



A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 30 No. 6 December/January 2024/25



Merry Christmas and a Wonderful New Year
To all our ABPA Members

CHINCHILLA MELON FESTIVAL

To all Principals, Teachers and Students

Once again Chinchilla Melon Festival is presenting the Junior Section of the Children's Bush Poetry Awards, incorporating the

Little Pips Children's Written Competition

This Competition aims to encourage the WRITING of Traditional-style Australian Bush Verse, incorporating RHYME and RHYTHM.

- written entries should be submitted by Friday 13th December 2024

Judging Categories:

PRIMARY Years: Prep to Year 3 & Year 4 to Year 6

SECONDARY Years: 7 to Year 9 & Year 10 to Year 12

We hope that this experience for your school will help broaden the awareness of our Competition – not only creating a learning experience within an educational climate, but also keeping the spirit of Bush Poetry alive!

We look forward to your participation in our wonderful Melon Fest!

Please contact us for any information and send any entry forms to:

The Organiser

Little Pip's Written Competition Chinchilla Melon Festival

P.O. Box 295

CHINCHILLA, QLD, 4413

Or

E-mail : melonfestpoetry@yahoo.com

Entry forms also available at our Website www.abpa.org.au

Yours sincerely, Jennifer Bell



Thanks to our Sponsors:



President's Report

We recently had the honor of being selected as judges for the Western Australian Bush Poets Recital Competition along with Terry Piggot and it was a very enjoyable experience for all in attendance.

We used the newly developed Rubric system for judging and that worked very well. It makes it easier for the judges and speeds up the process as well as giving better feedback to the contestants.

Planning is underway for the NSW State Championship in Gloucester in March and we anticipate that being well attended as it has a dynamic group driving it.

The Victorian Bush Poets and Musicians recently held a muster at Tolmie that was well attended and we had Greg Champion as our guest performer.

The Victorian Bush Poetry State Championship is being held in April 2025 in Corryong as part of the Man From Snowy River Festival.

The Banjo Paterson Festival is on in Orange in February. The events listed above are some of the main ones for our organization but there are many more all over the country, showing clearly that bush poetry and storytelling are thriving and continue to be well patronized.



Onwards and Upwards for
Bush Poetry
Tim Sheed
ABPA President

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Full Page \$240
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Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (one or two lines only)

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

All payments to be made within 14 days to

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Next Magazine Deadline is January 30th 2025

Streets of Stress

© 2023 Brenda Joy

Overall Winner 2024 The Silver Quill written competition held in conjunction with the West Australian Bush Poetry Championships, Toodyay, W.A.

My heart is pounding wracked with fear. With tread of footsteps coming near
my screams of anguish rent the blackened night.
A soothing voice bestows its calm assuring I am safe from harm.
I gulp the air to overcome my fright.
There's restless spirits all around, they toss and turn with each new sound
engulfed in vivid visions from the street.
We're huddled now in sheltered care with battered minds that need repair
from nightmare dreams that constantly repeat.

So many childhood interplays were prelude to my homeless phase.
My mother's choice of mates caused tears and pains.
Frustrated anger would explode from those who could not bear their load
when alcohol caused chaos in their brains.
When jobs were lost and times got tough the last one yelled he'd had enough:
my presence spurred intensity of rage.
He forced my mum to toss me out and that was how it came about
I was displaced despite my tender age.

I didn't really realise the tragedy of my demise.
A neighbour had a couch where I could sleep,
but in return for what she gave this woman took me for a slave
extracting night-time 'service' for my keep.
At just thirteen I was a kid. I hated things her men friends did
when they would come to visit after dark.
This was no place for me to stay; I grabbed some clothes and ran away.
I found a wooden bench within a park.

The night was cold and I was scared; I couldn't sleep. A street light glared
and lit the hidden crevices of fears.
Weird noises spooked me most of all, then misted rain began to fall,
the droplets intermingling with my tears.
It was the longest ever night. At each new sound I curled in fright
and pulled my jacket up around my head.
I knew there was no turning back but prospects looming on the track
saw each dire image fill my heart with dread.

On waking I was not alone. I'd thought that I was on my own
but with the dawn the homeless souls emerge
from rough-hewn shelters, shacks or tents. The city's poorest 'residents'
have secret places where they can converge.
The human element survives. The communes formed from wretched lives
combine to help each other to subsist.
They move around from spot to spot, a vacant store, a parking lot,
in constant battle simply to exist.

Necessity dictates each man, each child, each woman in the 'clan',
must learn to 'hunt' to share and to compete.
These basic skills were taught to me through human camaraderie
that bonds those forced to live upon the street.
Survival takes on many forms, some well outside the social norms,
a scrounge for scraps from shops or council bins.
A step that's quick, a hand that's deft can cross the bounds of petty theft;
the like saw convicts punished for their 'sins'.



Streets of Stress.....cont

© 2023 Brenda Joy

A motley crew of mixed descent each with a downfall to lament,
some never got a decent start in life.
The wounds inflicted by their fate left scars too deep to penetrate
especially where lack had led to strife.
Still others had been forced to roam when Nature struck their town or home
while many more bore burdens born of race.
Most situations were intense – abuse, domestic violence...
Each had their private agonies to face.

For some it may not be too late. They cover up their homeless state.
They've gained support to help to see them through.
They water seeds of self-respect despite their symptoms of neglect
and cling to remnant hopes of lives they knew.
But those society will spurn have passed the point of no return,
they're ekking out existence till they die.
They're tangled up in knots inside with constant thoughts of suicide
and no-one has the time to hear them cry.

There is no safety from attack, from predators outside the pack –
the perpetrators, pushers... pimps of greed.
Unscrupulous and inhumane they prey on other people's pain
amassing wealth while leaving souls to bleed.
I'm too ashamed to tell the tale when at the bottom of the scale,
I did remorseful things to help survive.
Yet still I ended in a drain, depleted, starved and half insane,
a wretched wraith and barely still alive.

For me there is no easy cure, I've many battles to endure,
but physical security's a start.
The social workers fought to save my body from an early grave
and shone a ray of hope into my heart.
They strive to still my frantic mind with love and faith to help them find
a miracle to set my demons free.
But in the hours when darkness reigns I live immersed in mental pains.
The stress from homeless years abides in me.



"Cliffy" Gumboot Legend

© Robert Davis

In a land of sheep, sun, and open plains,
Where kangaroos leap and emus reign.
Lived an old farmer, humble and sly,
Cliff Young, with a twinkle in his eye.

In gumboots and overalls, a hard worker no doubt,
He toiled through winter's rains and drought,
A quiet man known for his shuffle and grit,
On foot he'd round-up sheep, never to quit.

Came a call, an ultramarathon, a race of great might,
From Sydney to Melbourne, a daunting flight.
The world watched, runners massed, all lean and proud,
Then old Cliff, showed up last, to a chuckling crowd.

Cliff stood at the line, no shoes to his name,
In gumboots, no rattling dentures, but still in the game.
The starting gun echoed, the runners took flight,
While Cliff shuffled slowly, they faded out of sight.

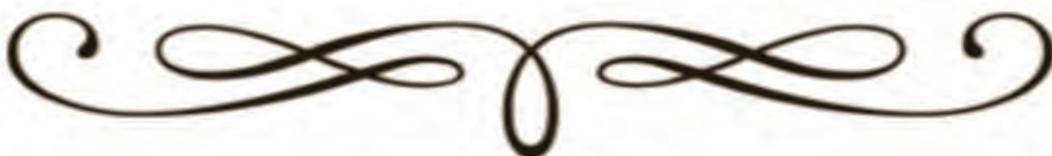
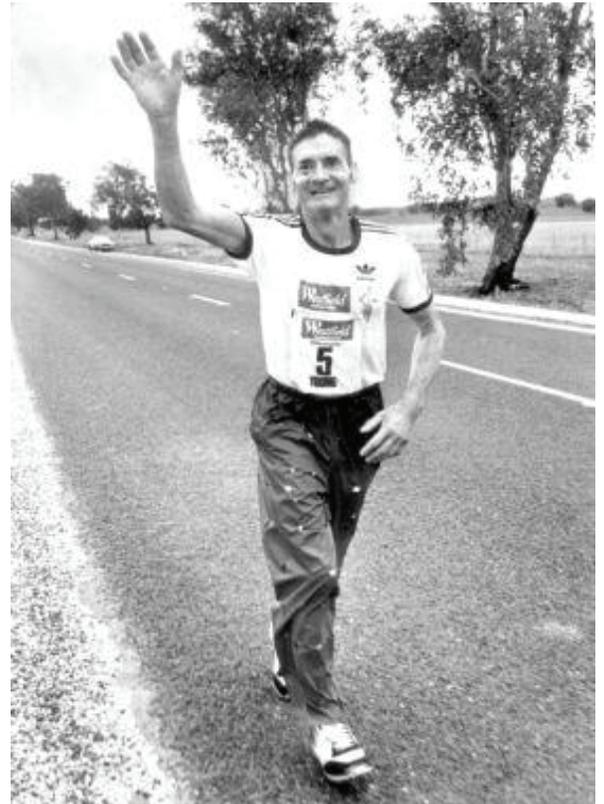
Yet as others slept, Cliff didn't retire,
He ran through the night like an ember on fire.
"I've chased sheep for days," he said with his toothless grin,
"Through thunderstorms, through thick and thin."

The race pack would wake, to find he'd shuffled by,
With each passing day, old Cliff crept nigh.
No stops, no rests, he kept his steady old glide,
Pushing on regardless, determination his guide.

Cliff crossed the finish line with his sore blistered feet,
Five days, fifteen hours, his journey complete.
A hero hailed, his moment of grace,
The crafty old farmer won the impossible race.

But humble as ever, Cliff shared his cash prize,
Split, with the others who'd struggled likewise.
For Cliff wasn't chasing gold or fame,
Just the love of the run and the thrill of the game.

Cliff's shuffle remains, in the marathon throng,
Where runners now glide to the beat of his song.
Cliff was the farmer who never gave in,
A true Aussie legend, his soul wears a grin.



Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival

Just back from the 17th Kangaroo Valley Folk festival where due to the diligent efforts of Alan Stone the poetry schedule was once again a resounding success.

The feature poets of myself, Robyn Sykes, Phil Inn and Col Defries ran two poets breakfasts ably supported by Mel and Sue for two and a half hours each morning.

The reciter of the year was awarded to Tug Dumbly, Tug was also a member of the winning poets brawl team with his hilarious poem "When the Poets went on Strike"

A special mention to Mel and Sue who found themselves on stage Saturday night at 9.10 doing Bush Poetry, not sure what the organisers were on when that decision was made but the girls did a brilliant job.

Peter Mace



2025 Australian Camp Oven Festival

Millmerran, Qld again proved that it's biannual Australian Camp Oven Festival is still one of the biggest puling Festivals of it's kind in the Country. With so much input from a fantastic Committee and group of Volunteers, Cindy Fogarty and her crew put on a wonderful program of workshops, displays and entertainment for all ages.

It was a pleasure to once again be asked to attend and perform at the Bush Poets Breakfast with Ray Essery and MC Gary Fogarty. The crowds were amazing and the feedback absolutely wonderful.

Gary also performed at the Bush Poet's Breakfast on top of having the inevitable job of Roving MC for the weekend, in the searing heat. Gary has been a stalwart at the Camp Oven Festivals for as long as it has been going.

Superb entertainment, and highlighted by an amazing performance on Saturday Night by band Simply Bushed, this is a Festival well worth putting on your bucket list. It is a pleasure and a privilage to have the Committee include Bush Poetry as part of it's program. Can 2026 be bigger??





Queensland Bush Poetry News

with Peter Frazer

As 2025 draws to a close Bush Poets in Queensland are looking towards the Christmas break.

It has been a great year for the Bush Poets of Qld (new and old), with new members joining and many fabulous events across the state.

Logan Performance Bush Poets (Gerry Mannion)

- On 8-10 November some of the club members had a ball at Maleny Music Festival, several walk ups with Ian Mackay and Joe Lynch.
- They also had a tribute to the late Shirley Friend where several of her works were performed.
- Currently the Logan club is working on Incorporation and getting their FB page up again.
- Their last get together for the year, a performance at Jimboomba Aged care will be held on Sunday 24th November.

Harvey Bay poets (Mick Martin)

The Hervey Bay poets' monthly meetings are steadily building attendances with ten or so poets attending regularly. The poets share poetry that they have written or that they have bought along from other poets. The vibe is extremely friendly and welcoming.

Recent publicity has resulted in approaches from other styles of poetry so interested poets are given a hearty welcome and invited to share whatever poetry they wish. It doesn't take long for guests to start to enjoy the bush poetry whilst happily sharing their own chosen style.

One of the members has initiated a Facebook page to keep everyone up to date with what is happening, well done Rob. Bay bush poets are very fortunate to have some fabulous poets, ex Australian champion Jan Facey is a regular and her influence is remarkable. Sharing her knowledge and insights lifts the quality of performances and writing quality.

A couple of our "groupies" have stepped up and now present their own work as well as that of well-known poets from yesteryear. Our resident Banjo Paterson expert never ceases to amaze with his insights into the life of Banjo and his collection of museum quality memorabilia. I would love to see Gary on that TV show "Hardquiz" using Banjo Paterson as his chosen subject, he would nail it!

The group have one more meeting for 2024 as they meet at the Halcro Street Community Centre Pialba each 4th Saturday at 9-30 if you're ever in the area please drop in, visiting poets are very welcome.

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates (Barry Graham)

Barry Graham from Townsville Bush poets called to wish everyone all the best. They like many are winding down for the year but conducted one more performance for the local respite centre and at an age home. Well done guys.

Toowoomba Bush Poets (Peter Frazer)

October and November was a busy time for club members. Apart from the regular monthly visits to perform at several of Toowoomba's Nursing homes, members were invited to participate in a number of community events in and around the district.

Peter Frazer entertained the Toowoomba National Seniors members at their conference on the 3RD October, and also at a gathering of over 100 "Sunland" caravan enthusiasts, at the Crow's Nest showground on the 4th October.

On Saturday 12 October, the group hosted speakers from Toast Masters who spoke to members on the art of public speaking and shared in our Bush Poetry performances.

On the 18th October, Peter Frazer performed at the Mulgowrie hall as part of their centenary celebrations.

May Vincent attend the annual conference of the Toowoomba Quilters association, celebrating their 40th year. Her bush poetry presentation was extremely well received by the 100 or so quilters who attended the event and lunch held at the Glenvale room.

Members of the group organised and ran the Bush poetry section of this year's Goombungee Jacaranda festival held in the town's main street on 2nd November, This was the festivals 30th year and Bush poetry and humour was well received by all. h the coming year."

North Pine Bush Poets (Manfred Vijars)

The North Pine Bush Poets had their AGM on 17th November

In 2025 the club will be concentrating on a digital strategy for a greater outreach. The club will also be participating on a wider Community presence.

The NPBP Website had an overhaul with a new look and feel – technically as well as aesthetically. The site is now more intuitive in navigation as well as being pleasing on the eye. It will be the hub for the club – the head office if you will. Our calendar for easy access is housed there. Announcements will be posted along with news snippets and club video features. Our new North Pine BP website is now up and running.

Find us here ... <https://northpinebushpoets.com.au/>

Along with the website we have added a club "You Tube" channel, where video clips of members' performances will be housed – similar to a warehouse of club video assets.

Around the traps.

Apart from individual club's activities, October was a busy month for Qld Bush Poetry, with individual Bush poets treading the boards across the state to keep Bush poetry alive and well.

- Australian Camp Oven Festival at Millmerran. (4- 6th October) For the third Festival in a row, all camping sites were sold out well before the event. Bush Poets Breakfasts on both mornings had great audience support; Poets included Gary Fogarty, Neil and Ray Essery. Neil McArthur also compered Main Stage while Gary was the Festival Roving Announcer, Damper Throwing & Billy Boiling Commentator.

- Chinchilla Probus Club was visiting Millmerran on 10th October and Gary Fogarty worked his magic for them.
- Brisbane Retirement Village. 24th October were treated to a good dose of Gary Fogarty's bush poetry.
- Weipa school Bush Poetry writing class by Skype. (Noel Stallard OAM>)

In November an email was received from the State School at Weipa inquiring if there was a bush poet who could help the year 3 students in the writing of Bush Poetry.

Noel Stallard, accepted the challenge and arranged to connect with the Year 3 students through Skype. He forwarded to the teachers his notes on the Writing of Bush Poetry with the reminder that the notes would have to be adapted to a Year 3 level. The day went well as the students; the teachers and Noel were in visual contact as he went through a process of preparing for, structuring and actually starting to write a poem. Noel was able to hold their attention by reciting from the three children's books that he has published. The illustrations in the books certainly held their attention as the poems unravelled. The Skype went for 45 minutes and all involved thought the event was well worthwhile. The students were to go to the coast in a day or so and select a topic to write on. Noel encouraged them to email him their efforts so I could make some positive comments. This is yet another example of how technology can be used to take the Bush poetry message to remote places..... Well done Noel.

- Bob Katter's 50 years in Politics ... Gary Fogarty performed at a Black Tie event in Charters Towers on 7th November to celebrate this milestone.

"A Christmas Wish."

© (Peter Frazer)

Long ago the stories say,
A star shone extra bright.
Above the town of Bethlehem,
On that first Christmas night.

The Christmas gifts were wrapped,
In Peace and Love and Joy,
More valuable than Christmas trees,
Or some expensive Santa toy.

Some say it's only legend.
Some say that it is true.
It doesn't really matter,
I'll leave that up to you.

For the message is still relevant
And my Christmas wish is clear.
"May the Peace and Love of Christmas."
"Stay with you through the coming year."



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA



Cobber has done it again!!
Keith (Cobber) Lethbridge has once again taken out the **WA State Championships** for 2024. ABPA Vice President **David Stanley** was runner up due to brilliant original poems. WA President **Bill Gordon** was third.



(l to r) David Stanley, Cobber Lethbridge, Toodyay Shire President Mick McKeown, Bill Gordon

W.A. Bush Poets



Terry Piggott receiving Silver Quill Highly Commended Awards from Bill Gordon



Judges for WA State Championships
 (L to r) ABPA President Tim Sheed, ABPA Treasurer Christine Middleton, with Bill Gordon and local judge Terry Piggott



Winner of **Silver Quill** Written Verse 2024
BRENDA JOY PRITCHARD



Participants in **Road Safety Commission** sponsored poetry competition with the theme "**Fatigue**"

Deb McQuire, David Stanley, Heather Joass, Greg Joass, Lesley Horne, Cobber Lethbridge, Bill Gordon.

Each participant received an award for entering the competition.



One of WA's newest poets, Daniel Avery won the crowd over at Mt Trio with his confident performances

Mt Trio Country Music Muster 2024 was again a great success with Amber Joy Poulton a great featured artist. Bush Poetry was also a crowd pleaser. This year poets performed in the camp kitchen as an experiment, leaving the main stage free to be set up for artists. This proved very successful and good crowds gathered happily in the more intimate atmosphere



The second **Chapman Valley Country Music Muster** was again a success. Suggestions and comments from 2023 festival saw some improvements on the program but more needs to be done with the Bush Poets section as they opted not to have a poet's breakfast which did not go down well with the patrons!

Pictured above is Peter Rudolf who stole the show with his very humorous original poetry

NITRO PHIL

© Jack Drake

For runners, breasting of the tape is the thing that gets them off.
For balloonists, it's that magic moment as they float aloft.
For an archer, it's that instant when he hears the bow string twang
but for Phil, the thing to float his boat, was stuff that went off bang.

Because Phil was a rock breaker who could blast and charge and drill,
a real wild man with explosives, so we called him Nitro Phil.
He loved gelignite and nitrophil like an alcho loves the booze.
He adored black powder even though it's dodgy stuff to use.

Dynamite and fast explosive fuse made Nitro extra keen
and if he could get it, he just loved old nitroglycerine.
with plastique and semtex utilised as often as could be.
Cordite, Lyddite and we can't forget old TNT.

As a powder monkey, Phil would blow things up or blow them down.
He took every job that came along out bush or in the town.
Could drop a building clean and safe to just a pile of rubble
or clean a clogged up rural drain with very little trouble.

Gino Santo was an orchardist with fourteen thousand trees
and he trained and pruned them constantly and checked them for disease.
He needed lots of water to keep them well irrigated
and running short of aqua pura, Gino really hated.

His dam was long and wide and deep with many megalitres.
He needed it 'cause all those trees were thirsty water eaters.
It silted up quite gradually 'till it sometimes failed to fill,
so Gino, he picked up the phone and contacted Nitro Phil.

Phil said he'd retain the water and blow out the sediment
but in spite of good intentions that's not quite the way it went.
He spent three days setting charges with his trusty aqualung.
When he let the shot go, it was less a bang and more a bung.

Now the contractor who built the dam could be the one to blame
but now thirty years had passed and he was long out of the game.
So the onus now sat squarely on the head of Nitro Phil.
Gino was not a happy camper with no dam left to fill.

'cause Phil's underwater antics blew a huge gap in the wall.
Then the massive wave that followed caused a thousand trees to fall.
It wiped out Gino's boundary fence then it undermined the road
demolishing a culvert pipe with the force that water flowed.

That fruit country tsunami wiped out a crop of ripening beans,
seven acres of tomatoes and two crops of salad greens.
It hit the local Catholic Church like a herald of bad news
silting up the isle and altar and demolishing the pews.

Then it half flooded a winery adjacent to the church
floating several tasters' brand new cars which left them in the lurch.
Nitro stood up on the ridge top trying to guess the cost of fines
and the price of fruit, tomatoes, dams, roads, churches, cars and wines.

These days Phil has lost all interest in blowing things asunder.
He sold his house and all his gear to keep from going under.
Now he's studying philosophy and if it turns out well,
we will have to change his name and call him Phil Osophical.



FOLLOW THE PATH TO MORE EFFECTIVE WRITING

*_with
Irene Dalgety Timpone*



THE SHORT STORY AND BUSH POETRY continued...

"Not that the story need be long; but it could take a long while to make it short."

[This highly relevant quotation is from Anton Chekhov (1860 – 1904), a Russian Playwright and writer of Short Stories.]

There is a firm belief among many writers, fiction writers in particular, that all forms of narrative writing – novels, novellas, Short Stories, narrative poems – can be written to a **formula**. These writers pretend that the writing of fiction depends simply upon applying a few slick tricks. Mills and Boon, supply the formula and a detailed list of tricks. My first – and last – submission to M and B was rejected because I did not adhere to their requirements. Sadly, my hero in "Perchance to Dream" was a thorough gentleman with an untarnished past. I was commended, however, for my writing style and that restored the ego.

Let's be honest. The writing of high-quality fiction and narrative poetry relies heavily upon imagination, high levels of observation, the gift of excellent description, and the ability to express and engender all forms of emotion. These essential qualities need to be evidenced in every aspect of every narrative genre. Above all – and this is where many prospective fiction writers fail – credible, well-respected fiction depends upon the writer's artistic talent and the understanding of basic human thought and behaviour in every possible circumstance and situation. We would be foolish to underestimate the contribution made to our writing by our own personal experiences. As a writer of Bush Poetry, you are probably demonstrating many of these skills and qualities, already.

The best Short Stories I have read – and remembered – definitely adhere to Anton Chekhov's basic definition of a Short Story. For him, an excellent Short Story was one that presented a **slice of life** and, often, a very small but very meaningful 'slice'. Think about the best Bush Poems and Short Stories that you have written, or that you have read in the published works of Henry Lawson and fellow members of the A.B.P.A. If you were to reread such works and then analyse them, I am sure you would find that the majority of them actually followed Chekhov's 'slice of life' requirement. I think you would find that exercise well worth your while. Failing that, read the Short Story example at the end of my submission. "For Auld Lang Syne" certainly qualifies as a 'slice of life' – my life.

I have often been asked why I have not written an autobiography. I usually explain that my autobiography would be incredibly boring for most readers. I also prefer my foibles, failures and feelings to be somewhat anonymous. I then mention that all the most interesting bits and pieces of my life have already been dealt with in my Short Stories and my Poetry – as have those of a few of my nearest and dearest. Don't tell them! This does not mean that all Short Stories and poetic narratives should be 'true stories'. Not at all. Our writing does, however, achieve a higher emotional impact and level of credibility and integrity if the essential truth is in there, somewhere. Personal experience is an infallible ingredient.

FOLLOW THE PATH TO MORE EFFECTIVE WRITING

Continued.....

Short Stories and Bush Poetry that can be classified as “DERIVATIVE”: As an adjudicator, I definitely favour original subject matter over that which has clearly been derived from myths, legends, history books and tourist guides. Yes, I definitely did write about the legendary WW1 waler, Bill the Bastard; but I believe that choice can be justified. Yes, I had read a book about the horse and his exploits; but much of that did not ring true, so I raided the official resources of the Australian War Records in search of the facts and a photo or two. I hoped to add a smidgeon of gloss and a great deal of truth to the tale that had already immortalised the horse. I also wanted to complement the publicity needed by sculptor, Carl Valerius, who was, at the time of my writing the poem, erecting a statue in Bill and Major Shanahan’s honour at Harden-Murrumburrah in N.S.W. The last two stanzas of my poem give contemporary purpose and thematic significance to Bill’s story, something missing from other works I have read on the subject. I gave the subject my personal stamp.

Therein, lies the reason for my mention, in this submission, of derivative subject matter. In my opinion, it is not enough to regurgitate, in a new format, facts and descriptive material from non-original sources. Many contemporary Short Stories and narrative poems fall into this category. There needs to be more than a superficial rehashing of someone else’s story line. As a reader, I would be looking for the additional expression of personal appreciation, emotional reaction, thematic significance and relevance to our contemporary times, for example. The subject of Ned Kelly is a case in point. Ned has been written about in every genre known to the English language, and probably others as well. I have read many of them; but, to me, there is one that stands out because it goes beyond the mere level of historical narrative and reaches memorable psychological and social dimensions. I refer to Douglas Stewart’s verse play, “Ned Kelly”. I particularly admire the use of language that alternates between poetic prose and sheer poetry as the tale unfolds. There is much for a poet or fiction writer to learn from Douglas Stewart’s masterpiece.

Certainly, use the background material that abounds in the annals of our Nation, but make it your own!

Self-editing:

When I finish writing a new piece or rewriting an existing work, I always check the Review of the Word Editor. This is useful for the location of spacing problems. I am prone to having a few of those. The process also reaffirms my belief in the need to edit my own work. Some of the suggestions made are incorrect: some contribute to the modern requirement of “dumbing down” the written word. There are three sections on the summation report that cannot be trusted to improve your work – Clarity, Conciseness, Inclusiveness, and Vocabulary. Punctuation suggestions are often poor choices.

Take my Short Story, “For Auld Lang Syne”, for example. Taking all the advice provided by the Editor would have totally destroyed the major qualities of the work. Apart from punctuation errors introduced in areas of direct speech, the flow of words, the emotive effects, the mood of the story, the subtle nuances and implications of narrative and description, and the impact of the ending would all have been destroyed. According to the Editor, my major problem with the story was a lack of conciseness. Reducing the number of words does not automatically produce an overall improvement: in fact, this can be quite detrimental, especially if the writer is striving and contriving for some special effect or outcome. Here is one brief example of the destructive nature of one editorial suggestion:

I wrote “eyes that seemed to reflect”, the use of “seemed” being critical in raising an element of doubt. The Editor suggested “eyes that reflected”, which saved two words, but then created a completely positive statement and removed the desired element of doubt. The computer-generated editorial systems do not consider the finer points of nuance and implication, essential elements of quality writing in both humorous and serious creative work.

“The world is but a canvas for our imagination.” Henry David Thoreau (1817 – 1862)



The West Australian Bush Poets and Yarn Spinners continue to provide annual opportunities for young poets. Thank you to Meg Gordon, Rodger Kohn and the rest of the team for holding the 2024 *Silver Quill Junior* competition run in conjunction with the W.A. State Bush Poetry championships.

Winner – Lower Junior Category (age 6-8)
2024 *Silver Quill* – Junior

Ballerina Fishy by Elysia Roselle Woo

He watches swaying giants
From his glassy bowl,
To be a ballerina
is this fish's goal.

Little girls in tutus
Jeté all around
They twirl and twirl and then
Leap onto the ground.

Little fishy copies
With his fins up high,
He spins and spins and spins
And swims like he can fly.

The girls all say goodbye,
Through the door they pass,
But little fishy dances
Ballerina behind glass.

©2024 Elysia Roselle Woo (at age 6)

*And here are some of the winning poems
from the 2024 Laura Literary Awards held
annually by the Rocky River 'Riters.*

Winner – Primary Poetry Category (age 11-12)
2024 Laura Literary Awards,

Silent Beauty by Gabriel Harris

(Dedicated to my little friend Micah)

The silence is tranquil,
and my thoughts are decided.
I am at peace in my world so quiet.

The trees seem to dance,
as they sway to and fro,
moving to the beat as they go.

The birds are perched high,
their beaks are chirping,
after their busy day of foraging.

The waves of vibrations,
as a lorry rumbles by,
sending shivers up my spine so high.

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy



I see Mum's expression,
she gestures to me,
telling me it's time to come in for tea.

I am hearing-impaired,
and am curious to seek,
the sounds of an engine roaring,
or to hear my Mum speak

My language is unique,
for there is beauty in silence,
my other senses are all heightened.

My dreams are endless
and equal to the rest,
this is not a disability,
this is just me.

© 2024, Gabriel Harris (at age 9)

Winner – Junior Primary Poetry (age 7-8)
2024 Laura Literary Awards.

Storm by Annabelle Gervaise Woo

Thunder crashed
The storm went boom,
Rain pitter pattered
On top of a tomb.
The cloud shook
Its deathly mane,
A raging lion
Howled with pain.
And so the leaves
Were strangely wet,
Mountain ash leaves
Under threat,
The lightning
very meanly sinned,
The mountain ash tree
Kicked by wind.
The sun feared
It was near its death,
Letting out
Its fiery breath.
A spiky tree stood
Broken, bashed
And with bright light
Sheet lightning flashed.
And in this fatal
Freezing storm
A spooky menace
Was newly born.

© 2024, Annabelle Gervaise Woo (at age 7)

A Tribute To Shirley Friend From Marion Fitzgerald



Shirley

Remembering Shirley Friend – in 1994, just prior to Ray Essery's Mullumbimby Show, I was about to meet a lady whose 'hilarious comedy act' was the talk of Qld. Her instant cuddle and hearty chuckle dispelled any conceited-imaginings I had of her, as she welcomed me into her 'Shirley-sphere'. I was soon to find out she captured her audiences hearts the same way.

Shirley's stage skills were exceptional: from her very clever dead-pan innocence to her epic giggling autobiographies, her performances were revealing, sometimes risqué, but always relatable. She was the master of 'timing', citing deliberately long silent-pauses to propel an audience into illusional laughter of what she had just said, OR, of what she was about to say!

She was generous with her time and talent, introducing up-and-coming poets to festival gigs, with her most beloved being the Woodford Folk Festival which developed from the Maleny Folk Festival. Shirley became an inaugural entertainer at the Maleny folk festival in 1987, following a recommendation by Judith Durham.

Pursuing a career away from The Seekers, and living on the Sunshine Coast, Judith Durham, and her husband Ron Edgeworth wrote a musical which they performed at the Majestic Theatre, Pomona in 1985; the same Theatre at which Shirley was an active member with the "Majestic Players". Shirley was responsible for writing their very successful comedy shows with her 1985 show, "S.E.X.by Computers" attracting the interest of Judith and Ron who became fans of Shirly, and her other one-woman skit shows.

Following Judith and Ron's successful musical at Pomona, the President of the Queensland Folk Federation, Bill Hauritz, became their manager for shows further afield, until he became involved in the inauguration of the Maleny Folk Festival. Judith and Ron made guest appearances and recommended Shirley to Bill Hauritz to lead the comedy act, and so began a valued friendship between Bill and Shirley. She helped organize the RAW Poets Breakfast at the Larrikin for eight years up to her 84th birthday on 31st December 2016.

For the occasion I was privileged to be asked to write and present this poem to her for her contributions to the Maleny/Woodford Festival.

*There's her chuckle that's contagious,
There's her accent that we crave,
There's her grin that's so endearing,
There's her wit that won't behave.*

*She's our favourite little Floozy,
She's our Pommy-Granny-Girlie,
She's my friend, she's your friend,
She's our friend Shirley!*

*She's made us wet our pants,
She's made us choke on truth,
She's made us have a mammogram,
She's made us keep our youth.*

*She's been doing it for decades –
Three, to be exact,
From the infancy of Maleny
To Woodford's longest act!*

*She's never missed a Festival,
Never lost for words to say,
And with her she's brought poets
Inspiring them on their way.*

*She's the Larrikin's big attraction,
And as most of you would know
She also works tirelessly
To co-ordinate the show.*

*Now it's time she takes it easy,
But remains to entertain,
At eighty-four and frisky
This Floozy still will reign.*

*Australia has embraced her
Ever since she came to stay;
A 'Ten-pound Pom' ambassador
For "Laugh Your Life Away".*

*So let us all applaud her,
Our birthday giggling-girlie,
She's my friend, she's your friend,
She's our friend Shirley.*

Remembering Blue

© Irene Dalgety Timpone

Winner, 2024 Betty Olle Award, Kyabram Victoria.

*Remembered scenes come back to me like slides upon a screen,
reminding me of all that I have loved, and lost, and seen.
Tonight, with teary eyes, I view, from times now long gone by,
three silhouetted figures set against a sunset sky.
A slender girl sits tall astride a well-bred Quarter Horse,
and trailing both, alert and proud, her cattle dog – of course.
A hard day's work behind them, they deserved a sound night's rest,
as well as satisfaction with the work they each did best...*

*They made a splendid working team, my sister Nan and Blue:
Chiquita Lass, the cutting horse, was proud to join them, too.
For sixteen years, they worked with cattle, striving for Nan's goals –
to raise top-breeds of cattle, also well-trained cutting foals.
This team of three had mustered herds so many times before.
Between them, they had boundless knowledge, offered skills galore.
They each knew all the lanes and paddocks, every hill and dale,
and when it came to routing stragglers, Blue would never fail.*

Blue barely needed guidance – could have mustered on her own.
If not for gates and crossings, she'd have managed all alone;
but Blue was at her happiest when working with the 'team',
the three of them, together, with no straining at the seam.
Nan never left the saddle: horse and rider worked as one
when handling gates or tailing cattle, all work to be done;
and Blue was always there, a shifting shadow at their feet,
her movements sure, her courage sound, her love of life complete.

Like most Blue Heelers I have known, Blue had a sense of pride,
an innate knowledge of self-worth that could not be denied.
Adaptable, determined, super-dog of all her kind,
on issues like integrity, she left most folk behind.
Blue saw each day as 'time to work'. She rarely took a rest
from jumping 'blue-dog hurdles', passing every 'blue-dog' test.
She saw her life as daily duty, work that must be done –
saw tasks-she-did-not-like as obligations not to shun...

As regular as clockwork, all the cattle would be dipped,
with never too much trouble – only, one day, dear Blue slipped.
While mustering a Brahman herd, about a hundred strong,
unbearable conditions caused the champ to get things wrong.
Dry heat attacked in searing waves, the wind was scorching, too.
The cattle reached the highway crossing: Blue knew what to do.
She held the beasts in calm command, while Nan controlled the gate,
then pushed them forward skilfully – the perfect drover's mate.

With gates now closed behind the herd, Nan cantered up the hill
to open up the dip-yard while Blue held the cattle still.
Nan stayed beside that final gate to guide the cattle through,
expecting that her trusty hound would do her duty, too.
Nan gave the whistled signal Blue had learned when just a pup,
a sign to stir the cattle and then slowly bring them up;
but not a single movement showed the dog was with the herd.
Nan called; but nothing happened. Blue ignored each single word.



Remembering Blue...cont

"Just bring them up, Blue! Where are you? Come on! We're almost done!"
The cattle stamped uneasily beneath the roasting sun.
When due to ease them to the dip, Blue's timing was all out.
Nan gave a loud, shrill whistle, then another hearty shout.
They'd reached the crucial moments in this routine exercise
when need for deft manoeuvres cancelled any compromise.
Frustration and confusion quickly turned to chilling fear,
Nan cried in desperation, "How could you just disappear?"

With sudden inspiration, Nan then wheeled her horse about
and galloped to the highest point from where she could look out
across the sprawling property, across the reservoir,
in hope of sighting Blue, at last. She couldn't have gone far.
Chiquita Lass surged quickly up a rough and stony rise
and then, in shock and disbelief, Nan saw, before her eyes,
a face, all grey, and two black ears, drifting to and fro –
beneath the water, legs that moved as fast as they could go.

Nan felt a surge of anger. She had thought Blue might have died;
but anger turned to laughter when she saw the funny side.
"You cheeky girl! No time to swim! Your work is still not done.
When you have brought the cattle up, we'll come back here – for fun."
Then Blue took off, at sizzling pace, to do her very best:
she set the front lines moving then she winged and tailed the rest.
In minutes, all was back on track, the herd held close and fast,
enclosed within the dip-yard – then Nan closed that gate, at last.

Blue soon resumed her laps: the horse and rider cooled and drank;
and finally, they left the dam to rest upon the bank.
Blue snuggled up beside her 'Mum', head hung as if in shame.
"Hey, lift your chin. You're still the best! Oh, Blue, you're not to blame."
Nan's eyes gazed steadily in Blue's. "Don't let this get you down.
Just look at me. I'm smiling. I can't see a need to frown.
We had to do too much today, in record-breaking heat;
but we came through, the team of three, there's nothing gets us beat."

*My sister Nan and much-loved Blue, shared happiness and tears.
They worked together, played together, more than eighteen years.
One fateful day, last Summer, Blue went peacefully to sleep.
We knew there would be no return – her slumber was too deep.
This was to be expected – signs had shown in Blue's dim gaze:
we sadly watched and waited with her through those final days.
Nan chose, for Blue's eternal rest, her favourite 'watch-dog' place.
Each day, the golden hush of evening gleams a warm embrace.*

*Six months have passed since Blue was here to greet each dawning day,
and George has joined the working team; but still gets in the way
while struggling to be useful. Nan just shakes her head and sighs:
"He'll never be another Blue; but, truth be said, he tries..."
Tonight, I view, with teary eyes, from times now long gone by,
three silhouetted figures set against a sunset sky.
A slender woman sits astride Chiquita Lass, her horse,
and trailing both, Nan's best dog, Blue, a cattle dog – of course.*



THE BETTY OLLE POETRY AWARD 2024 – RESULTS

FIRST PRIZE Irene Dalgety Timpone –
Atherton QLD 'Remembering Blue'
RUNNER-UP Tom McIlveen – Port
Macquarie NSW 'A Sacred Place'
HIGHLY COMMENDED Tom McIlveen – Port
Macquarie NSW 'When Angels Come'
HIGHLY COMMENDED Terry Piggott –
Lynwood WA 'Changing Times'
HIGHLY COMMENDED David Judge –
Kangaroo Flat Vic 'My Country Show'

COMMENDED Val Wallace – Glendale NSW
'Down But Not Out'
COMMENDED David Judge – Kangaroo
Flat VIC 'The Rivers I Knew'
COMMENDED Kevin Pye – Mudgee NSW
'Where Major Goes To Roam'

THE BETTY OLLE JUNIOR POETRY AWARD 2024 – RESULTS

FIRST PRIZE Kaleb Archard - Kyabram VIC.
'Australia's Wonders'
RUNNER-UP Josie Lelliott - Kialla VIC.
'Pa's Garden'
HIGHLY COMMENDED Lucy Taylor – Kialla
VIC 'Out In The Bush'
HIGHLY COMMENDED Gabriel Harris –
Carindale QLD 'A Shadow In The Mist'
HIGHLY COMMENDED Gabriel Harris –
Carindale QLD 'Promise In The Sky'
COMMENDED Annabelle Gervaise Woo –
Wolli Creek NSW 'Spirit of a Gouldian Finch'
COMMENDED Alexy Yarygin – Wyuna VIC
'Australia'
COMMENDED Annabelle Gervaise Woo –
Wolli Creek NSW 'The Whale Shark of
Ningaloo Reef'

The Christmas Brandy Custard

Disaster

© Narelle Stoll

Every year at christmas time,
mum made the brandy custard.
Take care in its making had to occur,
otherwise it was discarded.

One year mum overheated the custard,
and burnt the bottom of the pot.
As the custard was rendered inedible,
she threw out the whole lot.

Now the very spot mum threw out the custard,
was the farm's compost patch.
It was also the very spot,
our chickens liked to scratch.

Bright and early on boxing day morn,
we went to collect the eggs for the day.
Not only were there no eggs to be had,
but our chooks were in a very sad way.

Some lay on the ground with their feet in in their air,
others had a stagger in their walk.
Those who could make it back on their perch,
let out a mournful, skwaaa...rk.

The vet was summoned immediately,
after doubling up with laughter.
Took us aside and gently reassured us,
our chickens would fully recover.

Recover they did, although it took some time,
for egg laying to resume.
But it must have done something to our Roosters libido,
As there was a baby chicken boom.

News spread fast in the district,
for weeks we got some strange looks.
All because of that Christmas Day,
we fed Brandy Custard to our chooks.



"THAT CHRISTMAS DAY THAT MY DAD KILLED A CHOOK."

© Peter White

That year Christmas was a Sunday,
Mum had planned a roast
with gravy and roast veggies that she'd cook.
'Christmas was the one day
that my father liked the most.
He'd take his axe and kill then dress a chook.

Fond of ritual was my Dad.
certain things were to be done
before we all enjoyed our Christmas meal.
First he'd take the axe he had,
and while standing in the sun,
he would sharpen it on his grinding wheel.

Next he built and lit a fire
bringing water up to heat
in Mum's copper boiler out the back.
When the chicken did expire
he would dip it by its feet
and then all its feathers he'd attack.

Then the victim he would choose
from the backyard chicken pen,
held by its legs and hanging down its head.
Not a moment would he lose
to the chopping block then
and with one single CHOP, the chook was dead.

OR WAS IT?

He placed the chicken on the ground
and it took off like a shot.
It sprinted round the yard until it dropped.
The headless body made a sound,
very weird I kid you not,
which ceased when the chicken finally stopped.

My sister screamed and ran away,
her face a shade of white.
I didn't think she'd take it all so hard.
It doesn't happen every day
that you see a gruesome sight,
take place before you in your own backyard.

In hot water it was dipped
so its feathers could be plucked
and then, with his knife, a hole he cut.
Then he picked it up and tipped
so its insides all were chucked
from out the hole cut near the chicken's butt.

Dad then rinsed the carcass out,
saved the giblets from the mess
and gave it to our Mum to stuff and cook.
Best childhood memory I've no doubt,
from all others, I would guess,
that Christmas Day when my Dad killed a chook.

'mirror-mirror'

© Harry Donnelly 14-11-24

Well...I'm getting on in life
and I appreciate my lot,
though my lot's not all that much
you know it is but all I've got.

And I've kinda been considering
what it is that makes me tick,
am I driven by desire
or do I give desire the flick?

You'd think by now I'd be aware
of all there is to know,
but I only began to understand
in the last ten years or so.

I've had my bouts of sadness
laced with heartache along the way,
though I recognise that every time
there comes a better day.

I've pushed my friends to limits
and helped a friend or two with theirs,
found enlightenment in solitude...
not some beat-up current affairs.

Found 'tough love' can be difficult
to receive as well as give,
and for me the best way forward is to
embrace the chance to live.

I've dallied with the devil...
chanced my hand with God a bit,
searched for strength within religion
and found that didn't really fit.

Found the stairway out of alcohol
the toughest one to climb,
and found I truly can't hate anyone...
though that's tough 'round Origin time.

I react when under pressure
and rebel when rules are laid,
refuse to play the puppet,
caring less how I'm portrayed.

I give generously when able
of myself and what I have,
and though I'm conscious more of smiling,
there are times of course for sad.

Amazed by nature's beauty
and each creature's life I share.
I've been tinkering with my thinking...
with an aging, loving flair.

Black Friday doesn't frighten me
like some politicians do,
but hey...I'm living, and I'm breathing,
hope life's just as good — for you!



Bush Poets Breakfast

with MUSIC
& YARNSPINNING



Doors Open 0800

Breakfast on Sale

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT with TOP CLASS PERFORMERS!

*Ray Essery *Bill Kearns *Greg North

*Geoffrey Graham *Paddy O'Brien

* John Peel *Dave Melville



West Tamworth Bowlo

Mon 20th— Sat 25th January

ShowTime: 0830—1030am

Different show each day!



MUSIC

with Tom & Susan



Hosted by Tom McIlveen & Susan Ashton **0417 251 287**

The A.B.P. A's NSW BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 7th& 8TH March 2025

The championships will be held during GLOUCESTER's inaugural 'VERSE IN THE VALLEY FESTIVAL'

Categories of competition will include ORIGINAL SERIOUS...ORIGINAL HUMOROUS. ..TRADITIONAL and MODERN....trophies and prize money will be awarded for each category, and for overall champion. The overall champion will be honored with an invitation to perform on Saturday night at Gloucester's annual ROTARY CLUB's 'SALEYARDS SHOW', with Ray Essery, Paddy O'Brien, Claire Reynolds, and the very popular Bowden Brothers Band.

This has become Gloucester's very prestigious annual showcase performance event, and draws a very large audience from not only locals, but from as far afield as Sydney and Newcastle. In conjunction with Gloucester Rotary Club, we plan to extend the Saleyard Show into an annual 'VERSE IN THE VALLEY FESTIVAL'; which will include bush poetry events over several days, (continuing the tradition of the recently retired Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Festival.)

Gloucester is the perfect location for such a festival, and we have the total support of a very dedicated, enthusiastic and enterprising local Rotary Club, who have access to, and influence with most local businesses and venues to support additional Bush Poetry performances throughout the festival...(Breakfast, daily and evening shows.)

Come along and compete for the NSW Bush Poets Champion's crown, with an opportunity to perform at The Saleyards, or simply come to be a part of the inaugural Verse in the Valley Festival, to enjoy several days of bush poetry and music, soak up the festival atmosphere, and savor the old world, country charm of idyllic Gloucester town, nestled in the beautiful Avon Valley, doorway to the splendid Barrington Tops, only 120 kms northwest of Newcastle.

Ample caravan camping facilities and accommodation are available, however it is recommended to book early ...Registration for competition will be on the ABPA WEBSITE...www.abpa.org.au ...or enquiries to Tom Mcilveen...ph 0417251287 or email...portalarms@gmail.com



MERRY CHRISTMAS SON

(c) M. Vijars

At Christmas time when just a lad I'd hover 'round the kitchen
smells of magic in the air, my tastebuds would be twitchin
watching Mum mix cakes in bowls her wooden spoon is clicking
She'd glance my way and with a laugh the spoon was mine for licking!

... then with a grin, she'd say to me - "Merry Christmas Son"

cooking was her great delight - some say it was her calling
And every Christmas was the same, the table would be sprawling
with lots of goodies, lots of treats. I'm playing with my cousin
then from the chook-house running back, I tripped and broke a dozen.

... she feigned anger, but still called out, "Merry Christmas Son!"

The family grew as families do with in-laws, pets and grandkids
Now little 'tackers' run amuck - one knocked her box of jam-lids.
With all those Christmas treats it's hard to stop small fingers picking.
But how things change, instead of me, my kids now do the licking

... Still twinkling eyes would say to me, "Merry Christmas Son."

And Mothers age, as Mothers must, I made it there beside her
She found the strength to linger on, I see now how our times were
precious. I thought She'd live forever, but She's gone.
I shed a tear amid the cheer for, "Merry Christmas Son."

...and I'm sure you know I love you, so - "Merry Christmas - Mum"



Regular Monthly Events

NSW

"Laggan Bush Poets." The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month (except January), starting at 7pm. For further details contact Mike or Elaine on (02) 4837 3397

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

POETRY IN THE VINES PORT MACQUARIE...the 4th Sunday of the month at Douglas Vale Winery. 235.Oxley Highway, (next to Westport School)...Port Macquarie. Contact Tom Mcilveen Ph..0417251287

Katoomba Poets in the Pub 22nd Sunday 2pm at Blackburn's Family Hotel. All forms poetry, free entry. Contact Greg North 0425 210 083.

Singleton Bush Poets. Meet at the Albion Hotel, John Street Singleton. 7pm on the first Tuesday of each month. Contact Neville Briggs 02 6571 1398.

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

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 COBB & cO MUSEUM , 27 Lindsay Street, Toowoomba, Queensland 4350, between 10 am and 12 midday. Read..Write..Recite ..or just Listen. All 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 Manfred 0411160510 or Howard on 0431689054.

Kuripia 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. For these social poetry afternoons please contact Jayson on (07) 4155 1007 or Sandy (07) 4151 4631 for venue details.

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

Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc. meet 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 11am 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 Mostly third Sundays in even numbered months except December when first Sunday. Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contact: Colin Carrington 0401 076 085.

Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. – St Augustine's Church Library, 631 Bourke St Melbourne. It is a short walk from Southern Cross railway station. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896

Mansfield Bush Poets Group - second Friday of the month 1.30pm-4.00pm, 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

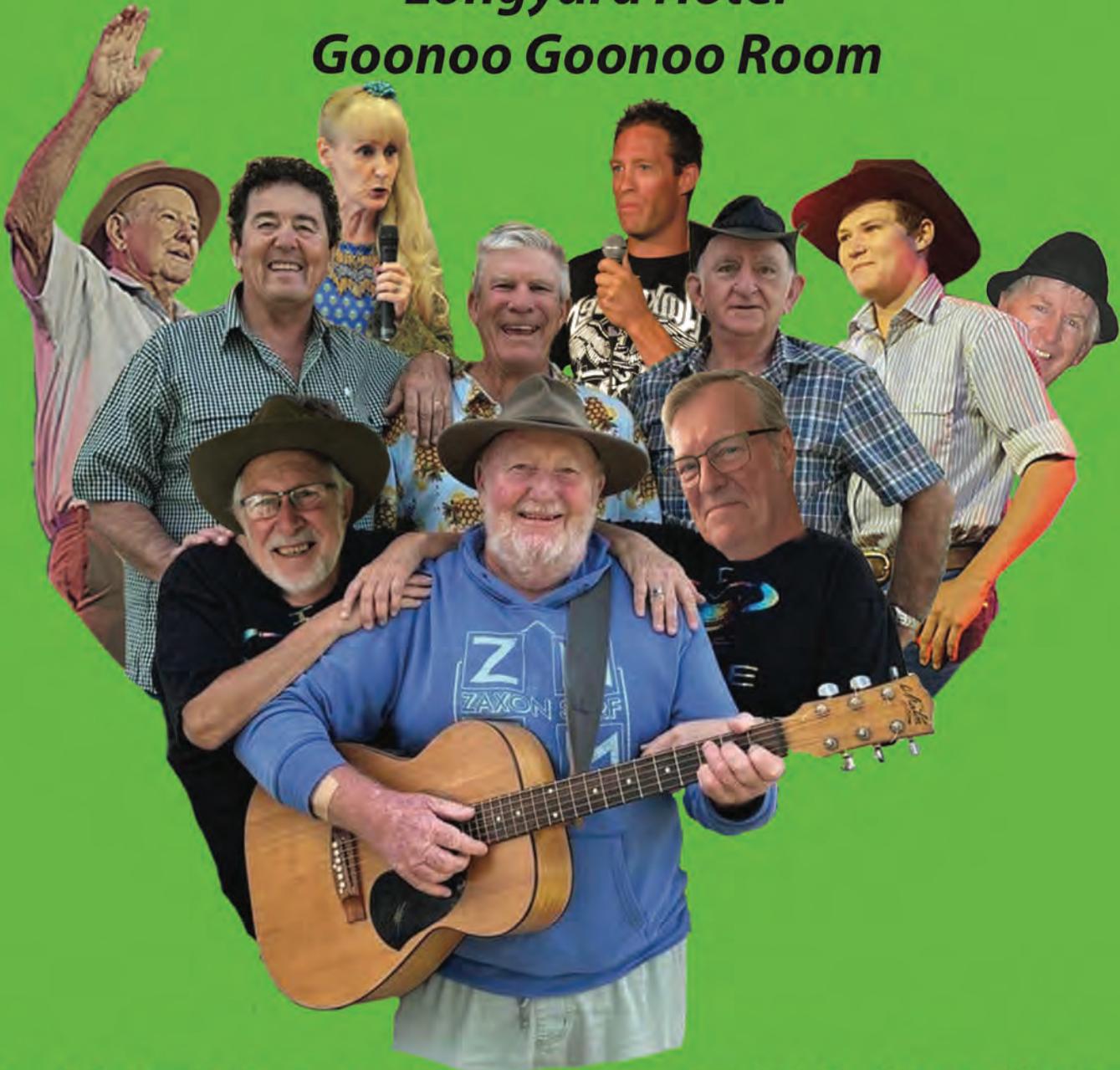
Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181

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

The Famous Longyard Bush Poets Breakfasts

Longyard Hotel

Goonoo Goonoo Room



Sat 18th, Sun 19th, Tues 21st Wed 22nd, Thurs 23rd Frid 24th Sat 25th & Sun 26th

Featuring

Australia's Finest and Funniest Storytellers

Hosted by Neil McArthur and featuring Marco Gliori, Peter Capp, Murray Hartin, Ray Essery, Errol Grey, Alan Glover, Brad Maclean, Rhonda Tallnash, Joey Reedy, Bianca Reedy, Bill Kearns plus Special Guests

\$15 per head

Breakfast Available

Tickets can be prebooked at Bottleshop or available at door

2025 Victorian Bush Poetry Championships

10 -13th
APRIL, 2025



\$8000 in Cash & Prizes

Including

\$1000 Overall Written Champion

\$1000 Overall Performance Champion

\$1000 Overall Grand Champion

+ **\$5000** in competition section prizes & trophies

Performance-Classical, Modern, Original Serious, Original Humorous,
Yarnspinning, Novice, Man from Snowy River Recitation, One Minute Poem.

Written-Original Serious & Comedy

+ 3 Poet's Breakfasts, Anzac Tribute Show, Campfire/Singalong sessions etc.

Featured Poets: Gregory North, Geoffrey Graham, The Rhymer from Ryde, Tim

Sheed-Entry Forms & conditions found at www.abpa.org.au/events.html

Enq. 02 6076 1992 events@bushfestival.com.au www.bushfestival.com.au

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The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival 2025 (10th-13th April)

THE VICTORIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

We are thrilled to announce that in 2025 the Victorian Bush Poetry Championships will again be included within the "Man from Snowy River Festival's" programme of events. The Championships have not been held on consecutive years for quite some time and believe me they return "Bigger, better & brighter" than ever before in April 2025.

The 2025 Championships will be a "Landmark" event in the history of Australian Bush Poetry competitions with a record **\$8000** on offer. Yes, you read it right, **\$8000** in total prizemoney (including trophies).

As well as the **\$4000** worth of prizemoney usually offered for the Written & Performance sections this "Premier/Showcase" event will also offer, (for the first time) 3 new Awards valued at **\$1000** each! These will be for the "**Overall Written Champion**", the "**Overall Performance Champion**" and the "**Overall Grand Champion**" (best combined score over both the written & performance sections). Under this system it is quite possible that 1 single performer could win **\$4000** of the total **\$8000** of prizemoney on offer. **WOW!**

All the regular Performance Championship sections will be on offer in which competitors vie to show their skills over a range of subject matter including Classical, Modern, Original Serious & Original Comedy. (Males & Females are judged separately in these sections). There will also be Yarnspinning & Novice competitions. (Males & females judged together).

In honour of the great A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson, Friday nights competitions kick off with our 'Man from Snowy River Recitation' section where 3 x pre-selected poets grapple for the title of 'Best Recitation' of Banjo's classic piece.

'Walk-ups'. There'll be 'Walk-ups' aplenty with 3 x Poet's Breakfasts hosted by those rascals "The Rhymer from Ryde" & his sidekick Matthew Hollis. Never fear there'll be time to sit back & relax as well with Kevin McCarthy & Simon Dillon hosting the 'Singalong Campfire Sessions' late into the night on 'Banjo's Block'.

Senior Judge & Assistant Poetry Events Manager Graeme Johnson will be joined by "Featured Poets" Gregory North, Geoffrey. W. Graham, The Rhymer from Ryde & Tim Sheed, who will also assist him on the various judging panels as well.

Due to time restrictions imposed by the festival programme a strict limit of 15 individual entries in each male & female division of each performance section will be imposed. It is the responsibility of each contestant to ensure that their entries are placed early to avoid disappointment. **Entries close 28th Feb, 2025.**

Entry forms and further information will become available during October/Nov 2024 on the following websites.

www.bushfestival.com.au
www.abpa.org.au/events.html



The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

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

www.abpa.org.au

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Membership Application Form 2025

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

Renewing membership

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Membership is for a calendar year from 1st January 2025 to 31st December 2025

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

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

Name:

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ABPA Membership Fees: (AUD)

- Single membership..... \$48 (posted magazine)
- Single membership..... \$35 (emailed magazine only)
- Dual family membership \$63 (one posted magazine)
- Dual family membership \$50 (one emailed magazine)
- Junior membership..... \$20 (under 18 years – emailed magazine)
- International member supplement..... \$25 (for postage - not for emailed magazines)
- Public Liability Insurance \$95 (\$20 million PLI cover 31/01/22- to 31/01/23)
- Membership badge..... \$10 (includes postage within Australia)

Total: \$

Receipt please

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

Cheque Payable to:

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

Credit Card:

Contact Christine direct on 0419 526 550

Or pay by direct deposit to:

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

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