rusted key," one John O'Brien to quote,  
Never fading yet the verses he and other wrote,-  
verbal pictures painted by the fertile minds of men,  
portraits of a people through the power of the pen.*

**Paterson, The Banjo** -in the Shade of Kiley's Hill,  
Man from Snowy River, Clancy too, and Saltbush Bill.  
quoted oft that bearded bloke, the Man for Ironbark,  
'cross his throat the heated razor left a livid mark!  
Waltzing with Matilda, Conroy's Gap and Come By Chance,  
Mulga Billy's bicycle -through the scrub a fright'ning dance.  
Johnson's Snake Bite Antidote, the Man who was Away,  
Pardon winner of the Cup, the brave old Mongrel Grey.

**Lawson – Henry Lawson**, rode the Lights of Cobb and Co,  
Andy with his cattle, when your Pants Begin to Go.  
Sadly too the misery of Faces on the Street,  
midst the squalor of the city the ceaseless tramp of feet.  
Grog and Grumble Steeplechase, the Tamboroora Star,  
Up the Country City Bushman, a Glass upon the Bar.  
Mary called him Mister, Jackie Dunne from Nevertire,  
Ballad of the Rousabout, at Ross's Farm afire.

**John O'Brien**, a Parish Priest, the Father Hartigan,  
Currajong and Laughing Mary, Old Mass Shandrydan.  
We'll be Ruined, said Hanrahan, A'pitching at the Church,  
drought and flood and fire, he said, would leave them in a lurch.  
Father Pat and Josephine, a Tidy Little Body,  
Also Pillar of the Church, the little Miss McCrodie.  
Trimmings on the Rosary, Around the Boree Log,  
Boy from Tangmalangaloo, the Presbytery Dog.

**Dennis** weaving magic from the city streets and bush  
Stoush of Day, the Mooch of Life, the slanguage of the push.  
Doreen, Bloke and Ginger Mick, A Gallant Gentleman,  
Rose of Spadgers, Washing Day, The Kid and Em'ly Ann.  
Swanks of Gosh, the Son of Joi, the many Rhymes of Sym,  
Cuppacumalonga, Ant Explorer, Uncle Jim .  
Singing Gardens , Lyre Tail, the Satin Bower Bird,  
Triantiwontigongolope – story most absurd.

**'Kendell's** Bellbirds, To a Mountain, Tribal Man Alone,  
Jim the Splitter, Christmas Creek and Names upon the Stone.  
Gordon gallant horseman from his pen a master's stroke,  
From the Wreck, the Sick Stock Rider, Visions from the Smoke.

**Morant** the Breaker, Westward Ho – a bitter price he paid,  
Slewed, Beyond his Jurisdiction, Brigalow Brigade.  
From the Gulf with **Ogilvie** and Dry the River Beds,  
Flowers Wild along the way, and Northward to the Sheds.

Many others also, masters grand of verse and rhyme  
ballads strongly written through the vagaries of time –

**Brady, Dyson, Goodge and Gibson,- Gilmore , Woods and Murphy,  
Renkins, Liddle, Shaw and Spencer,- Harrington and Furphy.**

Verses too were written not acknowledged to a name.  
Ballardists anonymous, they never looked for fame.  
Pen names too were often used, and some remembered still,  
Milky White and Barwon, Ironbark and Mulga Bill.

*Autumn leaves the bards have fallen from the living tree  
autumn leaves that linger as a lasting memory –  
linking to their legacy – their visions far extended  
ballads written, left behind. the echoes never ended.*



# **RHYMERS VARIETY SHOW WAUCHOPE**

We drew another full house again on Sunday afternoon March the 5th, for our first show this year, following the great success of last September's show. Hosted by Tom McIlveen and Susan Ashton, it was again held at Wauchope Arts Hall. The Sunday afternoon timeslot proved successful and seemed to suit the locals, who came in droves to see Ray Essery, Bill Kearns and Greg North doing what they do best...humourous banter, poetry, yarnspinning and tall tales, interspersed by an occasional song from Tom and Susan.

It truly is a wonderful venue and a great place to perform, having proven to be very popular with touring bands, both nationally and internationally. Our shows are providing welcome variety from musical only performances.

We intend to continue them here in Wauchope, as word gets around the district, that they are great entertainment and well worth coming to see.

Thankyou to Ray, Bill and Greg for making it happen once again.



Tom McIlveen.



## ***BLACKENED BILLY AWARD 2023***

It was indeed a great honour to be presented the BLACKENED BILLY AWARD for 2023, on stage by Greg North, Ray Essery and Bill Kearns, in front of a large audience, during our very successful Rhymers Variety Show.

Thank you to Janine Keating for your tireless commitment and efforts in keeping this very prestigious award happening. Thank you to Greg North who delivered it personally to me from The official Blackened Billy Awards held during The Banjo Paterson Festival in Orange, and thank you to the three judges whom I believe to be amongst Australia's finest poets...making the award even more honourable to me, and finally thank you to my childhood friend Freddy 'K', (wherever you may be today), to whom this poem was dedicated.

Tom McIlveen.





## **Results From The 2023 Blackened Billy**

The 33rd Annual Blackened Billy Verse Competition Awards were announced 22nd February, 2023

Adjudicators for BB2023 were Veronica Weal, Glenly Palmer, Carol Heuchan.

### **RESULTS**

1st 'Freddy 'K'' Tom McIlveen

2nd 'What more could we have done?' David Judge

3rd 'Where Angels Tread' Tom McIlveen

### **Highly Commended**

'Dawn on the Collie' Peter O'Shaughnessy

'Among the Sharks' Sean Duffy

'The Captain and his Lady' Tom McIlveen

'Where the Men of Endurance Ride' Brenda Joy

'Gallipoli Now' Peter O'Shaughnessy

### **Commended**

'Silent the Night' Catherine Lee

'A Simple Epitaph' Tom McIlveen

'The Spirits of the Outback' David Judge

'Paradise Lost' Peter O'Shaughnessy

'Webs the Weather Weaves' Robyn Sykes



Congratulations to all of this year's Award winners.

Thank you is extended to all entrants and supporters.

Special gratitude to Duntryleague for hosting the ceremony as part of the 10th Annual Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival

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## **Bush Poetry at the Milton Agricultural Show**

(Taken from ABPA Website)



Bush Poetry at the Milton Agricultural Show was again a big success thanks to John Davis and his team. Fourteen adult and sixteen junior poets performed.

### **Results**

Open - Debby Berryman  
Equal Second - Graham Scobie and Michael Griffin

Junior Poetry  
First: Patrick Coulston  
Second: Ava Garrahy  
Third: Jack Curtis

Breakfast Walk Up  
First - Rob Gorman  
Second - David Melville  
Third - Debby Berryman



# **BUSH FLY DROVING**

©

*Winner, 2022 Humorous Section Silver Quill, West Australian Bush Poetry Championships,  
Toodyay, West Australia.*

They made a start from Elleker at piccaninny dawn.  
The cows were milked, the chooks were fed and every sheep was shorn.  
The billy-cart was loaded well beyond the Plimsoll line  
And through the early morning mist the sun began to shine.  
So Pedro turned to Cobber as he pulled his hat down hard:  
"We've gotta fill this contract for the Denmark Council yard.  
One hundred thousand pure bred flies are penned up out the back.  
They said we couldn't do it mate, but heroes never hesitate;  
Let's have a bloody crack!"

The billy-cart grew restless as the hour was drawing near.  
The contract was a daunting task, but Billy knew no fear,  
Then Cobber gazed along the track towards their distant goal.  
He raised a hand then brought it down: "Let them doggies roll!"  
So off beyond the fence-line to the Lower Denmark track,  
With grim determination and no thoughts of turning back,  
For every fly was needed by the folk in Denmark town,  
And Pedro's bush fly droving team would keep alive the tourist dream  
And never let them down.

Approaching Younger's Siding, even Cobber took a pause,  
For rest and recreation was a bush fly contract clause.  
They led the herd to water while they rested in the shade,  
Those honest union members of the bush fly droving trade.  
Then onward, ever onward through the dust and smoke and heat,  
Never fearing for their safety, never dreaming of defeat.  
Poor Billy's wheels grew wobbly as they hit the homeward run,  
But where the karri cricket sings, a hundred thousand pairs of wings  
Shone golden in the sun.

The tourists waited nervously beneath the Denmark skies.  
They had their pubs and beaches, but they badly needed flies.  
They had their cars and caravans, tobacco, grog and pot,  
But what's the use of camping when there's nothing left to swat?  
The Shire Clerk and Councillors were champing at the bit;  
The bottle shop proprietor was heading for a fit,  
When suddenly a sound was heard to lift their spirits high:  
Above the creak of Billy's springs, two hundred thousand silver wings  
Cascaded through the sky!

Then how the children lined the streets and how their banners swayed,  
To see those two heroic men with Billy on parade,  
And every fly was sleek and fat, with honest pride and grace,  
As each one gently landed on a sticky tourist face.  
Now right around the fishing spots, in every canvass camp,  
In motor homes and caravans, beneath each Tilly lamp,  
On dusty, corrugated tracks, wherever tourists drive,  
You'll hear about that dauntless crew: Pedro, Cobber and Billy too,  
Who kept the dream alive!





# BEHIND THE FLAG

© Ron Stevens, 2010

Winner, 2010 'Bush Verse Section – Banjo Paterson Writing Awards' Orange, NSW.

They've dragged the carcase out again, being short on news today:  
no earthquakes, terrorist attacks and no love-nest exposé.  
In solemn tones the nation's told of 'a push to change the flag'.  
As evidence, the announcer whips a has-been from his bag  
of past-date pollies, trained galahs and old rabid Anglophobes  
those pseudo-Aussie patriots in the green and golden robes.

"Why flog a dead horse, Mate?", I call at the spruiker on my screen,  
"We've heard your arguments before and have found them false and lean."  
He rabbits on, now links his plea with the need to ditch the Crown  
a pea-and-thimble strategy that would take few Aussies down.  
Like many others, I desire a republic in good time  
and regard the House of Windsor as redundant, past its prime.

But the Union Jack that's cornered at the top-left of our flag  
doesn't mean we're still dependent or retain our convicts' tag.  
It stands for institutions which we now treasure as our own,  
that were gained from Mother England as her seeds were widely sown:  
religious toleration, plus education freely due,  
the rule of law shared equally and all race attacks taboo.

Our migrants from a background where no such guarantees exist  
might share my disenchantment were that small British flag dismissed,  
removed from measured prominence where it's been since nineteen-one.  
Since then our flag's remained intact, but for star-point changes done.  
A nation's ensign shouldn't be at the mercy of some fad,  
but built on heritage and pride, it's defences ironclad.

The fabric of our flag is weft with our childhood memories.  
We've watched it lowered Anzac Days and at school-yards in the breeze.  
Its aura whispers sacrifice: at Kokoda, Burma rail,  
Korea, Long Tan, Poziers and Sandakan's tragic trail.  
All those who still appreciate what was Britain's finest hour<sup>1</sup>  
recall the RAAF in comradeship when so few<sup>2</sup> faced Hitler's power.

Our flag's respected, mostly loved, both in cities and the bush,  
its future guaranteed despite your assertions of a push.  
It stands for courage, fortitude in the stress of peace and war.  
It binds our past and future, flies as a mateship metaphor.  
So here's my friendly warning for you absurd iconoclasts:  
Remove your fancy colours, nailed to pretentious flimsy masts.



*Notes: from Winston Churchill's wartime speeches:*

1. 18 June 1940 "If the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say 'This was their finest hour'."
2. 20 August 1940 (on RAF in Battle of Britain) "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."



# What is a Yarn?

Frank Daniel

*The late FRANK DANIEL explains by example.*

© 1995 Frank Daniel (Truthful Publications, Canowindra NSW)

I often wondered in my early teens just what a “yarn” really was! This word was used many times in our family to describe many different things. As a boy, whenever I was guilty of some misdemeanour, word of such villainy always beat me home to Mother. A little bird always told her when I had done something wrong.

I could tell by the sound of her voice that someone had dobbed me in, I knew that I had to tell the truth because she would know if I was telling fibs. Making a feeble attempt at a small lie to avoid the penalty, or even a “bloody great whopper” for that matter, or even if I told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, she would always come up with “That’s a yarn, that is!” Even if I persisted with the truth she would still say “Don’t you come round tellin’ me yarns, young fella! You just wait till your father comes home!”



On Sundays when we drove to town for mass, the women would bung on airs and graces and strut around like emus as they bypassed all the “sinful” men standing outside the church, yarning with their mates. It was here the ladies developed a “holier than thou” attitude, and appeared to be in a state of grace, greeting each other in softer whispering tones as the bowed their heads and made their way into the church. They were all very righteous on Sundays. We kids would try to outsmart our mothers so we could stay outside and listen to the men “yarning”.

It was amazing just how many of us had to go to the toilet whether relief was needed or not before hearing the word of God! The men would talk about the weather, sheep and wool prices, crops and tell stories and jokes they had repeated a hundred time before. There appeared to be no need for softer tones here. Then, when some holy old church warden would announce in a loud whisper from the front door of the church that “The Priest is coming” there would be an all-out stampede for the back seats as if there was some sort of a trophy for the winner. After Mass the women would go crook on them for yarning too long and for coming into mass too late. There was no hint of softer tones here.

Whenever Dad would go to the pub for a few beers, and stay well after the “six-o’clock” closing time he would come home in a happier frame of mind to Mum’s rousing and going crook, and he would say “I was only having a yarn with me mates!”

Come Christmas time, all the family would gather round, friends and relatives from all over the place would come. They’d all be talking at the same time and there’d be lots of laughter and they’d slap each other on the back and say “that’s a bloody yarn, that is!” or, occasionally “That’s a good’n that is!” meaning much the same thing. They would talk about “how the kids have grown” and how Grandma hadn’t aged a day since last year and Grandma would say “Go on with you now, you’re full of yarns you are!”

So to me a yarn was just another story, an alibi, or a lie, another way of communicating — a way of expressing gratitude, kindness or just plain bloody well enjoying yourself, knowing that what you are saying is completely truthful, with some slight embellishment to enhance the story, should it have been told before.

To me a yarn doesn’t always have to have a punch line like a joke. It just has to hold the attention of the listener, whether he believes it or not. A yarn is just another way of enjoying yourself and your mates and giving life’s frustrations a good old kick in the backside.



# Deniliquin Bush Poets

Hi Neil,

our Bush Poet's Club is only a small organisation but has kept Bush Poetry to the fore in our district for quite a number of years. We also sponsor Bush Poetry in our schools to help them perform, write and generally get to thoroughly enjoy poetry culminating in a fantastic concert each year.

Our Club was well at the fore at the recent reopening of our re-furbished Town Hall. I was the only performer who received a standing ovation for my whole four performances - it made me very proud of our little club. I took my son (Brett) guitar and grandson (Miles) drums, so there were three generations of my family on stage and they were able to insert a little music to enhance the Poetry. I was very proud that these boys are fabulous musicians and were able to enhance the Poetry.

Attached are some cuttings from our local press. This was a very prestigious occasion with many local and state politicians in attendance. The fact that I am 94 years old and was on crutches, I thought it was absolutely fabulous to receive 4 standing ovations for such a long poem. I thought this might be of interest to ABPA Members.

Regards  
Alex Allitt  
President of the Bush Poets  
Deniliquin





# THE LARD BROTHERS GO TO AN 'ALL YOU CAN EAT' LUNCHEON

© Neil McArthur

The pub had a quick spit and polish  
They laid out the tableware fine  
'All you can eat' at the Tangoona pub  
For a measly five ninety-nine

The publican put on a second chef  
And an extra waitress or two  
But if he had of known who was coming for lunch  
He'd of let the whole thing fall through

For as the local yokels all entered  
And sat for the 'All you can eat'  
The Lard Brothers flew through the front door  
And running, they dove for their seats

The waitresses served up the entrees  
And a bloody great boiler of broth  
Jack Lard, the elder, he grabbed it  
And scoaled it with barely a cough

Then Raymond, the younger, reached over  
And grabbed the whole basket of bread  
And a bloody great fresh water lobster  
Then, shell and all, bit off it's head

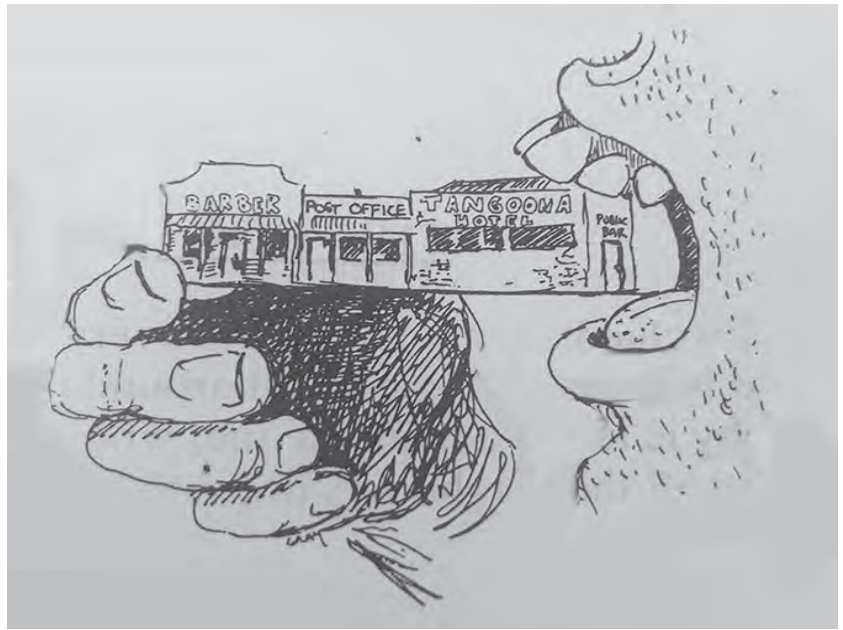
Well, half of the lunch crowd vacated  
The others were in disbelief  
As Jack Lard and young brother Raymond  
Set upon all they could eat

The plates disappeared down their gullets  
The tablecloths, swallowed down too  
They shouted out, "Bring on the main course  
And two nine-gallon kegs of your brew!"

From then on their manners went downhill  
The patrons all left in disgust  
It was enough to sicken a feral pig  
As the Lard brothers loaded their guts

They devoured all the meat and the salads  
(One of the chefs, too, I think)  
When all that was gone, they screamed for desert  
And another two barrels to drink

The Publican came over crying  
And begging the brothers to stop  
"You're sending me broke with your huge appetites  
And you've left me with barely a chop!"



But the Lard brothers grabbed him and eat him  
Then Raymond, he started to bloat  
His guts exploded and splattered the walls  
And his head stared up and said 'quote'

"I think I've had near enough, brother Jack  
This here be my last eatin' stint.  
But before I hit God's smorgasbord in the sky  
Feed me my coffee and mint!"

But his death didn't stop Jack Lard eating  
He eat all the chairs in the pub  
Then stood up and left their in anger  
'Cause the bastards had run out of grub

He eat his way down the main street  
Then eat his way steadily east  
He devoured everything he encountered  
On cows, sheep and wheat he did feast

So don't you be listening to rumours  
Of crops and stock dwindling in heat  
Of mouse plagues or locust or rabbits  
It's Jack laird having all he can eat!



# Calling All Poets – Cloncurry Wants Your Words! \$10,000 Prize!!!!

One of the nation's richest poetry competitions, the Cloncurry Prize, is now open with the theme, **Outback Heroes**

Australia's cultural signature was inked by the muses of poets. There are few that don't recognise the names Dorothea Mackellar, Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, Oodgeroo Noonuccal and even famed modern poet, Rupert McCall, and their spine-tingling odes to Australia's 'sweeping plains, ragged mountain ranges, droughts and flooding rains'. Thank you, Dorothea!

It's fitting therefore, that one of the nation's richest poetry competitions is staged in one of the nation's most beautiful Outback towns – Cloncurry.

Inspired by Dame Mary Gilmore, the Cloncurry Prize Poetry Competition is now accepting entries from across the country. Amateur, aspiring and famed wordsmiths are invited to put ink to paper (or log on, as the case maybe!) for their chance to win the \$10,000 cash prize.

The inaugural poetry competition attracted over 230 entries in 2020. This year's theme, appropriately, is Outback Heroes, with all styles of poetry accepted.

Cloncurry Shire Council Mayor Greg Campbell said the annual Poetry Prize shone the light on the Outback and it's stunning natural beauty, it's larger-than-life characters and their incredible stories.

"The Prize was created to remind people of the wonderful country we live in, and to ignite a sense of national pride, inspired by Dame Mary Gilmore and her connection to Cloncurry. She was a true hero of the Outback, a pioneer in education and literacy; and her powerful writing continues to inspire."

"There is no shortage of heroes in the Outback. They may not wear capes – they're probably in boots that have covered more miles than there are stars in our sky, hats that could tell their own cracking yarns, and look like they've just come off a six-month cattle drive - but that doesn't diminish their incredible stories."

This competition gives people from all over Australia – whether you live in the city or the country - the opportunity to express their love and wonder for our amazing country and the people that made it, who live it, and who will continue to live it."

Entries for the competition are now open and will close on 1 May 2023. The winner will be announced at an awards evening held in Cloncurry on 23 June 2023. IMGERY HERE: <https://www.cloncurry.qld.gov.au/cloncurryprize>

## **ABOUT CLONCURRY**

Few places can claim to be as influential in shaping Australia as Cloncurry; birthplace of the Royal Flying Doctor Service and destination of the first Qantas flight. It is a community that celebrates outback life - the true Australian way.

Cloncurry is located 780 kilometres west of Townsville, 120 kilometres east of Mount Isa and 1700 kilometres north west of Brisbane, nestled on the banks of the Cloncurry River

Key industries in Cloncurry include transport, mining, pastoral and tourism.

Population in the Cloncurry Shire is 3,644 people  
Main township in the Shire is Cloncurry, with Dajarra a small indigenous community 170 south west from Cloncurry and hamlets of Burke and Wills (three ways), Kjabbi, Duchess and Quamby

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Email: [alf@mulgabilfestival.com.au](mailto:alf@mulgabilfestival.com.au)

43 Forbes Street, Yeoval NSW 2868

Enquiries: 0427 208913 | 0458 464190



## Regular Monthly Events

### NSW

**Illawarra Breakfast Poets** meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, everyone welcome.

**"Laggan Bush Poets."** The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month, starting at 7.30pm. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on (02) 4837 3397

**Gosford Bush Poets** meet at 7pm the last Wednesday of every month at the Gosford Hotel, crn. Mann and Erina Streets Gosford. All welcome. Contact Vic Jefferies 0425252212 or Peter Mace (02)-4369356

**Milton Ulladulla Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners Group** First Sunday Every Month at Ex Servos Club Ulladulla 2pm start visitors welcome contact John Davis 02 44552013

**Binalong** - A Brush with Poetry @ Cafe on Queen, 15 Queen St. In the studio by the Balgalal Creek. Last Sunday of every odd month (except January), 2-4pm Open mic. Contact Robyn Sykes 02 6227 4377

**The Queanbeyan Bush Poets** meet at 7pm on the fourth Thursday of the month in the Old School House at Christ Church, 39 Rutledge St, Queanbeyan. Enter via Church Lane. Contact Laurie McDonald on 02 6253 9856

**Port Macquarie Minstrels , Poets and Balladeers** meet fortnightly; 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 1pm in the Pioneer Room, Senior Citizens Hall south end of Munster St, Port Macquarie . Contact Tom Mcilveen 0417 251287

**Katoomba Poets in the Pub** 2nd Sunday 2pm at Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry. Contact Denis Rice 0459 794 785.

**Singleton Bush Poets.** Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month.

Contact Neville Briggs 02 65711398.

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

**Australian Poetry Hall of Fame- Guyra** Wednesday Words Open Mic Poetry 6:30pm every Wednesday. 144 Bradley St, Guyra Contact James Warren 0423 478 656 [www.australianpoetryhalloffame.com.au](http://www.australianpoetryhalloffame.com.au) (Free RV camping at the Lagoon)

### QUEENSLAND

**North Pine Bush Poets Group** Open Mic- Visitors welcome! Pine River Men's Shed, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah- 1st and 3rd Sundays of most months 9a.m. –12 noon. Contact Mal on 0417765226 or Howard on 0431689054.

**Kurippla Poets** - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683

**Geebung Writers** - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349

**Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.** 2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 4155 1007 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.

**Beaudesert Bush Bards** meet on the **Second** Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.

**Russell Island Writers Circle** - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). \$2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542

**Shorncliff "Poets of the Park"** "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary. every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555

**Toowoomba Bush Poets**-The Townsville Bush Poetry Mates meet on the first Saturday of each month from 10am to 12.30pm at the Aitkenvale Library meeting room. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156."

**Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc** meet every the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156

**Bribie Island Bush Poets** meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219

**Logan Performance Bush Poets** - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11 am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

### Victoria

**Kyabram Bush Verse Group** – Second Sunday of every even numbered month at the Kyabram Town Hall 199-209 Allan Street Kyabram. Enter via rear door off the Bradley Street Car Park 2pm. Contact Mick Coventry 0427 522097.

**Gippsland Bush Poets** meet Monthly, 7.30pm on the 2nd Thursday of the month at the RSL Hall in Hood St. Rosedale

**Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS)** meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing workshops, Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise'. Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332

**Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets** - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121

**Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc.** – Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Ross House 247-251 Flinders Lane Melbourne All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

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

### WA

**Perth** 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016

**Albany** 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606

**Bunbury** 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636

**Geraldton** 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

**Kalgoorlie** 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809



# The 21st Annual Nandewar Poetry Competition

Conducted By  
Narrabri and District Historical Society Inc.  
Supported By Narrabri Shire Council

**First Prize - \$150 plus Trophy**

**Second Prize - \$100**

**Third Prize - \$50**

**Plus a \$50 Awarded to the Members Choice**

Closing Date July 30th  
Entry Form Available From  
Narrabri Shire Visitors Information Center  
Phone 67996760

or

Narrabri and District Historical Society Inc.  
PO Box 55  
Narrabri NSW 2390

Entry Forms to be returned to the above address  
also available from the ABPA Website  
[www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au)



## Outback Writers Festival Inc.



Hello to all supporters.  
Just a catch up letter,

1. The 2023 Outback Writers' Festival will be held in Winton from Tuesday 20th June - Thursday 22nd of June. Our EIGHTH

2. Our website is [www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au](http://www.outbackwritersfestival.com.au)

3. Entries for the 3000 word max short story are now open, with the judge/s choosing entries to be printed in book form.

4. We were able to donate writing prizes to the two local Winton Schools at their speech nights - State School and St Patrick's.

5. The "Aussie Books on Tour" have not returned home to Winton yet. Let's hope that at least one comes back before June.

6. We probably will have 2 extra venues this year - The Waltzing Matilda Centre of course, but Winton also has a Lost Poets cafe, and the Library.

7. Dan from Boolarong Press is overseas this year - thanks Dan for putting past programmes together.

Many thanks  
Jeff Close  
President

### 8. HOW YOU CAN HELP ?

\* Become a member or renew your membership.  
Form available from

<https://outbackwritersfestival.com.au>

\* Come out to the Outback Writers' Festival. As a bonus, immediately after the Writers' Festival we have the Vision Splendid Film Festival.

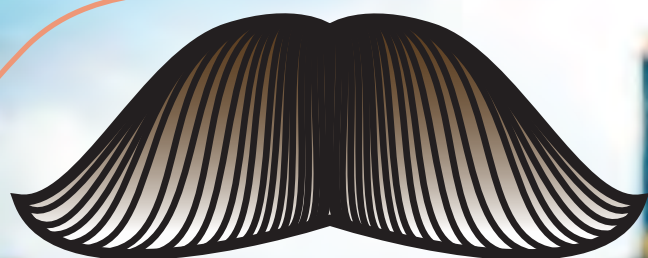
Another big year for Winton with Way Out West, Outback, Opal, Waltzing Matilda Day, and Outback Opera festivals, plus the usual races, campdraft, golf championships, show and rodeo etc. See Council web site.

\* Purchase a past copy of the best short stories published each year. See [www.outbackbooks.info](http://www.outbackbooks.info) ALL profits are donated to our Festival.

\* I am inviting authors to read out part of their work at events like the AGM, the Dinner and the Rangelands Sunset Tour. Please contact me.

\* Do you have a suggestion/ or can you volunteer for a session?? Again, please contact me.  
Do you have an outback book to launch? Please contact me.

\* Pass on the details to one and all to help spread the word.



# HENRY LAWSON FESTIVAL GRENFELL



June Long Weekend  
**8<sup>th</sup> – 12<sup>th</sup> June 2023**

Festival of Arts Competitions, Parade, Markets, Live Music,  
Poetry, Rides, Family Fun and More

Entries are now open for the festival's short story and verse competitions. The theme for entries this year is "Faces in the Street" after one of the earliest and most celebrated poems of the young Henry Lawson. This theme invites reflections on modern Australian life which could include elements of hardship and despair, courage and fortitude, or compassion and mateship.

**Poetry Prize**

First Prize: \$1,000

Second Prize: \$500

**Short Story Prize**

First Prize: \$1,500

Second Prize: \$500

Entries close **19 May 2023**



This event is proudly supported by:



More information and events at  
[henrylawsonfestival.com.au](http://henrylawsonfestival.com.au)