

Vic's Last Browns.

By Allan Morton. Rock Valley. July 2010.

It was a bright and sunny Sunday,
At the Bangalow Showground,
For the annual poultry auction,
And the last line of Essery's Browns.
Vic had bred that line for fifty years,
New blood was never needed,
A tribute to his breeding skill
And always he succeeded.

He bred the lights and he bred the darks,
He bred them sound and right.
He let the darks go last Year,
And today it was the lights.
Buyers had come from near and far,
Over five hundred estimated,
To purchase birds of their choice,
And the brown leghorns that were related.

There were bantams, ducks and the turkeys,
And Plymouth Rocks that were quite sound,
But the ones that they were waiting for,
Was the last line of Essery brown's
There were fifteen lots all lined up
Truly a magnificent sight.
Buyers had come with cash to spend,
And they were prepared to spend it alright.

The Q.L.D President gave a speech,
Said "buy with confidence"
And put your money down,
Then the auctioneer called Sale "O",
And they were onto Essery browns.
Fifty, eighty, a hundred,
Two fifty, three then four,
The auctioneer gave a wink,
And Vic smiled,
And he said I wish I had a few more.

Well Vic had a great sale that day,
And by the end his pockets were full.
Rumour has it he needed an escort home,
That's fair dinkum no bull,
Vic Essery was a brown leghorn man,
Not many left like Vic around.
The day he sold his leghorns,
Was the day they came to town.



Vic Essery with his Brown Leghorn Male