A.B.P.A.

Australian Bush Poets Association
Volume 28 No. 6 December/January 2022/23

Merry Christmas and a Safe New Year
to all our Members and their Families

BUSH POETS BREAKFAST VARIETY SHOW TO HOST FRANK DANIEL WALKUP AWARDS IN TAMWORTH NEXT MONTH

Following the success of last April's Bush Poets Breakfast shows at West Tamworth Bowling Club, Tom McILveen and Susan Ashton will again be hosting a similar show for next month's upcoming Tamworth Country Music Festival.

The difference this time being the inclusion of The Frank Daniel Walkup Awards, for performing poets wishing to come to Tamworth to compete for a winner's trophy and prize-money for 1st place, and a runner-up 2nd placed trophy and prize-money. The Frank Daniel Award originated in Tamworth several years ago and was the brain child of Ray Essery, who donated the 1st trophy and part of the prize money. It was held at St Edward's Hall and attracted a large cross section of poets, including several newbies at the time, who today have gone on to compete and win in various performance competitions throughout the country and have firmly established themselves as performing poets of note. It has always been Ray's intention to foster and encourage new performing poets coming to Tamworth and I intend to do my utmost to support him in this. We are now endeavouring to keep the spirit of performance poetry competition alive in Tamworth, by supporting and resurrecting the Frank Daniel Awards. First placed Trophy is again being donated by Ray Essery, with 2nd placed trophy to be donated by Tom McILveen. We are asking all poets to come and support us in this, whether you are a new kid on the block or a seasoned veteran, you will be welcome to compete or to assist in the administration of daily competitions.

The Bush Poets Breakfast Variety Show at West Tamworth Bowling Club will have a similar line up to last April. Hosted by Tom McILveen and Susan Ashton who will introduce each performer as well as provide music for variety in between performances... featuring Ray Essery, Bill Kearns, Greg North, Paddy O'Brien, John Peel, Peter Mace and David Melville. Commencing Monday the 16th January at 830am to 1030am, it will run daily till Saturday 21st January inclusive.

The Frank Daniel Walkup Awards will commence immediately after the Poets Breakfast Show on Tuesday 17th January commencing at 1030am ...then Wednesday the 18th January...1030am, with the finals and awards on Thursday the 19th January at 1030am.

We are also hoping to run our annual Thursday Night Poets Get- Together Dinner and Variety Show at Tamworth Oxley Gardens again this year on Thursday the 19th January commencing 630pm.

Expressions of interest and enquiries to be directed to
Tom McILveen at email ....thepoetofoz@gmail.com or telephone 0417251287.

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

A full Calendar of Bush Poetry events over recent months has seen our Art form continue it's presentation to new audiences and staunch fans alike.

To see the Mildura Country Music Festival up and going again and highlighting the walk-up Poets Breakfasts was wonderful and the venue we were given was flasher than Kerry Packer's socks!

And then to see a giant Cruise Ship full of artists from Adam Harvey right through to Suzi Quatro and The Angels, but also featuring some of our very top Aussie talent in Mel & Susie, Greg North and Gary Fogarty entertaining on board was also great to see (or sea)!

To see Bush Poetry included in these events really does warm the hearts of those who have kept Bush Poetry going forward as a Performance Art over the past few decades.

But now we look forward to a break (for most) over the Christmas/New Year period before packing up and heading for Tamworth, still the Mecca of Bush Poetry and then on to the National Bush Poetry Competition in Orange.

A big thanks to everyone who answered my call for submissions, and if they haven't appeared in the Magazine to date, don't fear, for I now have a stock of poems to filter through in upcoming Magazines, rather than publish the lot at once and leave the cupboards bear for the next edition! A big thanks in particular to those who sent Christmas themed Poems, as I rarely, these days, receive Poems relevant to the time of year the Magazine goes to print. Easter, Anzac Day, Remembrance Day etc.

I wish all our Members and their families a wonderful Christmas and an outstanding New Year, which you all deserve after the hiccups we all experienced over recent times with the Pandemic.

Neil McArthur

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Quarter Page not available

Poets Calendar and Regular Events free (on or two lines only)

To help offset costs, articles regarding a festival 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 27th 2023

President's Report

The Australian National Bush Poetry Championship gets closer and the entries are starting to roll in.

Entry form and information available on the ABPA website and the Orange 360 site as well.

This is very well organized festival that has been refined over the years and will be a lot of fun.

The poetry performance competition is being held on Thursday 23rd and Friday 24th February 2023 at the Returned Services Club in Orange.

There are a number of poets breakfasts, a poetry slam and opportunity, on Saturday 25th for people to perform who don't want to compete in the National Championship.

In general, festivals with a bush poetry component are going as well as they ever have which is very heartening.

I recently conducted a two day poetry writing workshop for the kids at Bedourie State School. They were very engaged and full of ideas, so bush poetry is not dying it just needs to be encouraged.

The digitizing of all our past magazines is continuing, with the last seven being found recently.

On a non- poetry note it has come as a bit of a shock to leave temperatures in the high thirties to return to the mid teens and raining.

Tim Sheed
President ABPA

Dear Poets

Here is another reminder of the fabulous opportunities coming up for the 2023 Banjo Paterson Australian Poetry Festival in Orange, 17 to 26 February 2023. We have the following competitions:

Deidre Penhall Poetry Prize – a writing competition for young women (18 to 30) who live in the Central West of NSW. Closes 21 December so time is running out. Details are on www.rotaryclubofforange.org.au

National Bush Poetry Performance Championships – details and entry forms are on the Australian Bush Poets website www.abpa.org.au

Youth performance poetry competition – for Primary School and High School students. Details are on www.rotaryclubofforange.org.au

Open performance poetry competition – for those not entering the national championships. Details are on www.rotaryclubofforange.org.au

The Blackened Billy Writing Awards – an annual national competition. Closes on 30 November 2022 so time is really running out. Details are on https://blackenedbillyversecompetition.com/

Poetry Brawl at Molong – one-minute poems. Details from Jude Taylor 0405 021 265.

There are also opportunities for walk-up competitions and performances (including yarn spinning) at pubs, wineries and outdoors. The draft program is at www.rotaryclubofforange.org.au and a printed program will be developed in the next month which I will send to you as a PDF.

Please pass this email on to others who may be interested.

Plan your trip to Orange now.

Regard
Len Bank
Presiden
Rotary Club of Orang

"CHRISTMAS AT GRANDPA'S."

© Peter White

We spend our Christmas out at Grandpa's station, "BAKKABERK".
He's getting pretty old now but still does heaps of work.
In his shearing shed, he's still handy with the shears.
Pretty good for an old bloke! Pa must be sixty years.

Our Gran is pretty old, too, but always has a smile.
She beats everyone else's hugs by a country mile.
In her huge and spotless kitchen she's a cooking 'wiz'
and she never gets all flustered, no matter how hot it is.

"BAKKABERK" is not like home as we live on the coast
but because it's different is what I like the most.
You can really see all those countless stars at night.
Every day is clear, with the sun so hot and bright.

To reach our Pa's we must drive for a couple of days.
Roads appear wet in places. Dad says, "Just heat haze."
On our way we overnight at the same pubs every year.
The owners welcome us as friends. They're like that way out here.

When we arrive the 'olds' are waiting on their wide veranda.
Spending time out here with them there's really nothing grander.
They always make us welcome. They're so happy we are there
and they go to so much trouble planning things for us to share.

Like looking out for gemstones the way we had been taught
or playing tennis on the homestead ant-bed tennis court.
Shooting a "Daisy" air rifle at a target on a tree,
climbing trees, chasing sheep, we are just so free.

On the lounge room walls paper streamers hang and drape
made by our Gran from different coloured paper crepe.
A decorated Cypress Pine that Pa found on his land
is in a corner, in a bucket filled with moistened sand.

Christmas lunch for many folk is glazed and baked leg ham,
but Gran and Pa always serve their "special" leg of lamb.
Teasingly my Dad says, "Hey, Jack! We all know you.
You wouldn't butcher one of your flock. It's leg of joey 'roo!"

No matter what the meat might be the taste ins really great
when teamed with lots of veggies that are piled high on your plate.
Pudding follows and, all of us, for 'seconds' will go back.
We're all hoping we will find a silver 'trey' or 'zack'.

We stagger from the table full of good plum 'duff' and cheer,
with barely room for a glass of Gran's home-made ginger beer.
I forego the pleasure of Gran's scones with cream and jam.
I need to wait an hour, then go swimming in the dam.

With us in the dam is "Digger", Pa's red kelpie dog.
My sister and I are hanging off a length of floating log.
One year Pa made us a raft from inner tubes and wood.
We floated on that raft for hors. Gee that raft was good.

Late afternoon, Dad and Pa, in squatters chairs will sit
and have a XXXX can or two, and they will chat a bit.
My Pa always says to me, "Hey, Pete. When you're a man
you'll become a member of our 'Krakkatinni Clan'."

All too soon our stay is over, we must now depart.
Our Gran's eyes fill with tears. Mum says. "Don't you start!"
Hugs and kisses all around, Dad says, "We're out of here
but you can bet we'll come again for Christmas time next year."

o-o-o-o-o-o

Gran and Pa are both long gone, the station all sold up.
I haven't driven out that way 'since Hector was a pup'.
Kids still come at Christmas time their Gran and Pa to see.
It fills my heart with so much joy for now that Pa is me.

BRINGING THE CATTLE HOME

© *Irene Dalgety Timpone*
Winner 2022 Betty Olle Award

Each sunrise at the homestead was a beauty to behold –
with Nature's palette at its very best:
the colours of a bushfire, mixed with clouds and edged with gold,
a contrast to the darkness in the west.

Each new day brings such promise to the people on the land -
for them, hard work and hope are much the same.
The pristine glow of dawning makes them feel they're in God's hand
and gives them strength to play life's complex game.

The cattleman's worst nightmare is that flames destroy his run,
consume the last of dwindling Summer feed,
take lives of men and cattle, burn down homes before they're done –
the last thing that bush folk will ever need.

We watched the dark smoke rising, one hot day in ninety-four.
Mum said, "There's nothing much that we can do.
We'll set the sprinklers going, beat the flames back from the door,
survive the hell this fire puts us through."

In pre-dawn chill, we went outside to face the world, next day,
the burnt-out landscape not a welcome sight.
A pall of black surrounded us and stretched so far away…
No miracles had happened overnight.

Some fifty miles of fencing-wire lay tangled on the ground,
the horses huddled near the house-cow's shed.
Three hundred head of Herefords were nowhere to be found.
They had no feed and they had, wisely, fled.

The native birds had flown away, the kangaroos had left.
The bloodwoods and the gums were scorched or charred.
Burnt fruit trees in Mum's orchard had her feeling quite bereft:
she'd nurtured them when times were very hard.

Mum worked the place for many years. Oh, how that woman tried
to prove that she could manage on her own.
She lived out all the dreams she'd shared with Dad until he died:
she lived the life they'd planned, but all alone.

Mum gazed at blackened, empty fields, and seemed so frail and small,
her former love of life no longer there:
her shoulders bowed down underneath the heavy weight of all
the extra burdens that she had to bear.

Although Mum always seemed to take each challenge on the chin,
the task of bringing home her precious herd
had caused a constant worry that she always held within.
She did not share, with me, a single word.

Through day and night, Mum fretted for her house cow, Smokey Jane.
She'd pampered her old pet for many years,
and though she tried so hard to make a secret of her pain,
I often saw a sudden flow of tears.

Some eight months after fire day, clouds built up in the East
the dark and churning kind that signals rain.
A heavy clap of thunder crashed to tell both man and beas
our world would soon be set to rights again.

I sensed the mixed emotions that my mother tried to hid
the long-feared muster would be no mean feat.
Oh, yes! That made her anxious, but she felt enormous pride
the fencing restoration was complete.

Where would we find the cattle, and how could we bring them bac
down timbered gullies, steep and overgrown,
through miles of unfenced country, all without a single track
Two women had to do it on their own.

I listened to the welcome noise of heavy rain, all night,
and thought about the round-up days ahead.
I heard the strangest noises as I waited for the light:
they added to my growing sense of dread.

I peered out through a window, saw the faintest golden sheer
to signify the coming break-of-day,
and heard a measured shuffling, sensed slight movement yet unseer
saw shadows shifting not too far away.

I heard impatient lowing and then, all at once, I knew
That Smokey Jane was waiting by the fence.
The darkness lifted slightly, and the herd came into view!
I've never felt elation more intense.

My mother was delighted and, until her dying day,
she loved to share her special 'dairy tale' –
how Smokey Jane brought home the herd by leading all the way
then led her month-old heifer to the bail.

Each new day brings such promise to the people on the land
For them, hard work and hope are much the same.
The pristine glow of dawning makes them feel they're in God's hand
And gives them strength to play life's complex game.

Mildura Country Music Festival 2022

Another Festival back up and running after the hiatus caused by Covid, was the Mildura Country Mus Festival.Now in the capable hands of Mildura Entertainment's Dave Storer, the Walk Up Poets Breakfasts were upmarkete to the Chandellier Room of the Grand Hotel in Seventh Street, one of the flashest venues I have held breakfasts in!

The Poets came from near and far, and I really do mean far, with Cowboy Poet KC LaCourse joining us from La Vegas in the States! Multi award winning Poet, Rhonda Tallnash also joined in and highlighted the Bill each day. Also the to entertain the big crowds were Kathy and Ross Vallence, Jim Lamb, Dave Mellville, Helen Averey, Jim Lamb, Gray Augh ten from Tasmania and a few others who came along to share their work.

A great concept that was endeared truely by Organisers, Venue, the Public and the Poets. Next year should b even bigger and better and what a great start to what will hopefully be many more Festivals in the heart of the beautif river city of Mildura.

Neil McArthur

Rhonda Tallnash

KC LaCourse

Jin Lamb

Dave Melville

Kathy Vallance

Well after a three year break due to Covid and floods the Kangaroo Valley Folk Festival returned with a bang.
A forty percent increase in attendance from 2019 and seven and a half hours of poetry.
Robyn Sykes, Alan Stone and myself were the so called feature poets however the standard of performances by the wa ups and the competitors had us all looking over our shoulders.
The festival invited a few slam poets to join the fray and they went down a treat, so much so that the Reciter of the Ye award.was jointly won by Alistair Carter and John Sutton

Peter Mace Bush Po
2012 Australian Bush Poetry Champio

AUSTRALIA DAY

© Max Pringle O.A.M.

In France they have their Bastille Day,
When they set the people free,
They executed king and queen,
And most of their royalty.

Well, some of them went overseas,
They preferred life their instead,
Of trying to remain in France
Where they'd likely lose their head.

Americans have their own day,
And it started with a joke,
When at the Boston tea party,
They threw off the British yoke.

Then when they finally won that war,
They sent Britons on their way
Then settled on July fourth
As their Independence Day.

The British have so many days
It's hard to tell which day is what,
The Queen's Birthday and Guy Fawkes Night,
They just celebrate the lot.

But one day they don't celebrate
It's one they tend to ignore
And that's the day that the First Fleet
Landed on Australia's shore.

This motley crew of vagabonds
When they got to Botany Bay
Said "it doesn't look inviting
Surely here we cannot stay."

They sailed off to another bay
With a fresh Tank Stream nearby
And so they liked the look of it
And thought they'd give it a try.

From these dregs of society
Sent to a land way down below
The land they called Australia
A great nation was to grow.

When Arthur Phillip raised the flag
On that first Australia Day
All of those he loved and cherished
Were a half a world away.

And as for those who'd come before,
Their existence was ignored,
To lose their ancient way of life
Ended up as their reward.

But then just like our ancestors
It was something they must face
Isolation's no protection
Now life's at a faster pace.

Of course that's another story
And so here I'll hesitate.
It doesn't mean the same to all,
And so some don't celebrate.

Though we didn't fight a battle,
Nor was our freedom dearly won,
We started off as convict stock,
Now a great nation we've become.

We're all proud of our heritage
We wouldn't change it if we could
We came from lags and larrikins
And from that bad lot came good.

We've stood to the fore in battle,
So many died at Anzac Cove,
More at Villiers Bretonneau
They now rest in Heaven above.

The world took notice of us then
Our complacency and whit,
To these rough blokes from Australia,
That's the image that would fit.

We've stood our ground a lot since then
At hot spots around the world.
We've paid the British back full score
Since that first flag was unfurled.

Find us on Facebook

Return of a Stranger

© Catherine Lee

Winner 2022 Silver Quill Written Competition

He described the sensation of nervous elation preparing to march off to war,
with the coo-ees and cheers somewhat quelling the fears, plus the freedom their fighting was for.
He'd signed on for his nation with no hesitation, his mates alongside him as well—
with his typical grin, all misgivings within he endeavoured to smoothly dispel.
He was brave to enlist, and we kids caught the gist of the serious issue at hand,
all agog with a sense of excitement yet tense with the ominous threat to our land.
But he winked at my brother, "Take care of your mother - and this little larrikin too,"
as he tousled my hair with a mock warning glare and without any further ado,
after poignant embraces considered our faces, instructed us all to be calm—
then with hearts proudly swelling, our eyes blurred and welling, we waved Dad goodbye from the farm.

It was daunting without him, but hearing about him we knew things were much worse for him—
though his letters were muted and quite convoluted, could tell his surroundings were grim.
So we struggled through drought, got the sheep safely out when the flooding came hot on its trail,
striving hard to maintain the embattled terrain, leaving out any negative tale,
and we kept the farm going, determined on showing our dad we were doing our best,
kept our letters upbeat through each bitter defeat and the challenges close to our chest.
We were bent on defending his life's work, intending to please him with all we'd achieved—
to protect and uphold it, ensure we controlled it and justified all he believed.
So we harvested, mended, drove cattle, extended, ensured the stock came to no harm,
fighting body and soul to accomplish our goal - but we all felt his loss to the farm.

Meanwhile far from us all, Dad had answered the call to face horrors we couldn't conceive—
no escaping the threats of guns, bombs, bayonets—ghastly nightmare with no sure reprieve.
Not quite trusting their fitness for evil they'd witness, entangled in visions obscene,
in appalling conditions their failing munitions brought capture they hadn't foreseen.
Later laying down tracks they were breaking their backs for their enemies cunning and cruel,
made to march to the thrum of an ominous drum - an inflexible, meaningless rule.
Dad could feel his pulse quicken, his spirit grown stricken as comrades were tortured and fell,
yet was forced to observe till they'd broken his nerve with that brutal, unspeakable hell.
Every day brought new dread as they piled up the dead and no words could prevent or disarm,
so his hopelessness grew for he saw it was true he might never return to the farm.

Though he somehow survived he has never revived from the sickening sorrow and shame,
and our planned celebration, expected elation, was rather subdued when he came.
For the soldier in pain who stepped down from the train was a man we did not recognise—
a pale shadow, a ghost, but what frightened us most was the emptiness there in his eyes,
not a sign of the sparkle, just wretched debacle of all he had been in the past—
missing arm, clothing tattered, his substance now shattered despite being safe home at last.
Yes, he made an attempt for our sakes to pre-empt any questions we might have in store,
but although he'd returned to the homestead he'd yearned for, he wasn't the same any more.
He would startle in fear, looking wild, it was clear that for this there was no healing balm.
He had left us with vigour, returned a mere figure—a stranger came home to the farm.

On this subject Dad's silent, with everything violent now trapped in his wandering mind,
and as time passes by he's just waiting to die, praying only to leave it behind.
No apparent conception of seasons' inception, continuous work of the years,
he reclines blankly staring, gaze vacant or glaring as sanity fast disappears.
I'm made fully aware of this depth of despair through his journals of anguished remorse,
which so sadly reveal how his lengthy ordeal has deprived him of mental resource.
It is tough to envision the ruthless derision, dire punishments, torment and grief,
the enforced deprivation, intense subjugation, restrictions defying belief,
or the tragic residual of each individual who suffered each gruelling campaign,
with ineffable hatred that never abated engraved on their souls to remain.

Yet a single reaction and brief interaction comes suddenly once every year,
to salute the parade as the bugle is played and the last able soldiers appear.
With emotion apparent and pleasure transparent, determined to rise to his feet,
he will pause to reflect and accept the respect of those gathered, while gripping his seat.
It is then that the sights which still haunt him at nights will be briefly wiped out by his pride,
while his comrades are rendered esteem they've engendered and named in a meaningful tide.
Then ignoring affliction, the warmth of conviction illumines his weathered old face
as with fond recollection and valued connection he grasps truth he cannot erase—
buried deep in the embers of all he remembers, eclipsing his anguished regrets
lies belief in their essence, perpetual presence—a nation that never forgets.

Winning Poems inspired by bushfire disasters -- from the 2020 and 2021 Ipswich Poetry Feast.

Poems pre-published on line www.ipswichpoetryfeast.com.au

Our Poetry Kids

with Brenda Joy

FLAME by Isobelle Riches

HC 11-13 years – Ipswich 2020

The fire wolf howls
A cry of rage and anger
His flickering tail setting alight
A pile of dry gum leaves.

The dingoes howl at these intruders
Growling at them to be gone,
But the fire wolves only cackle and sneer
And smirk at the dingoes' attempts to rid
the bush of the fire

Bored with the dingoes' desperate attempts to rid
them from the forest
The wolves rush in like a wave,
A wave of pure concentrated flames and fury.
Flickering tails wave in malicious pleasure
As the fire consumes the forest.
The bush animals run screeching in distress
The dingoes at the lead,
The fire wolves pursue the other animals
relentlessly
Hunger sharp in their gazes.

But before the wolves can catch their prey,
Before they can burn the animals
and trees to piles of cinders,
The water falls
Tumbling from the human's flying red metal bird.

The fire wolves howl in pain,
Their flames once red and bright
Fade to a sickly yellow
As the fire wolves slowly die.

A human dressed in PPE
enters the bush purposefully.
With little difficulty he finds a small, brown,
stubby stick
Ringed with white around the edge.

The human snorts in disgust at the stick
and strides out of the forest.
The bush animals stare in wonder and awe
Gaping at how the human picked up the fire
wolves' den
From which they emerged
After being thrown from a human's car.

SMOKE by Isobelle Riches

3rd (11-13 years) Ipswich 2020

Smoke coils in the sky
Lashing like a silver whip
A deathly streak of grey
A grey whip of choking death.

The smoke twists in the air
More dangerous than an angry cobra.
It hisses in delight
At the pain and panic it will cause.

Silver tendrils spread across the sky
Grasping at the weathered clouds
Spreading to cover the sun.
Air pollution has begun.

Both poems © 2020 Isabelle Riches (at age 11)

THE FIRE FEAST

by Marcus Lau

HC 8-10 years – Ipswich 2021

As a spark flies like a bird of prey,
The devil awakes to end the day.
Hot forks spear the trees,
As the animals all fall down to their knees.
The armageddon has started,
The world is destroyed and parted.
The birds flee to the east,
This is a fire feast.

The forest is old,
The ground is cold,
And the earth is big and bold.
The trees are growing brown and tall,
The animals are prowling with their paws,
As the planet heals from its fall.

The wind blows throughout the forest,
Mother Earth is never here to bore us.
The devil was here to tear us,
But the earth is here to repair us.
The birds glide to the west.
The planet is doing its best.
To tidy up this mess.

© 2021 Marcus Lau (at age 10)

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN WA

W.A. Bush Poets & Yarnspinners Assn.

POETS PERFORM WELL AT NAMBUNG

A team of poets travelled to Nambung in the Pinnacles National Park for what is to be the last Country Music Festival there. Those who participated were Irene Conner, Bev Shorland, Meg Gordon, Bill Gordon, Roger Cracknell, Alan Aitken , Rob Gunn, Peter Rudolf and Jim Riches. Four days of walkups and half hour sessions and the three hour Poet's Breakfast saw great performances that were well received by the 1400 patrons.

The rain held off till lunch time on Sunday but most patrons stayed till the finale and a big thank you was extended to Brian and Gloria White for their efforts over the last seven years in hosting this very popular event. Over $100,000 has been raised and donated to charities over these years and much sadness was expressed that it will not be continued. The station has been sold and much thought is going into the possibility of finding another venue so watch this space.

Peter Rudolf

Peter O'Shaughnessy (Bunbury), Paula Farrell (Bunbury), Bill Gordon (Boyup Brook), Maurie Foun (Cooryong Vic), Heather and Greg Joass (Mumbleup) and Ian Farrell (Bunbury)

POETS VISIT YABBERUP

Saturday night 28th October was a night of Port, Pies and Poetry at the Yabberup Hall, which is situated between Donnybrook and Boyup Brook in the south west of WA.

It was a chilly night but the local community was very welcoming and they had a great log fire burning to keep everyone very comfortable. Six members of the WA Bush Poets Association presented poems with the theme of "Family".

There were poets amongst the locals as well. Some of the poems were amusing accounts and others were more of a memorial to past family members.

Excellent home grown food was on offer and the port was also enjoyed by those who didn't have to drive.

This is an annual event for the Yabberup Community and we look forward to being invited again next year.

COBBER HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

WA STATE CHAMPION Keith Lethbridge
(l) Runner up Bill Gordon) 3rd place Greg Joass

Winners are grinners ! (L to R) Maurie Foun, Stinger Nettleton, John Hayes, Rob Gunn, Daniel Avery, Roger Cracknell, Debby Berryman, Greg Joass, Bill Gordon, Keith Lethbridge and Meg Gordon (Event Coordinator)

10 YEARS AND STILL STRONG

Toodyay once again turned on their fabulous hospitality and weather for our 10th Annual State Championship event. This was by far our biggest field of competitors and our biggest crowd. We could have done walkups all weekend as potential poets came from near and far to present their original poems. Shire CEO, Rosemary Madacsi, presented the trophies and congratulated the committee on yet another successful event.

A Moonee Ponds Wedding

© *Ted Logan*

A wedding at Queens Park Lake,
A Moonee Ponds favourite site,
The wedding party gathering,
The bride in shimmering white.

There's a jetty in the lake,
With a wider landing at the end,
Here the groom's party awaited,
or the bride's party to attend.

"Here Comes the Bride" boomed out
Across the calm lake water
As the father of the bride approached
Holding the arm of his daughter.

With everything going so smoothly
I launched into their service and vow.
"Have you the ring?" I asked the Best Man,
"Hand it on to the groom please now."

The bride's hand was outstretched ready,
As the groom's hand nervously fumbled.
The ring never reached that outstretched hand,
But onto the pier deck tumbled.

An agonised groan came from all on the pier
As the groom tried to snatch the ring back.
long the pier deck it bounced and it rolled
Until vanishing down into a crack.

I've seen the lake area when it's been drained,
With the lake bed in inches of mud.
I thought the ring was a total loss,
Finding it would not be so good.

"Borrow a ring for the photos and vows
And later fish for the ring," I said.
"Everyone here is not suitably dressed
For a mud search in the lake bed."

This was the plan agreed to.
The ceremony was concluded,
Wedding guests hoping to find that ring,
Would be hopelessly deluded.

"THE ARMCHAIR ATHLETE."

© *Peter White*

The Games in Birmingham are over, now I need a rest.
I've been working hard helping out Australia's best.
It started at the Opening, allow me, please, to brag
helping Ed and Rachel carry in Australia's flag.

I didn't leave my lounge chair while glued to my TV.
I used up lots of energy there. Believe you me.
On one tense occasion I almost strained my back
when helping Aaron win his Gold, bowling to the 'jack'.

For extra lift at High Jump to the metal went my pedal
and Eleanor and Brandon each won a Silver medal.
Edgaro Coumi's Boxing Bronze is listed in the book.
But you should see my bruises from the punishment I took.

Kelsey-Lee regained he skills for all the world to see.
She finally subdued the 'yips'. That's all down to me.
This time round her brother must have let her have the beef.
Gold for me and Kelsey-Lee - what a great relief.

Round the traps just lately I've heard a bit of talk,
that I exaggerated my assistance in the 10k Walk.
Well, I don't like to skite but the truth must now be told.
I helped Declan win his Silver and Jemima win her Gold.

Unused to all this exercise it began to take its toll
especially at the Pole Vault when I tried to climb the pole.
But then Nina and Kurtis showed me how it's done.
I partly take the credit for the Gold that they each won.

The truth behind the Kookaburra's Golden win's revealed.
They had me as as extra man playing on the field.
Our Cricket Team's quest for Gold went according to the plan.
I can announce 'yours truly' was Australia's twelfth man.

Both Taliqua and Mariafe I helped out on the beach.
But mostly the volleyball was just outside my reach.
They were happy with the Silver, but I was out of sorts.
I could almost feel the beach sand itching in my shorts.

From the 10m Diving platform it's one helluva drop.
I'm sure if I had a go I'd do a belly-flop.
My urging of our Synchro Team was a sight to behold
resulting with Melissa and Charli taking Gold.

From my efforts at the Rugby we won again, thank heavens.
Gold to the Aussie girls in the Rugby Sevens.
A Gold medal at Netball we would also get
because I willed the Aussie girls to always find the net.

When the Judo was in progress, I just couldn't leave.
I tugged on my knee rug. They tugged on a sleeve.
I think I helped our boys put opponents on the mats
winning well-earned Bronzes for Josh and Nathan Katz.

I'm no help to cyclists. I get rashes from the saddle.
I will help the swimmers when they introduce 'dog-paddle'.
But for now those athletes will have to help themselves.
Luckily they brought home lots of medals for their shelves.

Those Games sure took it out of me. Each night I longed for bed.
But ways to help the Aussie Team kept running through my head.
Those great ideas to help our Aussies will be handy, mate,
at the next Games in Victoria - not the city, but our State.

VALE ALAN CROPPER

Saddened to hear the news that fellow poet Allan Cropper has passed away in Bali. Alan passed away on 29th October and was cremated in Bali this week. Our condolences to his daughter Naomi and other family members and friends. Allan was once asked what influences his poetry? eg location /mood/ weather, etc and he replied ... I would have to answer 'all the above'. My poetry is at times flippant or hopefully humorous, at times a social commentary, at times an expression of love of people, or for the area I have chosen to live in. I often wake during the night with an idea, or line or two milling around in my head, and I have to get up and start writing then and there. I am not sure what influences my poetry, other than saying I have a need to write, and hopefully as I develop my writing, others may derive some enjoyment from reading my words.
We have certainly been privileged to enjoy some of his poetry over the years.

ONE SINGLE TEAR

© Allan Cropper

One solitary tear had welled up in her eye.
One tear she would cry,
a track down her face.
Contained in that tear were long years of neglect,
a lack of respect
for custom and race.

It formed from the speaking of one single word,
a word not yet heard
yet so passionately sought.
A word to start healing the wrongs of the past
To hear it at last,
oh so long she had fought.

A tear for her mother, stolen from her own,
raised in a strange home
by those of fair skin.
Torn from the bosom of cultural ties
by white fella's lies,
from her family and kin.

I pray for a time when that one single tear
is not cried out of fear
but is wept for pure joy.
I pray for that joy to encompass the land
every woman and man,
every girl, every boy.

But one single word cannot right all the wrongs,
nor can poems nor songs
wipe away all the tears.
But sorry I am for the pain you were caused
for the way it once was
for the stealing of years.

Pothole Plague

© Robert 'Bob' Davis

Roads all bombed out 'tip toe' amongst potholes. Keep left!
Keep to paths left travelled, sticking on whatever track is left.
Hungry roads, feasting beasts, fiercely biting tyres and wheels,
Chomping gnawing, wanton destruction, damaging automobiles.

Furrows, grooves, troughs, ditches, trenches all on attack,
All-consuming, hollows, cavernous craters and deep cracks.
Found on roads, dirt and sealed, bumps in the journey of life,
Hear the plea, fix them up, gaping holes causing lots of strife.

A moon crater hopscotch game – hardly one small step for man,
French quaintly call them 'nid de poule' to be avoided if you can.
Abstract road surface sculptures, reminiscent of many holes,
Manholes, mole-holes, foxholes, all enlarging into hellholes.

Bouncing vehicles hiccup drop into hollows and depression,
Rattling ever nut and bolt, breaking buckling suspension
It said enjoy life's journey, ignoring any potholes, but hear the plea,
Never before has rain caused potholes giving as much grief as these.

Christmas

© Robert 'Bob' Davis

Carols and cherries, Christmas time is here,

Ho, Ho, Ho, happiness, lots of holly and cheer,

Reindeers are rejoicing, Rudolph is ringing bells,

Imagination running wild, wonderful cooking smells,

Santa's loaded up with presents, riding in his sleigh,

Treats and tinsel deck the tree, Santa's on his way,

Merry, merry Christmas a lovely time of year,

All is well, angels guard a tree, Santa's nearly here,

Stockings are bulging. Yes! Santa has been here.

ABDUL' SADDLE

© Ross Wallace

Out Towards Wanaaring
In the days of the camel trade
Wangamana Station
Was bought by Abdul Wade

Abdul was an afghan
A man of high repute
Who bred camels on the station
And ran some sheep to boot

Abdul hired a manager
Who knew the pastoral game
Who could run the station properly
Billy Rushton was his name

Now Abdul went to Sydney
Where he knew a lot of folk
And with his western station
He was quite a man of note

Abdul thought that while in town
He'd buy himself a treat
A saddle would be practical
With a soft and shapely seat

So to the leading saddlery
He then explained his need
They saw to it he had the best
To ever fit a steed

So out to Wangamana
The saddle was duly sent
Specially for his private use
It was never to be lent

The saddle was a work of art
Looked on with admiration
To be carefully kept for Abdul's use
When he came out to the station

No one admired it more that Bill
Who carefully laid his plan
For his expert eye had seen just why
It would not suit the man

When next at Wangamana
To look around his run
He thought he'd take a ride with Bill
To check what had been done

"Do you like my saddle Bill?"
"I do so Mr Wade
I really like the pig skin
From which the seat is made."

"Pig skin!" screamed the Afghan
"It chills me to the bone
You can have this saddle Bill
For your very own."

Abdul quickly scrambled down
Stood firmly on the ground
And ordered Billy Rushton
To change their saddles round

Bill did as he was told
And they continued on their way
But Billy lived to tell the tale
Until his dying day

Bush Poets Breakfast
with MUSIC
& YARNSPINNING

Followed by Open Mic / Walk-Up

Frank Daniel COMPETITION

for TROPHIES and PRIZE MONEY

West Tamworth Bowlo
Breakfast on Sale
Mon 16th—Sat 21st January
0830—1030am
Entry $10

Frank Daniel
Walk-Up and Open Mic
Competition
Tues 17th—Thurs 19th
1030—1130am

*Ray Essery *Bill Kearns *Greg North *John Peel
*Paddy O'Brien * Peter Mace *Dave Melville

MUSIC by Tom & Susan

Hosted by Tom McIlveen 0417 251 287

Exercise Racket

© 2006 – M.Vijars

We all should be fleeing, a threat to wellbeing,
an evil and foul feral rogue
inflicts suffering like war, blight, conflict and more -
than the singing of Kylie Minogue!

This stupid proclivity for physical activity;
who the hell pushes this thing?
Self interests all gather to get us in a lather
and enter the Exercise Ring.

The medical community cannot claim immunity
from blatant self interest this time.
It stands to gain the most from our pain
and should fry in hell for the crime.

There's so many collapses, mitral valve prolapses,
cartilage disorders galore.
A very high risk that you'll bugger your disc;
Yet they make us all come back for more.

A host of stress fractures, and bad tendon ruptures,
there's clavicle bone injuries,
torn ligaments too, and I haven't a clue
about Osgood-Schlatter Disease,

Concussions, abrasions, severe lacerations,
the injuries go on and on!
Achilles tendonitis, adhesive capsulitis,
Sit still down there, I'm not quite done!

Arthritis, bursitis, and mad dogs that bite us
while walking or having our run.
Sprains and back pain, hamstrings that strain
and groin injuries aren't much fun.

Those big bloody blisters, they seem to persist as
I try to maintain my condition.
And every breakdown it's 'top' end of town
consulting a specialist physician.

I'm tired of supporting anything that's sporting
no matter how healthy I'll be.
there's more danger engaging in that myth they're waging
that fitness will benefit me.

My gym membership, I gave it the flick
then chucked out my new running shoes
And my ball-hitting-thingy, yes, gave that the flingy
Now I'm off, on a relaxing cruise.

"MACKINTOSH THE CHRISTMAS CAT."

© Peter White, "The Eagleby Elegist", 2021

MacKintosh the Christmas cat
loved this time of year.
Beneath the Christmas Tree he sat
beside the presents near,

His owners spoke of Santa Claus
and how each year he'd roam
across the world without a pause
to visit every home.

MacKintosh thought this wasn't true
It made no sense at all.
The job too big for one to do.
On helpers he mist call.

This year he thought he'd stay up late
and catch him in the act.
If it took all night he'd wait
for proof of fiction or fact.

Just as he thought, no Santa Claus
came that Christmas Night.
MacKintosh was smug because
he knew he would be right.

But something happened Christmas Day
changing "Macka's" mind.
A strange experience came his way.
It was true he'd find.

For early on that Christmas Day,
tip-toeing on his paws,
he went into his litter tray
and emerged with "SANDY CLAWS".

SANTA'S TRAVELLING THE MILKY WAY

©Tony Caswell (T C The Goodna Gunna) 26/11/2008

Santa Claus is coming to town
Well, that's what I've been told
He's coming from the top of the World
From a place they call The North Pole

He plans to visit every country
One being the Land of Oz, Australia
And because he has the Aussie Spirit
Santa never dreams of failure

He's read all the letters and cards
The elves have filled his magic sleigh
And he has told his trusty reindeers
"Tonight we're travelling the Milky Way"

"Australia is a big land" he said
"Where Natures beauty will never cease
It's filled with people from many Nations
Who wish to enjoy freedom and peace"

He knows where everybody lives
Each gunyah, unit, caravan and house
And when the reindeers land on your roof
They land as quietly as a mouse

So parents, put your children to bed
And make sure they are sound asleep
Because when Santa does his magic
No one's allowed to take a peek

And children, if you want Santa to come
There's something you have to do
That is to be happy, polite and kind
Then on Christmas Day, there'll be a gift for you

SANTA AND RUDOLPH OUT ON THE TOWN

©Tony Caswell (TC The Goodna Gunna) 9/12/2021
For the Logan Bush Poets Christmas gathering 19/12/2021
A one minute poem with the words
"Santa, Rudolph, Rescue, Poets, sleigh" in it

Santa and Rudolph were having a night out on the town
The jolly fat man was really letting his beard down
You could say they were melting Artic ice by kicking up a storm
For them, after delivering presents all night, this was the norm

"Big fella" Rudolph said "I like my rum hot and my beer cold.
"We don't need an esky living up here at the North Pole
and if I get too drunk, well no one really knows
because no matter my state, I always have a red nose"

"It's alright for you young buck" with blurry words St Nicholas said
"But I will need you to rescue me, by showing me to my bed"
As he stumbled this way and then sidestepped that way
Before taking a final lurch and landing up in the reindeers hay

"Not a problem Old Mate, as long as I can borrow the sleigh
I want to hook up with a flighty little doe, if that is ok
I think I'm on a winner tonight, with a pretty big chance
I have just met some Bush Poets, who gave me a lesson in romance"

Zondrae King who, for many years, has been the judge of The Kembla Flame written bush poetry competition, has advised that sadly the competition will not be held this year. As well as there being no funds available because the group do not meet regularly any more, there is no-one to organise or judge the competition.

In spreading the disappointing news to potential entrants via our ABPA outlets, we wish to acknowledge the great contribution the Illawarra Breakfast Poets and Zondrae in particular, have made to the bush poetry scene over the years.

Much appreciated Zondrae.
Best regards and take care,

Queensland Bush Poetry Championship

run by Logan Performance Bush Poets September 10 11 12 in Beenleigh

The Queensland Bush Poetry Championship was a three day festival. Friday Night 10th September was a 'Meet and Greet' for all competitors that would compete in the championship. The Meet and Greet consisted of a barbeque and then a night of entertainment by the wonderful and very talented Gregory North, three times Australian Bush Poetry Champion. This show was held in Heck House the beautifully renovated Queenslander at the Beenleigh Historical Village.

Forty people attended and for the Logan poets it was for some the first opportunity to see such a quality entertainer. It also allowed the competitors to mix and feel a sense of camaraderie with poets from other places in Australia and to share ideas.

Saturday 11th was at the Beenleigh Show in the 'Phoenix Ensemble' theatre. Being a theatre the competitors were not only heard, but the raised seating allowed the poets and their performance to be seen.

The boost in prize money saw a past Australian Champion Rhonda Tallnash from Victoria and two past Queensland champions along with many other award winners competing on the day. The full program ran all day, starting with the Novice, then Classical (pre 1950) Modern (post 1950) and Original poetry. The standard of poetry throughout the day was extremely high making the job for the judges Greg North, Graeme Johnson and Sandra Harle so very difficult. The championship was embraced by the community and none of the 200 seats in the theatre were empty for long.

Sunday was the wind-down with poet 'walk-ups', this section was handled masterly by Graeme Johnson as the MC. Poets who did not enter the competition were able to become involved at this point. The 'One minute' poem was held on the Sunday. This event was extremely competitive with lots of entries and lots of fun! It was eventually won by Paul Wincen. The wind down saw about 45 people involved in the morning.

The championship overall was very successful and there were a few stand out workers that need to be commended starting with Mike Gilmore for his help with grant applications Our MCs Tony Caswell, David Melville and Dave Elson and our Scorers: Michelle Trainor Van Zon and Graham Hampson (Spin)

Queensland Champions: Andrew Pulsford and Rhonda Tallnash

Classical: Andrew Pulsford, Debbie Berryman, Rhonda Tallnash and Gerry King

Modern: Andrew Pulsford, Rhonda Tallnash, Paddy Obrien and Gerry King

Original: Andrew Pulsford, Rhonda Tallnash, Debby Berryman and Caroline Maxfield.

Novice: Ian Stevenson, Laurie Pulsford, Howard Kennedy and Deborah Lilley

Logan Legends: Bob Kettle, Gerry King, Paddy O'Brien and Paul Wincen

SOMETHING DIFFERENT by Gerry King

The Logan Performance Bush Poets recently were in a sort of doldrums, like a post Queensland Championship depression.

You know how it is, all the excitement is now over or all that work and I didn't win anything!

Well whatever the reason I came up with the idea of having a 'group' competition because then everyone could win and feel renewed and ready to take on the poetry world again. So I made 15 rosettes and formed three heterogeneous groups based on results from the Queensland Championship.

Then the groups of five, the Ogilvie's, the Petersons and the Lawson's were born. Each group had a leader and each group had to perform a Classical, a Modern, an Original Serious and an Original Humorous, and the last person was the 'Wild' card and they could perform any type of poem.

The groups were encouraged to dress up and be quite distinct from the other groups

Well I'm not overstating what a fun morning we had, the costumes the camaraderie the chocolate cakes this event was just what we all needed to top up energy levels.

So if you are looking for a no pressure fun poetry event, well I can recommend a group competition, guaranteed, it is just so much fun!

Past ABPA and Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poets Group Member, the late Betty White died just a few years ago and never showed any interest in printing out her poetry despite her poetry friends pushing her to do so.

Betty has left behind some wonderful and witty Poetry that I will share at times through the ABPA Magazine.

Thanks to Chris Woodland for submitting Bush Poetry from members of the Milton-Ulladulla Bush Poets Group

COLD CHRISTMAS CHEER.

© Betty White

'Twas Christmas Eve in the morgue, the dreariest night of the year.
The corpse sat up on his slab and said "By gum it's cold in here."
In walked the mortuary keeper, his face all bloated with beer.
"Get back on your slab you rasca1, you can't do that 'in 'ere."
The corpse stared back with a saddened look and a tear ran down his cheek.
"Oh come on boss, just give us a go, I've not had a beer for a week."
So the keeper sat down and produced some tinnies, and spoke of his lonely job.
They drank, they laughed and enjoyed Christmas Eve just like the rest of the mob.
The corpse laid down and said "that's it then, I've enjoyed my last little fling,
I'm ready to go to the land in the sky, cheerio, bye-bye, ting-a-ling."
The keeper awoke feeling really hung over, and stared at a curious sight.
A corpse on a slab with a smile on his face, and a can in his hand held tight.

CHRISTMAS DAY BY THE SEA.

© Betty White

It was Christmas Day by the sea. The happiest day of the year.
The family arrived from far and near, loaded down with presents and beer.
The lunch was spread on a checkered cloth under trees at the edge of the beach.
The eskys lined up in ordered rows, so the beer was easy to reach.

The kids ran about throwing sand in the air and getting in everyone's way.
'Til Dad bellowed out. "Buzz off all you kids, and go somewhere else and play."
Hum was humming as she set the table and spread out turkey and choock,
Then added some ham and bon bans to give it a festive look.

Grandma's pud had a place of honour, it was a joy to behold,
Even though it was an uneven shape where she'd cut off bits of mould.
Auntie produced a Christmas cake, a trifle and mince pies
And managed a quick shandy as she shooed away the flies.

The kids' cricket set was a great success, everyone joined in the game.
When the ball hit Mum on the top of the head Uncle Joe took all the blame.
Dad strutted around in his new boxer shorts and Tom's ghetto blaster blared.
Grandpa. snoozed flat out on the sand, his sunburnt belly bared.

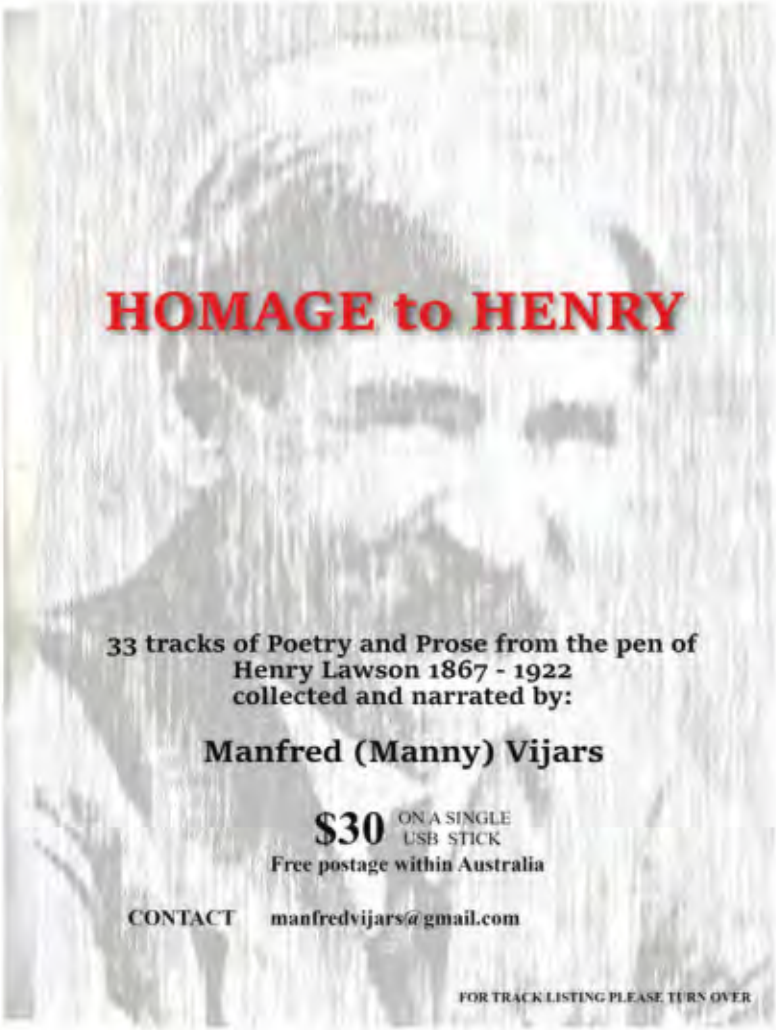
By three o'clock Gran was pretty full and had toppled off her chair.
The kids were tired, the beer all drunk, and the table emptied and bare.
It was time to go home. So they stirred, and packed up all the gear.
Christmas Day by the sea had been grand, the happiest day of the year.

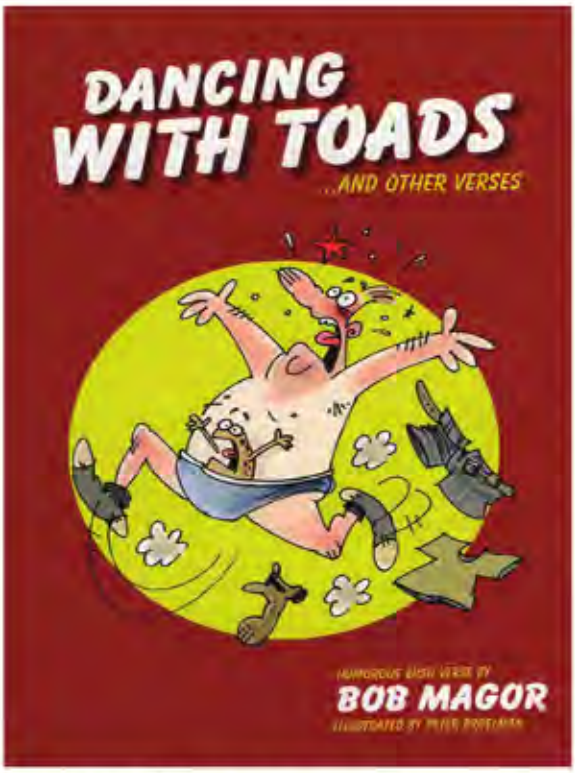
Letting you know about a new book being released from Pan Macmillan Australia called Banjo Paterson: A Life in Pictures and Words from the Banjo Paterson Family Archive by Alistair Campbell.

Banjo's great-grandson and sole executor of the poet's literary estate, Alistair Campbell, has curated this rare collection and provides intimate commentary on his famous relative.

'Banjo Paterson: A Life in Pictures and Words from the Banjo Paterson Family' is a stunning collection from the archive of Australia's greatest storyteller. Beautifully designed, this is a must-have addition to Australian bookshelves and a timely reminder of the power of the word and image to create an identity and provide a legacy.

Available 8 Nov:
https://www.panmacmillan.com.au/9781761260803/banjo-paterson/





If you're looking for a Christmas present for someone you don't like then I have the perfect gift.
Bob Magor's last book will be perfect. Cost effective at $15 posted.
It even contains his 2016 Bronze Swagman winner 'The Banks Bottom Line'.
Go to ***bobmagor.com.au*** to find all his books and specials.

BANJO PATERSON

MORE THAN A POET MUSEUM

YEOVAL in CENTRAL WESTERN NSW

Banjo Paterson related manuscripts, letters, photos, memorabilia of the day and stories.
Clancy's Café *attached - good home cooking, very reasonably priced.*
Established 9 years - Volunteer operated
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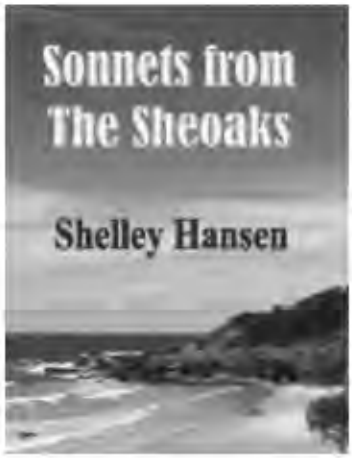


A house
A piano
A book of poems
A forgotten life

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 Blackbum'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 Open Mic- Visitors welcome! Pine River Men's Shed, Old Petrie Town, Dayboro Road Kurwongbah- 1st and 3rd Sundays of most months 9a.m. –12 noon. Contact Mal on 0417765226 or Howard on 0431689054.
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. Ross House 247-251 Flinders Lane Melbourne All Welcome. From 1-30pm till 4-00 pm. Contact: Maree Stapledon: 0408 100 896
Mansfield Bush Poets Group - Second Tuesday of the month 1pm - 3pm, Mansfield Library. Contact Val Kirley 0400 654 596

WA

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

Bush Poetry at the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival 2023
Thurs 13th-Sun 16th April

YES FOLKS, WE'RE BACK, AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO RETURN TOO!

As you in the know may be aware, Jan Lewis (the previous Poetry Events Manager for the Bush Poetry component of the MFSR Fes val 1997-2022) retired from her position at the end of the 2022 event. Jan had created one of the most substantial and well run Bu Poetry events in the country and should be highly lauded for her accomplishments over that time.

Rumour then had it that this announcement heralded the end of Bush Verse at this festival in the future. Well folks, nothing could further from the truth!

Things move on and next year the mantle of Events Manager for the Bush Poetry section of the event will be taken up by Maure Thomas (Overall Events Manager for the MFSR Bush Festival). Her Assistant Poetry Events Manager will be none other than Grae Johnson (who has been Jan's assistant at the event over the last 10 years). Graeme brings a wealth of experience to the event havi been Senior Judge at the event for the last 10 years. Jan's considerable experience will not be completely lost however as she w continue working 'behind the scenes.'

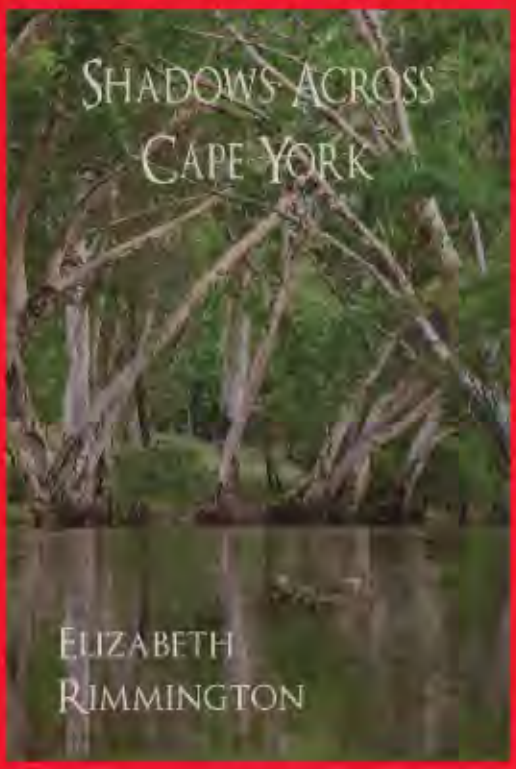
The 2023 event will once again be a drawcard for Poets from all over the country who flock to Corryong to breathe the mountain a marvel at the scenery and enjoy the camaraderie of their poetic cohorts.

Our signature competitions will once again be held. Those being the Man from Snowy River Recitation, The Jack Riley Heritage Awa & The Carol Reffold Memorial One Minute Cup.

There will also be a veritable smorgasboard of 'walk-up' events (involving both 'Featured Poets' and various walk-up characters). The include 3 Poet's Breakfasts (hosted by The Rhymer from Ryde & Matthew Hollis) and a series of concerts where the poets of all ag and abilities will be able to exhibit their skills in reciting Traditional, Modern & Original Bush Verse as well as spinning a few Yar along the way.

As per usual our 'Anzac Remembrance' tribute concert will also be held whilst at night muso's & poets alike will 'singalong' by t campfire burning till all hours at 'Banjo's Block'.

Entry forms and further information will become available during December on the following websites.



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Australian Bush Poets Association (ABPA)

National Championships 2023

23rd & 24th February 2023

Ex-Services Club, ORANGE, NSW

Calling all PERFORMANCE POETS!!
Are YOU the next
AUSTRALIAN BUSH POETRY CHAMPION???

Categories:
TRADITIONAL
MODERN
ORIGINAL SERIOUS
ORIGINAL HUMOROUS

- Prizemoney for 1st, 2nd, 3rd in each Category
- Trophy for ALL 1st prize winners
- Highest Score over 4 Categories is Overall Champion
- Trophy for Overall Winner!

Entry information on ABPA website:
www.abpa.org.au

Entries Close Monday 13th February 2023
(late entries accepted if space available)

Proudly supported by
ORANGE CITY COUNCIL and the
ROTARY CLUB OF ORANGE

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

The Australian Bush Poets Association Inc.

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

www.abpa.org.au

Treasurer: *Christine Middleton*, PO Box 357 PORTARLINGTON VIC 3223
Email: treasurer@abpa.org.au *Phone:* 0419 526 550

Membership Application Form 2023

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

☐ Renewing membership ☐ New member

Membership is for a calendar year from 1st January 2023 to 31st December 2023
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: .....

Postal address: .....

..... State.....Postcode: .....

Phone: ..... Mobile: .....

Email: .....

Signature: ..... Date: .....

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:

Bank:	Bendigo Bank
BSB:	**633 000**
Account Number:	**154842108**
Account Name:	Australian Bush Poets Association Inc
Reference:	**Your NAME**

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.