



ABPA

**Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 29 No. 3 June/July 2023**



***Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush 2023
Poets, Fans and Legends!***



Linville bush poet's bash

COMP. DAY IS SATURDAY, 8 JULY & SUNDAY 9 JULY POETS B'FAST

34 George Street Linville (90 mins from Brisbane)

Pub or local BnB accommodation plus a great "free camping area" over the road, a list of BnB accommodation options is available upon request

\$10 entry per section, original and previously published

Please email for details & bookings

ozbushpoet@gmail.com or call 0421514555

or peterfrazeracn@gmail.com or call 0401130636

or for bookings hotel / hostel Phone 07 54247280

contact@thelinvillehotel.com.au

free camping area available over the road with amenities

The competition numbers are limited to 24 and there should be ample time for "walk ups" on Sunday at the poet's breakfast.

'Linville Bush Poet's Bash

"Come join the Poets at Linville Qld...where the mountains kiss the stars".

This is a new event we are establishing for what we hope will become an annual competition and celebration of all this Bush Poetry.

There will be a competition on the afternoon of Saturday 8th July, followed by music and fellowship at the Linville hotel grounds that night.

A Poets breakfast on the Sunday 9th July will provide a great opportunity for walk up performances.

This is an ideal opportunity to gather and enjoy the fellowship of other Bush poetry lovers in a wonderful Australian bush setting..

The Linville hotel will provide meals and refreshment for those who wish and are providing the grounds and stage for the event.

There is free camping straight across the road from the hotel venue as well as more free caravan camping 7km back down the track a Moore.

There is also some B&B accommodation in the area and motel accommodation at Kilcoy 39 km ,(30 min) away down the high-way.

See attached flyer for details.

Regards
Peter Frazer
Qld rep ABPA.

President's Report

Australian rhymed and metered bush poetry is alive and well and has just been taken up by the Ipswich Show in 2023 and was a great success. We have always found that people really "get it" if they see it done well and that was the case here.

The Tasmanian Steam Fest in Sheffield was held over the long weekend in March and included bush poetry for the first time. Weather perfect, crowds huge and kids everywhere and they loved the poetry. We will return.

The Man From Snowy River Festival was held in Corryong in April and the ABPA committee were extensively involved helping with the running of the Bush Poetry entertainment and the Man From Snowy River poetry recital competition. It is an iconic festival just recovering from the plague.

The past ABPA magazines have been digitized and by the time of publication should be available on our website. It has been a huge undertaking and our thanks go to the legends that made it happen.

The EKKa in Brisbane is looking to use a platform like Zoom to allow remote bush poets to participate and we anticipate that if that is successful it will have a rapid uptake elsewhere.

With the success of the National Bush Poetry Competition in Orange we are exploring ways to organize State Championships in NSW, Victoria and Queensland over the next eighteen months to potentially feed into a future National Championship. Western Australia have been running annual State Championships for years.

A request from one of our Members re a follow up poem to Mulga Bill's Bicycle. Apparently set around a young boy finding the bike and the resurrection of it. Any idea then please let me know at editor@abpa.org.au and I shall pass it on.

Thanks

ABPA Committee Members 2023

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Onwards and Upwards for
Bush Poetry
Tim Sheed

ABPA Magazine Advertising Rates

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Half Page \$55
Quarter Page or less \$35

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Quarter Page not available

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To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival or event would be appreciated if accompanied by a paid Ad. Send all details in plain text, Word or PDF Format to editor@abpa.org.au
All payments to be made within 14 days to

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Next Magazine Deadline is July 27th 2023

The Old Bush Hall

© Shelley Hansen

Winner, 2023 "Community Threads" Themed Section – Oracles of the Bush, Tenterfield NSW.

I couldn't quite believe the sign they'd fastened to a shed
beside the old bush hall near my hometown,
inviting public tender for removal (so it said),
with option for a price to pull it down.

I glanced up high to see the date of 1925
emblazoned on the gable, thinking how
when filled with happy folk, its creaking timbers came alive
throughout the generations, then and now.

We'd planned for its centenary, but couldn't fund the cost
when drought-affected harvests didn't pay.
Then needed renovations were delayed when skills were lost
as people of the district moved away.

I climbed the steps and pushed the door – it opened with a squeak.
It had no further need for lock and key.
I crossed the floor. The years rolled back. A tear crept down my cheek
as perfumes of the past washed over me.

A myriad of memories began inside these walls –
which cradled wakes and weddings through the years,
along with public meetings and the annual deb balls.
I felt the rafters echo still with cheers!

I thought about the country dance where Grandpa courted Nan –
the start of sixty years of wedded bliss.
Nan told me how he'd waltzed her, how their romance first began –
And how they'd slipped away to steal a kiss!

The sturdy old piano that could still belt out a note
stood silent and forlorn beside the stage.
Untuned and lacking polish, it reposed beneath a coat
of filmy dust that only grew with age.

I wandered out the back and found the sets we built by hand
for plays our drama club put on each Spring.
The district came to see us in productions that were grand!
We pulled out all the stops to dance and sing.

I knew we had to save the hall. To lose without a fight
would deal the town its final fatal blow.
A plan began to formulate. I wondered if we might
raise money if we organised a show.

We found a good bush poet who was rallied to the cause.
A country singer joined us in the quest.
Disputes were put aside as people buried ancient scores.
The common goal we faced brought out the best.

The night we shared was reminiscent of the days of yore –
we danced until the early hours of morn.
Old friendships were rekindled with support not seen before.
Despair was cast aside, and hope reborn.



We made a thousand dollars selling meals, and at the bar.
Donation boxes filled, though times were tough,
and everyone supported us. They came from near and far –
but still we doubted it would be enough.

Then suddenly, a builder said he'd spare a week or two –
a painter came from somewhere over east.
So working bees were organised as teams of helpers grew,
and once begun, momentum never ceased.

The country women's group, long since disbanded, rose as one
and baked the famous scones we loved so much.
They fed and fetched with spirit that made volunteering fun!
Before we knew, we'd reached the final touch.

So now the hall stands proudly, reinforced with added strength –
a testament for passers-by to see
that sometimes a community will go to any length
to save the badge of its identity.

At shearing time she came by train, attracted to the farm,
our second cousin's Aunty Maude, eccentric never calm,
from inner city suburb smog, in Peacock feathered hat
with carry cage and seat required for bush tailed Persian cat.

She loved to fuss around the shed just like a bantam chook
but to a man we all agreed, old Maudy girl could cook
and so we suffered her each year, with nods and winks and chat,
responding to her whimsy but—we really cursed her cat!

It sat each night upon her lap where it slept or preened and purred,
instead of somewhere out the back, where Dad would have preferred.
Mum kept her vegie garden neat, weeds carefully despatched
until her morning fingers found deposits where it scratched.

It regally announced itself to Rusty on his chain
and with disdain, just out of reach, demented that dog's brain.
The free range hens that scratched about, went nesting in the hay
but then refused to leave the pen devoid of daily lay.

It found its way up to the shed, it sat to clean its claws,
remove the dust and clover seed from city softened paws.
It strolled across the greasy floor, its tail an upright mast
and rubbed against the tar boy's leg, to cause reaction fast!

The pale grey fur was well glued up where fell the blackened brush—
The tar boy spoke in shed hands' terms, he'd make a wharfie blush.
Old Aunty's task was none too flash—shampoo and comb her cat—
Sunsilk and Pears had no effect—Dad cried "Turps, just try that!"

Unkind I know to pull that one, a ruse unknown to some
but on that spot below a tail, Turps burns a cat's bare bum!
For sure the Turps would melt the tar but was it fair and right
to take advantage of old Maude, to witness Dad's delight?

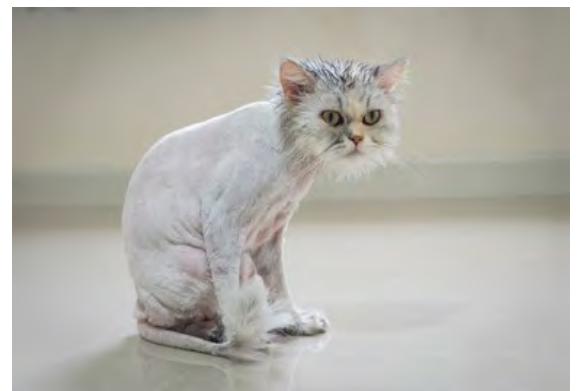
So as I tossed the thought around, it came to me quite clear—
the only way to clean the cat was hold it down and shear.
I did not fancy fighting claws or punctures from its teeth
and I puzzled 'bout the long blow and belly underneath.

Despite her doubts, we made a pact, before tomorrow's bell,
I'd take due care and clean him up, with doubt the clip would sell.
I told Aunt Maude to hold it tight, my aim was not dissection
as I inserted Pentothal, animal injection!

Sedated Kitty lay there limp, I peeled away the fur,
then laid him in the 3A bin, with hopes that he would stir.
Aunt wrapped him in a fine wool shawl, her Pussy quiet and warm—
a Persian cat without its coat, takes on a deathly form!

Alas, the shock caused his demise, that night he passed away
and we all feigned agreement too with Dad's disguised dismay.
Mum took the burial in hand and said a little prayer
then gave to Maude a lock or two of finest Persian hair.

That week our shearing all cut out and Maude returned to home;
the hens and Rusty all behaved and I composed this poem
with two more lines that Dad gave me, one sworn into his hat
because her Christmas card advised she'd BOUGHT ANOTHER CAT!



Tenterfield Oracles Of The Bush

It was never really in doubt. Another Tenterfield Oracles Weekend and another roaring success. The Yellow Shirts just keep on producing wonderful weekends, year after year.

It was again a privilege and a pleasure to be invited to perform there again this year, alongside the outstanding talents of Marco Gliori, Susie and Mal, Errol Gray and Murray Hartin.

We kicked off as usual with the ever popular Lion's Club Breakie In The Park, with another great turnout of locals, visitors and walk up poets.

From then on, it was a smorgasboard of venues and entertainment all around town. Most shows had been sold out very early on and all performers were turning up to full houses.

With Marco already having attended and recited his poem for this years Tenterfield Oracles Legend, Fran Bulmer, at the Thursday Night Induction Dinner, He, along with Murray, Susie. Mal and Errol, headed to the Showground Pavilion for the ever popular Children's Concert and Competiton. The local kids are always eager to take the stage and it's great to see the smiles on the faces of family, audience and judges.

This year Dolly Honan just beat home Toby Sgarlata in the Infant Childre'n's section, whilst Adeline Reinhardt took home the under 9 section from Sanuki Wijeseka.

When the older children took the stage, in the Primary School Sections, Resandi Wijerekera beat home Shanayah Vlody Rose, whilst St Josepj's Primary Year 5 took out the award for the best Group Performance.

In the Secondary Children's Section it was Archie George victorious and given the opportunity to repeat his performance at the Saturday Night Concert, which he did with aplomb!

In the meantime, I was back at the Motel resting up for an appearance at a new and prestigious event, The Ivy Chapel Long Table Lunch, with our Backyard Balladeer, Errol Gray. It was a sensational success for the limited amount of sold out seats and will, without doubt, be a regular event at future Oracles.

The Troupe then headed back to the Showgrounds Pavillion to judge the first tightly contested heats of the Looming Legends Performance Competition before heading home to rest up for The big Friday Night Camp Fire Yarns, proudly funded by NSW Government. It was another sell out and what an amazing night it was, with no one leaving until the final Poem was spruiked! The camp fires were brilliant and this event is one of the most popular at the Oracles now and has been fine tuned to perfection! Archie and Rissie's donation to Captain Hines and his team at the local Homestead branch of the RFS has become a Friday night tradition of Oracles of the Bush Tenterfield. This year their donation was \$2,001.70. Well done Junior Yellow Shirts - that is \$8,707.75 raised since 2019.

Saturday saw Poets Breakfasts at the Golf Club with Marco and Errol, The Tenterfield Motor Inn with Muzza and this year I had the pleasure of performing outdoors at the Bald Rock National Park, because it was fresh and I was from Ballarat! What an amazing place to perform! Beautiful bushland and wildlife all a background to the Tea and Damper aromas coming from our Rangers on cooking duty! A wonderful morning.

Then it was back to judge more heats of the Looming Legends Competition before Errol, Mal and Susie headed off to Tenterfield Transport Museum Inc. for their Country Style Roast Lunch performance, with Errol detouring on his way to perform a few songs at the Railway Markets. The joys of owning a Sound System.

Meanwhile Marco and Muz were entertaining out at the now famous Arrajay Downs - Paddock to Plate. So many wonderful vevues in this iconic area.

Back then for the last heats of the Performance comp before resting up for the sold out Saturday Night Poets Concert sponsored by KLAS Business & Accounting. Performing with that crowd and throwing in Archie George fresh from his win in the Junior Comp, was never going to leave the huge crowd begging for great entertainment. And with the added unexpected appearance of Marco through a not so stable wall divider at the height of Mazza performing Turbulance, all went pretty smoothly!

Sunday Morning kicked off with the now Traditional Poets Brawl at Jubilee Park, where all the local and visiting Poets fight it out for the honour of being reigning One Minute Poetry Champion! This years honour went to local, Ken Harding.

After that is was back to the Showgrounds to judge the finals of the Looming Legends Competiton, and what a close final it was this year!

This years results were as follows

Performance Section Adults
People's Choice
Paddy O'Brien

Section 3: Novice
John Hagan

Section 4: Original work
1st prize - Ken Reimers with Silent Night
2nd prize - David Melville with The Homosexual Tendency

Finalists:
Ken Woodward, David Melville, Lara Flanagan, Paddy O'Brien,
Dean Skewes, Ken Reimers, Debby Berryman

Section 5: Pre-published work
1st prize - Lara Flanagan with The Anzac on the Wall by Jim Brown
2nd prize - Paddy O'Brien with The Rattle of the Chain by Paddy O'Brien

Finalists:
Paddy O'Brien, Lara Flanagan, Paul Wincen, Don McQueen,
Peter Frazer, Debby Berryman

Written Section Adults
Section 1: Humorous Poem
Kevin Pye - Mudgee, NSW,

Section 2: Theme of Community Threads
Shelley Hansen
Maryborough, QLD,



And the winners are.....



Paddy O'Brien performing to the awesome Oracles Audience



Mr. & Mrs. Bling. Dave & Robyn Kennedy. Bush Poetry's biggest fans!



2023 Oracles Legend, Fran Bulmer.



The Crew - Marco, Muz, Neil, Susie, Errol and Mal



The Yellow Shirts



Ken Harding, 2023 Poet's Brawl Champion!



Winners of the Children's Sections



Archie and Rissi present donation to Captain Hinde



Long Lunch at the Ivy Chappel. (Note Poet's wives eating Poet's lunch and drinking Poet's booze!)

A Big thanks to **Mandy Sharpe** for sharing her Wonderful and professional Photography skills.

Across the Basalt Wall

© Ross Rolley

I climb the Range, leave Cairns behind, and then turn South by West;
my journey is to Georgetown, where the Sun will come to rest.
I cross a line of scrubby hills, head down the western fall
to travel through the best there is – across the basalt wall.

The grass, like hay, adorns the flats as far as I can see,
fat cattle camp in dung and dust beneath a shady tree.
The Iron Bark and Grey Box tell of rich, volcanic soil.
Such wonders can seduce us all to serve a life of toil.

At Mt. Surprise, the Thirst Aid Post, my health I can reclaim.
The cliffs around the Cobbold Gorge are South of where I aim.
I drive across the Etheridge, a sea of river sand,
then up the bank into the town, arriving there as planned.

The seasons here, they come and go: there's never two the same.
There is the wet and then the dry – the region's claim to fame.
This vast and valued grazing land – the weather is trustee –
can sometimes boast how rivers join to form an inland sea.

The years between will test the best when drought is on the land:
when summer's hot and it's so dry your spit won't reach the sand.
The flying fox will fan their wings; the ground wasps cannot fly;
the water's scarce and men must sit and watch their cattle die.

The town was born from lucky strikes – men panning for the gold.
In thousands, how the hopeful worked, through heat and winter cold.
So few did ever strike it rich, or make the diggings pay:
the battlers who were left behind found faith had gone astray.

So, from these times of human trial, character emerged;
men raised their heads, they looked around and raw ambition surged.
To farm this place, to build a life, on fertile basalt plains,
they turned strong hands to breeding beef and planting vital grains.

Across the generations, Aussie men and women strive
to fight the droughts, disease and floods, determined to survive.
Harsh 'Regulations', piled on high, can see the battle lost
and force them all to leave their land when ambushed by the cost.

The hardest part is understanding why these things are done,
why chosen leaders pass new laws, decided on the run.
They cancelled all live cattle trade on claims that were not clear;
they slashed all income overnight and scorched the towns with fear.

The Aussie Bushie is a gem though town-folk never knew.
They choose to sneer at how he lives – a choice they should review.
If farming effort ever fails, or just hangs by a thread,
then those true Aussie icons know the goose is all but dead.

POETS NOTE *Toomba Basalt Flow - Einasleigh Uplands.*

The 'Einasleigh Uplands' is an area extending west from the Atherton Tableland – running inland beyond Georgetown, as far west as the town of Croydon. The plateau is covered in grasslands dotted with eucalyptus trees. It is cut through with ridges, gorges and lava tubes, and boasts of fertile soil. Natural features include the 'Great Basalt Wall' of dried volcanic lava; Cobbold Gorge; and the lava tubes of Undara Volcanic National Park.



The lava tubes of Undara Volcanic National Park.

Poems from two young siblings who were successful in The Cloncurry Prize – Junior 2022 and another prize poem from the WA Silver Quill.

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy



Australia's Great Makers by Tess Dowden

Australia is more than just
Beaches and the sun.
Australia is more than
Barbeques and fun.

Our history goes back
Many moons ago.
When did it exactly start?
It's impossible to know!

We believe it started with
The keepers of the land.
Guardians of the soil,
Carers of the sands.

Our ancestors were kind
They helped to sustain,
Every bit of country,
Every last plain.

They teach us the way
In the stories they share.
They teach about the land
And show us how to care.

They made Australia
To be the very best,
To be greater and better
Than all of the rest.

Our Aboriginal kin
Well played their part
Creating our Australia
From the depth of their heart.

They need recognition
For the Australia we know
They made our great land
The best place to go.

© 2022, Tess Dowden at age 10

*Both Poems were judged to be in the top 20 poems
from the 2022 Cloncurry Prize – Junior. Pre-Published
on the Cloncurry Shire Council website in 2022
www.cloncurry.qld.gov.au*

The 2023 Cloncurry Prize – Junior is currently being
judged. Results will be on the ABPA Website late June.

Bushfire by Sam Dowden

The time has come, it's time to leave,
Or we'll be eaten up like the trees.
The world has turned black, black as coal,
This fire's like, a deep dark hole.

Claws of fire block our path,
We can't imagine the aftermath.

Through the fire to the city,
The smoke ignoring the red beast spitting.

The time has come. It might never end,
Smoke and fire a deadly blend.

The world is dust so are the leaves,
And what about our old gumnut trees?

Fire is ending, country depending
Fighters defending hope ascending.

Ash and smoke the last residue,
But spirit of land; hope, shines through

The world of dust, the beast of flame,
Now just waiting for the rain.

© 2020, Sam Dowden at age 10

A Day by the Sea by Erin Chew

2022 Second Place, Lower Junior Section, 6-8 years
The Silver Quill Award, Toodyay, West Australia

Aren't those seashells
and sand I feel by the sea?
Aren't those waves, coral and fish I also see?
Isn't it lovely to hear birds squawking
on nearby trees?

Isn't that ice cream I see
served by the red van parked by the sea?

Oh it's yummy to taste ice cream
with honey made by busy bees!
I do so love the sea!

Such a wonderful sunset to enjoy
with a cup of tea.

The adventure is over now so let's go home
to come back another day to enjoy the sea.
The time has come, it's time to leave,
Or we'll be eaten up like the trees.

© 2022, Erin Chew at age 6

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

WA BUSH POETS & YARNSPINNERS are
inviting writers of Australian Bush Verse to
enter the 7th Annual SILVER QUILL
Competition.

Entry forms and conditions can be found on
ABPA website
www.abpa.org.au
or.....wabushpoets.asn.au

W.A. Bush Poets



& Yarnspinners Assn.

NEW BRANCH OF WA BUSH POETS FORMS IN PEEL DISTRICT MANDURAH

About 100 people attended the inaugural meeting of the newly formed **Peel Districts Bush Poetry Group** at the Ravenswood Hotel in Pinjarra WA. This will become a bimonthly gathering for the growing number of poetry enthusiasts in the area.

Many came in support and others out of curiosity but enjoyed the contributions performed by our poets.

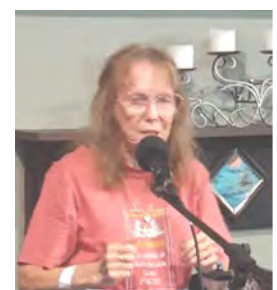


Left MC Rob Gunn.

Right Peter Rudolph

Lower left Stinger Nettleton

Lower right Heather Denholm



No More Letters Home

"Hello Mum" the letter started, just like the ones she'd read before
And she reads them once or twice a day since her son went off to war.
She doesn't get them often now because they come from far away
Still, she sits on her verandah and waits the postman every day.
Hoping with her every prayer there'll be more letters home.

To his father he's a digger and the family pride and joy
But to her he's not a soldier, he's just her handsome grown up boy
She'd pleaded with him not to go, "Please just stay and work the farm"
She knew that even with her prayers her boy might come to harm.
And then she knew there'd have to be no more letters home.

But no matter how she pleaded, she could never change his heart
And stood there watching through her tears to see her boy depart.
He had written lots of letters in those first few months away
But the time between grew more and more and he had less and less to say.
And she worried it would all too soon mean no more letters home.

This letter had come weeks ago but from where she didn't know.
He rarely told her where he was or the places he might go
But he asked after the family and the friends he left behind
And told her of the newfound mates that he'd been blessed to find
And she hoped that all these newfound friends had sent their letters home

Meg Gordon presented Chris Taylor's poem "No More Letters Home" at ANZAC Service during MFSR Festival at Cooryong

He promised her as always that he was fit and doing fine
And that so far all the fighting was much further down the line.
She knew of course that wasn't true, as mothers always know
But she loved him for the little lie and simply let it go.
Still praying there would always be more letters coming home.

She glanced up from her letters when the knock came on the door
And looked out through the window as she walked across the floor.
Saw the military vehicle that was parked out on the street
Her mind began to scream, her heart began a stronger beat
They had finally come to tell her there'd be no more letters home.

She paused a moment at the door as the tears began to rise
Then bravely called on all her strength and with her apron dried her eyes.

She thought about her husband and wished he could be here
Just so he could hold her and help her face the fear
Instead she'd have to tell him, why there'd be no more letters home.

She opened up that heavy door and stood there frozen into place
Saw the soldier standing there, his worn and weathered face.
He stood a little awkward on the crutch that helped him walk
But she recognised his smile as soon as he began to talk
"Hello Mum, my war is over, so there'll be no more letters home".

C.J.Taylor (rustytoohotmail.com)



Roger Cracknell reciting his poem at the ANZAC Service in Boyup Brook.

He thought of that small foxhole
Where he crouched and said a prayer
As the German hordes drew nearer
In that freezing morning air.
He prepared to die for King and country
And he was damned if he would yield
As he charged to meet the charging bayonets
Across that hellish battlefield.

The unceasing sound of gunfire
The fields churned to mud
Trenches deep in water
Mixed with a soldier's blood.
The dreaded space that was no man's land
Where machine guns reigned supreme;
Bodies ripped to bloody shreds
With that last inhuman scream.

And then Repatriation
As war reached its bloody end
And a chance for mind and body
To try to heal, try to mend.
But how do you block the nightmare
Of the war to end all wars.
As the Generals proudly tell you
You fought a noble cause.

What cause? The old man asked himself
Is worthy of so much death
That the lifeblood of a nation
Chokes on its dying breath
Pain borne by those who were left behind
Whose wait was all in vain
They'll neither voice nor footsteps
Of loved ones coming home again

The service was now over
And the crowds had gone away
But the old man sat with memories
Of his mates on ANZAC Day
He looked up at the flag pole
Remembering all those who were lost
Then proudly came to attention
And saluted the Southern Cross.

© Roger Cracknell

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES

On the twenty fifth of April
Our streets echo with applause
As we pay tribute to our soldiers
Who fought so many wars.
And one old man attracted me
As he proudly marched out there,
What thoughts were going through his mind
What sadness, what despair

The old man had joined the marchers
And as they made their solemn way
The dawn's rays lit the cenotaph
On another ANZAC Day.
The pipes and drums played mournfully
As he walked a measured pace
And the teardrops of remembrance
Rolled down his weathered face.

He saw the proud old diggers
And asked himself "what was it for"
Why were so many sacrificed
In the crucible of war?
Then it was a great adventure
A wondrous chance to roam
But when thrown on the Kaiser's battlefield
He thought longingly of home.

His thoughts went back so many years
To the mates who'd fought that war
Who now lay in bloody disarray
Upon that foreign shore.
The guns, the barbed wire barricades;
The cries he remembered well
The agony of his dying mates
Was like a scene from hell.

'flashback'

© Harry Donnelly 18-5-23

I took a stroll through past recall
and found the life I've had,
I came across my siblings,
kissed my Mum...hugged my Dad.

A family reunited
in the confines of the mind,
excited — I searched further,
for whatever else I'd find.

I found my year one school room
and some kids I knew back then,
my very first school teacher,
bunch of ink-wells, scratchy pen.

A playground, which seemed bigger
back when I was just a child,
and the clanging of the lunch bell
as a thousand kids ran wild

I felt the air of freshness
with each breath I had to take,
and smelt Mum's weekend kitchen,
home grown chicken on the bake.

The old man's veggie garden
helped complete each healthy meal,
and each footpath was the MCG...
or our Lang Park footy field.

I felt the feel of nature
as I scaled a mulberry tree,
perched high above the neighbourhood
eating mulberries...feeling free.

And I ran and climbed and rolled and dived
and lost a little skin,
a life of pure adventure
was the mindset I was in.

Our street was one big playground,
local parks weren't chained at night,
litigation wasn't ruling
every move we made in life.

An insurance company's main role w
as to cover cars in prangs,
and there wasn't any fear
of drugged up, knife reliant gangs.

I would love the kids of modern day t
o experience what we had,
unfortunately that won't happen,
a fact of life that's rather sad.

But of course it's all quite relevant,
kids adjust to what they've got,
and for me, my past reminds me...
to be happy with — my lot.



Millennium 2000

© Ted Logan

Computer-driven appliances
Will explode or grind to a halt,
When the Millennium date kicks in
To give that almighty jolt!

Cruise ships will strand themselves on reefs,
And jet-planes plunge from the skies;
When odometers click on to those rows of noughts
We will be saying our last good-byes!

Not one of these dire predictions,
Though believed by more than a few,
Which frightened the punters out of their wits,
Were ever feasible or true.

For in truth the two thousand number
Was never the problem to fix
But whether computer programmers
Had factored it into the mix!

It was thus never going to happen –
The Millennium with all this suspense.
It arrived on the scene like a normal New Year,
Though a little more fraught and intense.

So toot that hooter, bang that drum!
Hurroo for the new Millennium!
String up the bunting with those balloons –
Singing those “Auld Hogmanay” tunes.

Take off the music stop the dance
Out with that old year, it’s had its chance!
Count down the clock; it’s now about done;
Twenty-Ten-Five; Four, Three, Two and One!

Kiss and shake hands; stand in a ring
Hold hands together – together we’ll sing –
“Should Auld Acquaintance never be forgot!”
Like Babylon or Camelot!

Have a Corona

© John Bidgood 2020

On a dark, stormy night, on a hot summer’s day
Coronavirus from China was to Australia on the way
Some said it came from markets, after eating a bat
Some said it came from a lab to cut some world fat

Over the seas it came carried by people, boats and planes
Our Government shut the borders a bit late, what a shame
So, we fight a silent war, can’t see or hear the foe
But once Corona hit Australia it was go, go, go

They put us into lockdown, shut cafes, clubs and pubs
Made us all stay at home, the bloody anti-social grubs
Made us give up sport and all the fun things to do
Run us out of toilet paper, we could not even poo

And when we did, our alternative was newspaper, leaves or grass
But none of them felt as soft as tissue paper on your ass (bum)
We also emptied the shelves of soap wash, rice and flour
We had punch ups in the alley ways as customers got sour

They put us into lockdown time and time again
Made us stay at home through the sunshine and the rain
The streets were all deserted just like a ghost town
The freedom protests stopped the police cracking down

The kids all stayed at home to do their online learning
The parents becoming teachers, it was most concerning
Mum and Dad’s back at school, doing what they do best
Educating their children, for them, there is no rest

No more money in the pokies, the pubs all shut their doors
We all stayed at home and got covered in bed sores
No more going to the beach or playing in the park
Don’t think of kissing your girlfriend ‘til well after dark

They say stay in your suburb or in your own hometown
Or the copper will pull you up with a costly sort of frown
Thirteen hundred dollars on the ticket he will write
So, stay in your bloody house and keep out of sight.

“HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.”

© Peter White

So things you need aren’t missed
you ought to write a list,
before you head off to the grocery shop.
Make sure the list is serial
lest you forget the cereal.
Then your wife’s censure will not stop.

A question theoretical:
Should the list be alphabetical?
- from apples to zucchinis? What a chore!
Or perhaps arrange by section
to simplify selection
as you make your way around the store.

Which ever way you do it
make sure that you stick to it.
Cross each item from the list when found.
In just a ‘sec’, by golly
you’ll have filled your shopping trolley.
Then through the check-out you’ll be homeward bound.

When you are finally done
say to your wife, “What fun!
Please let me shop for groceries next week.”
From this task she will relieve you
‘cause she simply won’t believe you.
She’ll recognise your tongue is in your cheek.

All the tears have long ceased falling
from our in laws and our kin
since the day me English Auntie
cashed her chips and chucked it in

Hey do not think us heartless scoundrels
If we mock this solemn show
cause our families seen depression
and we're rather short on dough

We just viewed her timely passing
like some wilting daffodil
until a letter from the lawyers
said were mentioned in the will

Well Eureka bloody beauty
just imagine how we felt
no more we'd live in poverty
no more we'd strain the belt

This dear old duck was loaded
couldn't count the dough she's got
we could sell this cock roach castle
build a mansion buy a yacht

We'd be living soon in luxury
God bless her now failed health
And me her only favourite nephew
surly I would cop this wealth

So I rang the council foreman
said its me you ugly slob
you can keep that pay you owe me
and just stick ya flaming job

No I won't be back tomorrow
and I won't be back next year
See I'm off to merry England
and you'll just have to persevere

Then I hurried to the banker
Said ya slimy crawling louse
ya can shove that loan I begged for
for that stinking little house

I'll have more than Kerry Packer
And me Auntie ya can thank
and not one word you mangy warthog
cause I might buy your little bank

Hey this new found strenght I revelled in
I was feeling strong and hearty
but I had to sell the Kingswood
For some dough to chuck a party

As I clambered up the gangplank
I then told the watching pack
Yeah the richest thing you'll ever see
is me when I get back



When they read me dear old aunties will
They started from the ground
the butler got the silverware
the maid a thousand pound

And she left Aunt Doris one rolls Royce
and old Joe one block of flats
and then the room was stunned to silence
as the lawyer mentioned cats

To those mongrel moggy mousers
she bequeathed a million quid
well I bloody nearly fainted
and I'm sure Aunt Martha did

But I knew my turn was coming
as the lawyer carried on
I now leave my greatest treasure
to my sisters darling son

I leave to him my family ring
to carry through the years
a bloody ring that's all I get
I near burst out in tears

I grabbed this lawyer by the throat
and I almost run amock
I said give the cats the bloody ring
I'll take the million bucks

Now the hand of fate plays cruel tricks
as I learned on my way home
for days I leaned across the rail
and watched the briny foam

Then in a fit of mad depression
just for what she'd done to me
I took old aunties cursed rang
and hurled it in the sea

Then I settled back into a chair
with a smile upon my face
but while reading through the papers
I collapsed in sheer disgrace

See the ring that was still sinking
now a thousand fathoms down
had belonged to Mary Queens Of Scots
worth forty million pounds

I'm back home now I'm on the dole
and living in a tent
I ponder on my fortune
how it came and sorta went

I sit each night upon this rock
just toying with a notion
Yeah I wonder just how hard it is
to drain that bloody ocean

How the Favourite Beat Us

A. B. Paterson

"Aye," said the boozer, "I tell you it's true, sir,
I once was a punter with plenty of pelf,
But gone is my glory, I'll tell you the story
How I stiffened my horse and got stiffened myself.

"'Twas a mare called the Cracker, I came down to back her,
But found she was favourite all of a rush,
The folk just did pour on to lay six to four on,
And several bookies were killed in the crush.

"It seems old Tomato was stiff, though a starter;
They reckoned him fit for the Caulfield to keep.
The Bloke and the Donah were scratched by their owner,
He only was offered three-fourths of the sweep.

"We knew Salamander was slow as a gander,
The mare could have beat him the length of the straight,
And old Manumission was out of condition,
And most of the others were running off weight.

"No doubt someone 'blew it,' for everyone knew it,
The bets were all gone, and I muttered in spite,
'If I can't get a copper, by Jingo, I'll stop her,
Let the public fall in, it will serve the brutes right.'

"I said to the jockey, 'Now, listen, my cocky,
You watch as you're cantering down by the stand,
I'll wait where that toff is and give you the office,
You're only to win if I lift up my hand.'

"I then tried to back her—'What price is the Cracker?'
'Our books are all full, sir,' each bookie did swear;
My mind, then, I made up, my fortune I played up
I bet every shilling against my own mare.

"I strolled to the gateway, the mare, in the straight way
Was shifting and dancing, and pawing the ground,
The boy saw me enter and wheeled for his canter,
When a darned great mosquito came buzzing around.

"They breed 'em at Hexham, it's risky to vex 'em,
They suck a man dry at a sitting, no doubt,
But just as the mare passed, he fluttered my hair past,
I lifted my hand, and I flattened him out.

"I was stunned when they started, the mare simply darted
Away to the front when the flag was let fall,
For none there could match her, and none tried to catch her—
She finished a furlong in front of them all.

"You bet that I went for the boy, whom I sent for
The moment he weighed and came out of the stand—
'Who paid you to win it? Come, own up this minute.'
'Lord love yer,' said he, 'why, you lifted your hand.'

'Twas true, by St Peter, that cursed 'muskeeter'
Had broke me so broke that I hadn't a brown,
And you'll find the best course is when dealing with horses
To win when you're able, and keep your hands down."



How John Connell Died

© Neil McArthur

He lumped every inch of that carcass he'd pinched
Over the river to home
Another fresh sheep in the freezer to keep
For he loved chump lamb on the bone

From Horace McDonald, this thieving John Connell
For months had been pilfering stock
Between midnight and three, through Ghost Gum trees
He'd slink and pick over the flock

And the plumpest he'd pack, with a rope to his back
Then head to the river which ran
Down to the sea, between his property
And McDonald's sheep grazing land

Now McDonald was slow, but still he did know
Of the dwindling sheep in his flock
So he thought up a plan, to draw Connell's hand
By staying on guard round the clock

He hid by the crag, with his trusty old swag
And his decoy set in position
An inflatable boat, in a lambswool coat
Set right for that thieving dog's vision

Then under the light of a Southern Cross, bright
He waited till mid-breath o'night
Armed with a mattock, (and a semi-automatic)
In case the thief wanted a fight

Then at quarter to two, as past an owl flew
A slithering shadow emerged
From the dark river ford, and headed toward
McDonald's decoy in a surge

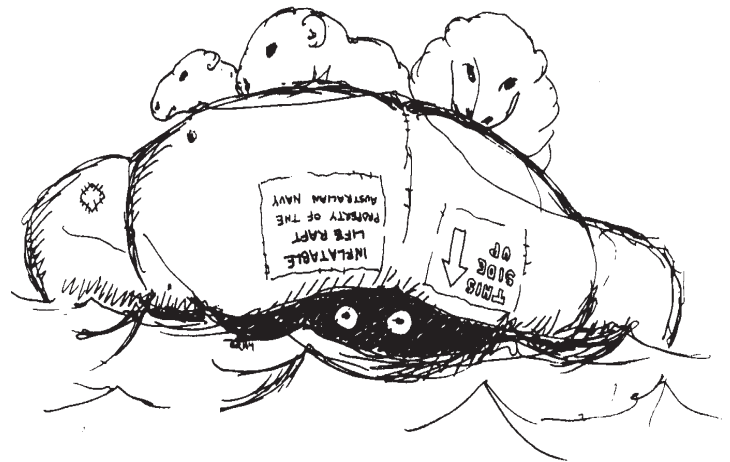
Now the decoy stood out, like a plump lamb, no doubt
And thus John Connell was prone
To tie up and pack, that sheep on his back
Then hastily set off for home

He ran with a grin, like the devil within
But saw not, the string trailing out
And jumped in the side of that old river wide
And waded through algae and trout

Then McDonald did grin, as he tugged on the string
He'd attached to the sheep-disguised boat
The thief he was baited, that dinghy inflated
And down the river took float

John Connell was swearing as that boat he was wearing
Kept pushing him under the flow
He lost all control as the river took toll
And McDonald's laughter did grow

He stood on the bank as that boat again sank
And shouted, "You thought I was daft!
You want my sheep? Then have 'em ya thief!"
Then hurled three lambs in the raft



But these sheep of McDonald's, they recognized Connell
As his head bobbed up near their feet
They looked at each other, this thief stole their brother!
And they let go a blood-curdling bleat

Sixty miles an hour, they paddled with power
With that thieving dog hog-tied beneath
And two of the sheep bludgeoned John with their feet
'Till they broke both his nose and his teeth

He was gasping for air with a pitiful stare
For he knew he was going to die
And as he let go a scream, he drank half the stream
And died with fear in his eye

But the sheep rammed his head, to make sure he was dead
Into a River Oak tree
Then they gave a shout, as they all bailed out
Running back to McDonald, with glee

So the boat floated down, with the body, to town
And washed up on the old dock side
And nobody knew, except McDonald, and a few
Of his sheep, how John Connell died.

Not been out on a muster where the flies and heat and dust are.
You're sitting high *saluting from your favourite *poley *stool.
Not been a packhorse drover. Never "brought the cattle over" -
road-trains came and did all that while I was still at school.

And yet I've travelled over this great land but not as drover
was with a canvas rucksack well before my *Mountain Mule.
Spent time in tents *japara and would never have a bar o'
those caravans – mere mobile sinks all bound by highway's rule.

I started out quite simple, well before I grew a pimple.
Some blankets, axe and rifle rolled up tightly in a tarp.
A book of verse beside me and my dog would sometimes chide me -
(while fishing for some red-fin, wouldn't let him have the carp).

My mates and I'd go shooting, then round campfire light refuting
each story's grand enhancement (yes, us lads would sometimes skite)
Much later I'm bushwalking, moving on from hunting, stalking;
still in the scrub but getting high on wilderness delight.

On mainland states traversing bush that's scenic, wild, diverse in
Vegetation; and the landscape - a challenge in it's day.
We'd have sketch maps and a compass and adrenalin to pump us,
Journeys of discovery before *topos held their sway.

Some risks in our adventures so, our zeal we'd have to quench as
there's no one but ourselves to blame should we run out of luck.
Rough "hairy bits" would try us; I'm not trying to be pious -
"We all walk in, we all walk out!" That motto still has stuck.

Now when I go bushwalking I now find myself a-baulking
(not upon my load) - but the preparation's weight.
Permissions and insurance and such fees to test endurance
a pleasurable pastime's one that gets me quite irate.

So many folk bushwalking, now there's scores of merchants hawking
electronic wizardry and fashions by the score.
There's e-PIRBS and there's sat-NAVS and a host of other must-haves
mp3s and Sat phones (call a cab if feet get sore?)

No need to be a hacker, those things aren't worth a cracker
if you dunkem or the batteries fail. What would you do instead?
Now your gadgets lie abandoned, recall the lie of land; and
I still maintain your best survival kit's inside your head.

No fear of my gear failure – 'cause I shun techie regalia.
My hootchie and my hexie stove are modest but just right!
Simplicity in packing does not mean that I am lacking
comforts that will see me through a wild and stormy night.

Sometimes I go 'guerrilla' just to get myself a fill o'
true 'wilderness' experience - unshackled to a track.
Partake of pleasures primal and confess to the odd time I'll
slip under ranger's radar with my rude non-techie pack.

Can I call myself a bushie - with respect, not being pushie
'cause I sorta somehow fancy that I am one after all?
Though my bones are getting stiffer, I still long to catch a whiff o'
the smoking of campfire, far from population's sprawl.



**Saluting: waving the flies away
*poley: no horn
*Stool: saddle
*Mountain Mule: brand of framed pack
*Topos: topographical maps
japara: lightweight cotton

Leaving my Heart at Parkes

© Narelle Stoll

I wore my blue suede shoes.
To hear Elvis sing the blues.
At the Parkes Heartbreak Hotel.
In a ghetto near a park,
I heard a hound dog bark.
at a Jailhouse Rocker or two.

As I listen to him crooning,
I felt a burning love looming,
That filled my suspicious mind.
While I sat there in solitaire,
with strains of Elvis in the air,
I reflect on the wonder of you.

For you were the devil in disguise,
and before my very eyes,
I was all shook up, by your shake, rattle and roll.
As I dream of a time,
Where I could just pretend you were mine,
and I was the one at your call.

Perhaps a little less conversation,
and a little more surrender.
Might have brought, such a night, to the fore.
Even though I'm leaving you behind.
You are always on my mind.
I'll remember you, forever- more.

Music and Lyrics

© Narelle Stoll

Such diligent fingers quietly working.
Bringing thoughts in the air, to the page.
Not asking, just seeking approval.
From the Masters' demanding gaze.

Such determined hands steadily working.
Bringing notes and music to song.
Never stopping, just quietly working.
Until the ballad is done.

In the morning the Masters' awaken,
and said to each one.
Well done, good and faithful servants.
Lets' now have some fun.

In a world that appears to my eyes.
To be filled with demented scenes.
Of dashed hopes, demanding people.
Broken promises and shattered dreams.

The fingers and hands then replied.
Oh Masters', don't despair.
While music and lyrics,
bring hope to the world.
We will be ever there.

The Masters' then said,
you are right my friends.
Despite the world being wrong.
While music and lyrics,
bring hope to the world.
We will be ever in song.

"THE BATTLE OF BOGANBUNGAN."

© Peter White

Many words are spoken of a famous game of cricket
between two rival villages found upon the 'Downs'.
The match was played in Murphy's paddock, a most unlikely wicket.
The "Bluebloods" and the "Battlers" each represented towns.

'The "Bluebloods" came from Bungeworaga, a rather pretty place
where residents, quite rightly, puffed their chests with civic pride.
The "Battlers" hailed from Boganbungan, of beauty not a trace.
No showy, flowery gardens in that township could be spied.

It was Boganbungan's turn to host the annual cricket game.
The rules they played were simple and not strictly MCC.
Twenty, eight ball overs bowled, rules for "Out" the same.
Every run scored must be run. At innings end there's "Tea".

Murphy's goats had cleared the pitch of grass and trod it flat.
Unlike the pitch at Bungeworaga, nicely rolled and mown.
Boganbungan won the toss and the "Battlers" went to bat.
No love lost between the teams. The seeds of battle sown.

Now the "Bluebloods" had a bowler by the name of Jim McVeigh
who was known to be quite accurate with his line and length.
The "Bluebloods" had pinned their hopes on him to carry the day.
But they hadn't counted on the "Battlers" show of strength.

McVeigh's first delivery was a 'screamer' of a ball,
which, if connected, would have smashed the bails and sticks.
"Battlers" opener, Michael Jones, just wasn't phased at all.
He gave the ball a mighty whack and quickly ran a six.

But the "Battlers" luck just didn't last. McVeigh soon took his toll.
Although their score was climbing, the overs ticked away.
Suddenly, there came the time for the final bowl.
The total, eight for sixty-five, the "Battlers" score that day.

"Tea" was had within a shed of stripped bush poles and thatch,
corned beef and damper and beer from a wet bag covered keg.
Bungeworaga had a clubhouse that the "Battlers" couldn't match
so this was just their way to take the "Bluebloods" down a peg.

The "Bluebloods" opened their innings and built up quite a score.
At twenty overs the end of this annual challenge nigh.
The last ball of the over, "Bluebloods" five for sixty-four.
They need two more runs to win, just one would cause a tie.

Jim McVeigh faced the ball and meant to hit it deeper,
but grounded it and took off. He was running like a hare.
Fielded by Jack Anderson who threw it to the keeper,
the batsman didn't see the hole waiting for him there.

McVeigh went down and was stumped. The "Battlers" won the day.
"Foul!" Cried the "Bluebloods" who stormed out on the ground.
Arms and fists swung wildly as the players caused affray
The "Bluebloods" blood was normal red the "Battlers" team soon found.

'The stoush continued for a while until their rage was spent.
They examined wounds, shook hands and from fighting called a stay.
They retired from the battlefield and for a beer they went.
The "Battle of Boganbungan" entered history that day.

Cold Hard Facts

by Charlee Marshall

"Move closer to the wall, my son, and speak into the grille,
Confession is the savior of the soul.
If there's something on your conscience, if you're feeling weak or ill,
Confess and ye shall once again be whole!
Ask the Lord for his salvation, it is waiting for your call-"
"I'm afraid I've sinned too greatly," said the voice behind the wall.

"Let's see if I have got it straight - Your wife, her name is Liza,
She's inclined to wear her dresses rather short...
She was bending over looking for an ice cream in the freezer,
When you, behind her, had this lustful thought.
She had to lean way over for she isn't very tall..."
"And I wanted chocolate brickle," said the voice behind the wall.

"Now I know you're newly married,(since you made your vows before us);
But married people sometimes act up thus;
It sometimes spoils the pleasure if the sex is too decorous,
So I see no reason why to make a fuss...
Perhaps your wife objected...Did she try to start a brawl?"
"No, I think she rather liked it!", said the voice behind the wall.

"Then go, my son, I find no blame; your actions may be kinky -
Tell Liza to be careful with her dress
Next time she looks for ice cream, to wear something long and slinky;
Then her husband will have nothing to confess.
We will not throw you out of church - I find no sin at all..."
"Well, they threw us out of Woolworths," said the voice behind the wall.

oo0oo

Another Song

by Charlee Marshall

I had fashioned a song of the bushland -
A mirage of rythm and rhyme;
Every word held the sob of the southwind
Blown sad o'er the abyss of time.

I had caught the soft purl of the waters
Caressing the curve of the creek,
And I wrote of the morn's pearly dewdrops,
Clinging still to the night's swarthy cheek.

Sure I thought as I read through the lyrics
No finer song ever was planned,
Then a butcher bird sang in the gully,
And I crumpled the page in my hand.

Vale Colleen McLaughlin

It is with a heavy heart that I inform fellow members of the passing of Springsure bush poet, Colleen McLaughlin. Along with her late sister, Lorna Smith, Colleen devoted an enormous amount of time and energy into preserving "Rainworth Fort" and informing the many tourists of its history.

One of a generation that has seen so much change in the world, Colleen wrote her poems from her own experiences. She worked beside men on cattle properties, never asking or giving any quarter. Long before feminism became popular Colleen was out quietly proving that women could work side by side with her male counterparts in one of the country's toughest industries.

It was her lifelong interest in horses and cattle that allowed us to bond, and I would look forward to our regular phone conversations.

For years Colleen organised a successful Bush Poetry event, inviting poets like Geoff Sharp and the late Tom Oliver, myself and Ray Essery followed and if memories serve me correctly poets like John Watkins, Jack Drake and Tim Sheen all performed at Rainworth Fort.

Colleen was an instructor for the Springsure Pony Club for decades, and was a strong supporter of the horse racing industry. She was a regular contributor to "Hoofs & Horns" magazine. Colleen published a book of her poetry, "Tracks Of Yesterday", which was successful enough that it went to a second printing. Considering the fact, that Colleen very seldom performed in public, this was a great achievement.

I used to smile to myself when Colleen would mention that she had regularly visited the local Aged Care facility to read poetry to 'the old people', proving that she was still young at heart. I get some small comfort in the fact that Colleen passed before her fierce independence was challenged as this, for her, would have been a bitter pill to swallow. Colleen was 95 years old and passed peacefully.

Our thoughts are with Colleen's family and friends at this difficult time. Colleen McLaughlin, my friend, you will be remembered.

Gary Fogarty



The first photo is of Colleen long before I met her.

The second photo is Colleen & her sister Lorna Smith (deceased) at Rainworth Fort.

Showcasing Stockmanship Skills

- Packhorse
- Stock Handling & Dog Work
- Bareback Obstacle
- Horseshoeing
- Whipcrack Target
- Cross Country Jumping
- Wild Horse Catch
- Stocksaddle-Buckjump



The Upper Hunter's Biggest Bush Festival

- Camp Oven Cooking
- Stockman's Supper
- Poet's Breakfast
- Goat Races
- Heavy Horses
- Billy Boiling
- Dress Up Buckjump
- Cattle Dog Trial
- Live Music
- Markets & More!



Sam Seath in the Packhorse Photo: Sue Jones 2008

22-24 September 2023

INSPIRED BY THE LEGENDARY  ARCHIE "BUNG" MCINNES

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KING OF THE RANGES

STOCKMAN'S CHALLENGE & BUSH FESTIVAL

YARNSPINNING COMPETITION!

Sunday 24th 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 16th 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 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.....

Betty Olle Poetry Award 2023



- For traditional Australian rhyming poetry with an Australian theme.
- Open and Junior (12 years and under) sections.
 - Open section - First Prize \$500 plus trophy.
 - Runner-up \$200 plus certificate.
- Junior section - First Prize \$100 plus trophy.
 - Runner-up \$50 plus certificate.
- Entry fee - Open \$15 per entry form (2 poems)
 - Entry fee - Junior section - free.
- Closing date - 31st August 2023.
- Entry forms and conditions of entry available from the ABPA website - events and results page.
- Conducted by the Kyabram Bush Verse Group in memory of foundation member Betty Olle.

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

readymarketing

MEDIA RELEASE – 27/4/23



Parade Applications now open for Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival!

Yes it's true... the legendary Grenfell Henry Lawson Festival of Arts street parade is back on the June long weekend. Applications to participate in the parade are now open!

A traditional community event close to everyone's heart and a highlight of the festival, the parade will take place on **Saturday June 10 at 1.00pm**. The parade creates a celebratory atmosphere and always draws a crowd with a spectacular moving street party down the Main Street.

Participants are asked to create a float that embraces the rich diversity and celebrates the vibrant local community. The theme of the festival this year is "Faces in the Street".

It's free to enter a float in the parade and participants could win \$300 for first prize, \$200 for second prize or \$100 for third prize. Entry categories include Sports and Community, Best Festival Theme, Best School, Best Presented Car, and Best Presented Motorised Vehicle.

Get your float inspiration flowing! Judges will be looking for colour, creativity, vibrancy, uniqueness, enthusiasm, use of natural or re-cycled materials, low or zero emissions transport and floats that will help to create the party atmosphere the parade is renowned for.

Plan your June Long Weekend NOW at the Henry Lawson Festival!

Make your plans now for an extraordinary long weekend from June 8-12 in Grenfell - the artistic heart of the Central West. The Thursday of the event will include the official opening of the festival and the art exhibition along with the announcement of the 2023 Festival King and Queen.

The 2023 line-up will also include a Family Fun Night on Friday 9th featuring food and wine, family friendly rides, entertainment and fireworks prior to the legendary parade on Saturday. Visitors will enjoy market stalls, rides, competition presentations, roving street entertainers, and themed stage entertainment throughout Grenfell's iconic Main Street.

Finish the weekend up by booking a visit to Iandra Castle or attending the Caragabal Camp Oven Cook-off.

More information...

A full festival itinerary and more information will be available as the festival organisation finalises. Parade and competition entry forms are available on the website for those wanting to be part of the festival. Visit www.henrylawsonfestival.com.au

Media Contact – Images and more information available.

Sharon Duguid, Ready Marketing, 0427441590.



BANJO PATERSON

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Banjo Paterson related manuscripts, letters, photos, memorabilia of the day and stories.

Clancy's Café attached - good home cooking, very reasonably priced.

Established 9 years - Volunteer operated

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Email: alf@mulgabillfestival.com.au

43 Forbes Street, Yeoval NSW 2868

Enquiries: 0427 208913 | 0458 464190



Regular Monthly Events

NSW

"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 (Free RV camping at the Lagoon)

QUEENSLAND

Toowoomba Bush Poets meet on the second Saturday of each month at the meeting rooms in the Toowoomba library. We meet between 10 am and midday, Read..write..recite or listen Everyone is welcome. Contact Peter Frazer 0401130636.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc. BUSH POETRY MATES Inc. meet monthly at the Aitkenvale Library meeting room. For information on current day & times, please phone Barry on 0487 195 156. Visitors always welcome. Come along and join our group.

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



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

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 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.



*Calling all passionate poets
from beginners to the experienced*

*Royal Queensland Show Bush Poetry Competition
presented by Caravanning Queensland*

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2ND - \$250

3RD - \$100

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1ST - \$500

2ND - \$250

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Themed Poem*

1ST - \$500

2ND - \$250

3RD - \$100

Ekka Virtual Performer – Open

1ST - \$200

2ND - \$100

3RD - \$50



ROYAL QUEENSLAND SHOW

AUGUST 6-14

Recite your favourite poem, either established or original, that showcases the Aussie way of life.

ENTRIES CLOSE - JULY 17, 2023

*Find out more - Including Student Class Prize Pool at -
<https://www.ekka.com.au/competitions/agriculture/bush-poetry/>*