A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 28 No. 5 October/November 2022

R.I.P.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

1926 - 2022

Hi Neil,

On November 19 this year, the small village of Linville (population 165) will host the inaugural Linville Bush Poetry Competition and I am writing to you in the hope you will support it by helping spread the word amongst your fellow bush poets and ABPA members and maybe even being good enough to give it some publicity in the ABPA's magazine and website.

As a very novice bush poet myself, I have taken on the task of organising the competition as one of the feature events of the annual Linville Heritage and Arts Festival.

Local sponsors have come to the party with $350 in prizemoney, but even without their money I would have been committed to organising an event that celebrates the proud history of bush poetry in Australia.

I am hoping we receive enough interest to hold an event that becomes an annual highlight of the Linville Heritage and Arts Festival.

Linville is a lovely village just 90 minutes inland from Brisbane and the Sunshine Coast but few people had heard of it before the Brisbane Valley Rail Trail, which runs through the town, became a tourist attraction in its own right about three years ago.

These days, it is a popular destination for not only rail trail cyclists but also horse riders, car clubs, motorcycle groups and families looking for a day away from the "big smoke" and some true country hospitality.

I have attached a copy of the competition's flyer and would really appreciate it if you could bring it to the attention of your fellow bush poets and club members.

It should be a great day, starting with a free community breakfast at which bush poets will be welcomed to town before we get started on the recitals.

Regards
Damian Bathersby

MILTON SHOW SOCIETY BUSH POETRY

To be held at JNA Thomson Pavilion Milton Showground Saturday 4th March 2023

8AM – Poet's Breakfast – WALK UPS with a difference
Entrants may recite or sing a song unaccompanied (without music). Open to all.
Prizes – 1st $100, 2nd $60, 3rd $40

9.30AM – The Ruth Davis Memorial JUNIOR POETRY SPEAKING COMPETITION
For those 13 years and under. See entry form for detail and prizes.

11AM – OPEN BUSH POETRY SPEAKING COMPETITION
Poem can be classical, contemporary or original. Serious or light-hearted. Maximum 15 performers.
Prizes – 1st $600, 2nd $350, 3rd $250, three highly commended $100.
Entry Fee $15. Entries accepted on first in first served basis. Entries close 3rd February 2023.

Complimentary Tea and Coffee at venue.

Entry forms download from ABPA website OR miltonshowsociety.com/poetry/ OR email miltonshowsociety@gmail.com

milton show society

milton show society

Great to see Bush Poetry thriving again at Festivals and Events right through the Country again. Seeing all the performers back out there taking the Verse to the people is an absolute joy. Bush Poetry's place in the Entertainment Industry is growing all the time, but sadly, the number of Performing Poets does not seem to be growing with the demand.

It is wonderful to see Events such as the Queensland Outback Masters Golf using a Bush Poet at each of their after match events and giving so many different Poets a crack every year. The number of poets who I have met since April in Tamworth has been great, just not many new ones. I have read some wonderful poetry in recent years and would love the chance to see the Authors out there reciting it with the passion with which they wrote it. Only time will tell.

Thanks for the handful of Poets who answered my call for submissions and please keep them coming. I have kept some for future Editions, and hopefully that will give me a very good backlog. Members love to read about happenings within our Association and in particular they love to read the Poems. I do understand some people's reluctance to have certain pieces published that they may be holding back for an upcoming Book or CD or a tenth crack at winning something in a Competition (or several, as we are seeing) but surely between roughly 220 members, we can find enough diverse Bush Poems for a Publication every two months. But sadly we struggle.

On a sadder note, we recently lost one of our Members in Keith Jamieson, a very popular and highly decorated Bush Balladeer. Keith also played a big part in having Bush Poets Breakfasts included at many Country Music events over many years, and also helped the ABPA out with a venue in Tamworth for Competitions and Meetings. A very sad loss. One of our Life Members in Olive Shooter also passed away.

Other than that, enjoy the upcoming better weather and the host of Bush Poetry events that go along with it.

Neil McArthur

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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 November 27th 2022

President's Report

Since I presented my last report we have attended the Edinburgh Fringe Festival as guest performers with my mother's life story "Diary of an Australian Outback Woman" written by Christine Middleton. An amazing experience and we encountered no travel difficulties whatsoever.
Planning for the ABPA National Bush Poetry Performance Championships in Orange is going according to plan and promises to be a great get together.
Information and entry forms are available on the ABPA website and our site is linked to the Orange Festival site.
Seven opportunities are scheduled for poetry walk ups at venues including winery, pub and on the street.
A youth competition is scheduled for Saturday morning the 25th February at the Orange Regional Conservatorium.
An adult competition for those who do not wish to enter National Championships is scheduled for Saturday afternoon 25th February 2023. This competition is mutually exclusive of Championship events.
The Queensland Bush Poetry Competition was successfully conducted earlier in September and the Western Australian Championships are coming up shortly.
Overall Bush Poetry and yarnspinning is in a very good state with excellent attendances at all events that I have heard of.

Tim Sheed
President ABPA

2023 BANJO PATERSON AUSTRALIAN POETRY FESTIVAL
Orange NSW
17 to 26 February 2023

The program for this annual festival is coming together with plenty of opportunities for walk-up performances and some wonderful formal competitions. Walkups will be in pubs, wineries and open air in Orange and surrounding villages – all very relaxed and designed for family entertainment.

The formal comps include:
- the National Bush Poetry Performance Championships,
- a Youth original poetry performance comp,
- an Open original performance comp for those not entering the National Championships.

There will also be the announcement of the winners of the:
- national Blackened Billy Written Verse Competition, and the
- new Deidre Penhall Memorial Poetry Prize (a written comp for young women living within 200 km of Orange and west of Penrith, NSW).

Details of the program and all the competitions (or links to them) are at www.rotaryclubofforange.org.au with links also from www.abpa.org.au

The written competitions are now open so go to the website to find the entry conditions and closing dates. Please pass this information on to friends and family and especially encourage school students and young adults to participate and show their skills.

Len Banks
President
Rotary Club of Orange.

Dear Neil

I am writing straight away having received my magazine today to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the poems, well not all of them yet, but to start with the tributes to John Best. It is a sad fact that we farewell our fellow poets and sad that Covid has prevented our usual meet ups in the last years. I thought all the tributes were wonderfully expressed by those who knew John well. He was always a bright spark, humorous and friendly and of course with that self-deprecating style. Ill never forget him and the poem about the Brazilian, we laughed and laughed. Mick Martin, Noel and Greg, thank you for the poetry memoires of Bestie.

And thank you Neil for continuing to put the magazine together, I don't know how long you have been doing this job, but I know it is quite a while and I'm sure like most voluntary positions no one is fighting you to take it on.

Kind regards
Jacqui Warnock

"Patience is a virtue, embrace it if you can,
Seldom in a woman and never in a man."

Observations on Day to Day

"Waiting"

© Jacqui Warnock

W is for **Why** is this taking so long?
"Where is that plane?" "Why's this queue so long?"
"When will it be Christmas, the end of school term?"
"How long till I'm grown up?" There's so much to learn.

A is for **Agony** when waiting in line.
We all think our own life's importance is fine.
Weave through the traffic, "I've somewhere to be!"
"I'm certain the next to be served should be ME!"

I for **"If only** I'd not come today."
"I should have decided to drive the back way."
"If I'd known the time that my order would take,
I'd have gone someplace else and not made this mistake."

T is for Travel on aircraft or train,
delays for refuelling, late pilot, the rain.
Security checking for liquids, toothpaste!
The crowded queue longing for hurry and haste.

I in Emergency, waiting to hear,
and longing for strength that you will persevere
till your name booms loudly, you leap to your feet
and from those still waiting you beat a retreat.

N is for **NOW** that I want this to be,
sometime in the future just won't do for ME!
Not easy the waiting with vision to see
and confident mindset that soon you'll be free.

G is for **Going**, progressing in line;
the traffic is moving, the weather's turned fine.
The waiting is over, you've boarded your plane
and despite all that **WAITING** you'll do it again.

Where Desert Rivers Run

© Peter O'Shaughnessy

Winner 2022 Boree Log

I come from where the blue hills rise beneath the searing sun
out where the rolling plains are wide and desert rivers run.
I wander on a burning land where heated air defines
the hazy shapes mirages make in silver fuzzy lines.
The path I take is often through the sparse grey mulga trees
where breezes whisper endlessly their soft soliloquies.
A desiccated lonely place of sunburned dark brown stones –
of spinifex and quartz glass rocks that shine like sun-bleached bones.

My path runs through a heated world of fiery scorching air
where sun glazed black and shiny stones reflect a burning glare.
Those scattered pebbles all around – like shards of broken glass
all help define the winding course that desert rivers pass.
For where I run my sandy bars merge into tumbled blocks,
with piles of rounded boulders and great rumbled rugged rocks.
My terrifying flooding flows have swept these age-old lands
and worn the ancient mountains down to hills and sunburned sands.

This land is bare. My course is long. I wind where hills abound
and over plains may disappear beneath the sandy ground.
I wander through the mulga groves, the kurrajong and gum,
on plains of silver spinifex from where the hot winds come.
And when my bed is wide and dry and channels do not show
you find a line of ghostly gums. My path lies down below.
For even in the driest drought, when desert rivers sleep,
my waters run beneath the sand. They run both cool and deep.

And where I carved down through the plains, deep shadowed banks contrive
to hide the cool dark shaded pools where ghostly gum trees thrive.
Their stark, white, twisted massive trunks and drooping grey-green leaves
reflect the tranquil beauty that a desert poolside weaves.
These secret, shining, placid creeks where desert parrots screech
wear velvet veils of budgies in bright clouds along each beach.
Disturbed, they fly and sweep as one, in swerving golden fright,
like watered silk that flashes fire, then quickly drop from sight.

And hidden in the rushes by the silver pool-side's edge
the stately, crested heron stalks sedately through the sedge.
His prey lives in the shallows where the frogs and fishes lie
and nothing much escapes the hunter's dark and shiny eye.
And skipping on the surface of this shining, mirrored scene
the dragon-flies that skitter by – in shades of silvered green –
are bright-eyed, lace winged visitors that hover, flit and glide,
then dip and sip the water where the tiny insects hide.

And down beneath the sheltered bank, where ferns and grasses hang,
is where the sacred dance was done and desert people sang.
They came from burning, red dirt plains to where my cool pools lay
and camped there in those shady spots to hunt and fish and play.
For even in the dry times there was life beneath their feet
and there the local people could escape the desert heat.
The secret lies beneath the sand and desert people know
that even in the driest times it's where my waters flow.

But now, where once red rivers ran, you'll only find dry creeks
where flat topped hills and breakaways were once great mountain peaks.
This ancient land has many tales – my story's very old –
but even yet, there's more to come, the whole tale's not yet told.
You see I've also had my days, my weeks of flooding rains,
when rising waters filled my banks and drowned the sweeping plains.
As raging torrents rolled great rocks and rent the river's race,
my muddy fury scoured the land – all feared my wild embrace.

But that's how desert rivers run, from blue hills down to lakes,
those vast white plains of silvered salt the endless summer bakes.
My sandy creek beds lie there, dry, a few pools might remain
until the flooding rains return and rivers rage again.
For that is how it's always been. We hope it will once more
when once again my wild assault will rape the valley floor.
Till then I lie abandoned to the burning desert's creep.
My pools are dry. My time will come – until then I must sleep.

GYMPIE MUSTER 2022

The Amamoor Forest came to life again, as all the trials and tribulations of the last couple of years were cast aside and the biggest crowd of Music Fans in over a decade flocked into the Gympie Muster for four days of Music, Poetry, Friendship and Partying! Over 70,000 people came together and what a memorable Muster it was.

Marco Gliori was again instumental in putting forward a crew for the four days of Poet's Breakfasts. Along with Marco and myself were fellow poets Murray Hartin and Peter Capp as well as Gympie Comedian, Bob Condon, with a daily musical interlude by the brilliant Prince of Fiddles, Pixie Jenkins.

The crowd came early to the Muster Club each morning and grew continually throughout the two hours, drawing numbers that would make most Musicians green with envy!

The Sunday saw the battle of the Campers with the One Minute Camper's Brawl, a very popular concept and this Musters entries were diverse and hilarious.

If you haven't made it along to a Gympie Muster then you haven't lived! Great to see it back and kudos to Marco and the Muster Team for keeping Bush Poetry as a vital part of the overall success of the Festival.

Until next year.....

Neil McArthur

Nanango 2022

Great to be invited back this year by Organisers Jenny and Henry Sears to be part of the iconic Nanago Balladeers Festival. Another record crowd of caravaners and country music fans turned out for three days of full on entertainment.

Gary Fogerty hosted two Poets Breakfast and a Saturday Night show of Bush Poetry along with myself and Ray Essery and a host of walk up Poets.

Another Festival continuing to grow in the post-Covid era!

YOUR NAME

© Len Banks

Your name is your identity,
the tag by which you stand.
It represents your life and work.
It is your personal brand.

But you don't pick your name at birth.
Your parents get that credit;
and there's no choice of surname either.
You get what you inherit.

It may get worse when family and friends
and colleagues start to act
and give nick names that are sure to shock
and often show little tact.

So Robert is Rob and Donald Don.
But some names make you nervous;
like Pat the dog and Chuck the ball
and who wants Fi for service.

There's Blue or Ranger if you have red hair
and Shorty or Stretch if you're tall.
If your surname is Warren, it has to be Rabbits
and Shiny if your cranium's bald.

Some names reflect the owner's jobs,
like Herb and Stu, the cooks;
and Di and Doug in funeral homes;
and Nick and Robin the crooks.

Barb can make your fence secure,
while Rocky runs the quarry;
and Jonathan sends his fruit to town
with a carrier called Laurie.

Sean will cut the wool from sheep
and Clover makes more hay;
but when the Bill is really Owen,
April won't pay before May.

Keeping fit is up to Jim.
Toss Penny for a wish.
Sandy keeps the beaches safe
while Rod and Net catch fish.

There're also some friends you should have close by,
like Neil when you want to propose.
You'd have Tye and Kane when you want to dress up
and pick flowers with Iris and Rose.

Wanda will take you the long way home;
fine if you're Sunny and Ray.
But you won't get lost with Tom and Tom,
and where there's a Will, there's a way.

Peg will hang the washing out
and Phil will pump the fuel,
while Frank will tell it as it is,
'cause Chrystal is a jewel.

So Mark my words it is the Norm
for everyone to blame
their parents, friends and relatives
for how they got their name.

TUMBLING POETS

© Maureen Luke July 2022

My love is to listen to stories in rhyme
back to Banjo and Lawson, I must use my time
to read what old timers or new poets are telling,
a diverse bunch of characters I love to hear speaking.
Our history enshrined from old times to new,
so much we can learn from all points of view.

How Banjo found Matilda and Lawson's new faces
with stories so bold we can picture their places
in tales and tributes, new poems are stored,
stories they told at campfire, no one bored.
So easy to vision the drovers' rough life,
sometimes rarely they took along their wife.

The modern poets' works really give me thrills;
so when I first heard huge tales that Murray spills,
I had to hear more so bought CD and book
to learn some poems instead of needing to cook.
Bush was home for Henry Kendall, so much to write,
as CJ Dennis had characters well in his sight.

When Jack lost his "Woody" to Bill's place he went
but Bill was busy sorting the meat raffle event.
Whilst just down the street Bob was herding his sheep,
they'd escaped their southern paddocks for lusher grass to eat.
Mario got a headache trying to pull his mother out
of the narrow gutted loo, wow she really could shout.

Up around the corner Glenny had a belly laugh
cause Gregory got confused as to which hat looked tough.
Whilst Gary up the the country learning to make scones
but Neil couldn't eat them, he'd forgot to wear his thongs.
Brenda busy writing got a loud bang on the door,
had she seen Noel's schoolkids? He could handle them no more!

Whilst you check for school kids,watch out for that flea,
such a guts he was downing those beers with glee.
Just keep an eye out he could be pulling in your hair
or wasting time trying to be a little lair.
Perhaps Murray's hogs could find those kids real fast
or days of school for them would be their very last.

A mixed match of traditional and modern perks
from serious and humerous with many varied works.
We could read for hours and breathe in the histories,
then stories won't stay as just mysteries.
If we listen hard across the ranges for the din,
we might be lucky enough to sight the Cherry Tree Inn.

((written in the metre and rhyme of Henry Lawson's
"Cherry Tree Inn))

Find us on Facebook

Vale Keith "Jammo" Jamieson O.A.M.

It is with heavy heart that I put pen to paper to let fellow ABPA members know of the passing of Keith 'Jammo" Jamieson O.A.M. Keith died at age 74 after a brave, 15 month battle with various health issues.

Although better know as a Gold Guitar winning, Bush Ballard singer, Keith was a proud member of the ABPA. He contributed to the Bush Poetry movement by the inclusion of Bush Poets Breakfasts at all of the many Festivals he founded and organised. These Breakfasts accommodated for paid artists and walk-up poets as well. Bouldercombe Bash, Yellowbelly Festival (St George), Cunnamulla Bush Poets and Balladeers Festival and the Gidgee Coal Awards (Pittsworth) were all founded and driven by the energy of Jammo, creating multiple 'gigs' for Bush Balladeers and Bush Poets over the years.

I had the privilege of being the first Bush Poet ever hired by Keith, with Ray Essery added to the 'family' soon after. Jammo remained fiercely loyal to both Ray and myself, indeed treating us more like family than artists . Through the Gidgee Coal Awards he recently honoured both Ray and myself with "Legends Awards" for our body of work over the years.

Jammo for several years has provided, free of charge, a sound system and a sound technician for ABPA events at Tamworth.

Jammo was a fierce advocate for the Traditional Australian Bush Ballard and would often find himself standing firm against formidable odds. Over his remarkable career he shared the stage with Slim Dusty, who had recorded some of Jammo's songs, Stan Coster and numerous other Bush Ballard legends. He was rewarded for his lifetime achievement a few years ago when he was awarded an O.A.M.

No stage was ever too big, or too small, for Jammo, you would see him performing at the iconic Gympie Muster and then next he would be touring some of the smallest remote towns in inland Australia. He was an accomplished song writer, recording artist and performer, gathering a strong and loyal following. To be fair it was Jammo's personality as much as his talent that developed this following, he was laid back, always up for a laugh and never ever considered himself any better than his audience, most of whom he knew by name.
Jammo was a family man, and our deepest condolences go out to his wife Alisha (Smith) and teenage daughter Caitlyn.

Both Alisha and Caitlyn toured with Jammo and were very much a part of his shows with Alisha widely recognised as one of the best female lead guitarists in Australia and Caitlyn developing into a multi-instrumentalist, singing artist in her own right.

Jammo, you will be greatly missed. RIP.

Gary Fogarty

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

The West Australian Silver Quill written competition provides opportunities for young writers. Thank you to Meg Gordon, Rodger Kohn and all involved at the W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Association. Here is the winning poem from the Upper Primary Section of the 2021 Silver Quill.

A TOWN CALLED BOYUP BROOK
by Grace Gordon

I wake early in the morning,
Excitement makes me shake.
The entire house is snoring
Yet I am wide awake.

You see, getting up this early
Is rare, if you know me,
But today's the day we leave,
And I'm jolly as can be.

Today's the day we go down South,
A special little nook.
My favourite place upon the Earth;
A town called Boyup Brook.

Once all the kids are up at last,
I pack up my guitar,
A big and happy family
Squashed together in the car.

We arrive a bit past midnight,
Frost biting at our skin.
A nice warm fire's blazing inside,
We take our pillows in.

It's late at night and I need sleep,
I'm sure it won't be hard.
I pull the quilt above my face,
My eyes let down their guard.

Morning brings the smell of brunch.
The sun shines through the blind.
I gladly meet my grandparents,
And let myself unwind.

Next we run up to the shed,
Where they keep some sheep.
I help my siblings up the fence,
So they can get a peep.

We head back to the homestead,
And discuss where to travel.
The hay bales seem to win the vote,
Assuring Dad, "They won't unravel!"

We drive straight down the bumpy lane,
And pull up at the gate.
The four of us jump out the back,
And climb up; it feels great!

We jump barefoot and beaming bright,
Flying from bale to bale.
The distance in between them
Seems bigger than a whale.

Jumping, soring, slipping, falling,
We try hard not to trip.
But when Mum comes up the lane with lunch,
I almost do a flip.

We sit around the small campfire,
Bacon sizzling hot.
It's BLTs for lunch today,
And I could eat a lot.

Fresh lettuce and ripe tomato;
There's bliss in every bite.
We sit and watch the roos hop past,
A truly superb sight.

But soon it's time to go,
We stand up with a whine,
And savour the last few moments.
Of gumtrees and sunshine.

We drive back to the homestead
Where we light another blaze.
We all cook damper, fresh and soft,
And at night we'll all stargaze.

The sun falls down below the hills;
Noon rolls into evening.
The sky turns orange, then deep blue,
As night-time birds start singing.

We lean back in our fold-up chairs;
Warmed up by the coals,
Watching the night sky, bright and proud,
And eating our perfect rolls.

We count satellites and meteors,
Darting through the stars.
I watch my family, grins so big,
They'd reach from here to Mars.

This stunning place has earned my heart,
Out here in the unknown.
This isn't just a holiday.
It's always felt like home.

© 2021, Grace Gordon (at age 13)

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

BUSH POETRY IS ALIVE AND WELL IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn.

The Goldfields Bush Poetry Group was blessed with visits from both Chris Taylor and John & Anne Hayes for our May meeting (first Wednesday) and managed to mobilise about 25 people to attend on a cold evening in Kalgoorlie. Paul Browning opened proceedings with a warm welcome to all, but especially to Chris, John & Anne and then recited John's wonderful poem "On The Londonderry Line". Locals Ken Ball, John Rees and Chris Potts joined John and Chris to provide a wonderful evening of bush poetry that enthralled and delighted those in attendance. The crowd was particularly appreciative of Chris Taylor's 'Swampy', 'No More Letters Home' and 'How To Build A Billy Cart'. John Hayes, despite pleading ill health and lack of practice could not be held back, with great recitations of "The Whole Hog," "Widow Maker," "Longing For My Homeland" and "Harry Swain's Scales," each introduced with a lovely little historical vignette of John's early days growing up in Kalgoorlie before and after WW2, before moving to Esperance. John finished up with a wonderful recital of "In the Droving Days" by Banjo Paterson. John Rees and Paul Browning both contributed poems by Dryblower Murphy, Ken Ball gave us "A Grave Situation" by Claude Morris and Chris Potts produced a wonderful rendition of Mary Hannay Foott's "Where the Pelican Builds." In wrapping the evening up Paul Browning recognized the wonderful efforts of veteran WA bush poet, Arthur Leggett who at age 103, had done such a great job reciting the ode at the footy on Anzac Day and invoked his policy of never finishing a bush poetry recital without doing "The Man from Snowy River." We owe a great debt of gratitude to John Hayes and Chris Taylor for their magnificent contributions, and invite any visiting bush poets to join us on the first Wednesday of each month in Kalgoorlie. Contributed by Paul Browning.

John Hayes and Chris Taylor

Paul Browning

The winter months not only saw those travelling up to Derby, doing shows along the way but other members of WA Bush Poets sojourned north as well.
Rob Gunn, Rhonda Hinkley, Peter Rudolph, Roger and Jan Cracknell kept to the coast and headed to Exmouth and spent time fishing and doing a couple of gigs.
After refreshing breaks and promoting Bush Poetry wherever possible we will all be back in Perth for September AGM.

Bill and Meg Gordon were back in Boyup Brook in time for our local Sandakan Memorial Service.
This service is held annually to commemorate the events that happened in Borneo during the WW11. In conjunction with this service the local high school students (Yrs 9 and 10) are invited to research this story and make a presentation of 3-5 mins in front of judges, parents, their fellow students and interested public.
The local Lions Club and a contingent from the Borneo Exhibition Group donate funds to reward these students for their efforts. Before Covid the winner and chaperone were given a trip to Borneo and the village of Sandakan where over 2000 Australian and British men were interred for two years towards the end of the war, with only six survivors . They escaped , with the aid of locals, the horrors of the death marches across the northern area of Borneo.
Not a lot is known about the Sandakan death marches that were part of the second world war, because the government of the day didn't want the story told. However there is a movement that is charged with rectifying that situation.
Bill and I were invited to listen to these speeches and one of the participants Anne Deas (who came second) included a poem in her story. With permission I have included her poem and photo.

These were the brothers banded in wars fire
Brothers banded together by circumstance
Medals and honours they did not acquire
For the Japanese had pierced them with a metaphoric lance.

There were demons in the night
The wolves of hunger were heard
Anger came to join the fight
But its seems blood is preferred.

Yes, they were killed
And fate consumed reality
But the stories are not concealed
Only buried in formality.

Erlanda and daughter Anne Deas

Anne Deas (Boyup Brook District High School)

Bill presenting his poem "Sandarkan"

As a result of our connection, Bill has been asked to do a workshop at the High School to introduce the students to Bush Poetry and presentation skills.

All good promotion for our association!

Poets At The EKKA

The 2022 Brisbane Ekka competition was a roaring success. After a covid enforced break the RNA Ekka bounced back in trumps. We had about 80 entries and performances to judge and the cliche "the competition level was very high" doesn't do the competitors justice. There were many interstate entrants and all entrants did themselves proud. Logan poets were well represented as well as Toowoomba poets, North Pine bush poets and so many others.

Ron Liekerfet was the compere, Trisha Anderson was the poet Marshal and Mal Beveridge ably kept the whole show rolling smoothly. Anna Marsden and Kathleen Brock from the Ekka staff were outstanding and we owe all the helpers a massive debt of gratitude. The judges were Carol Heuchen, Gary Fogarty and Mick Martin.

The RNA President was absolutely enthralled with what he saw and heard, We went to the "Presidents dinner" where he spoke for a good ten minutes about how the Ekka poetry comp was one of, if not, the best competition in the country at the moment and how important sponsorship is to it's success. We were rapt that he was so impressed and he presented the awards for the Caravanning Queensland poetry section during the competitions.

The sponsors were ; Caravanning Queensland, The Pronk Foundation and Gympie Road caravans.

Mick Martin

EKKA Bush Poetry Performance Competition Results 2022

Open Classes

Established Poem
1st Amy Bradfield
2nd Andrew Pulsford
3rd Debbie Berryman

Original Poem
1st Andrew Pulsford
2nd Debby Berryman
3rd Andrew Pulsford

Caravanning Queensland
1st Peter Frazer
2nd Andrew Pulsford
3rd Paddy O'Brien

12 Years and Under
1st Diya Kumar
2nd Imogen Betty

13 to 18 Years
1st Dustin Finger
2nd Tamzin Finger

Virtual Performer Open
1st Bob Pacey
2nd Jim Cosgrove
3rd Rhonda Tallnash

Virtual Performer 18 Years and Under
1st Marceline Kehoe
2nd Imogen Betty
3rd Imogen Betty

Long Live the Long Paddock

© Ross Rolley

From native tracks and droving trails, Australian Stock Routes grew
to emulate the acorn's oak beyond the mountains blue.
This network runs through timeless land of wet and dry extremes,
a stock reserve and pathway built to serve the droving teams.

The outback way was recognised when Evans crossed the range
beyond the lay of western slopes to pastures wide and strange.
Past mountain's ridge, he found a land to justify the dreams
of rolling plains, sweet grass and grains, and slowly flowing streams.

A mix of men and character defined a special class
to drive the mobs of livestock on, in search of pasture grass.
These willing men of skill and style, served well by selfless deeds,
would build the wealth and industries a rising Nation needs.

The work was hard, the days were long, the risk, by nature, grew
when tempers flared, with drought declared and no relief in view.
The tragic tales of hardship, mental pain, and sacrifice
combined with pride in goals hard won when Nature rolled the dice.

A droving death demanded rites, a token cross and mound,
where heart and soul were covered up by dry and stony ground.
Below a shady scented gum, good mates had said, 'Goodbye',
as hot winds blew a dusty haze across the sombre sky.

A droving day of gritty action, governed by the light,
would fade as darkness crossed the land and horses worked the night.
A landscape bathed in misty moon-light morphed to form a scene
where good men camped in ragged swags to end the day's routine.

Now, Stock Routes work like brickies' mortar, bonding tight the blocks
of grazing land and vital water seeping through the rocks.
This wondrous web of tracks and trails defines just who we are,
and specifies the skills we need to drive Australia far.

This crucial reach of feed and water needs a sterling hand
to stoke the worth of rural regions spread across the land.
True danger thrives in 'party rooms' where leaders lack the skill
to over-rule a biased law and serve the people's will.

If vested groups obstruct the way and have the Stock Routes closed,
then turning back the hands of time will never be proposed.
A vibrant network we now prize, will fail and shatter dreams
through wasted chance and fortune that will stem those flowing streams.

'This network runs through timeless land of wet and dry extremes,...'

AUSTRALIA DAY

© *Grahaem Watt*

I hear the soft beat of Thousands of feet
as they Dance to a rhythm with Pride,
Yes! Days long ago,when the country we know,
Was 'open' to Hunt , open wide.

The 'Didgerie Doo' sings a Song so true,
As Emus, Goannas appear,
They prance to a tune, by light of the Moon,
And a Platypus swims so near.

I hear the wild Cries ,as a Wallaby dies,
And the Hunter has proven his way.
He stamps his proud feet ,
By the fire and the heat,
To prove he's the Master today.

The River runs free , to flow to the Sea,
And the Cod swim in water so clear.
But the Hunter is smart ,in the age-old art,
And has gathered a Feast with his Spear.

Australia today has broken the way,
And Memories forgotten with Years,
The Keepers of Land were not titled or planned,
But forgotten - as we sing of today,

So Bless Captain Cook and Australia we know.
Bless all our people so loyal,
But please give a thought to the Dancers of old,
Who First stamped their feet on our Soil.

::: Skew Wiff.

A Tale Of Two Henrys

© Paul Wincen

It was way down there in Sydney town, in old Mac Quarie Street
I had to meet the Premier, he "Carn mate, take a seat"
My Mother was the one who had arranged the interview
On Women's voting rights, she and Sir Henry shared a view

Louisa thought a government job, would be just right for me
I'd found it hard to settle and was almost 23
I had all the references, and my literacy was clear
But talk was not my strong point, and I found it hard to hear

Australia's leading Pollie, felt for those who did it tough
He'd had to leave old England because things had been so tough
The interview concluded and he offered me champagne
We drank each others health and n'eer on Earth would meet again

Later that same year, October 1889
Old Parkes made an historic stop, on the Brisbane Sydney line
His Tenterfield Oration, launched the Federation boat
And with the dawning of Australia.....Women got the vote!

He fathered Federation, I wrote "While the Billy Boils"
And then, in Shakespeare's word, we shuffled off our mortal coils
But, imagine if you will, as I passed the pearly door
A certain bearded fellow met me, as he'd done before

A Wolf Blas was produced and Parkes proposed, as the cork was peeled
"A toast to the land, we both helped plan, and....to Tenterfield!"

Feed My Sheep – a Sonnet

© *2006 M. Vijars*

He shuffled slowly through the busy crowd.
Furrows etched by suffering lined his face.
Scratching through the bin in front of me,
I pegged him for a 'derro'; a disgrace.
A life misspent, society's debris -
unkempt, and foul of odour—out of place.
His kind were an embarrassment to me.
His eyes looked up to mine from posture bowed,

(they declared misfortune - and his need).
I realised I could be in his stead -
then slipped away to bring him back a feed.
He sat to sip the drink and eat the bread;

then rose and shuffled slowly on his way -
and never knew we both were fed this day.

Night and Day

© 2019 – M.Vijars

Look - daytime as it's going greets the night-time with a glowing -
ruby, gold, vermillion (and in countless varied hues).
Watch, night-time draw it's curtain (while provocatively flirtin')
her twinkling of trillions advance slowly into view.

Countless aeons in their union daily celebrate communion
passing twice each revolution in their grand eternal dance
Sometimes balmy, sometimes cheery, sometimes stormy, cold and dreary
they continue on regardless in this powerful romance.

With their greetings and farewellings, sadly humans from their dwellings
watching the unfolding of the grandeur on display ...
failed to choose the highest accolade for the dancers in this promenade.
Well, the best that we came up with was quite simply – "Night" and "Day".

Vale - Bessie Jennings

Born 10 January 1930 - Passed 11 August 2022

Nee Everingham, born in Wauchope NSW of dairy-farming stock: 4th generation descendant of 1st and 2nd Fleet Convicts.
Retired from teaching: twice widowed: lived in a bush shack in the 1950's (as described in her story Mountain Nights), likewise later in a banana packing shed.
Raised four children and lived with her husband Frank in Port Macquarie.
Bessie would perform regularly at Bush Poetry gatherings, in Retirement Villages and for Service Clubs, etc.: and has won awards in written and performance Poetry Competitions, locally and interstate.

.....

Hello Neil,
The above I have copied from the back of one of Bessie's poetry Books, I have only known Bessie these past 10 years or so, I am sure that there must be many who have known her for longer. I am asking the few people that I know if any have info regarding awards and such.
I have been sent 2 photos which I will post on to you and I hope any of this information will be helpful.
Among Bessie's good stories was the one she would tell of her first foray into a poetry competition run by a newspaper. A young teenager at the time, Bessie was most excited at winning the competition and was no doubt keen to tell all of her friends. A few years later, at a social function, Bessie happened to meet the Editor of the Newspaper and took pains to remind him of her win. The Editor reflected a moment and eventually said 'Oh yes, you know we only got two entries for that competition.' Bessie said she was mortified. And the winning entry --

GRANDMA'S CHOKO VINE

When oft I think of bygone years and days of Auld Lang Syne
I cherish happy memories of Grandma's choko vine.
It grew wild all around the yard and around the rhubarb bed;
it climbed up in the lemon tree and over Grandpa's shed.

The vine grew wild all around the yard; its' foliage was dense.
The chokos weighed too heavy for the poor old paling fence;
so Grandpa propped the fence with a pair of railway sleepers.
The vine then climbed up both the props, and sent out vig'rous creepers.

It climbed up on the clothes line post, and then along the line,
the yard was like a jungle, just from Grandma's choko vine.
We picked the chokos gladly; yes, a bucketful each day.
The ones that we could use, we cooked; the rest we gave away.

We lived on choko [pickles; had stewed pear and choko too;
had choko in our curry, and had choko in our stew;
had choko in our chutney; and of course in apple pie;
and still the vine just grew and grew, and nearly reached the sky.

So when I heard the story, how Jack's beanstalk grew with speed,
I guessed the truth: Jack crossed the beans with Grandma's choko seed!

Vale Olive Shooter

Olive was a passionate supporter and active participant in the Australian Bush Poetry scene and a Life Member of the ABPA, also acting terms as Treasurer and Secretary. She was a woman who would always be noticable by her presence at Bush Poetry events and was always there with a kind and encouraging word. She was known and loved by so many, but nome as loving as her husband Ray, whom she was married to for over 60 years.
She was devoted to her husband and son Ted and his family.

Sincere sympathies to Ray, Ted & Kerry, Katelyn, Harry and Bridie Shooter on the passing of Olive. Olive was the foundation treasurer of the Allora & District Historical Society in 1969. She was the president for 29 years and research officer during some of that time. In later years her and Ray have been our joint patrons.
In 2016 Olive and Ray were honoured with the naming of our new building 'The Ray & Olive Shooter' building.

Olive was also a long serving and highly respected Allora Show Society Life Member. She will be a great loss to the Allora region and the many Organisations she has supported and been active in over her lifetime.
Olive's contribution to our region, it's community and it's history cannot be understated.

May you rest in peace Olive.

SOUNDS OF HOME

© Olive Shooter, Allora, Qld.

I love the bush sounds when it's early, the twitter and tweet of the birds,
The little sweet wren and the finches and even the sprag's jumbled words.
The hens are a-stirring and scratching, the ducks are a-hissing to warn!
The farmyard is coming to life now - for these are the Sounds of the Morn.

There carps an old crow in the background who always is sending out 'CAW'
While cows are contentedly mooing the bull roars his bellowing more!
A tractor drones on in the paddock, the horse whinnies - yearning for hay,
A dog is excitedly yapping - for those are the Sounds of the Day.

Yes, dogs are continu'lly barking, you'd think that they NEVER will stop!
The cockies are screeching so loudly and pillage the ripe sorghum crop!
The ominous growling of thunder with rain coming down pretty soon,
The jackass is laughing the storm in - the Sounds of the time after Noon.

The dark comes with evening and day-sounds are rapidly gracefully changing,
Crickets are trilling their love call, the birds set for night re-arranging,
Foxes will scream in the distance, the dingos will howl the moonlight,
That whispering tinkle of breeze rustling trees are the Sounds in the Night.

The patter of rain on the tin roof, the cat is content giving purrs,
With creaking of house cooling down and the bubbling pot somebody stirs,
Sweet song of the simmering kettle and baby 'goos' - playing around,
The chimney flue whistles the wind - this is Home and its Beautiful Sound.

"Diamond Lilly's Gone Caravanning."

© Peter Frazer

As you travel this wide country,
Beneath the skies so blue.
You're bound to run across
The Caravanning crew'.

You'll strike them on the highways
And country towns outback.
Or camped beside a billabong
On some a secret winding track.

Caravanners are a diverse mob
In age and sex and size.
With a broader range of characters
Than most do realise.

There's no membership requirements
On budget or points of view
And the size and style of van
Is really up to you.

Some vans are quite simple.
Others quite immense.
With every mod con
Except the garden fence.

Some call them "Grey Nomads"
As they see them trundle by
But not all of them are ageing,
So you have to wonder why.

There are families, and singles
And the post teenage set,
And some looking for a home,
Who just haven't found it yet.

There are the baby boomers
Who say they like to "SKI"
'SPENDING THE KIDS IN HERITANCE"
As Australia now they see.

There are the "empty nesters"
Seeking a new meaning for life.
And always the odd husband
Escaping from the wife.

Then there are the "Retirees"
Fleeing the heat or cold.
And some that simply refuse
To accept they are getting old.

One such retiree of note
Is a lady called "Diamond Lill"
A caravanning identity
Known from Cairns to Broken Hill.

Now Lilly is a widow.
Her late husband name was Doug.
She was well upon , Life's journey,
Before she caught the vanning bug.

She had a little cottage.
With a garden out the back.
And life was very orderly
And never went off track.

Until she retired
Put her working life away.
Then staying home alone
Just filled her with dismay.

One day in the junk mail
A notice caught her eye.
Inviting senior citizens
To give caravans a try.

"Come and see Australia"
"In an economical way.
Travel at your own pace.
You choose where you stay".

Off she went to the van show
And wandered two and fro,
Inspecting all the caravans,
Lined up in a row.

Some were quite enormous.
Some were short and flat.
Some were so tiny
You couldn't swing a cat.

Then one day while out driving,
In her trusty Holden Ute.
She spotted a "For sale" sign
For a Caravan that might suit.

"Caravan for sale "it read
On the homemade sign.
"My beloved little caravan
From 1969."

So in she went to check it out.
And in a dusty farm shed
Sat a little blue caravan
Chooks were using as a bed.

Far smaller than today's vans,
Only two wheels beneath the tray.
It's exterior and interior,
Were as good as yesterday.

The interior was pastel pink.
With a little kitchen and a seat,
A bed and a cupboard
And curtains with a pleat.

Now some would call it Retro
And on its style dwell.
Lilly fell in love with it.
For she was Retro as well.

She bought it on the spot.
Paid cash on the day
Hooked up her new home,
And proudly drove away.

And so began the legend
Of this lady, "Diamond Lill".
Who turned her back on suburbia
And a house upon the hill.

In her trusty Holden Ute
With her Blue bubble in tow,
She beetles around the state,
Wherever caravanner's go.

As caravanners never hurry.
Nomad life is not a race
She moves around the outback
At a slow and steady pace.

Sometimes she stays a night
Sometimes a week or two.
And then without warning,
Packs up and shoots through.

From Pittsworth in the south,
To Atherton on the hill,
And out west at Normanton
Come reports of Diamond .

Lill's a regular at Anakie
Where the gem miners thrive.
In winter heads to Harvey Bay
To watch the whales arrive.

She 's a whiz at reversing
Turns her Bubble on a dime.
There were no 'Motor movers"
Back in 1969 .

In she wheels onto her "Pitch"
Then sets up her site.
A fold out chair and table.
She is ready for the night.

As larger vanner's straggle in
And unpack, and set up gear.
Lill sits and watches them,
As she sips upon a beer.

If you call her a "Grey Nomad"
Or too her age do refer,
She'll quickly inform you
She's a "Vintage Teenager!"

Around the evening campfire
She may sing a song or three.
Or share yarns of her youth
When she was young a free.

When she ran a pub in Kenya.
They called her "Diamond Lill",
That was in the seventies
But she answers to it still

You see Lill, found a family
In the caravanning set.
And with these nomad spirits
Perhaps she's travelling yet.

As she and her little bubble
Chase the sunset through the west.
Seeking those special campsites
Only caravanner's know best.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Re Tom McIlveen's letter. P19, Aug/Sept Magazine.

Towards the end of Tom's letter he writes: There are only a handful of writers in Australia today who can write at this level.
He is referring to Traditional Bush Verse in perfect meter and rhyme as the toughest and most challenging of all genres.
There, Tom, is the very concern of so many you refer to as disgruntled, aspiring poets.
You are wrong to say these writers want to lower the standard of technically perfect poetry. They DON'T!
They want the opportunity to compete on a level playing field. That is, a standard that with practice and encouragement, will promote them to higher planes.
I have previously written to ABPA(12/6/20) regarding the possibility of Novice and Intermediate standards being available for the many who write at a lesser standard, in the hope of practising to become better.
I'll wager these aspirants outnumber the masters many times. Can ABPA promote incentives for them, even though extended conditions will be necessary in competitions?

Kevin Pye.

Response to Gary Fogarty's letter, published in the June/July edition of the A.B.P.A. Magazine.

Firstly, I must commend Gary for drawing to the attention of A.B.P.A. members several issues of interest to us all. I am certain Gary has already received a broad range of responses from Bush Poets right across Australia. With that in mind, I will address only the two questions raised in the conclusion of the letter: **"Do YOU consider Bush Poetry to be worth fighting for and what are YOU going to do about it?"**

Throughout my studies, my career in Education, and my retirement, I have promoted, written, and performed Poetry in all genres; but my specialty has always been Australian Bush Poetry. Last week, I completed my latest Bush Ballad: yesterday, I wrote my latest set of instructional notes. I am still contributing actively to the cause. For an exceptionally long time, I have been fighting consistently, conscientiously, and effectively in every aspect of Bush Poetry because **the craft is worth the fight.**

What am I going to do about this? As far as Bush Poetry is concerned, I intend to keep on keeping on as I have done for so long. I will continue to support the A.B.P.A. as a member and as a contributor to the Magazine. I will continue to participate in Written Bush Poetry competitions by submitting my original poems and paying the due fees. Most importantly, I will continue to submit poems that have been written to my highest possible standard and which illustrate the very best, both technically and subjectively, that I can offer at the time. I will never aspire to the increasingly common philosophy that **"Near enough is good enough! Anything goes!"**

I cannot emphasise enough the importance of accurate, exemplary, inspiring poetic techniques in the maintenance and future progress of Bush Poetry. Experience has shown me that this is the most difficult, demanding, and restrictive poetry genre of all – especially if it is written well enough to meet the standards of Henry Lawson, Banjo Paterson, Will Ogilvie, et al. If we are serious about Bush Poetry, we must aspire to this – or as close as we can.

It is my firm belief that an excellent performance poem must start out as an excellent written poem. The performance 'trimmings' come later. I am certain that all readers of the June/July Magazine will remember **Tom McIlveen's brilliant, award-wining poem, "The Wild One."** If you have not yet read the poem, then do so, please. (Page 12, with illustrations.) Now, Gary, here is something else I will do towards the 'fight.' I will refer to Tom's poem as another example of his ability to write Bush Poetry that is exemplary in both areas of the genre – written and performance verse.

As a written Bush Poem, "The Wild One" definitely ticks all the requisite boxes. The poem reads smoothly and briskly with excellent use of enjambment and no glitches. The alternate rhyme scheme is faultless and natural. With those auxiliary concerns out of the way, boxes ticked, we can focus on the truly memorable features – a powerful and interesting narrative line and highly original character elements. All three characters leap into life through the lines of the poem. Three? Yes! Two blokes and the bull. Tick those boxes. At the same time, tick the boxes for the essential technicalities such as spelling, grammar, syntax, punctuation, and suitability of word-choice (very strong feature). Give another tick for deft handling of the one-sided dialogue /monologue and the correct punctuation thereof.

We are not finished, yet. Consider the structure – the technical framework that dictates how the poem will look on the page, and the Introduction – Body – Conclusion format that gives the poem logicality and unity, two very important aspects of the overall poem. A quick survey reveals a very tidy appearance with eleven 4-line stanzas / quatrains. Closer inspection shows the detail of the three divisions: Stanzas 1-4 form the introductory section of monologue, set the scene, and begin to outline narrative and character. Stanzas 10 and 11 complete the narrative, surprise readers with an unexpected change of plan, and create a sense of unity/finality. More boxes!

Stanzas 5 – 9, the middle bit, highlight the extent of originality in the poem. In this section, tongue in cheek, the writer delves into the genealogical, geographical, and biological background of the Wild One. I was delighted with this fact-and-fiction combination that adds to the characterisation of the bull, and also highlights the twinkle in the eye of the 'brother' who speaks in the characteristically sardonic style associated with the true-blue bush balladists. The writer's close association with the poem content goes without question. He is convincing. Ticks galore! Throw in another tick or two for the strong thematic elements of empathy and basic humanity that underscore the entire poem.

With the boxes all ticked, an overview of the poem, reading it aloud, with expression, will reveal a poem that would be well-deserving of winning an award for written Bush Verse. At this stage, the poem is also well on the way to winning a performance award. This will come down to the dramatic skills of the performer – clarity of words, suitability of tone adopted, ability to interpret emotion, facial expression, body movement, gesture, vocal variation, ability to communicate with the audience… There will be no end to the possibilities.

Thank you, Tom, for another Bush Poetry Masterpiece. Thank you, Gary, for setting this 'fight' in overt motion.

Irene Dalgety Timpone

LETTER TO EDITOR

I read the Letters to the Editor, in response to my own, and I must say they left me bemused. I don't intend to enter into a public haggle via the magazine, everybody is entitled to an opinion, and I have no issue with people disagreeing with me. However, when people reference me in giving their opinions and make inferences that are misleading, I feel I must try and correct these mis-claims.
I am disappointed both Tom McIlveen and Meg Gordon have referenced my initial letter in their responses, but neither have addressed the core issues that I raised.

Kathy Edward's letter raised the topic of "Slam Poetry", and I commend her on raising the idea for discussion. It highlights a less structured judging system which worked well.
Tom, would suggest I'm a 'Doomsday Predictor', siting ABPA membership of 235 as cause for optimism. I see myself as a 'Realist' and remember ABPA membership close to 500. Tom missed the point with those who have severed ties with the ABPA , they no longer receive the Magazine and would therefore be unaware of either my letter or the replies.
I'd like to correct Tom's version of history. Those he named are members of the highly successful 'Naked Poets", who certainly contributed greatly to increasing the audience for Bush Poetry. Now some of those named were indeed there right at the start of the new revival, others of the group, like myself and several more unnamed poets, came along in what I would call the second wave, benefiting from, and expanding on what those before had done. Then later, came the Naked Poets.
Tom agrees Bush Poetry crowds are waning (another Doomsayer?). He suggests it's not because of the quality, passion or capability of modern day performers, again agreeing with me. It's his next statement that I disagree with. "There are many contemporary, so called non-professional Performing Poets around the traps today that could easily hold their own on any national or world stage, given the opportunity." Well Tom, where are they? Why haven't we seen them performing at multiple events? I've certainly not seen them, they've not made themselves known to Festival organisers, they've not crossed paths with fellow poets who regularly talk on this matter. The opportunity's there, just demonstrate you can hold your own in a show setting and are prepared to meet the obligations all top poets face. Give me names and I'll guide them to potential gigs.

I don't get Tom's analogy between Bush Poetry and the Beatles, the Beatles made a huge splash in both the pop and rock genres, while we no longer have the Beatles the actual genres have continued on, unabated, ever since. Once again Tom seems to prove my point for me.

Tom's suggestion about Paterson & Lawson being blocked from writing for the Bulletin is of course ridiculous, but instead of relating it to our top written poets not being allowed to compete in competitions, I think it should point to the fact that Paterson & Lawson were paid to write for the Bulletin and that today's leading written poets should have the courage to back their own talent and monetise their writings, rather than compete against beginners.

Tom's final comment about not lowering the standard of our craft is again in line with what I said. I never suggested we should not strive to be technically correct. I raised the issue that if we ignore good storytelling, that technical correctness is irrelevant, and I stand firmly behind that. I also suggested, learning the art of good storytelling before facing the strict rules of rhyme and metre would encourage more beginner poets to stick with Bush Poetry. Has anybody seen Paterson's or Lawson's very first attempts at Bush Poetry? I think not, they likely ended up in the bin.

Tom's comment about disgruntled poets who want to 'lower' the standard starting a new genre of "Performance Poetry", is exactly the sort of misguided statement that has befallen the ABPA. Maybe, Performance Poetry should be seen as 'equal' to Written Poetry and treated as such within the ABPA. Maybe, just maybe, if the standard of storytelling in Written Poetry could be lifted to equal that in Performance Poetry we may well see that long awaited 'masterpiece'.

In relation to Meg's response, it would appear to me that when mentioning the ABPA that Meg is referring to the Committee, while in my Letters I refer to the ABPA in its entirety, both Members and Committee combined. Take those differences out and Meg is agreeing with much of what I said.

I join with the Magazine Editor and agree that Meg was incorrect in claiming a young poet was 'discovered' while competing in the Golden Damper. Meg is also incorrect in claiming that the top poets get 'discounted Insurance' being ABPA members, as better prices are available elsewhere.

Meg's suggestion about access to names of poets who have succeeded in competitions to use in our shows highlights perfectly some of the problems within the ABPA. 1. To win a competition, you need to do one, high impact, poem well. This has absolutely NO relevance as to what's needed by a poet to succeed in a show, where poets need to do brackets of poems linked by yarns, jokes, patter etc. Poets not only need enough good material to do one, two, or more sets, they also have to be able to adapt their performances depending on audience demographics. 2. Top poets are busy finding gigs for themselves, as they've done since starting as unexperienced poets. It's not their role to find gigs for others, that's up to the individual poet. However, nearly every top poet I know, has provided multiple opportunities to emerging poets. 3. Event Organisers usually decide which poets get the bulk of paid work(thereby defining the 'Top Poets'). They're constantly searching for 'new' talent. They base their decisions on many factors, the major one is proven ability to entertain their audience.. 4. Is it easy? No, every poet who has made it to this 'top level' has done it hard.

I'm behind the idea (Carol Heucan idea) of a weekend of workshops, I'm also behind a series of internet workshops (Mick Martin idea). I believe subjects covered in workshops need to be broad, covering more than the usual Writing & Performing. But workshops are only part of the answer.

I agree that more of our members need to put their hands up to help, it would be the sign of a healthy organisation if we actually had to vote for positions on Committee. As we've not voted on any position for years now, it's another sign that the ABPA is in trouble.

Every single person who contacted me following my letter(from 'top poets' to beginners), was supportive of the issues I raised. Some raised small differences, but in the main 100% were supportive. A similar letter, which I sent directly to Committee was not received as well by the one committee member who emailed me. I am yet to receive an official reply from the Committee as a whole, although I did talk with the President by phone, who strongly condemned the inappropriate and unethical way my letter to Committee was handled.

I agree we should make better use of our Facebook and Website. To achieve this we need to be inviting, vibrant and easy to use. I believe our aging website needs a complete rebuild. As we've some money, I suggest both the Facebook and Website moderators need to be paid, similar to our Magazine Editor. If we have people with the appropriate skills in the ABPA, great, otherwise we need to look outside our membership.

Bush Poetry has been good to me and I'm appreciative of the opportunities given me, my letter was about trying to ensure that emerging Bush Poets have a similar pathway for their poetry journey. A pathway that I believe is currently blocked. I urge you, please read my original letter for yourself and form you own opinions rather than reading ill-directed replies.

Gary Fogarty

BENALLA BUSH ENTERTAINMENT MUSTER

14 – 16th October 2022

The Muster is known as a friendly annual gathering for musicians and bush poets and their friends, with Poets' Breakfasts, Concerts, Walkups, ANZAC tribute at Weary Dunlop statue, and Novice Bush Poet Comp. (No Victorian Song Championships).

Lots of laughs and participation. New audiences very welcome.
Guests include Greg Champion, Katie Stroud, Geoffrey Graham, Maggie Somerville, Stephen Whiteside, Jim Brown, David and Anne Bell.
Go to Victorian Bush Poets and Friends Facebook page for programme and enquiries to Jan.

Weekend wristband $35/$30 Food/drink available at Benalla Bowls Club Bistro.

Jan Lewis 0422 848 707 info@vbpma.com.au
Colin Carrington 0401 076 085 mulgabillbushpoet@gmail.com

Variety concerts on Friday & Saturday night
Poets Breakfasts - Musos welcome – Saturday and Sunday
Novice Poetry Competition, but NO Vic. Song C'ships. in 2022.

Fun and laughter assured – ample opportunities for performance
Wristband $35 or $30 for Seniors/Concession & Poetry Club members
or pay by session
Program at www.vbpma.com.au

Info: Jan Lewis 0422 848 707 E: info@vbpma.com.au

"Me Old, Original BUNNINGS Hessian Bag."

© Peter White, 2022

It's Satdy mornin' once again and BUNNINGS bag in hand,
I head off down to BUNNINGS to their bread and sausage stand.
Me weekend wouldn't be complete without a bread and snag.
You'll know I am a regular by me original, hessian bag.

New bags are polypropylene, a shade of bottle green,
with the BUNNINGS logo on it. The nicest bag I've seen.
Me old bag is faded now. You can barely read the name.
But for carryin' me purchases it's handy just the same.

A sweet, young thing worked the barbie, turnin' all the snags.
She thought herself an expert on BUNNINGS carry bags.
"Hey, Grandad," she said to me, "your bag's all faded and worn!
How long have you had it?" "Since before you were born!"

"Why don't you buy a new one? Its use-by-date has passed!"
"So has mine!" I answered back, "But we're both made to last!"
"Would you like a snag on bread with onions and brown sauce?"
"You read me mind," I said to her. "The answer's "Yes", of course."

She handed me me snag on bread and then we had a chat.
"Well, Grandad," she said to me, "what do you think of that?"
"It's really good. You know your onions," I honestly reply.
I must admit that sweet, young thing was easy on the eye.

Time to go. I've had a snag. I've also had a flirt.
It's all a bit of harmless fun. Nobody gets hurt.
I may be old, just like me bag, but I'll give you the word,
me old, original BUNNINGS hessian bag still pulls a bird.

RHYMERS VARIETY SHOW DRAWS A FULL HOUSE.

Wauchope Arts Hall was packed to the rafters for September's inaugural Rhymers Variety Show. Hosted by Tom Mcilveen & Susan Ashton, it proved very popular with not only local Wauchopians, but also with visitors from as far afield as Newcastle, Gloucester and Coffs Harbour. They came from far and near to see Ray Essery, Bill Kearns & Greg North, three of our finest and funniest, doing what they do best...and that is to entertain, captivate and beguile an audience to the max.

All three were in magnificent form and gave it their all.

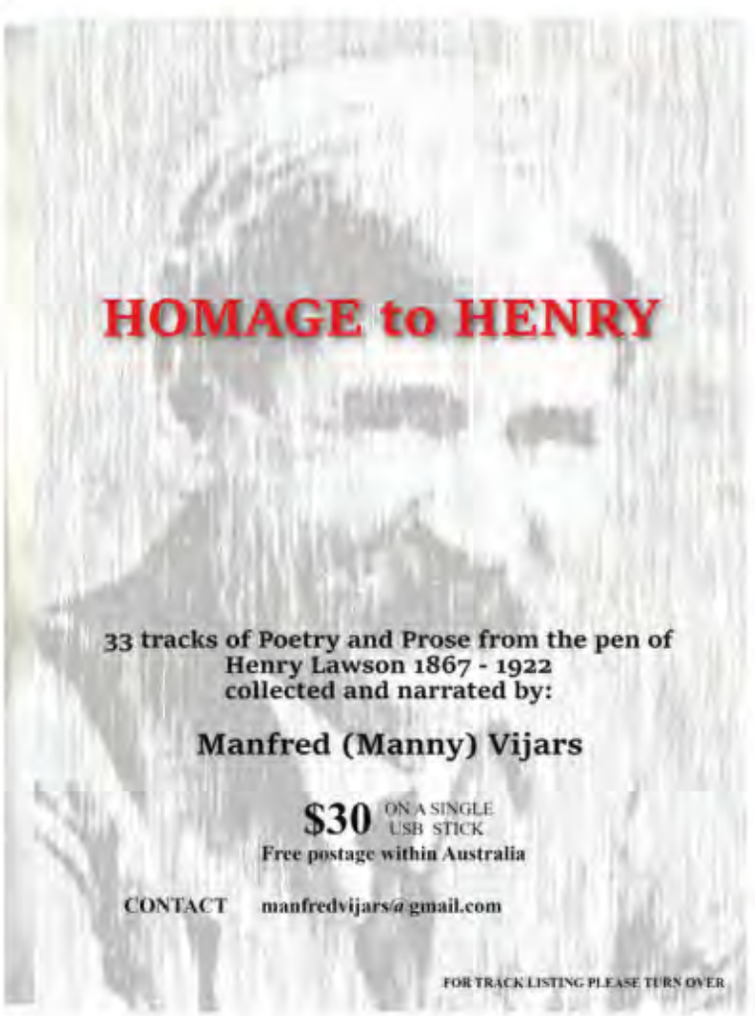
Tom and Susan opened the show with a few songs before introducing Ray, Bill and Greg. It proved to be a successful mix and the audience could not have been more appreciative. We got rave reviews after the show and many have asked us when will we having another.

Bush Poetry has become the flavour of the month here, with many of the Coastal locals having experienced it for the first time.

We managed to entice them to come and see a Rhymers' Variety Show, as opposed to to a specific Poets' Show, which from past experience, conjures up images to many, of Poets reading their poems to a somewhat unenthused audience.

Word of mouth here locally will ensure that we continue to get good numbers coming to future shows. We have laid the foundation and will continue to build on it. We are grateful to Ray, Greg and Bill for having gotten us off to a flying start and will continue to invite them and other Performing Poets to do similar shows here in future. We will be hosting our Bush Poets Breakfast at the West Tamworth Bowling Club again next January, and in conjunction with Ray Essery, will be hosting Frank Daniel Award walkups afterwards for any Poets coming to Tamworth.

Tom Mcilveen & Susan Ashton.



2022 Nandewar Poetry Competition Results

The winners for the 2022 Nandewar Poetry Competition are
1st. Brenda Joy for her poem "Another Dawn"
2nd Shelley Hansen for her poem "On The Brink"
3rd Brian Alston for his poem "Mum's Pacan Pie Fudge"

Highly Commened's went to
Tom McIlveen for his poem "Where Angels Tread"
Caterine Lee for her poem "Standing Firm"
John Moyes for his poem "Grandpa's New Car"

John Peel was again the honorary judge and our thanks to him also.

Regards
Max Pringle

ANOTHER DAWN

© Brenda Joy

The bell is tolling, death looms near, my agony's intense.
My mind cascades from peace to fear. I'm in and out of sense.
How easy just to end it all and let my life abate,
but deep inside I feel the call that challenges that fate.

In mainstream terms, I'm not the same, I lead a hidden life.
My love goes by another name without the title 'wife'.
I've never had a 'coming out' (there was no scope to hide).
Appearances left little doubt; belonging was denied.

Equality was thin disguise extolled to ease the guilt
of those who turned unseeing eyes when victims' blood was spilt.
The bullying in word and deed became the basic rule.
Avoidance was a covert creed throughout my years at school.

Career would bring a hidden gain – I found I could immerse
myself in other-people's pain when I became a nurse.
So outer happiness was feigned upon a service hinge,
but underneath I still remained a dweller on the fringe.

You saw the sorrowing that lay behind my bright façade.
Your care then helped me put away the image hate had scarred.
You taught that being different did not decrease my worth
and that the right to love was meant for everyone on earth.

You showed me that community is every person's need
and through our bond of unity, my spirit could be freed.
At last I did not feel ashamed of who I was inside.
My 'preference' could be proclaimed without the need to hide.

And yet... this vicious, urban stray attacked without a cause
beyond the fact that I was gay and followed other mores.
My body's gutted, slashed apart, but I'm not giving in.
I'll struggle through with all my heart. I will not let him win!

I've sung my brothers' eulogies, I'm not afraid of death,
but why should social bigotries decide my final breath?
I cannot let that monster's knife, his brutal, fierce attack,
be cause that takes my earthly life. "Go Death! I'm fighting back!"

If God should grant I stay alive, I'll play an active role
to help those being spurned survive traumatic trials of soul,
and I will pray that He may bless the coming of the dawn
where seeds of higher consciousness lie waiting to be born.

Softening of the Stone

Christmas suggestions-books:

Softening of the Stone
Softening of the Stone Vol 2 and Vol 3
Front Row at the Packers Goanna to Dragon

My poetry conveys the idyllic conditions under which we live in Australia extending from the wonderful natural beauty of our varied diverse terrain to the people and native animals which call it home. Covering all the seasons of our exceptional climate and the brutal harshness of natural disasters, which we may endure. Showcased are our amazing and interesting unique birds and animals and their contribution to Australia's mosaic of life. Featured are many activities: adventures, sporting and hobby interests enjoyed during our leisure time. Also covered are many characters and places of interest with unique geographic features.
'Front Row at the Packers' covers the authors 25 years working with the Kerry Packer Group of companies, part-biography, part corporate history and part fly-on-the-wall. A great read!

Robert Davis

Order your copy: Davis2021books@hotmail.com
Include your name and address and
Deposit: $25 postage included BSB 062 692 Acc 4750 7454
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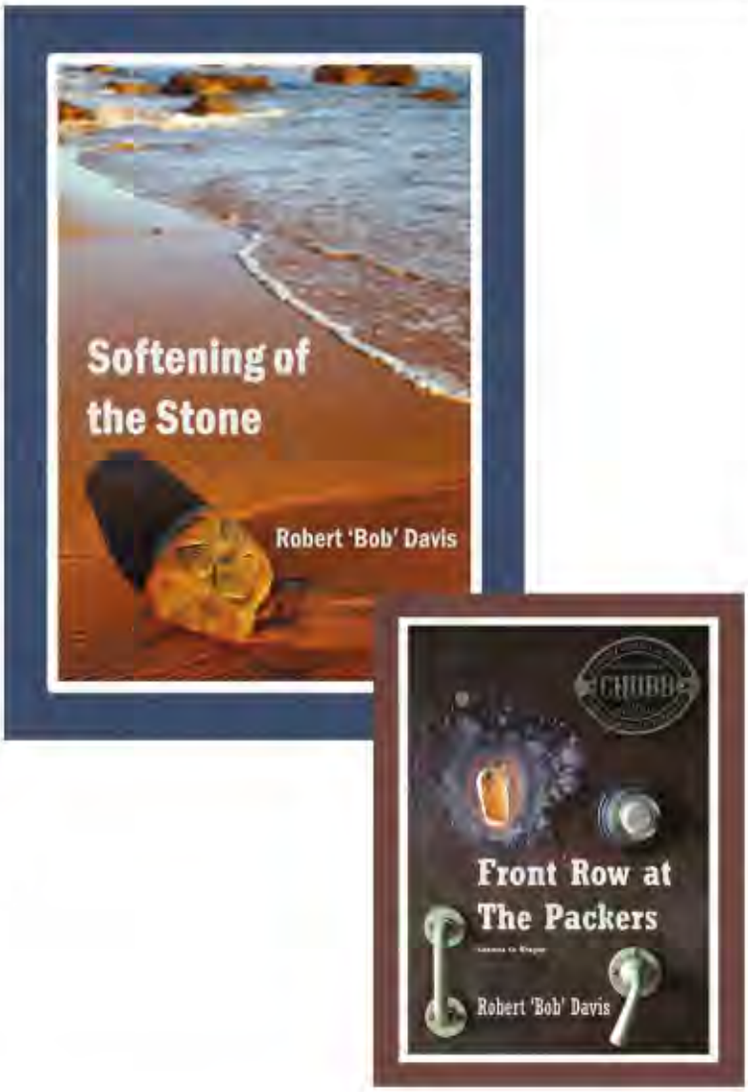

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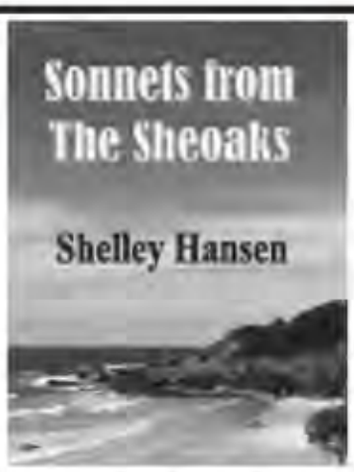

A house
A piano
A book of poems
A forgotten life

A chance discovery unlocks a story of young love set against the backdrop of Australia in wartime – the aftermath of which will link three generations in a tale of resilience through

Debut Novel by Award-Winning Bush Poet Shelley Hansen "Lady of Lines"

"Sonnets from The Sheoaks" is a unique novel that very few people could accomplish. Shelley Hansen's outstanding verse skills are seamlessly woven through a touching, historically accurate and compelling narrative to create a delightful and enjoyable read. Here intrigue, romance and realism combine into a real page-turner. It's like nothing I've ever read before and I highly recommend it to you.

– Gregory North www.gregorynorth.com.au
(Australian Bush Poetry Performance Champion 2008-09-10 and Author of "Winton in the Year of Waltzing Matilda 1895-6")

$32 including postage within Australia
Available via Shelley's website
www.shelleyhansen.com

Regular Monthly Events

NSW

Illawarra Breakfast Poets meet every Wednesday at 7am at Marco Polo facility at Woonona. Ample parking, everyone welcome.
"Laggan Bush Poets." The Laggan Pub, Laggan NSW. The 1st Wednesday of every month, starting at 7.30pm. For furtherd-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 StreetSingleton. 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

QUEENSLAND

North Pine Bush Poets Group meet at the rear of Coutts Cottage, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month from nine a.m. to twelve noon. Contact the President Ian on 0427212461 or the Secretary Mal on 0417765226.
Kuripla Poets - last Sunday of the month 2pm to 4.30pm, Croquet Hall, 91 Codelia St. Sth Brisbane. Contact Marilyn 0458 598 683
Geebung Writers - 9.30 am every 2nd Wednesday of the month at Geebung RSL. Contact Jean (07)32654349
Bundaberg Poets Society Inc.2nd Saturday of the month. Rum City Silver Band Hall, Targo Street. Contact Jayson (07) 4155 1007 Edna 0428 574 651 or Sandy (07) 41514631.
Beaudesert Bush Bards meet on the **Second** Friday of each month from 9.30am at the Beaudesert Arts & information Centre, Mt.Lindesay H'way, Beaudesert. Phone 07 5541 2662 or 3272 4535.
Russell Island Writers Circle - 2nd Thursday of the month at 9.30 am. St. Peters Church Hall (Next to IGA). $2 donation. Contact Trish (07)34091542
Shorncliff "Poets of the Park" "Poets of the Park" meet at St Margaret's Church Hall in Sandgate, beside the primary.every 3rd Tuesday from 5-45 pm contact 042 15 14 555
Toowoomba Bush Poets-meet on the second Saturday of the month at the Toowoomba Library meeting rooms from 10am -12. Contact Peter 0401130636.
Townsville Bush Poetry Mates Inc meet every the first Saturday of every month at 1pm at Aitkenvale Library Meeting Room at 7:00pm. Loads of fun. All welcome. Contact Barry on 0487 195 156
Bribie Island Bush Poets meet at 6.30 pm on the 4th Monday of each month in the Conference Room of the Blue Pacific Hotel, Woorim on Bribie Island. Contact Cay - 07 34083219
Logan Performance Bush Poets - meet 2nd Sunday of every month, 9 to 11am at the Beenleigh Historical Village. 205 Mains Road Beenleigh. All Welcome. Breakfast available Ring Gerry 0499942922..

Victoria

Kyabram Bush Verse Group- First Monday, every second month, namely Feb, April, June, Aug, Oct, Dec. at the Kyabram Baptist Church meeting room, crn Fenaughty Street and Lake Road Kyabram 7.30pm. Contact Mick Coventry 0427-522097
Gippsland Bush Poets meet Monthly, 7.30pm on the 2nd Thursday of the month at the RSL Hall in Hood St. Rosedale
Top of the Murray Poets and Bush Storytellers (TOMPABS) meet Monthly (mostly Tuesdays in Corryong) for writing work-shops, Monthly on 3rd Sunday for Music and Poetry at Maurie Foun's 'Poets' Paradise' . Contact Jan Lewis (02) 60774332
Bendigo Goldfields Bush Poets - Third Sunday even numbered months, except December when second Sunday.Bendigo Club, 22 Park St, Strathdale (Bendigo) 1pm to 4pm. Contacts: Geoffrey Graham 0412725470 or Ken Jones 03 5441 5121
Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. – Meet third Saturday each month/except January. Monastery Hall St. rear St. Francis Church. Lonsdale street. Melbourne. All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896
Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

Perth 1st Friday monthly 7-9.30pm The Auditorium, 26 Plantation Drive, Bentley Park. Contact Rodger 0419 666 168 or Sue 0418 941 016
Albany 4th Tuesday monthly. Contact Peter 08 9844 6606
Bunbury 1st Monday even months 7pm. Rose Hotel. Contact Alan 0400 249 243 or Ian 0408 212 636
Geraldton 2nd Tuesday monthly. Beliar Caravan Park. Contact Roger 0427 625 181
Kalgoorlie 1st Wednesday monthly. Kalgoorlie Country Club. Contact Paul Browning 0416 171 809