

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.

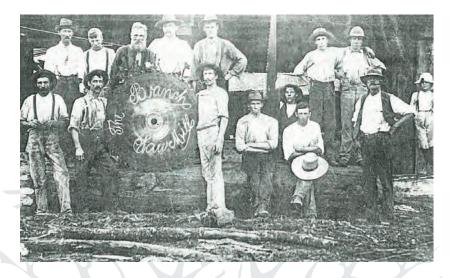
Now the timber has all vanished And the machinery has all gone, And the air was filled with silence As I stood there all alone.

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