



THE PIONEER

RURAL & RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY

The Branch

I went back to "The Branch"
Just the other day,
And found out things have changed
Since I was down that way.

It's been all subdivided
And the paddocks looked so bare,
With notices of Land for Sale
Nailed up everywhere.

The roads they were much better
And some are even tarred,
Now they have a Geese Farm
Down near Davey's Yard.

I couldn't find the landmarks
That I used to know,
Or the tracks we had to travel
To places where we'd go.

I thought of all those loads
That we hauled out of the bush,
The times when we were bogged
And had to get a push.

Now the timber has all vanished
And the machinery has all gone,
And the air was filled with silence
As I stood there all alone.

Then I began to wonder
What became of all those chaps,
Who worked there for the Masonite
In "Goodyers" and in "Capps".

Then my thoughts went travelling back
To The Branch I used to know,
When I was just a school boy
In those days of long ago.

When every chance I had
I'd think that it was fun,
To go there with the grocer
When he went on his run.

And then there were the times
I'd go down there and stay,
With some of my relations
And have a holiday.



It was just a little village
With a Church, a school and hall
A post office and a cricket pitch
And families big and small.

There were Daveys, Kings and Colemans
Isaacs and Bogeys too,
The Andrews and the Reeves
And some I never knew.

"The Branch" it was their home
And they spoke of it with pride,
When trouble came their way
They took it in their stride.

I've heard the old folks talk about
The things they use to do.
The sports days that they held
And the dances they went to.

But the heart bed of "The Branch"
Was a sawmill run on steam,
And the logs they use to feed it
Were hauled by bullock team.

I remember those old bullockies
Would rest beneath a tree,
While my Aunty boiled the water
For them to make their tea.

Then progress took its toll
When the mill was moved away,
And that's what set the pattern
For "The Branch" we see today.

The families started shifting
Until no one did remain,
And the likes of that old "Branch"
We may never see again.

The ancestors of those people
Are scattered everywhere,
But I won't forget "The Branch"
Because my mother came from there.

And these are just some memories
For what they may be worth
Of another old time village
That just vanished from this Earth.

*"Thommo" ~ Len Thompson
29 March 1987*