

LES PALMERED

There lived a woman on a farm
who bred nice Stumpies, caused no harm.

A kindly soul who did her best
to breed to Standard, pass the test.

A Stumpy not well known till now,
work well with cattle, heel a cow.

To those who from the city hail,
they're Cattle dogs without a tail.

Les Palmer came from Queensland way,
a know all type with much to say.

He'd soon outwit these country hicks,
they'd be too slow to learn his tricks.

He had two dogs, the half bred kind,
they had no tails on their behind.

They're purebred he would exclaim,
the pups they threw had brought him fame.

He'd heard he said her dogs were swell,
he'd like a mating, pay her well.

She doubted that he was true blue,
she'd set him up and see it through.

She had a dog his name was Buck,
she gave her price and wished him luck.

She kept the dog up at the mill
with a young lad, we'll call him 'Bill'.

He'd pay no one not let her know
he'd used her dog, he'd run the show.
He'd say she's crook, her dogs were trash,
he'd sell the pups, keep all the cash.

She heard no more from Mr Palmer
he'd outwit her, the sleazy charmer.
He slunk around and rang young 'Bill'
to use the dog and make the kill.

Behind her back they'd do a deal
he made him promise not to squeal.
The honest lad he did not cower
he told her all within the hour.

Les set about the loathsome cur
on her good name to cast a slur.
He called her this her called her that,
he'd ruin her, the dirty rat.

He slandered her without just cause
perhaps it was Male Menopause!
She heard it all, she was no fool
she kept the peace, she played it cool.

She phoned some friends to let them know
about the rotten So and So.
They'd ring and ask buy a pup
arrange a time then not turn up.

She slyly had them spread the word,
discreetly, making sure he heard
of how she gave out pups for free
with papers stating Pedigree.

The game was rigged, his time was up
he could not sell or place a pup.
He still has nine, through thick and thin
she'd rallied and LES PALMERED him.