

THE LEGENDARY DROUGHTMASTER!

"It's sacrilege! It's blasphemy!" The Englishman decreed
"Those uncouth wild colonials - they'll bastardize the breed!"
And the spittle as he spoke it, cast a shadow near and far
Especially on those who'd gathered close by at the bar
For there was Monty Atkinson offended by the spray
Along with Noel Perry and his comrade Robert Rea
Hugh Innes smiled regardless, Charlie Wallace kept the score
Ordering another round was big John Stewart-Moore
While standing tall to back the call with scientific answers
The guru veterinarian - the great Professor Francis!
And adding further fire to the Zebu revolution
Gwyneth Warren chiselled out an unsung contribution
They turned to disregard the slur but then and only then -
"You'll never be accepted!" cried the cretin once again

It was Monty who responded when the breeders had their say
And he spoke about the project in a most endearing way
From the cattle trails of Cashmere on the mighty Herbert River
Healthy herds were vital for the market to deliver
But the English gent was laughing and he almost seemed to scoff
So Monty said "You bastard, now you've really ticked me off!"
And in mentioning the parasite, did look him in the eye
"Being eaten by those mongrels is a shocking way to die"
And proceeded to inform him with a fair amount of clout
That his Pommy types were useless in a tick-infested drought!
"Our country poses challenges that consequently lead
To the necessary makings of a new Australian breed
So spare me all the snobbery and go back to your cider
I'll focus on the facts because the picture here is wider!"
Belittlement continued from the upper class transgressor
Which drew a stunning lecture from the mouth of the Professor!
"Bos taurus they are British and Bos indicus are Brahman
Cross the two Down Under and the end result is charmin!"
This battle started years ago with Frank and Louis Fisher
Soldiers brave and bold of the *Taurindicus* militia
In a land of harsh environments, in order to survive
A hybrid beast was needed...now we've seen these babies thrive!"
And Bobby Rea injected "Yeah they're stronger than the others"
And he raised his glass to Kirknie on behalf of both his brothers
While to classify the story with a softly spoken quote
Charlie Wallace stood there in his honey-coloured coat
'Adaptive evolution' were the words that he afforded
As Big John gave a shout and then another round was ordered!

Stewart-Moore who fought the war then marched back to Dunluce
With forces of the past, he was prepared to make a truce
A rock of great integrity - a leader amongst leaders
And up there in the tropics, one of beef's unrivalled breeders
But then the conversation struck another lowly blow
When reminded of the snubbing at the recent Townsville Show
But it didn't faze Noel Perry as he stood amongst his mates
See, he'd been around the countryside and closed his share of gates!
"It won't be too darn long" he said "we'll go back to that ring"
"And we'll win a stack of ribbons!" cried the voice of Wally King
Innes nodded proudly but, for words, was at a loss
So he raised his drink with passion to the Zebu-Brahman cross!
And the Englishman, he tried to speak, but Monty got in faster!
"Here's to where the future lies - THE LEGENDARY DROUGHTMASTER!"

Well, the toast was so damn welcome that they bought the bar a shout!
And the roar around that country pub displaced the voice of doubt
The Englishman was rattled, he was silenced by the truth
The noise was heard in homesteads from Mungalla to Glen Ruth!
From Wetherby to Waverly! Ken Atkinson's Wairuna!
Ray Hicks arrived in style and said "I shoulda' got here sooner!"
Richard Apel burst in and he gave the mob a wink
He drove his herd through 'Dangie just to make it for a drink!
Then other legends joined him from across the sunburnt stations
All respected members of the beef associations
There was Ferguson from Charaboon and Booth 'The Glenray Gun'
There was Ern' and Ashley Coleman - present father, future son!
The 'D System' disciples! Yes, they all were in the mix
If a reference is required, it was Nineteen Fifty Six
Then half a dozen later in the year of Sixty Two
So the rank became official and an Aussie dream came true!

If there's any kind of moral then perhaps it's fair to tell
Aristocrats and underdogs were never meant to gel!
The hard work of a nation sends its triumph through the blood
Of every breeder, every feeder, every station, every stud
And thanks to men like Boydell now the Droughtie is unfurled
To every optimistic corner of the cattle-conscious world!
And to picture Gwyneth's statue, well the realisation falls
No, it never would have happened if they didn't show some balls!
Sixty years of courage rises high above the crowd
It is then you think of Monty and you know that he'd be proud...

Because, wherever in the universe, they speak of beef Down Under
On a tide of green and gold, they'll toast a true Australian wonder
And the stars could not be brighter and the plains could not be vaster
When they raise their glass in honour of THE LEGENDARY DROUGHTMASTER!

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