



Volume 19

No. 5

June - July
2012

A.B.P.A.

The Australian Bush Poets
Association Inc.

Magazine - (since 1994)

A huge weekend of Poetry and historic reenactment was on display as Corryong's Man From Snowy River Festival hosted the Australian Bush Poetry Titles. The eventual winners were Peter Mace and Robyn Sykes. More reports, pics and results inside!



17th BUNDY BUSH POETRY MUSTER .. 2012

Across the Waves Sports Club Inc. - Sails Function Room
1 Miller Street, Bundaberg.

July 13th, 14th & 15th

Performance Competitions

- Under 8 - Recite favourite poem
- 8 Years to Under 16 Years
- Open - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Intermediate - Traditional & Modern
- Novice - Traditional, Modern & Original
- Yarn Spinning
- Duo Competition
- One Minute Cup

July 13th, 14th & 15th

Performance Enquiries

SSAE to:
The Performance Co-ordinator
Bundaberg Poets' Society Inc
PO Box 4281
BUNDABERG 4670

Closing date for Competition
June 22nd, 2012



Doors open at 8.00 a.m. for competitions to commence at 8.30 a.m.



ENTERTAINMENT



Sails Function Room at Across the Waves Sports Club

FRIDAY EVENING: Walk-Up

7.30 p.m. Poetry/Variety Concert
Admission: \$3-00

7.30 p.m. SATURDAY EVENING: 'The Concert' featuring

Noel Stallard- Ray Essery- Jack Drake
Admission: \$15-00



Sandy Lees .. 07 41514631 or leesjds1@yahoo.com.au

Concert Ticket Bookings .. Phone or e.mail Sandy Lees on above contact

Entry Forms also available on ABPA website: abpa.org.au/bushpoetry/entry.htm



NORTH PINE BUSH POETS CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 17th 18th 19th AUGUST 2012



North Leagues & Services Club
1347 Anzac Avenue, Kallangur, Qld.

FEATURING

GREG NORTH BILL KEARNS RAY ESSERY

Graham Fredrickson Open & Novice Written
CLOSING DATE : 9th July 2012

Performance Entry
CLOSING DATE: 3rd August 2012

Concert Bookings (after 1/8/2012) North Leagues & Services Club
07 3285 2733

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM DOT SCHWENKE
12 Herbert Street Scarborough 4070

Information
Barry 07 3482 3541 cayandbarry@gmail.com

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

G'day Members,

You may be aware that Frank hasn't been well for a while now. I'm glad to report that he appears to be on the mend. When last I spoke to him he was at home in Canowindra after a lengthy stay in hospital. He was much relieved that Neil McArthur and Murray Hartin stepped in for this edition of the Magazine. I know we all wish Frank Good Health and a speedy recovery.

In the interim, Neil and Murray will be at the helm of the Magazine and would appreciate any events, articles or snippets by way of support.

The "Events" section ABPA Web-site has been sadly left wanting due to personal illness, work commitments and travel. I'm hoping to be caught up by the time this edition reaches you. While on the subject of the Web-site, Brenda-Joy Pritchard has been working tirelessly gathering ABPA Award-winning poems for inclusion on the ABPA Web-site. That section should be up and running within a few weeks.

I had the pleasure of attending the Queensland ABPA Championships. A very friendly Festival where the hospitality was marvellous, competition was stiff (would have hated to judge that one. Great support from the Council and media. Many are anticipating an even better Festival for next year.

ABPA Committee Members 2012

Executive

President - Manfred Vijars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au
Vice-President - Frank Daniel	fda70930@bigpond.net.au
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Murray Hartin	muz@murrayhartin.com
Cay Ellem	cayandbarry@gmail.com

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NSW - Tom McIlveen	portalarms@gmail.com
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Western Australia - Irene Conner	iconner21@wn.com.au

Magazine Editor - Neil McArthur	editor@abpa.org.au
Web Admin - Manfred Vijars	manfred@rocketfrog.com.au



ABPA Golden Damper Competition January 2013

Not long returned from Tamworth, where Jan Morris and I met to confirm the venue for the Golden Damper in January 2013 at West's. The Tamworth Festival sub-committee will table their recommendations at the next Committee meeting.

Glenny Palmer, Cay Ellam & Graeme Johnson are currently looking at the format for this event. They are also taking the opportunity to look at the 'rules' for competition and judges criteria. They have been receiving wide input and will be reporting to the committee with their recommendations.

While there I also met with the organisers of the Bush Laureates (ABLA), where we discussed ...

1. The January 2012 event,
2. Bush Poet's exposure in ABLA advertising and
3. Conflict of interest.

I've yet to table my report to the Committee.

ABPA Strategic Plan,

There is a Members Survey attached to this current issue of the Magazine for members input. Your responses will give us a breakdown of our membership, and YOUR vision for the direction of the ABPA. Your personal information will not be used.

I would encourage all members to fill out the Membership Survey, pop it into an envelope and use the Free-post address.

Please have the survey back by the 30th JUNE 2012.

Hope this finds you all well

Cheers

Manfred

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor

Back in the late 1980's, the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group nurtured the beginnings of the Bush Poetry movement in Australia. We grew from those early Imperial Hotel days into one of the most popular and well-supported bush poetry competitions throughout the country.

Now, with confidence in a great future, we are handing our competition over to the Australian Bush Poets Association. The competition is now to become the Australian Bush Poetry Championships in the capable hands of Manfred and his committee.

I personally would like to thank all the poets who have supported us over the years. This includes all those poets who have entered every year, year after year; all the newcomers who felt too nervous to have a go until given a little push; and to all those poets who started as beginners, went on to be winners, then came back time and again to support us by compering or providing backstage support. Thank you to you all.

I would also like to thank my committee and all the judges, supporters and especially the management of Essential Energy, who got behind us with such enthusiasm and generosity and to West League Club. The venue at Wests has been provided free for all the years we have been there. I hope both our sponsors will continue their support for the new venture.

Thank you also to our very loyal audiences who also came back year after year. Please continue to come to the new Australian Championships. We will now join you, sitting back to simply enjoy the show.

Good luck to the new committee. We will always be there to support you. Take care of our Golden Damper Baby as it moves into the next phase of its life.

Jan Morris
for the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group

PS The Blackened Billy Verse Competition will continue to be run by the Tamworth Poetry Reading Group and the winners will be announced during the Championships.

The ABPA has offered to provide additional support for this popular written competition.

In response to

Bill Luders,
Treasurer of Hunter Bush Poets.
Re: Letter to the Editor - April / May 2012
Title:- Should I cancel my ABPA Membership?

Dear Bill,

You mention that for many years, there was an assumption, that your Club had Public Liability Insurance through another organisation (NOT the ABPA) with which you are affiliated. You further mentioned that, to your horror, the cover you thought you had through the other organisation was not applicable and the Club members were exposed to 'enormous' risk for years.

Checking that the required Insurances are in place is the responsibility of the respective club committees. So I'm having difficulty trying to understand why you consider holding the ABPA responsible for this error?

Encouraging your Club members and others to lapse their ABPA Membership seems a tad harsh given the error lies elsewhere.

The ABPA encourages Clubs to become incorporated to limit the liability to their members. We also encourage prudence in assessing Risk and to investigate if the respective risks may be covered already, through the respective Venues.

Insurances are not cheap and costs can cripple club finances, but risks attributed DIRECTLY to the performance and presentation of our craft need to be covered.

The ABPA, to the best of my knowledge, has NEVER offered a blanket Public Liability Insurance for CLUB events. What the ABPA does offer, is a competitive rate for Public Liability Insurance for INDIVIDUAL professional performers.

The ABPA would encourage wide discussion with the many Brokers operating in your local area. This will enable you to get a clearer picture of types, availability AND relevance of insurances, so you can make the appropriate decisions for your respective Clubs.

In January 2013, the ABPA will be running the "ABPA Golden Damper Awards" in West's Leagues Club Tamworth. The ABPA will be looking for Public Liability Insurance for that event - IF it's required.

Bill, you've put your money where your heart is, in support of Bush Poetry and the ABPA.

This is a good decision because collectively we keep our culture strong.

Cheers,

Manfred.

CORRYONG HOSTS 2012 BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

2012 Australian Bush Poetry Championships at MFSR Festival

Aust Open Champion Performer and Matilda Award (Women)

Robyn Sykes Winner

Jenny Markwell Runner-up

Aust Open Champion Performer and Clancy's Choice Award (Men)

Peter Mace Winner

Jim Brown Runner-up

Written Original Poem (Serious)

Brenda Joy Winner Neath Mirrabooka's Sky

Brenda Joy Runner-up Across Northern Queensland Plains

Kym Eitel third Silver Wings

Written Original Poem (Humorous)

David Campbell Winner The Art of Political Planning

Kym Eitel Runner Up Grandad's Nitro Powered mower

Tom McIlveen third Our Once Unique Vernacular

Overall Champion (Written Poem)

Brenda Joy Winner Written Original Poem Novice

Sam Jackson, USA Camelot

Banjo Paterson's 'MFSR' Performance

Robert Markwell winner

Maurie Foun, Jan Facey

Classical poem (written before 1951) Men

Peter Klein Winner How McDougall Topped the Score

Jim Brown Runner-up The Overlander

Peter Mace third Sandy Hollow Line

Classical poem (written before 1951) Women

Jenny Markwell Winner Black Bonnet

Sue Pearce Runner-up The First Surveyor

Robyn Sykes third Marian's Child

Original poem (Serious) Men

Peter Mace Winner Oppression

Ted Webber Runner-up An Angel's Smile

Ken Tough third Thommo the Banker

Original poem (Serious) Women

Robyn Sykes Winner Old Bill's Regret

Kathy Vallance Runner-up The Last School Bell

Jenny Markwell third Mamma Lang

Original poem (Humorous) Men

John Lloyd Winner Teddy's Wayward thumb

Peter Mace runner-up Surrogate Dad

Ted Webber third Congo Ghost

Original poem (Humorous) Women

Kathy Edwards Winner The Unexpected Visitor

Rhonda Tallnash runner-up Fair Dinkum Ned

Robyn Sykes third The Wedding Hop

Jack Riley Heritage Performance

Rhonda Tallnash Fair Dinkum Ned

Modern poem (written after 1951) Men

Ken Tough Winner Rocky Creek

Jim Brown Runner-up Hero

Peter Mace third Billy

Modern poem (written after 1951) Women

Jenny Markwell Winner Wasteland

Robyn Sykes Runner-up Bluey Joins the Hunt

Kathy Edwards third The Gladstone Bag

Novice Performance

Matt Hollis Winner Pumpkin Potion

Ken Jones Runner-up They're All Out!

Jim Brown third The Whiskey in the Tree

Michelle Roberts Winner Rain Song

Helen Begley Runner-up Warrnambool via Tobruk

Terry Moriarty third They Met in the Hall

Intermediate Performance Aust Open Champion Performer

Rhonda Tallnash Winner Flowers for Josie

Allan Stone Runner-up The Grimble and the Gnad

Ray Lobo third Heavenly Corryong

One Minute Poem

John Lloyd Winner Jan Facey Runner-up

Allan Stone J McWilliams Enc Award

Lawrie Sheridan Encouragement Award Betty Walton Seniors'

Encouragement Award Jack O'Connor Jan

Lewis Encouragement Award Adrian Ljubic

Frederick Jnr Secondary Performance Champion Michelle Roberts



Photo by Sherran Mitchell:

Front Row Jenny Markwell, Robyn Sykes, Peter Mace, Jim Brown, Kathy Vallance,
Back row Michelle Roberts, Ken Tough, Sue Pearce, Peter Klein, Matt Hollis, Ken
Jones, Kathy Edwards, John Lloyd, Robert Markwell, Jan Facey.

And The Winners Are.....

Australian Woman's Open Champion Performer

Winner Robyn Sykes

Runner-up Jenny Markwell

Australian Men's Open Champion Performer

Winner Peter Mace

Runner-up Jim Brown

For Full Results, see the Results page towards the end of magazine.

BENEATH OUR MIRRABOOKA SKY

© Brenda Joy 2012

Winner of the 'Australian Written Poetry Champion' and 'The Silver Brumby' awards in the 2012 ABPA National Championships held in conjunction with The Man from Snowy River Bush Festival, Corryong Victoria, 29th March — 1st April, 2012

In the moisture-laden atmosphere
of a pre-monsoonal noon
where the almost-water air clung like a cloak,
in the shade of verdant over-growth
where a city's waste was strewn,
sat a bone-bare, Aboriginal, old bloke.

His demeanour spoke of poverty
and his posture spoke of shame,
while his tattered, dirty clothes bespoke neglect.
With his hand outstretched for dole and drink
like a victim laying blame,
he appeared bereft of pride or self-respect.

What had dragged this elder down towards
such a pitiful demise
where he wasted daylight hours in a daze
on the fringe of town society?
I could only but surmise
what had caused abandonment of tribal ways.

Were his half-caste brethren harshly forced
from their kin, their home, their time,
to a twilight zone, identity displaced?
Have his children sunk through drugged defeat
into violence and crime;
has the honourable Dreamtime been disgraced?

Then it seemed that he entrapped my gaze.
From a prehistoric dawn
I could hear my name resound in ancient cries —
overwhelming sense of wonderment.
In an instant I was drawn
to the Dream within those coal-black, deep-set
eyes.

And the ancient rites of passage stirred
a vibration in my soul
as the throb of didge and clapping stick resumed,
to attune me to the rhythmic pulse
of a people proud and whole
and the chant from past corroboree consumed.

Then the magic names of ancestors
from the first creative race,
like a mantra only hearts could understand,
in a sacred ritual of sound
linked the people to their place,
through their reverential worship of the land.

And he danced just like his totem bird,
with his arms, like wings, spread wide,
in Arella ring with nullah, sling and spear.*
Dirawong and Bunjil, Baiame,*
were the spirit names he cried
with a resonance that only hearts could hear.

Then the vision left my inner sight
and the fleeting glimpse was o'er —
I was back in busy city din and grime
and the bone-bare Aborigine
was left destitute once more,
like a misplaced remnant from another time.

But I'd known the bond of unity
and I looked with wiser gaze
and the pity I'd been feeling turned to pride
that custodians of ancient race
have survived to modern days
with ancestral spirit kept alive inside.

We cannot erase the damage done
but the promise lies ahead
and the message from long past has timely worth,
for the tribal lore that they revere
in their Dreaming is not dead
if we share their love and caring for our earth.

Though the symbols used are not the same
we all have a Dreamtime song
of an unspoilt land to lift our spirits high.
We can live in tune with Mother Earth
for together we belong
here beneath our pristine Mirrabooka sky.*

*Glossary of Aboriginal terms

Arella — ceremonial ring

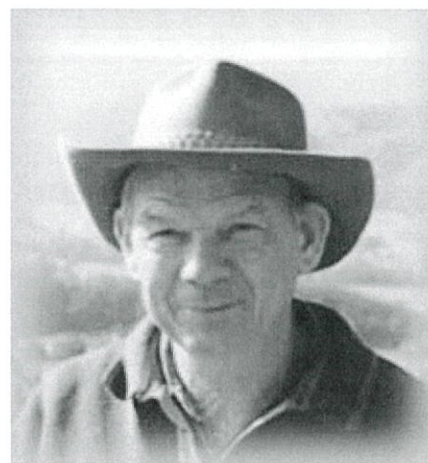
nullah — club like weapon

Dirawong, Bunjil, Baiame — names of Spirit Ancestors from Dreamtime legends

FROM THE POET'S PEN



Brenda-Joy



Phillip Rush

A TIMELY WARNING

A little bit of outback history, told to me by an ex-PMG employee who was based at Cloncurry in the late fifties and early sixties. Apparently the 'highway' from Brisbane to Darwin in those days was unformed, dust in the dry weather, mud in the wet, and a multitude of channels and creek-beds to cross. Possibly dangerous? Yes! Especially after stopping at the Walkabout Hotel at McKinlay for a drink or two after work, before heading home to Cloncurry!

Out in the black soil country where the northern rivers run

To the Gulf of Carpentaria the roads were little fun
Back in the nineteen fifties, for most were dirt and sand:
Unformed and prone to flooding in that unforgiving land.
And those who had to use them were a tough, intrepid crew,
Both practical and canny, and independent, too.

These roads, or so they called them, were four-wheel tracks at best,
And put the most experienced of drivers to the test!
The many creeks and channels that fed these northern streams
Would give the untired driver the nightmares of dreams!
There were creek beds by the hundred which had to be traversed,
And when the creeks were running they were at their very worst!

The hotel at McKinlay was called the 'Walkabout',
Where workers stopped and stayed a while and sometimes stumbled
out

To drive the sixty miles back home to families in Cloncurry,
And found it most unwise to drive on that road in a hurry!
The road itself was bad enough, the creek beds even worse,
One of which would sometimes cause the best of men to curse!

On a north bound stretch of road towards the journey's end,
There was, beside the Elder Creek, a sharp right-angled bend
That led to where the crossing was, but it was hard to see,
And to miss this right-hand turn was a catastrophe!
For if you missed this right-hand bend, there was no time to stop
Before you headed swiftly down a sheer six-metre drop!

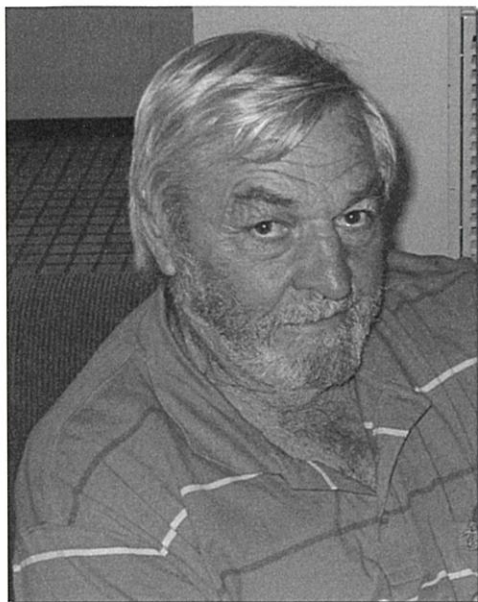
The vehicles were often wrecked, and sometimes drivers, too,
But, thanks to some obliging bloke, this dwindled to a few!
This chap half-filled, with several rocks, a rusting forty-four;
And painted three words on it, and placed it well before
This treacherous right-angled bend; the sign said, 'LIFT IM FOOT',
And drivers who ignored this sign would find their car 'Kaput'!

The drum's no longer there, of course, the road's a highway now,
And yet I find it rather sad that it has gone, somehow.
The unformed road's now bitumen, but much to our dismay,
There're still too many accidents occur on roads today;
There're still too many folk who find their vehicles 'Kaput',
Because they find it far too hard to simply 'LIFT IM FOOT'!

PS. If you 'google' 'LIFT IM FOOT' you will find at least two other examples of forty-four gallon drums with this sign painted on the side. One is a photo taken about 1968 by the Reverend Les McKay, a patrol padre in rural Queensland for many years for the Australia Inland Mission. The other was photograph was taken near King's Canyon in the Northern Territory by a tourist/traveller in the year 2000.

These two apparently post-date the one mentioned in my poem by several years — perhaps a copy of the original?

Philip R. Rush © 24-05-2012



Terry Piggot, Winner of the 2012 Charlee Marshall Award held by the Banana Shire, where he beat an elite field of highly recognised Australian Poets, with his entry, *Out On The Western Shore*. A Poem, I believe, that Charlee himself would put his stamp of approval to as a wonderful piece of literature.

Good onya Terry.

Terry tells us,

"I'm a relative newcomer to writing Bush poetry I joined the ABPA in 2007 and also joined the W.A. Bush poets and Yarn Spinners at the same time.

I've been a prospector most of my life, starting as a young fellow opal mining at Coober Pedy in the sixties. I left when I got married and for a while ran a wholesale opal cutting business in Perth, but the lure of the bush soon got to me and before long I was out looking for gold.

With the sudden appearance of metal detectors to the gold scene in the seventies I was soon hooked and have been more or less a fulltime prospector ever since. My wife Valma joined me in the nineties and prospected full time with me for about ten years, they were great times, without doubt the most enjoyable years I have spent out in the bush. I'm still out there, although I'm cutting back a bit these days; Valma only does the occasional trip now.

I always had an interest in poetry having learned it at school, I had messed about by now and again writing the odd short poem, if you could call them that. Eventually I got the urge to learn how write poetry properly and had the good fortune to meet other poets who pointed me in the right direction. Irene Conner, Glenn Palmer, Valerie Read and others Too numerous to mention helped me get started and I'm greatly indebted to them for the help they gave me.

I have been entering a few competitions for about three or four years and have had modest success in various competitions around Australia, most of my poems are set in the WA gold fields but I do write a few on other subjects as well."

TERRY PIGGOT - Another of the WA Poets reaping the rewards of the East Coast!

OUT ON THE WESTERN SHORE

I sat there by the campfire with the billy on to boil
and watched the twilight shadows creep across the parched red soil.
As fading rays of sunlight dipped below the distant peaks,
I marveled at the ghost gums that surrounded nearby creeks.
Where golden blossoms mingle with white quartz seams in the clay,
of twisting ancient creek beds from that other bygone day.
This country holds me in its spell and will for evermore,
enthralled by rugged scenery - out on the Western Shore.

I look out from my vantage point and view the scene once more,
majestic rolling ranges fringe a landscape I adore.
An ancient land of mystery that differs from the south,
once steeped in tribal secrets handed down by word of mouth.
I think of past corroborees and stamping of the feet,
the chanting of the women; kylie's click a rhythmic beat.
Then comes a sense of sadness for a lifestyle that's no more,
yet still I sense their presence here - out on the Western Shore.

Then as I look down to the south, I see a quartz-strewn plain,
with green around the edges after recent heavy rain.
Here kangaroo's are grazing on the lush green native grass,
they're in the shadow of the hills, below a mountain pass.
And off into the distance I can see a large gum creek,
it's dry and sandy now, but things could change within a week.
For storms can quickly turn to flood; then streams will roar once more,
from those rushing flooding waters - out on the Western Shore.

My mind begins to wander back to when the white men came,
prepared to risk their very lives for fortune and for fame,
I see their grimy faces and their tired and bloodshot eyes,
tormented by the elements and swarms of crawling flies.
But only death will stop them as they press ahead so bold,
for rumors that have reached them tell of fortunes made from gold.
The strongest set a solid pace that's matched by many more,
they're heading to the latest rush - out on the Western Shore.

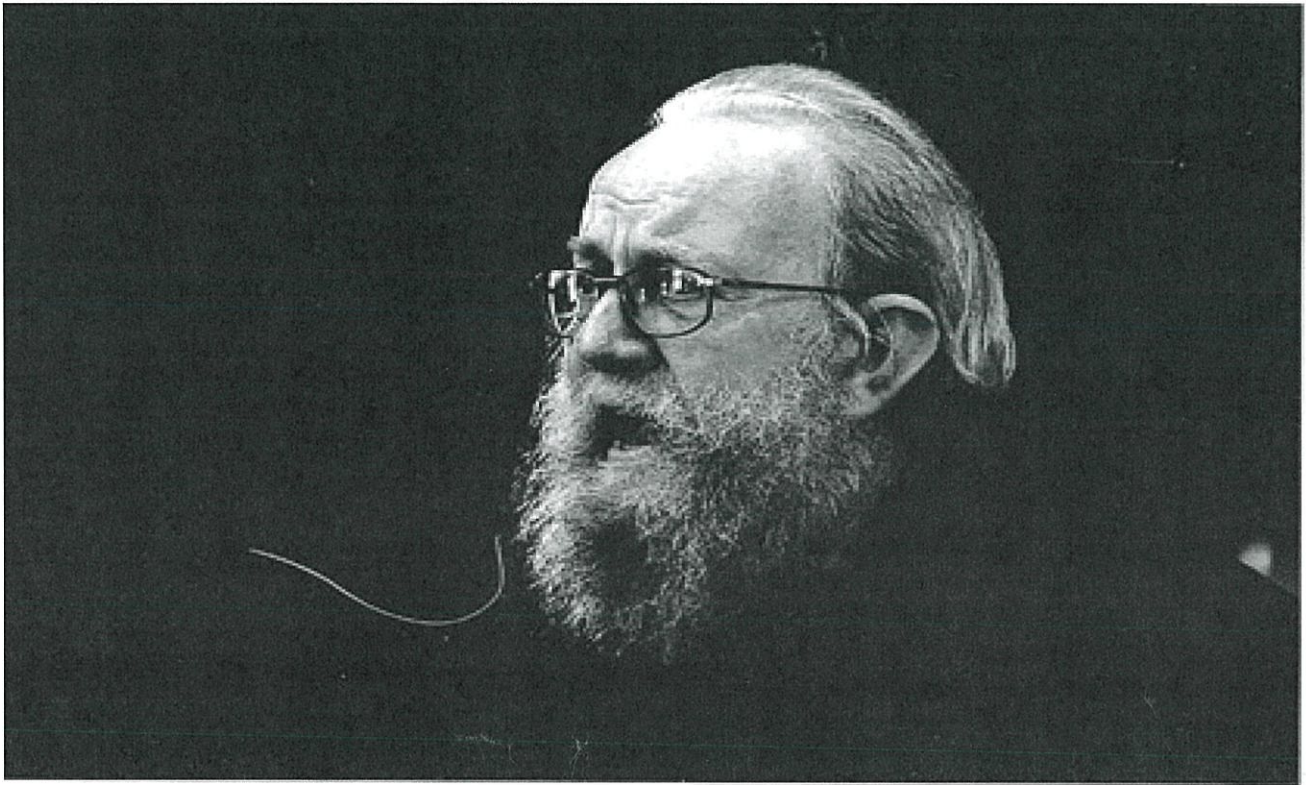
I dream I'm out there with them rushing for the latest find
and sense the deep exhaustion that now plays on each mans mind.
They curse the rugged harshness of this unrelenting land,
but still push ever onwards over hills and desert sand.
With aching limbs and heaving chests they top the final rise
and see the field below them stretching out before their eyes.
And soon they're shown big nuggets and assured there's plenty more,
still hidden deep within the earth - out on the Western Shore.

I stir then from my daydream as I sense the billy's boiled,
still thinking of old timers and how hard they must have toiled.
I look around my camp again and in the fading light,
I see the clumps of spinifex on ridges to my right.
Then hear a nightjar screeching as it readies for the kill,
soon followed by a butcherbird's sweet haunting moonlight trill.
It's time to then unroll the swag and settle down once more
and spend the night beneath the stars - out on the Western Shore.

©T.E. Piggott 2012

***Would you like to talk Bush Poetry with your peers and share some of your work? Then join in at
www.abpa.org.au and register on the Forums***

JACK DRAKE



Jack Drake recently received some good news when his three books previously published by Central Queensland University Press were picked up by Booralong Press of Brisbane. Jack's 3 books "The Cattle Dog's Revenge" (winner of 2004 Original Verse book of the Year), and his set of 2 historical frontier tales, "The Wild West in Australia & America" and "The Outback -v- the Wild West" are all now back in print and available from Booralong Press or directly from Jack.

Jack Drake is a product of the bush who has lived the life he writes about. He has straightened up at the end of eight hours on a shearing board and twisted his handpiece off ready for a well earned beer.

He knows the satisfaction of riding a horse he has bred and broken-in with a saddle he has made himself for a day's mustering. Like most bush boys, he can handle shoeing tools, fencing gear, carpentry and welding equipment, and turn his hand to any of the hundred and one tasks necessary for survival in the bush.

Born in rural New Zealand in 1950, he is now a naturalised Aussie and proud of it. He has loved words and verse ever since his father gave him a copy of Banjo Patterson's verses when he was 10 years old.

His first CD "The Cattle Dog's Revenge" was released in 2001 and his second CD "Dinkum Poetry" was released in 2002.

Jack recites his own works plus other bush favorites, with fire and gusto to the delight of his audiences both old and young. His life long experience with horses, sheep, cattle and all bush things adds a ring of authenticity to his renditions.

Until August 2001, he ran a horse back, trail riding business known as "Red Gum Ridge Trail Rides" 18 kms SE of Stanthorpe high up in the border ranges, which kept his hand in as a saddler, farrier, horse educator and an occasional blade shearing demonstrator.

A true blue Aussie Entertainer and festival favorite, Jack excels with what can only be described as a photographic menu, which combined with his unique wit and passion for the bush, guarantee a wonderful performance every time he hits the stage.

CQU Press, has also published Jack's two volume historical work on Australia's frontier history compared with the Wild West era in American. America's early times have received huge publicity worldwide via books and movies, but Australia equalled and in some areas surpassed their wild and woolly western history, but this has not been largely recognized. The two books are titled "The Wild West in Australia and America" Vol 1 and "The Outback vs. the Wild West" vol. 2.

Unfortunately by 2011 all 3 books became out of print due to CQU Press deciding not to continue with bush orientated books, so Jack revised the self published booklet "Saga of the Dog" which tells the story about the real dog Woody, the prime character in his most popular poem "The Cattle Dog's Revenge", with sequels and counter poems by other poets.

Jack felt there was a need to present works by some of our early masters of Bush Poetry in the style it was meant to be heard, around the camp fire. He put together a varied collection by Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie, George Essex Evans, C. J. Dennis and others which he has recited in his latest CD called "Australian Bush Poetry Classics". The CD won him his second Golden Gumleaf Trophy from the Australian Bush Laureate Awards for the "Album of the Year 2011".

He also felt there was a need for Australia's early literature in the form of Bush Poetry, to be presented in schools and as the new National curriculum is encouraging English teachers to go back to basics, together with Jenna Towers B.Ed, he has produced an Education Package suitable for the class room. It is based around the 12 classic poems on his CD "Australian Bush Poetry Classics" and the package contains this CD plus a Teachers' Note book of over 100 pages with blackline masters, scaffolded student activities using Blooms Taxonomy, the various poets' history, terminology of the times and support material, plus a DVD with performance tips and electronic version of the Teacher's notes. It is currently being circulated throughout all Australian States and Territories and Islands.

Regarding this teaching package, Alan Jones AO has this to say: "Congratulations on your work. You can't go wrong bringing more Australian to our children." Although he now doesn't compete, Jack's wins in bush poetry competitions included:

The Asthma Foundation of NSW's 'Bush Poet of the Year 2001: in Sydney on 30 April 2001;
The Tenterfield Oracles of the Bush Written Section in 1999, and Original Performance Section in 2000 and 2001:
The Original Performance Section, National Bush Poetry Championship at the Brisbane Ekka 2001 as well as wins and places in many other regional contests;
His CD's "The Cattle Dog's Revenge" was a finalist in the 2001 Australian Bush Laureate Awards at Tamworth. The CD "Dinkum Poetry" was a finalist in 2003 and the CD "Bronco Harry's Last Ride" made the finals in 2005;
His CD Australian Bush Poetry Classics" won a Golden Gum Leaf Trophy at the Australian Bush Laureate Award, Tamworth for the Best Album of the Year 2011;
His book "The Cattle Dog's Revenge" earned a Golden Gum Leaf Trophy at the Australian Bush Laureate Awards, Tamworth for the Best Book of Original Verse for the Year 2004.
He is a regular performer at festivals around Queensland and NSW including the Tamworth Country Music week plus many appearances at other festivals and events. He performs, judges and compares at various venues. Although comedy is his forte, his occasional rendition of the old classic favourites will keep you spellbound.

Jack has done a couple of tours performing in New Zealand and his CD's and books have sold as far afield as Britain, Canada, New Zealand and USA as well as all over Australia.

"Jack Drake is one of those larger than life characters. He is an excellent showman and it is an unforgettable experience to hear him in full cry relating the escapades of the redoubtable Woody."
Bruce Simpson

"Jack is everything that a good bush poet should be. He does a one-off dead set ripper act. The language is colourful and the poems range from hilarious to the epic to the poignant. This real authentic Stuff!"
Ted Egan AO

MAIL ORDER PRODUCTS AVAILABLE FROM JACK DRAKE

CDs "The Cattle Dog's Revenge"
 "Dinkum Poetry"
 "Bronco Harry's Last Ride"
 "Australian Bush Poetry Classics"
 (winner of 2011 Album of the Year)
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Pearl Of Wisdom Found Surfing The Net

It's amazing how sometimes our most racous old comedians can drop their act and language and share something of what they have learned in there lifetime of entertaining. Here's something I found from Cult Comedian, George Carlin

A Message by George Carlin

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less. We buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years.

We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbour. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things. We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever. Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side. Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you. Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

Vale Donny Lloyd

Donny Lloyd, the self proclaimed 'Mongrel' passed away on Monday June 11th. Most who remember Donny, remember a man who was born with a confectionous grin and laugh and an ability to pen a poem of as good a quality as anybody in the country. A regular performer at The Longyard, Settler's Rest and many other venues, Donny will be sorely missed in the Bush Poetry circles. For those who did not have the pleasure to meet or see Donny in action, here is some information.



Don Lloyd was a local character from Pillar Valley, on the Northern Rivers of NSW, who had been spinning his yarns to avid followers for more years than he cared to remember. His larger than life character was a regular at functions, where his inimitable style set the audience rolling in the aisles.

His four recordings are always in demand and his witty tales and poems have even been delighting the city folk, where his albums are regularly represented on Sydney's 2SM on Grant Goldman's radio programs.

Don Lloyd was living proof that an academic background is not a basic requirement to be a successful bush poet. What is required however is to have a poet's heart, for the pen of a poet is lifeless without a poet's heart to guide it. With a big heart that can equally relate to the innocence of a small child and the despair of one who has spent all their tomorrows yesterday, Don was well qualified. Another requirement is a sense of humour and although Don's humour was a little weird at times, he was again well qualified.

QLD. BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS RESULTS 2012

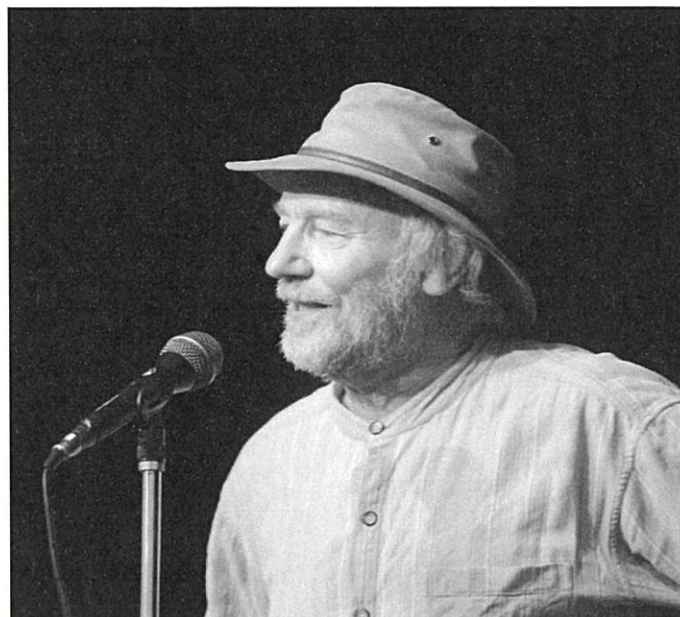
TOWNSVILLE HOSTS QLD. BUSH POETRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 2012

JUNIOR	OPEN
<i>Junior Under 13 Serious</i>	<i>Open Female Traditional</i>
1st Seiko Burnside	1st Kathie Priestly
2nd Jae-Ho Park	2nd Jan Facey
3rd Kayleigh Bull	3rd Wendy Oss
<i>Under 13 Humorous</i>	<i>Open Female Original</i>
1st Angus Ogilvie	1st Wendy Oss
2nd Jeong-Oh Park	2nd Jan Facey
3rd Kayleigh Bull	3rd Kathie Priestly
<i>Over 13 Serious</i>	<i>Open Female Original Humorous</i>
1st Brook Jurss	1st Val Dart
2nd Hun-Ho Jang	2nd Cay Ellem
	3rd Dot Church
<i>Over 13 Humorous</i>	<i>Open Female Modern</i>
1st Brook Jurss	1st Kathie Priestly
2nd Hun-Ho Jang	2nd Wendy Oss
3rd Justin Jones	3rd Val Dart
<i>Over 13 Original</i>	<i>Open Male Original Humorous</i>
1st Brook Jurss	1st Geoff Stewart - McLean
2nd Hun-Ho Jang	2nd Barry Graham
	3rd Barry Ellem
<i>Yarn Spinning</i>	<i>Open Male Original Serious</i>
Winner - Carmel Lloyd	1st Kevin Dean
	2nd Geoff Stewart-McLean
	3rd Barry Ellem
<i>One Minute Tog-O-Words</i>	<i>Open Male Modern</i>
Winner - Lyn Tarring	1st Kevin Dean
	2nd Barry Ellem
	3rd Barry Graham
<i>NOVICE</i>	<i>Open Male Traditional</i>
<i>Novice Traditional</i>	1st Geoff Stewart-McLean
1st Lyn Tarring	2nd Kevin Dean
2nd Bill Moline	3rd Barry Ellem
3rd Maureen Luke	
<i>Novice Modern</i>	<i>OVERALL</i>
1st Lyn Tarring	<i>Female Qld Champion 2012</i>
2nd Rusty Dart	Kathie Priestly - Townsville
3rd Maureen Luke	<i>Male Qld. Champion 2012</i>
<i>Novice Original</i>	Geoff Stewart-McLean - Mackay
1st Lyn Tarring	<i>Overall Qld Champion Bush Poet</i>
2nd Ian Mackay	2012 KATHIE PRIESTLY - Townsville
3rd Maureen Luke	

Townsville turned on the weather and the hospitality for their first hosting of the Queensland Bush Poetry Championships on 1st 2nd and 3rd of June this year. The Townsville Bush Poets Mates put together a wonderfully successful weekend which incorporated the Championships, a Sold out Saturday Night Concert, featuring Judges John Lloyd, Bill Kearns, Melanie Hall and Neil McArthur, a Poets Breakfast on the Sunday and all after a Meet and Greet in the Townsville Mall on the Friday.

The coordination was of a high standard and praise must go to the committee and the local Lions club for their last-minute catering, Carmel Lloyd for her excellent MC skills and a great community for coming along and enjoying all the Poetry on offer.

From The Juniors through to the Open, to the yarn-spinners and competitors in the one-minute Tug-O-Words, it was a truly unforgettable weekend. Congratulations to all involved and we wish the Townsville Bush Poets Mates all the luck in the future.



Geoff Stewart-Maclean - Qld. Male Champion



Kathie Priestly - Qld. Female and Overall Champion



John Lloyd, Neil McArthur, Melanie Hall & Bill Kearns on stage at the Saturday Night Concert at Townsville

PHOTOS FROM YOUNGER DAYS

THIS MONTH - THE BLOKES

(GET YOUR PICS IN FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, GIRLS!!)



7 YEAR OLD RAY ESSERY



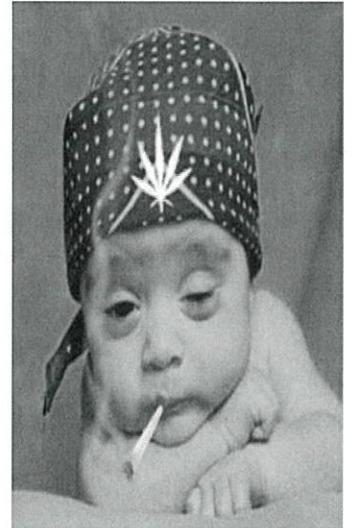
BOB PACEY AT 5 (AFTER A SHAVE)



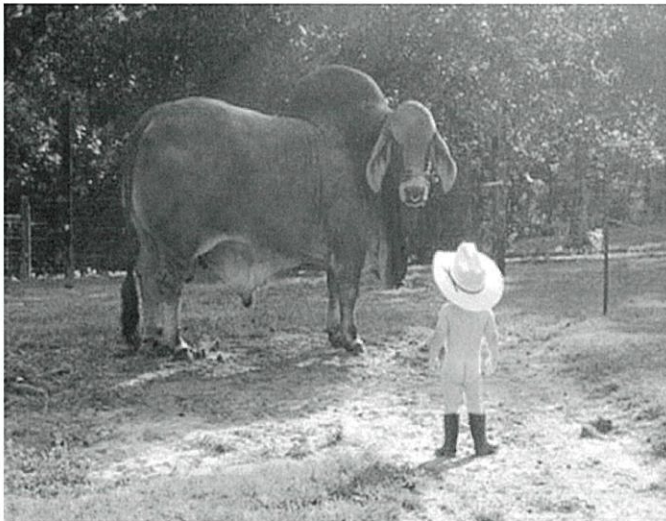
8 YEAR OLD NOEL STELLARD?



MARTY PATTY (LAST YEAR)



A NIMBIN FREE-VERSE POET?



GARY FOGARTY AGED 4



NEIL McARTHUR - LAST WEEK

Please forward any pics you have to editor@abpa.org.au and remember that you can also post Poetry related photos on the ABPA website if you are a registered user. To become registered, simply join at

www.abpa.org.au

NORTH PINE BUSH POETS INC CAMP OVEN FESTIVAL 2012

Plans are well in hand for the 2012 Camp Oven Festival which will happen on 17th, 18th and 19th August. The Festival will take place in an exciting new venue at Norths Leagues and Services Club on Anzac Avenue at Kallangur. The Club has very generously donated the room for our annual fundraising concert this month. We hope to make this our permanent home. The usual camping accommodation is available at the Lawnton Showground.

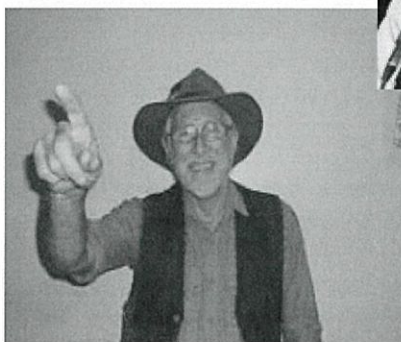
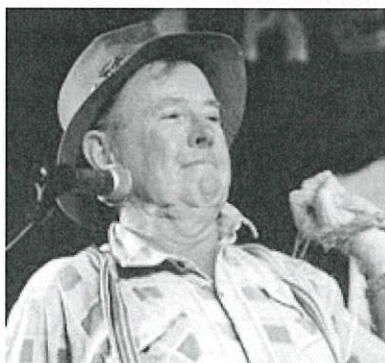
Phone Brian on 0420500157 or Tony on 0430150805 to book

Greg North, Ray Essery and Bill Kearns will be our esteemed judges and on the Saturday night will no doubt keep us rolling in the aisles with their inimitable styles of side splitting humour. Bookings will be available from the Norths Club on 07 32852733 after 1st July.

Plans have not been finalised for the program on Friday as we are looking to have a Junior competition. Details will be available on the abpa website or phone Dot on 07 32036681 or Barry on 07 34823541.

Entries for our written competition close on 9th July so get those thumbnails dipped in to the tar quick smart.

Accommodation also at Kallangur Hotel Motel, 1517 Anzac Avenue,
Kallangur - phone 07 3886 2366.



THE KIDS OF CORRYONG



Lachlan Hunt and Huw Byatt



CORRYONG PREP CHILDREN PERFORMING AT THE
AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

If you think the Children of Generation Y are leaving our Art of Bush Poetry behind, then obviously you were not at the MFSR Festival to witness the excellent standard of Junior performers on display. As Poet's increase their visits to schools and Festivals and Competitions persist with Junior Sections, despite a lean trot there for a while,, then it becomes not just obvious, but rewarding, to see them throw themselves into their performances with such pride. The numbers of children entering at other Comps this year, such as Tenterfield's Oracles Of The Bush and the Townsville Qld. Bush Poetry Champs, then it gives encouragement to the harshest sceptic. Keep It Up Kids!!



Hannigan Heycox



Kristy Whitehead



Michelle Roberts



Caitlan Klippel

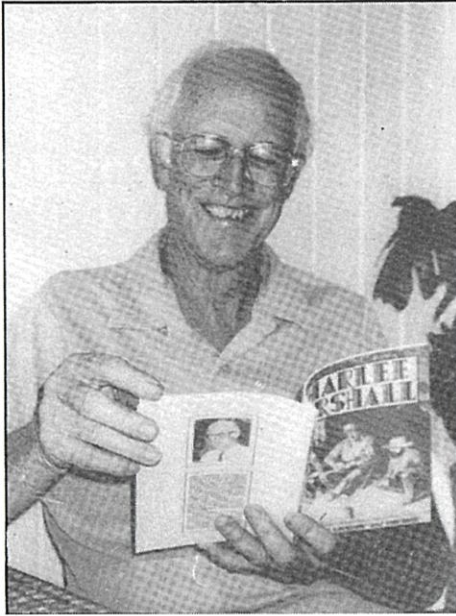


Eva Kent



Amy Whitehead and Tiarnee Hunt

CHARLEE MARSHALL



Charlee Marshall was born and educated near Rockhampton, Qld. The Breeding ground of many a fine Poet. He trained as a primary school teacher in Central Qld. before setting off to a piece of scrubland near Thangool.

Charlee was well known as a Poet around Australia's leading Folk Festivals, and won most of Australia's well sought after literary awards. He performed at most major festivals around Australia and was looked up to by all Bush Poets for his ability to master both the amusing and the heart-wrenching aspects of both the written and the spoken word.

Health problems stopped him performing and he finally succumbed to his long battle with his illness and passed away in Rockhampton. He spent the last six months of his life in Rockhampton on 1st September 1995. His poetry touched and enriched many lives, all of whom still mourn his passing. He was a great poet and a great mate of many, many people.

His legacy lives on through the Banana Shire Council's Charlee Marshall Written Poetry Awards, won this year by WA's Terry Piggott.

Across the Condamine

©Charlee Marshall

There's an old grey-headed stockman
In a unit over town -
He seldom smiles or finds a word to say,
His hands are worn and calloused,
His face is thin and brown
And his eyes burn with the fire of yesterday.
Sometimes the grandkids visit
When they have the time to spare,
They kiss his cheek and say he's looking fine,
But he seldom hears their chatter
For he isn't really there...
He's riding herd across the Condamine.

There's a blue-eyed girl he married
Comes smiling through his dreams,
She's buried in a sleepy country town.
For she couldn't bear the loneliness
of western droving teams
And the Phantom of the Outback struck her down.
Now the welfare lady calls in,
She brings him all his meals,
With now and then a pension cheque to sign -
But she'll never know the hunger
And the longing that he feels
For the taste of dust across the Condamine.

There's a creaking of the saddle
And a twitching of the rein
The smell of sweat and horses on the trail,
And his eye is on the leaders
As he checks the drive again
And whistles to old Bluey at the tail.
He grips the ragged cushions
Of the lounge between his knees,
His waving hand is counting one to nine;
But he's ridden many 'jumpers
With a better turn than these
At rodeos across the Condamine.

There's a nurse comes every Friday
To listen to his heart;
How can she know it's roaming far away
From that frail and tired body
Where once it was a part -
A host that it will beckon to one day
On some misty summer morning
He will heed the call to go
Where skies are blue and stars will always shine,
And a smile upon his waxen lips
Will let the neighbours know
He's home at last across the Condamine.

The Pontiff's Eyes

©Charlee Marshall

I was in the barber's shop one day, (there's only one back home).
And I mentioned as he shored me that I planned a trip to Rome.
And foolishly I mentioned then that all good Catholics hope
To venture to the Vatican and get to meet the Pope.
"What a silly dream," he sniggered. "Has religion turned your head?
Go to mass on Sunday morning here, and save yourself the bread;

There'll be fifty thousand pilgrims breathing garlic in your ear
And a figure on a balcony you'll never get to hear...
You've been struck with mob hysteria, it's really made you blind,
The rattle of the rosary has eaten out your mind!
You'll strut around the pubs back home, and every day you'll skite
How you saw some dim Italian and you thought his coat was white."

Well he nicked me with the razor, and he would have whinged some more,
But I pushed his money at him and I bolted out the door;
And, in spite of what he told me, and however strange it looked,
I reckoned I WOULD go to Rome - I had the ticket booked...
So I went and I enjoyed myself - a real fantastic trip -
And on return I sought the barber's chair to risk another clip.

"Ha! Here's the great world-traveller!", he chortled with a bow;
"He's been to see the Pope, you know; he's much more righteous now!
How did you find His Eminence? Come on, don't leave us guessing...
Tell all your wretched barmates how you earned the papal blessing!"

So I said, "It might sound boastful, and a trifle trite to you,
But I went to see the Vatican, and met the Pontiff too;
I know it sounds unlikely, but he saw me standing there -
ME! Of all the thousands packed into St Peter's square!
And his piercing eyes dwelt on me; I couldn't turn away
While he spread his holy benison, and murmured, 'Let us pray...'

Well, we said our PATER NOSTRAS and the crowd began to rise
When again I felt the focus of the Holy Pontiff's eyes;
And I stiffened to attention - if I started to relax
That fiery gaze burnt into me, and stopped me in my tracks!
The crowd before me parted like the billows of the sea
And I realized his Holiness was walking straight to me!
He checked his progress now and then, some sinner to embrace,
"But his point of concentration never shifted from my face."

It sank upon the cobblestones, my breath began to wheeze...
A little pool of water formed around my quaking knees...
This is no idle fantasy - Ten thousand people saw me -
The Holy Prince of Christendom came down and stood before me!

And he placed his hands upon my head and said, (I kid you not)
"WHAT A BLOODY ROTTEN HAIRCUT-THAT BARBER SHOULD BE SHOT!"

BOBBY MILLER

The late great, BOBBY MILLER, also commonly known as "The Larrikin" possibly penned more recent comedy classics than any other poet in Australia. "The Brew", "The Bachelor's Revenge", "Dumb Jim", are staple repertoire for Australia's hundreds of bush poet performers. Bobby was a dominant figure at the many Bush Poets Breakfasts, which have become a gigantically well supported of every Australian Folk and Country Music Festival. He is still represented on every Naked Poets new release.

BINGO

©Bobby Miller

I woke up Sunday morning
And my head was racked with pain
As this big bloke with a hammer
Slowly pounded at my brain

And then the missus said "You mongrel!
Down that pub with blue and dingo
Well today you'll pay your penance
Cause you're taking me to bingo"

I said "Bingo? What a rotten thought
How would I live it down?
If my mates from up the pub found out
They'd laugh me out of town!"

But still my head was thumpin'
As I pondered on my plight
Yeah I'd have to go to bingo
Just to get some peace and quiet

As I sneaked into the parish hall
My head was hanging low
And a hundred dear old ladies
Were all staring down our row

They thought I was the victim
Of some ambush, or a fight
When they ask 'How are you going?'
And 'are you sure that he's alright?'

Well I just sat there breathing slowly
Till the caller gave a shout
And he didn't have to say 'eye's down'
Cause mine were hanging out

'Well our first game is a full house
And good luck to all today'
Then he called out 'legs eleven'
And the game was underway

Next, 17 and 48
And 6 and 22
Well I just stamped them with me stamper
Like the dear old ladies do

And my card filled up so quickly
I just sat there staring, mute
And when he called out 'kelly's eye'
I said 'hey that's it, you bloody beaut'

Well they came and checked me ticket
Forty bucks I did attain
And the ladies said 'you poor young thing
We hope that helps your pain'

Yeah, but when I'd won the fifth game
Well the smiles were wearing thin
And I saw two grannies snarling
Where there once had been a grin

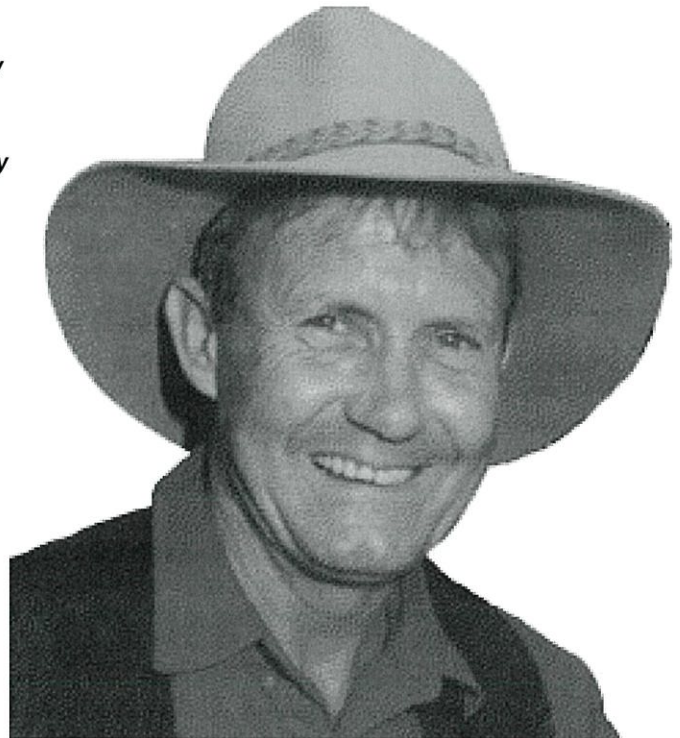
Two hundred eyes were watching
From behind those wrinkled cheeks
Cause the jackpot game had not gone off
For night on seven weeks

And they watched my every movement
As the caller gave a call
And my stamper, like a hammer
Echoed round that frigid hall

Now I know the hated feelings
That unwanted fortune brings
But I don't write the numbers
I just stamp the bloody things

And I felt this premonition
Sort of creeping up my spine
As I stamped the final number
And I quietly said 'er it's mine'

You could not believe the bedlam
That erupted through that crowd
You've never heard old ladies
Use four letter words out loud



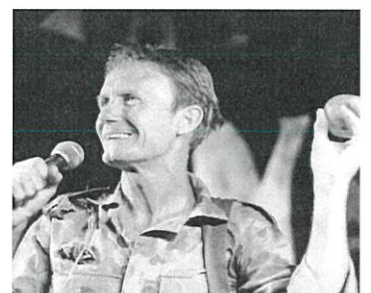
They called me all the low down things
Threw cake upon my shirt
And this sweet old dear beside me said
'I hope that bloody hurt'

Then they stormed out of that ballroom
As they would the gates of hell
The last one swearing loudly
'You're a mongrel and you smell'

But I soon forgot that torment
\$1500 eased the pain
So you can bet your bottom dollar
I'm coming back to play again

Cause playing bingo is easy
And you pick up heaps of dough
When I tell the boys down at the pub
I'm sure they're going to go

I might even throw me job in
Things will never be the same
Now I know this way of getting rich
Just find a bingo game





Editor's View

BUSH POETRY & COUNTRY COMEDY RHYME FOR THE TIME

The Man From Snowy River. What a wonderful poem and a work that has become ageless to us all in the Australian literary circles. But this is a great example of how past poets such as Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, Will Ogilvie and a host of others portrayed a history of their time through Bush Poetry, the great medium of Australian Rhyming Verse.

So here is the question. Must the modern Australian Poet continue to portray Australia in the same light as Paterson and his mates? Do we have to study our history and write as if we were there? Must every poem include a stockman, a horse, a swaggie and a boiling billy?

Well, in my opinion, not at all. Australian Bush Poetry has had somewhat of an explosive revival over the past years, and as much as a lot of Traditionalists refuse to part from the Australia of old, most who perform their own written works have moved on to a more modern stage and, as they say, the proof is in the pudding.

Lets explore, in particular, the impact of Bush Poets Breakfast, especially in relation to Country Music Festivals.

The resurgence began some years ago with Poets such as Charlie Marshall, Bobby Miller, Marco Giori, Shirley Friend, Gary Fogarty and Murray Hartin, to name just a few, arriving on the scene with their works centered on more contemporary issues. These were wide ranging, from the serious to the ridiculous. Yarn Spinning in verse.

At first, the small audiences and traditional writers were a little set back, especially with the degree of comedy being introduced. But suddenly the crowds began to grow. A few hundred, then more, and now some festivals are boasting thousands, all madly jumping from their various camping paraphernalia to make it down for the 8am start or arriving even earlier for a decent seat, often beating the still sleeping poets there!

The acceptance of the Bush Poets Breakfasts as an entertainment medium in it's own right is evident with the entrenchment of the shows at all of our major Country Music Festivals, including Tamworth, The National Gympie Muster, Mildura, Boondooma, Boyup Brook (WA) Mud Bulls and Music, The Caboolture Urban Music Festival, etc. Impact has also been made at the major Folk Festivals such as Woodford, Port Fairy and the Canberra Nationals.

And what is it that is drawing them? Aussie stand up comic poetry!

The standard of comedy delivered leaves the Comedy Festivals in this country looking second rate, repetitive and downright rude. The concept of festivals being family orientated fits like a glove to the comic Poetry, minimal swearing except perhaps for the occasional great Aussie adjective; focus very rarely on anything smutty, although occasionally the odd innuendo caught by some, missed by others; the ability to choose material spontaneously to suit the crowd we are faced with after walking on stage and summing up the audience. All this is what has drawn crowds to see the Bush Poets as an integral part of the festivals.

Groups such as the Naked Poets have been instrumental in exposing their unique comedy poetry shows to new audiences all over Australia, and this was evident last year when I arrived in Boyup Brook, WA, and performed to a breakfast crowd in excess of two thousand. More than stayed on for Troy Casser-Daley. Felicity Urquart and Pete Denehy! (Although I would have liked to have had their crowd from the preceding evening!)

It is amazing how much one poem can boost the image of our art, as Murray Hartin's 'Turbulence' did. As far as I know, this was the first Bush Poem to enter and be highly placed in the Australian Country Music Charts, Every where I go, people request it. I try to explain that it is not my poem, but they don't care. Instead I perform my works and they suddenly forget Turbulence.

And what else does the Poet offer? Many are experienced MCs, others are exceptional songwriters, others are extremely well behaved psychiatric patients.

Away from the festivals, you will find many Poets performing their own shows, working the crowds at corporate functions, organizing Poetry Musters and Competitions to bring through more entertainers, MCs at music concerts and even entertaining tourists at Caravan Parks around Australia.

Over the coming months hope to feature interviews and profiles on some of Australia's most popular contemporary Bush Poets and include an example of their work. It will startle some to see that the funniest performance poets can also be some of the best writers of serious verse in the country.

But, this is only my opinion from observation over almost twenty years, and everything is always open to friendly debate.

May your Life be a Poem and an Angel be the Author.

Neil McArthur

The Ballad Of Billy Briggs

There was a poor man's body in a filthy, dirty lane,
A homeless man, a pauper, a man without a name.
The folks had called him Billy, and sometimes given him food,
But nobody asked him questions. They were not in the mood.

Yet what was unknown to people, was Billy's past hidden life,
He once lived in a humble house, and had a son and a wife.
He worked as a simple shearer, and never asked for more,
But he quickly put his hand up when his country went to war.

He never cared anything less, about what people thought,
He just wanted to help save his country, so he went to war and fought.
Nothing bothered Billy, except for his life at war,
He was there for his comrades and his country, that he deeply cared for.

Billy was a natural leader, his bravery in battle stood out,
The other soldiers looked up to him, they never had a doubt.
He was born to represent his country, and be awarded the Victorian Cross,
Billy was such a humble soldier; he considered the award such a loss.

He returned from the ugly fighting, medals draped upon his chest,
This meant nothing to Billy Briggs, he didn't find him self the best.
The unspeakable things he had seen, the horror he left behind,
Were too much for Billy to bare, and declined his state of mind.

Back home it was overwhelming, people just didn't understand,
Billy was suffering with depression; his heart was in his hand.
He made the decision to leave his family, his friends, his life he new,
Billy became a homeless man, and went to start a life anew.

Life on the streets was sad and lonely; it suited Billy Briggs just fine,
As no one new his identity, how he had fought on the frontline.
No one would ever give him a smile; it was always a nasty frown.
He was cutoff, and lonely and always felt down.

Yes Billy Briggs had turned away life, as life had turned away him,
And died as an unknown soldier, in a laneway nasty and dim.
And no one will ever miss him, or mourn or cry at his loss,
Yet in a pocket beneath the ground is Billy's Victoria Cross.

By Amarni Raschilla
©2012



When 14 year old Amarni Raschilla was asked to write a poem as part of her Bush Poetry studies at Loretto Collage in Ballarat, Victoria, the teachers did not expect to see the results they did. Many students produced excellent Bush Poems but probably none finer than Amarni's 'The Ballad Of Billy Briggs'. Well done and may you continue to write poetry in the future that you can share with everyone. We will be featuring more poetry from our young Australian writers in future editions and look forward to seeing the different styles and angles taken on our land and our culture.

4th Snowy Mountains of Music Festival



Over the June long weekend the 4th Snowy Mountains of Music Festival was held at Perisher Valley, to coincide with the opening of the ski season, and as with all festivals of the highest quality, there was a Bush Poetry component.

With the backdrop of the snow covered slopes and glorious sunshine the featured poets namely Greg North, Zondrae King and Peter Mace, ably supported by Russell Hannah set about to entertain the masses and do a bit of judging.

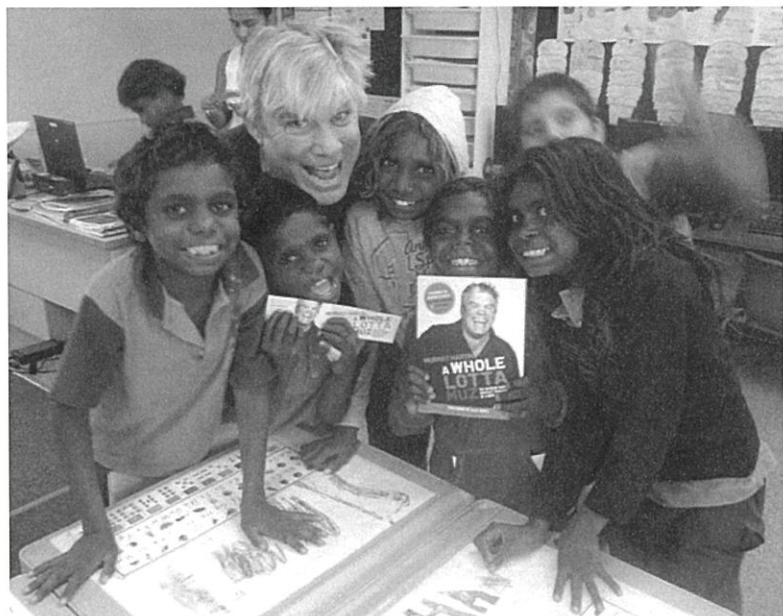
The two competitions were the "Broken Ski Award" for the best written poem and the "Snowy Poetry Cup" for the best performance.

Twenty Three entries were received for the written section with the winning poem titled "A Snowy Mountain Holiday" by Tom McIlveen, a moving poem where a fathers ghosts are awakened by a letter from his daughter.

The performance Cup was won by Kerry Green, who had written her poem on the way to the festival in the bus.

The two poets morning teas (note festival organisers, no 8am starts) were so well supported there was standing room only. One reason I'm sure for their popularity was the fact that we moved the event into the Sundeck lounge, where people could get up from where they sat and do their poem in a relaxed atmosphere with no pressure and no stage.

BUSH POETRY FOR KIDS



Muz Hartin with some kids from the Warnum Community during a visit to the Kimberley in his role as an ambassador for the Books In Homes Australia program.

Welcome to the first ABPA MAGAZINE KIDS' PAGE.

This is for poems written for kids, with kids or by kids.

Each magazine there will be a prize for the best published kids' poem written by a kid.

To kick off we have a few from Muz Hartin who spends a bit of time working with children all around Australia in his role as an ambassador for Books IN Homes Australia (check out the website at www.biha.com.au – you may want to get involved).

Muz also writes a few for his mates' kids including the two published here which were written for Mia Webber.

THE FROGGYWOGS, THE LOGS & THE WAGGA WAGGA FOG

One day in Wagga Wagga
the Froggywogs got bogged
In their red rust-bucket truck
that was loaded up with logs,
They were flying through the fog
when they swerved to miss a dog
And now the Froggywogs were
bogged
in the Wagga Wagga fog.

The logs bogged in the fog
were for the Buzztown Bees
They'd rung the Froggywogs
And said "We'd like some logs now,
please,"

"Our firewood's run out
and it's minus 3 degrees!"
Unless the Frogs un-bogged the
logs
the Buzztown Bees would freeze!

Things were looking hopeless
but the Froggywogs struck luck,
Fearless Freddie Flying Fox
and Dangerous Dudley Duck
Were heading to Temora
In the Shire Fire-truck
And somehow through the fog
they could see the Frogs were
stuck.

"We'll get you out," yelled
Fred,
He had a lot of brains,
"All you have to do
"Is hook up to this chain".
Fearless Fred pulled out the
truck
As it began to rain
And pretty soon the Froggy-
wogs
Were on the road again.

The Buzztown Bees, they
didn't freeze,
They finally got their logs
Thanks to Fearless Fred and
Dudley
And of course the Froggy-
wogs.

They still laugh about the day
When they swerved to miss a
dog
And bogged a load of logs
in the Wagga Wagga fog.

Muz
July 28 2010

THE STARE BEAR

Sparkles is my teddy bear
And he's the best bear anywhere,
He sits on chairs and falls down stairs,
He even helps me say my prayers,
My friends all wish that he were theirs,
But I'll never swap my teddy bear.

There is one thing that isn't fair,
And maybe you are unaware
Or maybe you don't really care,
But this unfair thing I have to share,
No matter how I stare and stare
I can't outstare my teddy bear.

I try so hard, it really stinks,
But my bear Sparkles never blinks
And when I blink he just sits there
And stares and stares and stares and stares.
I can count and brush my hair
But I can't outstare my teddy bear.

Muz
July 28, 2010



Mia Webber tries to outstare her teddy-bear

Marco Gliori shares the first of a series of articles on taking Bush Poetry into the schools. Do be aware that before you do venture into classroom workshops and/or performances to be aware of the requirements of your state regarding the necessary qualifications, eg. Qld's Blue Card.

JUNIOR PRIMARY CHILDREN

FIVE FREE TIPS from Marco Gliori for a 30-40 minute session for Junior Primary.

So, you are going into schools hey? Well be prepared for a polite reception, an air of enthusiasm and an attention span that lasts but a few minutes.

Please don't expect young children to listen to long Bush Ballads, unless they are also acting them out. Schools are also very sensitive about young children being exposed to poems meant for an older audiences.

1. If you are dealing with younger Primary children say aged 5-8 years then you need to include movement and audience participation. They will not sit still for long. Have them marching to warm up, and arm yourself with songs that they can march to. Get them to follow you around the room. Have three or four marching poems ready to do and repeat them a couple of times each. Encourage the children to join in with you.

(they can repeat each line after you like little soldiers)

Life is pretty good to me
Up my nose with a Bumble Bee
Who Ha
Lardy Da
My best friend's a movie star.

Note:- Write a Marching poem with them

2. Write poems that allow the children to stand, and participate by acting out the words.

BECOME THE MAGPIE

Up in the sky
The Magpies Fly
Swooping and sweeping
And gliding by

Get the children to repeat the verse with you and act it out.

BECOME THE PUPPY

Wagging their tails
The puppy dogs play
Leaping and rolling
And running away

With four or five of these up your sleeve, keep adding one, so by the end of it the children are performing 5 in a row and by the end they will be looking forward to sitting down quietly.

Note:- Write a short animal poem with them

3. When I have very young children seated in front of me I carry with me a bag of toys (animals) and I ask one child at a time to come up and reach into the bag to see if I can tell them a poem about the animal they pull out of the bag. I usually have about 5 or 6 toy animals in the bag. The poems are very short, and the children are always impressed that I have memorized them. They love silly poems.

I used to know a flying horse
Who ate meat pies with lots of sauce.
I don't know why he chose that course
For now he's filled with great remorse.
He cannot eat another pie.
Sauce now makes him cry and cry.
He's so unhealthy he can't fly,
And has the cheek to wonder why.

When a child comes up on stage ask them about themselves, and make them feel important. When the animal is pulled from the bag, ask them about the animal, and see what they can tell you about it. How does it feel? How does it sound? Poetry is all about the senses remember.

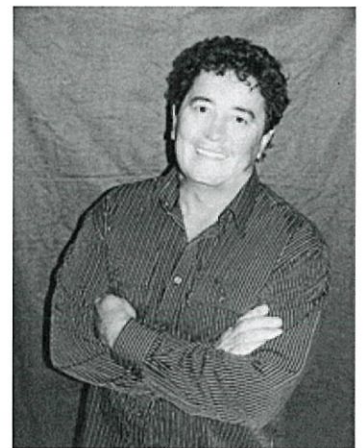
4. Now you have the children's attention so why not have a poetry/picture book from the library ready to read with them.

5. Finally, why not sit with the children and just try to make up poems about them. After a while they will help you, and I guarantee they will all want a poem said about them before you leave.

His name is Ben
He chewed his pen
He said "oh yucky
Then chased a ducky"

Her name is Sarah
There is no fairer
She's rather witty
And looks so pretty.

The more you do this spontaneous sort of thing, the better you get at it. Throw away your inhibitions friends, get down on level ground with little children and the rewards will be amazing.



TENTERFIELD ORACLES OF THE BUSH – 2012

The welcome mat was put out for everyone again as it always is in Tenterfield as autumn leaves and the temperature both start to fall. The welcome however was very warm.

With National Australian Bush Poetry Championships were on at the same time, competitor numbers were down but a lively competition ensued. The judges, Neil McArthur, Gary Fogarty, Peter Capp and Brad Maclean were impressed with the performances. As well as the competition, these poets kept a full house audience entertained on the Saturday night. On Friday night there was a 'Bling in the Bush' Dance where everyone was encouraged to wear all things bright and shiny. This competition was won by Barry and Cay Ellem and unfortunately I can't find a photo of the brilliant pair who are now officially Blinging Idiots until this time next year.

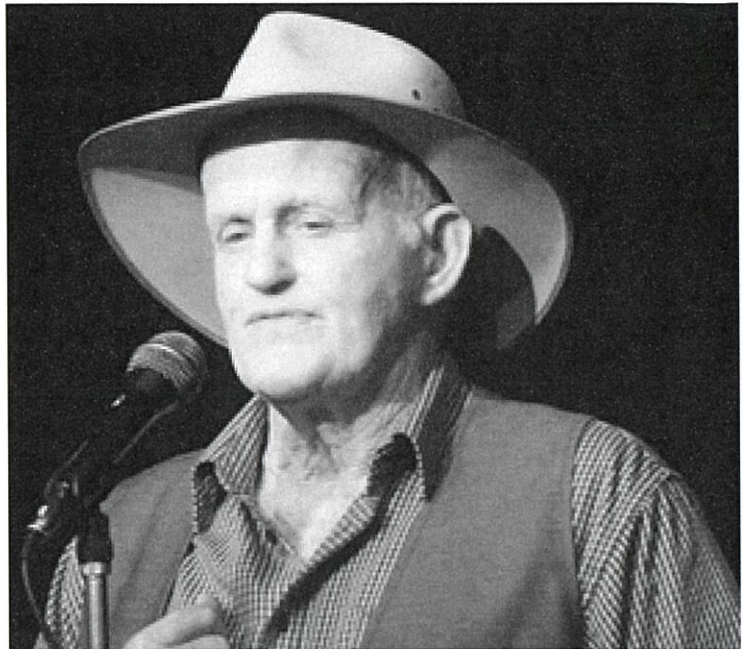
The finalists in the Established Poetry were: Tony Kelly, Pamela Fox, Hagar Anelzark, Cay Ellem, Heather Searles and Barry Ellem. The winner was Heather Searles from Singleton.

The Patsy Award (Novice) was won by Mal Beveridge from North Pine Bush Poets.

The finalists in the Original Poetry were: Heather Searles, Cay Ellem, Tony Kelly, Hagar Anelzark, Geraldine King and Pamela Fox. The winner was Cay Ellem from North Pine.

In the written competitions, the winners were Brenda Joy with her poem 'Sheepish'; and Kym Eitel wrote the best Australian themed poem 'Silver Wings'.

Congratulations to all the winners, the competitors, the wonderful audiences and the hard working committee.



Barry Ellem performing at the Tenterfield Oracles of the bush



Oracles of the Bush Legend 2012 - Phyllis Barratt



Cay Ellem showing timing is everything.



The audience enjoying the Saturday night concert, featuring Gary Fogarty, Brad Maclean, Peter Capp, Laura Downing and Neil McArthur.

COMPETITION RESULTS

RESULTS OF ROCKHAMPTON BEEF WEEK COMPETITION

SCHOOL-----YEARS 1—2—3

1ST LIAM CLUNE---EAT AUSSIE BE---WIDGEE STATE SCHOOL
2ND CHARLEE GRIFFITH---BEEF W---WIDGEE STATE SCHOOL
3RD ERYN BESSENT---AUSSIE BEEF---ST. PETERS PRIMARY

SCHOOL-----YEARS 4—5—6—7

1ST JACKSON OTTO---THE AUCTIONEER---TANDURINGIE STATE SCHOOL
2ND BIANCA ANDRADE---BEEF WEEK POEM---GLENMORE STATE SCHOOL
3RD JAKHAN VON SENDEN---BEEF WEEK-----GLENMORE STATE SCHOOL

ADULT SECTION

1ST TOM McILVEEN --- PORT MACQUARIE -----THE BARRABA DROVERS
2ND TERRY PIGGOTT---CANNING VALE W.A. THE UGLY SIDE OF DROUGHT
3RD TOM McILVEEN---PORT MACQUARIE-----OUR YANDEL'ORA CATTLE

Above are the results of the Rockhampton Beef Week poetry competition. Beef Australia is held every 3 years in the Beef Capital of Australia , Rockhampton. This is the first time we had a junior section and it was very well supported.

The adult section was also very well supported and the winners were Tom Mcilveen with his wonderful poem " The Barraba Drovers" won first place. Tom also took out third placing with "Our Yandel'ora Cattle. Congratulations to Tom on a wonderful effort for Beef Week. Second placing went to Terry Piggott of Canning Vale in W.A.

Beef Week was a marvelous success with eighty-five thousand people attending from every country in the world. The biggest day was the Monday with twenty-three thousand people attending , and on the Tuesday Ten Thousand School children attended.

Bush Poetry was held every morning from 7 o'clock until 9 o'clock with John Major , Noel Stallard and local poet Bob Pacey. On the Thursday we had Rupert McCall as a special guest and he recited his new poem " Black Caviar" The poets were very well received and after their performance the crowd was treated to some old time silent movies by Ivan Richardson.

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Victorian Bush Poetry & Music Association Awards (Topscoring Victorians)

Victorian Female Champion	Kathy Vallance
Victorian Male Champion	Jim Brown Victorian
Yarnspinning Champion	Ken Jones
Junior Primary Written Champion	Hannigan Heycox
Junior Primary Performance Champion	Caitlan Klippel
Jnr Secondary Written Champion	Naomi Frederick
Jnr Secondary Performance Champion	Michelle Roberts

Report National Folk Festival/Reciters Award, 2012

The Poets Breakfasts at the National Folk Festival are always well attended with a full venue and a full list of poets wishing to present poems. The Reciters Award is strongly contested. The winner receives the Trophy to hold for a year (and have their name put on it), two tickets to the next festival and the job of judging the next year. There are no 'hard and fast' rules other than you can only win it once in a lifetime. Each winner sets their own criteria.

I turned up about 45 minutes before start time on Friday only to find about a dozen people waiting to put their name down to perform. Saturday was even busier. I had the judge's duty and by the third morning I had five or six serious contenders. There is no second prize but I had to give creditable mention to a few including Trish Anderson and Ken Tough. When I announced my selection a couple of people jumped up and cheered.

Vic Jefferies is an asset to the ABPA and was a very popular choice. He always presents himself and acts in an impeccable manner. He encourages new poets and is generous with tips on both performing and writing. He is a regular at many Folk Festivals in NSW and a member of the Gosford Poets. He gave an exceptional presentation on each of the three days but the winning poem was an original about a boy who finds out his uncle was really his father, but not until after the uncle had died. Congratulations Vic.

Zondrae King



South Coast Country Music Assn

together with
Illawaara Breakfast Poets
2012 Inaugural Written Poetry Competition

The Kembla Flame

Written (Australian) Poetry Competition

1st 'The Kembla Flame' Trophy

\$60 and certificate

2nd Trophy \$40 and certificate

3rd Trophy \$20 and certificate

and 3 'commended' certificates

Entries close on 27th June

'The Kembla Flame' Trophy and other prizes will be awarded at the

SCCMA Country Music Festival

Dapto Leagues Club, Bong Bong Road, Dapto
on July 15th 2012

conditions and entry forms available from the Events section of the ABPA website
<http://www.abpa.org.au/events.html>



As part of the 2012
Drover's Camp Festival
24 – 26 August
CAMOOWEAL
is again hosting the
Drover's Camp
Talent Award
The 3 categories Yarns,
Bush Poems & Ballads
judged and awarded prizes
separately and the best of any
2 categories will receive the
bronze DCTA trophy.
For info or Entry Form contact
Brenda Joy, PO Box 1727
CHARTERS TOWERS Q.4820
Ph. 04 3812 1074
email halenda@live.com.

MILDURA COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL 2012

DAILY WALK-UP POET'S BREAKFASTS

Friday September 28th - Sunday October 7th

Hosted by Neil McArthur
The Ratbag Of Rhyme

The EDGE Hotel, Burronga (just over the bridge from
Mildura)

Everybody welcome to come along and join in. Australia's
biggest Walk-up Breakfast now in it's 12th year.

Book early for Accommodation, it is one very big festival.

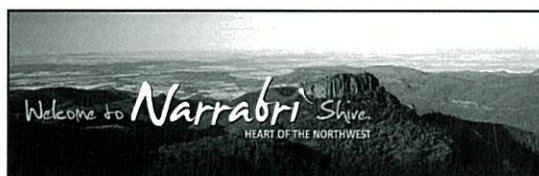


ABPA MEMBERSHIP

\$33 PER ANNUM

ARE YOU A MEMBER YET?

**PERSONAL LIABILITY
INSURANCE ALSO
AVAILABLE FOR \$100
PER YEAR.**



NARRABRI POETRY COMPETITION

WRITTEN BUSH POETRY COMPETITION

CONDUCTED BY

NARRABRI & DISTRICT



HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC.

Proudly Sponsored by

NARRABRI SHIRE COUNCIL

First Prize \$150.00 plus Trophy

Second Prize \$100.00

Third Prize \$50.00

CLOSING DATE JUNE 30th

Entry Form

Available from the Narrabri Tourist
Information Office
02 6799 6760

or

Narrabri & District Historical Society Inc.
P.O. Box 55
Narrabri 2390
Entries to be returned to above address



The Station, Jindabyne, NSW

'Where the best and boldest riders take their place'

.... AB Paterson

29-31 December 2012

Bush Poetry Competition

**Writers, Reciters and Poetry Fans,
Start planning now to be part of this
fabulous festival that portrays the people
of the Snowy Mountains and celebrates
High Country bush heritage.**

Written Competition - Serious and Humorous Categories

First prize \$150

Performance Competition details will be released soon.

Full details, entry forms, conditions and prize money
available soon at

**www.snowyriverfestival.com.au
and www.abpa.org.au**

or phone Jackie Fenton 0421 644 131





Jan and Neal Woolard love bush poetry! They have made their home in Hervey Bay but they love to travel and no doubt you will see them in the audience at a bush poetry festival somewhere in Australia.

Jan and Neal first saw bush poets in Roma in the 1990's. "Gary Fogarty was riding rodeo and reciting, and we got to see Bobby Miller. They were both fantastic and we got hooked. We still miss Bobby, he was such a wonderful man" Jan said. "We've had a van for 10 years and we travel heaps. We saw the Waltzing Matilda comp in Winton in 2003, then traveled to WA for the 2004 Australian champs."

They've been to Charters Towers, Bundaberg and Brisbane with regular forays in NSW. Jan and Neal say they like all categories in competition poetry. Neal is a history buff and an ex -navy man so he particularly likes war and history related works. They have been married for 43 years and have 2 girls and 5 grandchildren. Jan is a keen patchworker and quilter. They volunteer in their local area and drive the community health bus.

"We've got some fantastic memories of our time with the poets – the first time we saw Marco, or heard Besty do 'Darkie Lee' or Milton recite 'Down Memory Lane'. We love 'The Man from Ironbark' and Neal cries when Mel recites 'English Rose'. We love the sad and the funny poems and the fact that it is our Aussie history. We make a point of promoting bush poetry to other travelers as we tour around – it's great entertainment"

I recently headed off to our nations capital, where he performed at the ACT Brumbies Rugby luncheon before their clash with the Waratahs.

Probably the first time many members of the audience had experienced Bush Verse, and the response was great.

The guest speakers were Rob De Castella MBE, General David Hurley AC, the head of Australia's Defence forces and the coach of the Brumbies Jake White. MC was Vince Sorrenti

Some interesting facts emerged, General Hurley when asked about the difference between Australia's defence budget and that of the US, had this to say. They spend more on stationary that our complete budget.

Rob De Castella has a foundation where he trains up young Aboriginal athletes to the stage where they can run 30 kilometers then he flies them to the US for the New York Marathon (42 km's). So far he has taken 17 on the trip and he quite proudly announced that every one had finished, not bad.

It really is a privilege to take Bush Poetry to the larger audience, long may it continue.

Peter Mace



Ian Mackay with the Gold, Silver and Bronze Cowbell Trophies he made for the Queensland Championships in Townsville this year. The individually hand made bells were attached to polished timber taken from the property of John and Carmel Lloyd at Calen, Qld. making them truly local and unique.