

Poems of Passion

A Prospector's Poetic Soul

Australia: 1961 – 2022

By

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Dedication

This book would not have emerged without the constant inspiration, coaching and encouragement of my favourite poet, Nan “Nanushka” Witcomb.

Our friendship dates back to 1974 when I first purchased a copy of Thoughts of Nanushka at ‘The Barn’ restaurant, near Adelaide.

Nan’s friends say that she is ‘really about seventeen different people’:

<http://users.senet.com.au/~nanushka/nan3.htm>

This limited print edition is simply to commemorate Nan’s 90th birthday which she celebrated with us in Adelaide.

Many of these poems were ‘standing naked’ until one of Australia’s leading cartoonists came to our assistance. He is Stephen (Zeg) Gunnell of Sydney who describes himself as Australia’s only Unemployed Conservative Editorial Cartoonist. View his exquisite artwork at <http://zegsyd.blogspot.com.au/>

Ron Manners

www.mannwest.com

27th May, 2018

Also from Ron Manners:

So I Headed West—W.G. Manners. Ballarat to Broken Hill, to Kanowna, to Kalgoorlie. “When miners were heroes” 1863-1924.

Kanowna's Barrowman—James Balzano. The early history of Kalgoorlie Goldrushes—(with George Compton).

Never A Dull Moment. Kalgoorlie's golden years through to the seventies, including life in the World War I trenches—(with Charles & Nancy Manners).

Heroic Misadventures—*Australia: Four Decades – Full Circle*

All available through:

www.mannwest.com

There is a story behind every poem in this book. The simplest one being my role as Editor of the Kalgoorlie School of Mines Magazine, back in 1961 and being faced with one remaining blank page and a publishing deadline — that's the story behind 'Vertical Burial'; page 6.

The stories of some of the other poems are best recounted over a bottle of fine Western Australian red wine.

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Introduction

Transferring one's thoughts to paper
is like standing naked and alone.

Not a comfortable feeling
allowing others to enter your zone

I've been asked to commit them to paper
including my failures and sins.

I'd rather they fill this slim volume
than top-up some local trash bins.

So here we go my friends and I
with prejudices cast aside.

Open up these private doors
welcome to you – come inside ...

1983/11

Have You Ever Been Shot Right Out Of The Sky?

Skimming the sea,
lifting for land,
soaring the hills.

The wind is just right,
weather's your slave,
work is a breeze.

Years of hard work
at last it seems
about to pay off.

Self esteem,
ends joining together,
building up steam.

Then BANG!
Shot out of the sky
crashing below.

Uncomfortable landing.
No broken bones.
Time will heal all.

What to do next?
I need a rethink.
Remain hidden right here.

Or fly higher next year?

1982

Never Give Up

Some people don't enjoy
opening a brand new year.

They grow old without growing –
so what is it that they fear?

Why can they not see
this world's many roads are life?

Do they miss a great adventure
fearing round the bend is strife?

Getting into top gear can be a problem,
but once there, all we have to do is steer –

So why miss life's opportunities,
and give up your journey through fear!

To give up is to abandon life –
try exploring and see the difference it makes –

The journey is as good as the destination –
Perhaps that's why life is designed without brakes!

1978/12

Mike the Mechanic

There was a young man called Mike,
first tried it on the back of a bike.

He later acquired a new Subaru,
So watch out girls, the next may be you!

1976/10

Under the Surface

Rough and tumble,
never humble.

Full of fun,
fearing none.

Self sufficient,
effervescent.

But scratch the surface and you'll find,
a creature of a different kind.

Sensitivity and depth untold,
to match others far more old.

Experiences gained in another world,
seeing round corners as life's unfurled.

Responsibility unsought, but thrust upon,
gaining the respect of those who trust upon.

Where are the volunteers to ease her load?
So she can propagate some seeds already sowed.

Someday she'll know it's not as lonely as it feels,
blank stares and silent approval from those with-whom she deals.



1979

Vertical Burial

“Yes,” said one student to their dismay
“Drop them down only part of the way.”
Efficiencies reached by using this plan
would ensure its acceptance by civilized man.

Their heads and shoulders transparently cased
Set with expressions, some pleasantly faced.
Headstones of stone, there would be no more.
Epitaphs now moulded below the jaw.

In fact, it seems in reality
headstones forever they would be.
For tourists our town would be a must
Now somewhere to sit, up out of the dust.

Seated on heads in circles arrayed
With assorted expressions gaily displayed.
Many an hour they could spend each day
discussing the merits of those passed away.

This one, it seemed died in great pain,
he’d taken Chem. I, and been driven insane.
The man on our right had taken Maths II,
from the look of delight, he’d surely scraped through.

Plain to see he’s an engineer,
the look on his face is so sincere.
Higher efficiencies may be made,
by using a Ramset instead of a spade.

The bodies are sorted and the tall and slim
may be loaded in Ramset and driven straight in.
Now that you’ve heard all about our plan,
we hope you’ll all die, just as soon as you can.

1961

Taxation & Survival

Perhaps we are all orchardists at heart.
Having prepared the soil, nurtured the vines,
patiently tended the trees.

Watched our fruit slowly ripen –
Evidence our labour is rewarded –
Suddenly, from the dark clouds, invaders swoop
to pick the eyes and decimate our fruit.
Remaining as bystanders would be
to neglect our responsibilities.

Surely we have a choice –
Shoot the bastards before they strip our orchard
of every almond, grape or peach –
or if we fear another flock will come,
we can swiftly gather the fruit
and store it out of reach.

This decision should remain with us
of how we decide to share
the product of our labours –
I reckon that's only fair!

1979

Ode (Owed) to Those Lovely Fellows of The Australian Tax Office

Their little souls wish us to be unhappy –
It aggravates them to have us vigorous, efficient and free.
They would much rather have the feeling
that fate is disciplining you and me.

It gives their egos wings
when yours and mine are clipped –
They like to see our skeletons
when all the meat's been stripped.

We, whose lives could be ruined in an hour,
listening to their puerile point of view,
can still aggravate those little souls
by remaining vigorous, free and efficient –
so now, dear friends, that's exactly what I do!

1979



Unfinished Business

Whatever happened,
to the rest of that massage?
Things shouldn't be that simple,
to be side-tracked by a dimple!

Perhaps we should continue.
Oh yes, I remember where we were.
There was a graceful curve
that gave me extra nerve.

I wonder if later,
we'll ever ask each other,
Whatever happened;
to the rest of this poem?

1978

A Special Connection

There was a young lady we know,
whose popularity continues to grow.

Her big moment came when
asked to tackle two men –

She thought for a while,
then broke into a smile.

With a quite a greedy look,
she said, “Fellas, I’m writing a book –

This will be some chapter –
first hand me my two-way adaptor!”

1979



Lovers & Adrenalin

Quietly sitting at this moment,
with so much on my mind.

My thoughts have cause to wonder,
at the importance of this find.

In this world of jangled melodies,
few experiences bring peace.

Such things increase in value,
which I hope will never cease.

Reach out those lucky few,
you know the band is small.

These acoustic titillations,
are not available to all.

So if you need some adrenalin,
instead of that constant fight.

Pick up your old slide trombone –
and Jazz lovers of the world unite!

1979

A Different Vision

I read some verse by Darlene Bridge,
about the government, our protector.
Politicians and bureaucratic fat-cats
and regulators from the public sector.

“Dictate our rules,
to one of those sheep.
I was born with a right,
I intend to keep.

Your smile is kind,
you wish me no harm.
But this body is mine,
let go of my arm.

You seem to care
and perhaps you may;
But you don't understand,
get out of my way.”

I heartily agree with Darlene,
about the government, our ‘protector’,
politicians, bureaucratic fat-cats
and regulators from the public sector.

Their vision is really to be in control –
“**We** make the rules, **we** set the pace –
and **we** make all the decisions
that will keep the ‘serfs’ in their place!”

They pretend they're looking after us,
like doting, caring mothers,
so why do they think we're presumptuous
when we try to look after our brothers?

...→

They don't see why we should have any rights
or even independent thoughts
unless we follow their stifling rules –
their permission must be **bought**.

They love to tell us we have no rights
until we agree to acquire
some bloody government licence
which is guaranteed to expire!

Many believe that they own us,
our labour, our lives and our cash,
our bid for independence,
they consider to be quite brash.

When it comes to our cash and our property,
without begging on bended knees,
we should be free to keep, give or sell it -
or do with it what we please.

One thing is clear,
in play or in labour,
we must keep a promise
to not harm our neighbour.

It all sounds so easy -
no victim, no crime -
so why knock us down
when we're trying to climb?

Say! What should we do
with those fat-cats and regulators?
well, they could be found useful
as feedstock for alligators!

But seriously though, amongst their ranks,
must be **some** intelligent men,
who would find more gainful employment,
helping the country move forward again.

Freedom gives us the energy
to keep our country well upstream -
so responsibility of the individual
becomes reality and no longer just a dream!



(Dry) Reaching

There are times to start a friendship,
and times to say goodbye.

But sometimes, somewhere in between
we're not contactable by voice or eye –

Let's reach out for each other,
every now and then.

Even if it has to be,
with the assistance of a pen.

1979



Ron thinking romance, Zeg thinking politics

Of Course it's a Contract

What is this contract we have formed?
What is the nature of the beast?
Perhaps we could set it to music,
develop it into a musical feast.

It really comes down to contract law,
accessible equally to rich or poor.

Firstly, we mention two kinds of friendship,
being the external and internal kind.
Let's look at the one called external
and see how that's defined.

I'd say it's where we enjoy
each other through sharing many things.
The second type bypasses the middle man,
in some ways resembles the nectar of Kings.

This time it's sharing directly
by climbing inside each another's minds and bodies.
This can only work with certain people.
It doesn't cover all the evens and the oddies.

If you're fortunate and the opportunity arises
to graduate to this higher form of contract,
remember the prior terms are already in existence,
unless you decide to cancel or retract.

Do we have an option to convert?
How to handle this transaction?
Not so easy as at first it seems –
Best we treat this as a separate faction.

Without pretense and unrequested consequences,
new terms of reference must now be drafted.
Study the clauses and each word
so the final product is magnificently hand-crafted.

Only then does it become so obvious,
to the point of being pleasantly absurd –
No need to scrap the original Deed
or even change one single word.

The original contract was so well constructed,
that somehow, instinctively we seem to know.
We have included an over-riding clause,
guaranteeing each other's right to grow.

On Friendship (A reply from Nadia)

Of friendship you have written, and of contracts too
but is the art of friendship not impeded by a few?
Too many do's and don'ts; too many rules,
the contract followed closely not by wise men but by fools.

Can friendship have a contract? Or, is a seed just sown
at random on a fertile soil, nourished and grown.
Despite the terms of contract, not science but art,
often unexpected, unlikely from the start.

Sometimes the friendship blossoms, as one foresaw it would,
as each of the proponents acknowledged that it could.
Then it's gently tended but still at liberty,
untrammelled by your rules or goals – simple and free.

When you speak of contract; for me it's just a code
that every human being sets himself; his mode
of conduct in relationships – human or divine –
his conscience, his morality, his fine dividing line.

In other words, the contract to which you allude
is really just the freedom that ought to be viewed
as every person's right in every interplay
of human emotion – holding sovereign sway.

But real, true freedom is not often understood
and so a contract is set out of, should not and should
and there I will agree with you that people's right to grow
will form a ready contract – the best one I know!

1979

Some of us are Lucky

Some of us, go through life,
thinking our thoughts,
without plunging into strife.

Some of us already have what we need,
without having to search,
but our egos still need a feed.

Some of us, happy with our present state,
tend to overlook
the importance of our mate –

Their presence is there, spanning land, sky and ocean,
giving us the feeling
of extra-terrestrial motion.

We are the lucky ones – our lives, a delight –
I'm already there – but somehow, my dear,
I still need to hold you tight!

1979



Memories are Ours to Keep

Do you ever give thanks,
to your memory banks?

Who was it that fed,
all those memories of bed
to the tapes of my mind,
so they never rewind?

It's a wonderful thing,
to have a mind like a spring –

But one day, I may find
the wrong button's aligned,
“delete” is turned on
and those memories are gone!

– But I'm saved by the duplicate tape,
just in case of such a mistake!

Anyway, it's great to know
where some of our memories go.
They deserve to be on 'continuous play' –
So here's hoping we manage to keep it that way!

1981



The Gypsy Leprechaun

Can you see the horizon?
Yes, but there's something else
I'd like to keep my eyes on!

Can you ride a bike?
Yes, but there's something else
I kinda like!

Fishing is another sport
but for me, happiness
is of a different sort!

How about a trip to Mars?
Sure, but why go so far,
to see some stars?

What can it be, that turns your mind?
What fascination,
of a different kind?

Gypsy leprechauns, we have been warned,
are a health hazard,
though attractively adorned.

So decide, you swine!
To either run and hide,
Or kiss those lips that taste like wine.

1982



Equal Opportunity

Wishful thinking can't make all people equal.
Our differences will always be.
Watch the example of our politicians,
to see that wishing can't make reality.

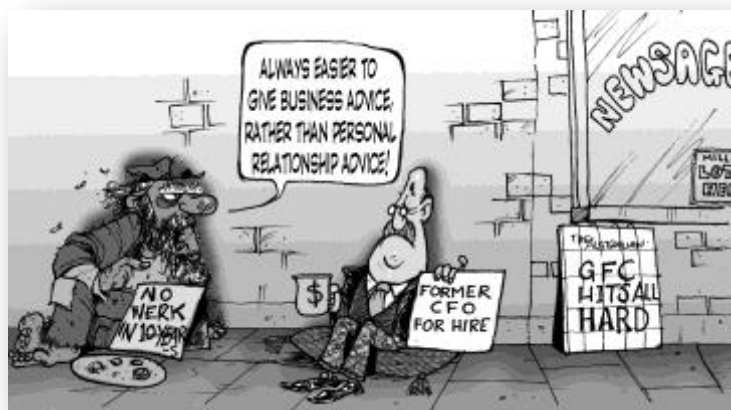
People are not equal – they're different.
So, it's a problem for more than a few,
but It acts as a kind of 'people sorter',
giving measures of pleasures as we pass through.

Then there's that rare occasion
when we somehow seem to land
within touching distance
of someone special's hand.

It seems to be that there exists
a whole new world completely free
from all the strains of differences
between uphill / downhill empathy.

So in a world where people are not all equal,
and differences will always be,
some of us will have that rare experience
of simultaneous equality –

1982



Jigsaw Ron



Your question was,
“Am I missing you?”
I was unprepared for your query,
and it had me wondering too.

“Of course I’m too busy
to miss anything or anyone,” –
but that answer would only be true
in the earlier history of Ron.

I feel a bit like a jigsaw puzzle –
The pieces floating about in the sea
are being fished out and put back together again
to make a picture of what really is me.

So my report to you, my heroine dear,
with circumstances constantly changing,
you may or may not be surprised to hear,
“Some of my priorities need re-arranging!”

1982

Stolen Freedom

We expect freedom in Australia.

Freedom to choose the way we meet the challenges of life.

Freedom to compete, to risk, to fail, or to succeed.

No resource is more precious than freedom.

And yet it can be taken away
by the same government that should be protecting it.

Do you sometimes wonder why we allow politicians
to spend our money on advertising themselves
and on persuading us to accept their point of view?

This endangers our personal freedom ... doesn't it?

1982



How Can We Know?

This reaching out and touching –
How many share this kind of thing?

Life's so full of clichés –
repeated with such a hollow ring.

Sometimes I really wonder,
have my nerve ends grown through
the outside of my skin to sense
this stimulation which radiates from you.

Perhaps we'll never meet again –
though I hope we will someday,
but I know I'm somehow better now,
in an inexplicable way.

Thank you for making the difference
between routine and real worth –

So to you my warmest feelings
from this side of the Earth

1983

Riding the Freedom Road with Read

(Light-hearted lyric for Leonard Read's* Four Score and Four — September 26th, 1982)

Well, I've spent some time
with that Grand Old Man.
How does this change
my present plan?

He reinforces my thoughts;
continue on the Freedom Road,
pausing only to check results.
Can better methods ease the load?

If many seek our counsel,
we're doing fairly well.
If no-one listens to us,
our ideas have failed to tell...

Examine our own beliefs,
avoid opinions and stick to the facts.
Only then is economics
the science to get us back on track.

History has shown us,
time and time again,
how fallacious thinking
has misled many men.

So let us improve
our own understanding
of legitimate government
if reversed from expanding.

Limited governments provide
fair fields with no favours.
Allowing every one of us
to earn the fruits of our labours.

How our once proud nation
can stimulate men,
is with minimal government,
then we'll progress once again.

So let's take Leonard's challenge
to continue to heighten our knowledge
until we find that we've become
worthy graduates of Life's College.

**Leonard E. Read (1898-1983)*

*President & Founder of the Foundation for Economic Education Inc. New York
& my 'second mentor' 1952-1983)*

How Strange

Why do we leave things unsaid,
when we know we'll meet again?
How important these become,
when we're not sure where or when.

Strange too, my many unasked questions,
for fear of being intrusive,
but answers would help me know you're safe
when the truth becomes elusive..

One thing you should always know,
only distance can keep us apart,
and in your travels wherever you go,
you carry a piece of my heart.

If I'm lucky enough, and you've entrusted me
to have a piece of yours in my possession,
let me nurture it with care and respect
and never forget that it might leave
at the very first sign of aggression

1983

How Strange
(Optional final verse)

If I'm lucky enough,
To have a little piece of yours.
I hope it stays healthy,
And doesn't break out in sores!

1983

In-Flight Farting

(Mid-air, Adelaide – Perth)

How is it that normally well-behaved stomachs
create mischief in mid-air?
Reduced aircraft cabin pressure marks
the beginning of this unfortunate affair.

Timing is bad when it happens,
first when we are thinking about supper –
it seems to be happening on the way up –
Maybe I should just have a cuppa!

Aggressive questioning has revealed
this phenomenon affects both women and men –
The good news! It's a once off occurrence –
then the pressure is normal again.

But what happens when we're on the way down?
When outside air's trying to get in, you may find,
something else will give on our descent –
so blessed are those who keep an open mind!

1983/05



The Future is Ours

Thank you for clearing my vision,
by lifting my sight, expanding my view.
My goals were 'almost', or 'maybe' –
but that's before I ran into you.

Thank you for helping me feel things again.
This new feeling really is good.
Better than remaining anaesthetized,
hiding around, my head in a hood.

Already the words are flowing again,
replacing the tightness of tension,
gently squeezing out textured images,
allowing my mind that vital extension.

This reaching, touching, exploring.
This merging and mingling of real life with dreams,
fills the body and mind with music,
harmonious chords and intricate themes.

But sometimes, to rush causes problems,
that's how mistakes seem to be made.
But this wonderful progress is happening
and no one's the least bit afraid.

Let us drink to the future,
and those fantastic adventures ahead.
If the sun's too strong in Australia,
we'll simply go straight back to bed.

1983

Bottled Memories

Hope life's as good at your end
as it is at mine?
Seems that life is similar
to a bottle of vintage wine.

Memories still linger on,
much like a work of art –
Two adventurers may meet again,
Though their paths are worlds apart –

1983



My Favourite Four

(My family? New Year's Day)

Each one of you is different.
That's how things evolved –
Still, it's a good sign, as I watch
Your generation unfold.

You all have your own special qualities –
Values developing and emerging –
Unfortunately, in this plastic world,
You're forced to do some submerging.

These values will be appreciated
by each of you over the years –
No need to envy the qualities in others,
cast jealousy aside with any other fears.

Let each develop in your own particular style –
To truly be ourselves is a worthy aim,
but only if we accept the responsibility,
in being ourselves, instead of just being the same.

To be ourselves, we must answer truthfully,
the question asked by both woman and man –
Exactly what we stand for?
Our goals, our dreams, our plans.

If we don't know where we are headed,
I doubt we'll ever make it –
but if we have a purpose,
no-one can ever shake it!

So, stop and think from time to time –
Resetting your navigational aid.
Only by working hard with your special talents,
will my confidence in you, be fully repaid.

1983/01

Small Business Lemmings

(Written for the State Conference of The Federated Chambers of Commerce of W.A. Inc)

Here we go marching,
one two three.
Willingly paying each
fine, tax and fee.

We seem to have forgotten,
that freedom was respectable.
until the government licensed it,
a practice morally unacceptable.

They dish it out sparingly,
now freedom's in such short supply.
We're doomed you know,
unless for that licence we apply.

Why do we act as unpaid tax collectors?
When we could never dream
of burdening either friend or foe
with such a dreadful scheme.

Government plays the game,
to a different set of rules.
We deal with voluntary exchange,
while their gun is pointed at our crown jewels.

Nothing much will change it seems,
till we get our knees up off the floor.
Stop begging for protection from competition -
that's just a perversion of the law.

The problem's solved if we all stand up
and **decline** their invitation.
Let them collect the taxes
if **they** want to run the nation!

1983/10



Jonesey @ 40

There was a young fellow called Jones,
understood all those rocks and those stones.

Terrorised the young ladies a bit,
so many parents came close to a fit.

This problem continued for years
his actions increased all their fears.

Until one day he was brought to heel,
when conquered by the mighty Camille!

Now tho' his beard is turning gray,
he has a fair bit left to say –

Jonesey's friends surround him still –
as he slowly slides over the hill.

Cheers!

1983



Zurich Revisited

I know I'm partly Swiss –
and my home is in Australia.
Here I am visiting Zurich again –
but my Swiss 'bit' today is a failure!

She's lurking out there again!
I don't know what to do.
Can I escape my hotel room –
on such circumstances, wouldn't you?

Again and again, she vacuums my room,
it seems it's time to 'clean the clean' –
the dust must be there somewhere,
but to my naked eye, unseen!

In this land of idiosyncrasies,
simple things become hard to define –
the language is one big factor –
all are spoken, except for mine!

That sometimes causes strange situations –
this morning will show what I mean,
all I wanted was a health club work-out
but my request caused quite a scene.

They didn't like my legs –
so my entry was declined –
their gestures showed me they meant it –
Should I shave my legs? What was the problem on their mind?

The answer was more technical –
an interpreter explained, "It's simply just
that your bare legs will leave germs on their machines –
That's why long trousers are a must."

Problem solved, pull on my suittrousers
and comply with this endless palaver
but remember for next year's visit,
to bring my gloves and balaclava!

My priorities change as I travel the world,
my Swiss 'bit' doesn't count anymore
and revisiting home in Australia
is now what I passionately adore!

1996/10

How Close We Are

Close friends are we,
with so many shared feelings.

The years have been kind,
by watching over our many dealings.

From fire-fighting to tree-planting.
From grave-shifting to dog-walking.

Every adventure, something unexpected,
but always so rewarding.

You have brought me a new dimension,
and these years have been my best.

That's why I call you,
my darling treasure chest!

1997



A Mixed Year it Was!

The hills and the valleys
were a bit steep this year.
Sensitivity rises with age,
or so it would appear.

Losing a third mentor*
after 30 years of dreams being built,
marks the end of a memorable era –
so the year lost most of its gilt.

This gives cause to steady the ship,
so the dreams are still in place.
It's time to get back into training,
so we can finish the race.

Should we listen to those who urge
tolerance a greater degree
as a way of us achieving
a warmer, caring way to be?

Abandoning performance standards
is how tolerance is seen
and goals are diluted to second rate,
as we later discuss, "What could have been."

Instead, let's reinforce the focus
on our hardworking trustworthy players.
They will finish the race and carry the flame
to inspire the next generation of stayers.

* H.M. (Harry) Kitson (My "Third Mentor" 1972 -2000)

9/11

Planes flying into a wall,
bring a sense of mortality to us all.

What's the end result of their devastation?
Instead of destroying our civilisation.

Interestingly enough, what they have done,
is simply to unify us all as one.

2001/12

Scott & Lindy's Wedding

This young Scott over here,
not big on booze or beer –
But look at the ladies in his life –
before he even takes a wife!

His good start in life was with a caring mother called Lori,
looking back on your youth, not a single cause to be sorry.

Another good influence always watching over you,
was the friendly figure of grandmother, Nan –
Always interested in your current activities,
as you rapidly evolved into a man.

Then along comes sister, Sarah,
a great supporter who is fairer than fair,
yet another one to enhance your life –
another one to care.

Then how about Scott's Aunty Frances –
Proving that with some persistence,
her gentle influence,
was able to conquer any distance.

Later, comes step-mum Jenny –
a delicate role, I know –
but another welcoming home for Scott,
with lots of encouragement for him to grow.

"What is it going to be?" you asked,
when Scott embarked on his strategic plan,
one that obviously would only involve
Scott as a solitary, single man.

Every pretty girl in Kalgoorlie,
he then managed to poach
for the basket-ball team –
which, of course, he proceeded to coach!

But now, brothers Ian, Craig and I,
having reviewed the women in your life,
we know how lucky you are to add Lindy –
Scott, you've found your perfect wife –

Following the Footsteps of Giants

(An East Pilbara Desert saga written in the romantic shade of a snottygobble tree to the wafting aroma of a rotting cattle carcass)

Everywhere we go
they have always been there first.
Our fragile bodies extended
wracked with screaming thirst.

Yet over the next rise
we dream of running water.
Rather than office desks
and things others think we oughta.

Meanwhile, our fearless leaders,
heroic Allick and Willi.
Urge us ever onward another 50K,
before we boil the billy.

Each of our team develops special skills
as the precise routine sets in.
Survival of the fittest
pioneers all, through thick and thin.

Judy learns of her special skills
as the team gets bogged.
Mark comes close to desperation, exclaiming
“my tent instruction book’s been bloody flogged.”

Gavin greets the sunrise
high expectations rather funny –
Venturing forth with paper roll
And a simple folding dunny.

Annie’s grasp of native flora
has certainly enhanced our lives.
Whilst Denis’ profligacy with matches
gives local Spinifex those nasty vibes.

Where’s Ron you ask
when there’s some cooking to do?
He’s on the phone to Jenny
making sounds like coochy-coo.

Then on our final night in the outback,
another surprise comes forth –
Denis O’Meara joins us for dinner,
that legend of the north!



2002/08

Pilbara Prime-Time

Remembering those legends –
oh what stories they could tell.

Canning, Giles, Savory & Carnegie,
Calvert, DeGrey and even Anketell.

How privileged we are
in this sparse timeless land,

To follow the footsteps
of that heroic band.

Allick and Willi led us on
to these exquisite places.

That have seen very little
of pale human faces.

Our thanks to them as we break our camp
and head back to the daily grind.

Please spare a thought for our friends in the city,
who will remain blind to what we've seen – what a pity!

2003/07

Resources Rise – It's Time to Fly

“It's time to fly,” said the parent birds,
as they nudged baby lorikeet out of the nest.
He was big enough now to flap his own wings,
to take to the sky and fly with the rest.

Well, that was the hope – the result was far different –
A thud to the ground where cats abound, put him in danger's way –
Had he been human, flying lessons we'd have proffered,
“An offer too good to refuse,” we were certain he would say.

But we couldn't even feed him, so we flung him up to a branch
where his parents with regurgitated zest, fed his frail little body with bile.
After more nudging, he got the idea, flying further and further each day –
We're delighted to see him go into full flight with such grace and style.

And so it is with corporate opportunity and challenge –
If you're ready to fly, take the jump and 'away'!
When you've prepared yourself for a successful launch,
You can take others with you – and know the risks taken, will pay.

Seeing your dreams unfold is a prize in itself –
Helping others with theirs, adds dimension to yours –
It will give you an even greater delight
than us watching that small lorikeet as it soars!

2003/12



The Next Eureka Moment

(Celebrating the 150th Anniversary of the Eureka Stockade Rebellion)

“Put some words
into the Eureka time capsule,” they said –
Me? - who already has a headful of stuff
each time I go to bed!

“If you’re still around
in two thousand and fifty four,” they said,
“you’ll be on the invite list.”
Well, there was an invitation, I simply couldn’t resist!
And so it got me thinking
about splitting two hundred years into four –
the last three groups of fifty years –
and the fifty yet in store –

Eighteen hundred and fifty four to nineteen hundred and four –
discovery dividends declared before the banking crash,
Australia finding its feet again –
brave moves were made - with some quite rash –

Then came the second quarter, 04 to fifty four,
when the very bad overwhelmed the best –
Two world wars and a depression made it
not just rough, but very tough for those who headed west –

1954 til now - bad start but hope towards the end –
restrictive policies discouraged –
some cautious experiments were made,
and enterprise, to our surprise, was actually encouraged –

So the next quarter is the one
for us to make a stance –
and we’ll be in there fighting –
Yes! We still have a chance –

Government’s lofty plans for us
conflict with our own plan –
so can we shape our future now?
with time and thought and confidence, I reckon that we can!

So when they dig the capsule up
in two thousand and fifty four,
I’ll come from the West, join Eureka’s best –
and ready to write some more!

Learn From the Trees

Much of a muchness
you might say –
one tree's like another
in a generic kind of way –

Could be true in some countries,
in Australia, not the case,
each of our famous gum trees
can show us a unique face –

Change our viewing angle
at a different time of day,
and we see the personality shine through
any artist could portray.

So we start as individuals,
like our famous Aussie trees,
but by the time we're fully 'processed',
we're as identical as peas.

To stand upright and alone
is not easy you might know,
while getting belted from all sides
by our friends as well as foes.

Fill in our forms and log books,
apply for our next licence number,
change our clocks and watch T.V.,
sink into a Zombie-like slumber.

There is a delicate balance
twixt democracy and mob rule –
to trust your enemy is foolish –
and who wants to be a fool?

So get in early for next year,
and meanwhile watch your back,
before they creep up behind you –
and give you a bloody great whack!



2006/12

The Wise Man Told Me So!

Human history will often show
bursts of prosperity come in by the load,
but then with the wrong person at the wheel
the truck will run right off the road.

They say that the road to Paradise
is paved with good intention,
the political results of which
are hardly worth a mention.

An old 1895 book "The Crowd"
tells how crowds with clever speakers bond
and will believe everything they're told
then discover they've been conned.

It's true we can go mad in crowds
under the influence of those with the ability
to mesmerise us en masse
then lead us to "safety" with great agility.

Every day brings a new example
of a politically fabricated affair
creating an opportunity to manipulate us
into thinking that they care.

Years ago Aesop in his famous Fables
commented that we hang the petty thieves,
then elect the big offenders to public office,
some do more damage than you would believe.

We may go mad in crowds
but then it's equally true,
that we recover our senses slowly
one by one, or two by two.

Can we speed our recovery time?
Conserve our funds, or accelerate instead?
I once asked a wise man*
And this is what he said.

Solve today's problems today,
a different set will confront those who follow
that will be their challenge.
How do I know, the wise man told me so.

...→

Who will ever know what's on your mind,
better than those with whom you work today?
So realise those opportunities now.
How do I know, the wise man told me so.

Bring forward those ideas for tomorrow,
they would be so much better if used today.
In that battle of ideas,
maintain momentum all the way.

Do it all now, while you can,
that's the successful way to go
You ask me "How do I know this is true?"
The wise man told me so.

2008/12

**William Niskanen 1933 – 2011*
Chairman of CATO Institute, Washington DC
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YXoBCB4WtcY>

Good Politics / Bad Economics (Blessed are the young!)

(A reflective festive poem)

Some political decisions
made in nineteen thirty eight
left the world a legacy
amongst the worst to date.

Who set up those mortgage monsters?
F.D. Roosevelt was his name –
stuffing money down the voters' throats
was the popular political game –

Although this bought him lots of votes,
only the wisest could see
the long term problems growing
on this political tree.

While others saved and invested,
Americans borrowed to spend –
little thought was ever given
as to how the game would end –

Borrowing to fight successive wars,
affordability, the given impression
while Wall Street Wizards exported their 'time bombs',
spreading their home grown recession.

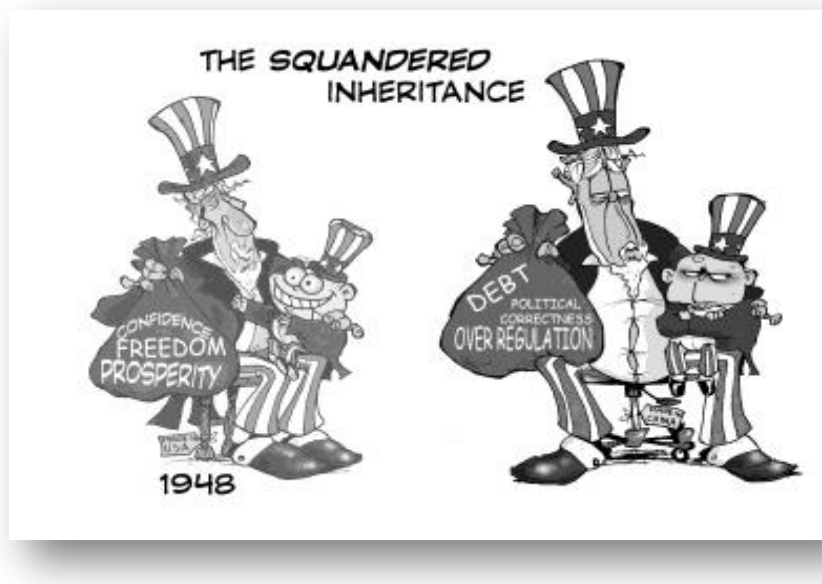
When taxes are seen, they lose votes
so they continued on with their magic
by borrowing year after year –
no thought of an end game so tragic!
...→

Successive U.S. governments
continued these policies perverse,
the larger the debt became,
the harder it was to reverse

Politically successful –
but morally and economically a rather bad bet –

Their political Credo –

“Blessed are the young,
for they shall inherit the National Debt!



2008/12

David; The Specialist

So we all have special skills.
Young David Kennedy had a look around.
What could he specialise in
to let his skills abound?

Happiness is what he's good at
so why not share it around?
With the help of the airwaves
we all followed David's happy sound.

Sunday Gold, and his local yarns,
always with a happy twist.
So he became everyone's friend.
No pressure, no need to insist.

Why did we always tune
to David's spot on the dial?
Always to experience
the sound of David's smile.

Now, tonight we gather together,
Sylvia, Liam and friends from everywhere.
Let's all turn our thoughts to David,
Our focus on the power of prayer.

2009/12



A Real Rockstar!

(Ode to George Compton – Geologist and Thinker 1921-2010)

Who was this adviser to so many
as he sucked away on his smelly old pipe?
At first glance he was just an old timer
who didn't appear as the high-tech type.

But when we got George involved
in discussing many things,
we were often amazed at his knowledge
with the wisdom experience brings –

Not only rocks and astro navigation
but history, geography and cultures –
When speaking of government officials,
he likened their behaviour to vultures.

So George will always be remembered
for advising us to stop and think –
never too busy to contribute a theory
which often provided the one missing link.

In Kalgoorlie at the Palace bar,
he could be found on a Friday night
where our knowledgeable George sat in comfort
when he let his ideas take full flight.

Some nights he would be in there showing
Pommy brokers where the ore bodies are
by dipping his finger into their beer
and tracing his map on the bar !

He aided the discovery of new mines
so his achievements over the years
extended the lives of so many mines
to heartfelt relief and great cheers.

With interests so wide,
he was never a narrow man,
immortalising James Balzano,
Kanowna's original Barrowman.

George's knowledge in that book
is regarded as really incredible –
We made so many discoveries there
but missed the Kanowna Belle!

...→



"How did you miss this?"
he was often asked,
"Easy," he always answered,
"the ore was subtly masked. –
located directly underneath
the historical dunny pan depot,
that's how the extra fertiliser
caused the ore to grow !!"

It is now the known reason
that changed our George's life
was his rather fragile ego
being dented by his wife –
The fragility of the male ego
is often underestimated
by members of the gentle sex
when their man's relentlessly berated.

Such an occurrence caused
our George to leave his home,
never to return again, he chose
to live the rest of his life alone.

The Stokes/Manners/Compton Syndicate
had a triumphant outcome pay
but for George's fragile ego,
it sort of back fired in a way –
He made a quick recovery –
he never missed a beat –
carried on as our constant mentor,
saving us from geological defeat.

George never sent an invoice
to those that he advised
but his real friends sent their cheques off
in the amounts which they surmised –
Now if George had billed truly
for his wonderful advice,
I really doubt that anyone
would have had the cash to pay the price !!

So friends,
Many memories bring us here tonight -
Raise your glasses - to
George, the Rockstar and the Thinker
still up there in full flight.

Dining Well?

Marriage is simply not a menu
in this restaurant of life.

In this complex task of professionalism
that we often call husband and wife.

We can't just tick a few
selected items here and there,

and expect the weather always
to remain warm and fair.

It's a well-rounded challenge,
that we need to aim for

if a marriage is to endure
the end result is in the score.

I know there are countless specialists,
whose talent is providing the bits missing,

the simple things that vanish over time.
Conversation, laughter, tenderness, the kissing.

So the specialists excel,
and many marriages make do this way.

But if all courses at the same restaurant,
Consistent happiness, both night and day.

2006/09

Who Wants Peace?

Peace is what we get at last
when all else fails –
lying there in that wooden box
when they've hammered in the nails.

but you can have peace
any time you like –
cycling by the river,
alone on your bike –

No! We seek something more,
there's something we really crave –
and it's probably been that way
since men - women sheltered in a cave.

So what is it we really seek
from our friends, family and peers?
It is someone to share our visions,
our laughter and our tears.

Perhaps what we seek is *harmony*
entirely different from peace
and when we make this great discovery
life's wonders, never cease.



2010/12

Festive Reflections on Entering the New Decade

During my recent travels –
(I'm always on the go,)
I heard an old time saying
remembered from years ago.

My dear old Grandma
muttered it to me one day,
at the time, most probably,
I was getting in her way –
“Now Ron, if you want
to feel good about yourself,” she said, “just
stop hanging about the house all day –
and find something useful to do instead.”

That brought to mind
a more recent conversation
of what might be our greatest gift we
could pass to the next generation.
In the many suggestions that came forth,
the gift of 'self esteem' was mine – seemed
to be a much better legacy
than even a bottle of fine wine.

Relating it to Grandma's good advice,
it somehow fits so well –
funny how those wise old words
often ring a familiar bell.
On giving this gift a bit of thought, I'd
probably now suggest,
when it comes to spending or investing our time,
investing is definitely best.

Growing physically, mentally and spiritually,
means we're investing in our time,
whereas growing old just spending it,
we may even waste that bottle of fine wine – So
while flying back from Washington,
I've put my thoughts on parade as
our lives fly so swiftly by,
into the mystery of a brand new decade.

Our words and our actions will
live in those who follow on – This
is our legacy, you know –
Just a reminder from 'good old Ron' –
Happy Christmas!

2010/12

Our Zak

(4-3-96 – 23-11-11)



Always showed an interest,
in everything we do.

From soldering speaker leads,
to cleaning the occasional shoe.

Watching daily traffic,
friendly with every passing dog.

Did not enjoy recent blindness.
plunged into perpetual fog.

Fond memories of his 16 years,
remain with us today.

Zak, the beloved poodle,
so lucky he passed our way.

2011/12

Will They Make the Same Mistake?

I think about the young ones in generation Y –
their enthusiasm and energy,
their ability to reason why –
They can clearly see the burden
which hasn't reached them yet,
passed down by past generations –
that burden's known as 'Debt'.

Now how on earth did it get this way,
us 'oldies' are not all dills –
Were some of us looking the other way
or brain dead on too many pills?
Did they fall for the same old story,
known as the 'political curse' –
spending to buy the peoples' votes
which, of course, makes everything worse.

"You can live at someone else's expense",
goes the old political song,
"Give us your vote, you lovely folk
and you'll see we will do no wrong."
"We are handing out these millions
while someone else is paying."
Remember the bandit, Robin Hood,
had a very similar saying?

If we calculate what is owing
with some really simple accounting,
you will see that the debt*, when the bill comes in,
will be huge – and constantly mounting*.
Will some feel guilty, knowing their votes
were bought with the embezzled money
of a generation yet unborn?
The tragic result? – Not funny!

Meanwhile our Generation 'Y',
having started in a hole,
will hopefully vote in cynical vein
and so avoid selling their souls.
Having recently contacted and questioned,
a number of young ones I know,
they made me feel quite optimistic
that the future will reap what they sow.

***At September 2011**

Australia's net foreign debt	=	\$740.5 billion
Dividing by the population	=	\$32,294 per person
+ Total household debt \$1,100 billion	=	\$48,302 per person
Grand Total, per person	=	\$80,796

****At December 2017**

Australia's net foreign debt	=	\$1.009 trillion
Dividing by the population	=	\$40,546 per person
+ Total household debt \$2.466 trillion	=	
Grand Total, per person	=	\$98,974

2011/12

Htay* Was Her Name!

*(*Pronounced 'Tay', in Burma)*

Bike riding, Saturday morning,
down by the river we'd been,
making a stop for the sake of our health,
at those exercise machines.

Then she suddenly appeared,
moved on to a machine, bright & breezy –
We knew we'd have to lift our game
when she made it all look so easy –

She exercised fast
with such style & grace,
and the best part of all
was the smile on her face –

And then she was gone!
She visited our lives for such a short while,
but she made our day so much brighter,
for Htay had left us – her smile !

South Perth
2012/03

Happy Birthday Gina – 2012

(Happy Birthday Poem for Gina)

She could sit on a yacht,
take it easy on the beach,
or selfishly stay
out of everyone's reach.

She doesn't need interference
building dreams and aspirations,
a task started by her Father,
the creator of great inspiration.

Without these creators like Gina,
our country would certainly flounder,
but with more of them here in Australia,
our economy would be far sounder.

Say what you like about Gina,
she is out there having a 'go',
unlike some of those envious critics
whose top speed is definitely 'slow' –

Creators create out of nothing,
satisfaction is what they sustain,
they beautify life, so let's have more Ginas
to replace leaders who lead down the drain.

Governments need to decide
to amply reward enterprise –
and not stifle with bad regulations
which give turmoil instead of a prize.

Today, in Australia, the government's intent
on taxing work, investment and thrift,
rewarding the mediocre and idle,
leaving the rest of us to pay for their gift.

So what do we do about the critics?
They are drowning in envy you see.
Are their sad little souls so unhappy
to see Gina so efficient and free?

So Happy Birthday to you Gina –
keep on being creative and strong –
here's hoping those sad, envious critics
will one day find themselves singing YOUR song!

2012/03



On June 10th

Only the best,
have birthdays that day!
The entire rest,
share other days, you might say.

So, whose is on June 10th?
Here's one for a start.
The great City of Kalgoorlie,
mining gold; is pure art.

Then there is Lang Hancock,
the King of Iron Ore.
Supports Australia's economy
and saves us from being poor.
Another birthday you say?
Prince Philip, His Royal Highness,.
Highly respected,
not known for his shyness.

Now, closer to home,
is our own Wally Unger.
It's all that (bloody) bike riding
that makes him look even younger!

2012/06



Wan Chai Nights

She said to him,
"I offer you my youth in exchange for your money."
He said to her,
"You understand so well the exchange of values,
...and you laugh when nothing is funny. "

She said to him,
"but it's only a short time in our lives ...
some of us live really well and we laugh a lot,
when the laughter is over, we travel our different ways –
many go on to become perfect wives."

He showed some reluctance –
It had been a hard day for him,
many meetings ahead, many people to see.
She sensed his hesitation and comfortingly, said ,
"But you can relax with me."

She said, remember the old Chinese saying,
"Never let a small penis,
get in the way of good sex."
So he thought for a while.

Decision time was close.
He quietly said, "That's okay, slightly small?
But I would rather you had;
no penis at all!"

"Mines & Money"
Hong Kong
2012/04

Our Fritz

(19-02-2001 – 20-10-12)



Battered in a past life,
came to us seeking rescue.
Quirky from the beginning,
confused, seeking something to pursue.

Suffered dog attacks,
turbulent existence.
Got through it all,
with remarkable persistence.

His life was worthwhile,
in Jenny he found a friend.
However, with Ron; took time,
only tolerated him to the very end!

2012/10

Global Exploration

(Celebrating 'Mines & Money' – Hong Kong)

As we travel the world,
we observe characteristics
which distinguish one country from others –
although globalisation in so many ways
has converted us all
into one family of sisters and brothers.

Restoring financial health to a world
Suffering from banking disasters,
Brings a new chapter in the art of discovery, so
our constant travel and resources cash flow
while exploring the globe
becomes part of the financial recovery ...

2013/03

Not Aiming to Please

A globetrotting geologist in trouble
sought urgent medical attention –
so off to an Asian doctor he went
with symptoms too distressing to mention.

“You’ll have to stop masturbating,” she said sternly.
“But why?” his voice sad and all of a quiver.
“Because I need to complete my inspection
but can’t if you aim to deliver.”

*‘Mines & Money’
Hong2013/03*

Our Festive Thanks

It's almost Christmas -
it's time to pause,
while we open
and close some doors.

Time to think how our actions
so often quite unseen,
decide where we are heading,
reminding us where we've been.

At times without thinking,
we claim victories as our own –
we sometimes think we've created the flower,
when it's only the seed we've sown.

We progress through life
so often in haste –
we drink the wine
without tasting the taste.

Life can be a bit like a puzzle –
pieces floating about in space,
but nothing can ever be achieved
until those pieces are put in place.

It's almost Christmas –
so let us pause for a while
regardless of the mixed year it's been,
just break into a smile !

Those of you who made our year a good one —
those of you, we're fortunate to know,
we wish you a happy, healthy Christmas –
and thank you all for helping us grow !

2012/12

Caught Out!

Just back from New York via Hong Kong,
the 17 hour flight reduced me to pulp.
Then on the flight home to Perth,
sitting awaiting take off.

There she was up the front of the plane,
ushering passengers to their seats.
Possibly the most beautiful girl in the world,
the likes of which, are only seen in cosmetic advertisements.

Couldn't help noticing the perfect skin,
the high cheek bones — a photographers' delight.
Rudely staring as my mind wandered,
where were girls like this when I was 25?

Then she caught my eye and quickly moved toward me,
smiling all the way.
Would this goddess actually speak to me?
Perhaps I've been caught out, rudely staring.

What am I to say to explain my behaviour?
Then she said, "Mr Manners I will never forget you."
"What have I done?", I feebly mumbled,
really on the spot this time.

"You refused my chocolate cake on your flight from Perth,
and I will never forgive you!"
So what a wonderful way
to gain Mandy as my new Facebook friend.

2013/11

A Full Mind or a Full Heart

It's easy to get a headful –
It flows in like relentless rain,
from pages, screens & other means
to penetrate our brains.

Our minds may be open day or night –
but what about our hearts?
Do we open them up & let the love flow in,
or just focus on being smart?

It's easier to measure what's in our brains
with knowledge gained long after school,
but how do we measure what's in our hearts -
and how do we know if they're full?

Lots of little bits of love –
or just a few large lumps,
measured when someone's close to you
by how much your own heart jumps.

Not easy to measure what space is left
or what is rapidly filling your heart.
To judge the significance of what's coming in,
that would probably be a good start.

But age brings just one more advantage
by creating that heart warming space
with our heart muscles gradually relaxing,
there's room for only one more friendly face.

2013/11

Festive Family Fun

In and out of the pool,
grandchildren here and there.
Only the occasional grandparent,
reaching the point of despair.

Couldn't imagine it any other way,
this is what Christmas is about.
Plus small dog "Zug" in tow.
Confusion? That just removed any doubt.

All in all a magic combination,
Aussie sunshine mixed with Aussie beer.
Throw another lamb chop on the barbeque,
the perfect Christmas cheer.

2014/01

Toast to the New Generation (Yuliya & Roman)

Each of you have been
busy these past years,
preparing for life,
casting aside any fears.

Yuliya, I saw in 2010,
giving a speech that showed
the many seeds she had gathered,
seeking fertile fields to be sowed.

Each time since, she has grown,
resembling a young Margaret Thatcher,
to serve her beloved Ukraine,
before some man could catch her.

Studying, reading, preparing,
absorbing wisdom both old and some new,
she was fully prepared
and knew just what to do.

Now to Roman we turn
an ideal balance to this team,
acquiring education and skills,
blending together it would seem.

An interesting education,
ranging from economics in Barcelona,
charity work, restaurants and health care,
all essential parts of Roman's persona.

Roman always gets it right
but by his actions today,
breaks many Ukrainian hearts
in an unintentional way.

So for all of us here tonight,
we rely on your generation
to create a better world
and particularly for the Ukraine nation.

Roman is loved by Yuliya
and all her family,
in particular, by Sophiyka,
Yuliya's 8 year old sister.

...→

Sophiyka has proudly announced
that she aims to
grow up fast
so she can marry Roman.

This introduced an element of urgency.
So that's why Yuliya
decided to speed things up
and today beats off all competition.

Now Sophiyka please bring me a drink,
so before we dance
let us all drink a toast
to Yuliya and Roman's fine romance.

2014/05

The Year of the Horse

(Is it a good year for marriage?)

I asked my Chinese fortune teller,
in this Year of the Horse,
“is this a good year for marriage?”
He instantly replied, “of course!”

His reply was encouraging,
a very lucky year indeed.
Two healthy young horses,
moving forward at great speed.

They don't compete with each other,
growing at their own pace.
That way, both can win,
working together, instead of a race.

So you, two young horses,
galloping into the future,
doing everything quickly,
with energy, speed and stamina.

So as you embark on your journey,
our best wishes are with you of course,
and we know you will travel safely,
in this lucky Year of the Horse.

2014/05

If Only

If only I were 50 years younger,
I'd smuggle you back to Australia.
But the future is yours,
as it rapidly unfolds.

You and I have work to do,
in our own parts of the world.
So we keep in touch,
as our adventures continue.

2014/05

Fleeting Thoughts

When she reached around your neck
To find that elusive clip
On your favourite bowtie –
Seconds before the final click –
Where were your thoughts?

She positioned parts of herself
Upon your willing chest
She was intent on fixing things –
But what were your thoughts?
Ah, give it a rest!

It was a moment's aberration
On your part, because you know
This friend, this friendship also has
The spark of light and joy in life
That is forever set to grow.

It is a friendship made to last
Crafted with care by me and you
It has brought me joy all of the past
Now that your future is changing
I hope that this friend stays part of it too

Bless you dear friend
And the bridegroom you've chosen
May your lives stay as joyous
As the day of your Vesillya*
The best of good luck to you from Australia!

*Vesillya = wedding in Ukraine.

2014/05

“Freedom to Choose”

The airline had chosen,
in their amazing way, a
delightful young lady
seated alongside; made my day.

She observed my routine
of shifting time-zone and watching sky
immediately on take-off and startled me,
by asking why?

My habit for years.
A good question why
to impose destination time-zone
every time I fly.

The best I could explain,
was to move to the future and fast.
Failing to change in this way,
would leave us stuck in the past.

Very idealistic perhaps.
Seems to work for me.
Of course doesn't suit everyone.
Each have their reasons, easy to see.

To prepare for the future
or remain in the past.
Expectations of good times
or making memories last.

Of course if one's
permanent partner, with voice,
was involved in this thought process,
they might claim a third choice.

“Come away from that window.
more time at home, less time to roam.
Try getting a few things finished
around your own home!”

Prostate Cancer - Toolbox!



Funny thing, this prostate cancer,
an unwelcome intruder
into one's life.

Australia has the highest rate,
Vietnam the lowest.
Explain that if you can!

Where to go for advice?
Be prepared to spend many hours.
The time component deters many a man.

The monitoring and testing
can often do as much damage
as up-front removal.

Grim prospects indeed
of being locked out
of nature's playground.

Start by joining a support group.
Select and change doctors
if you lack confidence.

Then, visit www.yananow.net.
Download "A Strange Place".
Courageous chronicle paves your way.

Develop relentless curiosity.
Each person's story
is theirs alone

If all else fails,
seek the services
of new-gen contractors.

Average age mid-thirties,
with patience and skills abound,
to breathe some life.

The service oriented Dick Whisperers
could be just in time
to introduce an element of surprise.

Bold tactics indeed.
If all else fails,
May be your ultimate prize.

p.s. 1 Some good news for the laboratory mice!

"HIV drug can slow prostate cancer spread" - <http://bit.ly/1vICxdm>

2014/12

<http://bit.ly/1u6Wy3e>

Encouraging our Rising Stars!



No mystery about the huge debt
we will leave to the next generation -
While mortgaging our future now,
many a politician is taking a bow
for saving us from the dreaded global situation.

There seems to be no solution in sight,
so much has been steadily frittered away
with our often misdirected education
only focused on mindless regulation,
our debt will become impossible to pay.

For sensible balance to be regained,
Our rising stars will learn it's essential
for those who want to work
to out-number those who simply shirk,
only then Australia can achieve its true potential.

Perhaps the next generation
will give us the gift of a solution –
with communication techniques which we lack,
they can put us back on track
and give us a leadership revolution.

So Happy Christmas to you all –
no matter how old or young you are –
with courage and wisdom our rising stars
have the challenge ahead
so this time drink a toast instead
to them; and a revitalised ... Australia!

2013/12



Festive Hope

"There is no medicine like hope,
no incentive so great,
no tonic so powerful,
as expectation of something tomorrow."

I came across these words
completely by chance
and I'm sure the writer
won't mind that I borrow.

They set the tone for today,
where despite the screaming headlines
shouting that 'the world is on fire',
it's mainly the media meeting their deadlines.

More people are living in peace.
the world is not 'cooking to death'.
Carry these thoughts with you,
as we close off another year.

Resolve to write your own headlines,
packed with your own positive energy.
Insulate yourself from purveyors of doom,
chase them off and watch them run in fear.

Join us in welcoming another great year!

2014/12

With One You Love

Much more enjoyable
and healthier too!

How could that be,
you might say.

Experiences become personal,
instead of en-mass.

Much more intimate,
this personal way.

But why healthier too?
Well here is the reason.

We can take these memories
back to our room.

Instead of becoming the last person,
standing at the bar.

2015/05

Friendships

Friendships rank above purpose,
they are life itself.
As Victor Hugo once said, "Life is the flower,
for which love is the honey."

If you think friendship
can be bought.
It isn't traded by the dollar,
totally unrelated to money.

Good friendships are investments,
choose well and never ignore.
Compound interest will ensure,
value increases with the years.

So how is your friendship going?
Smile often and dream big.
You have simply invested,
avoiding life's occasional fears.

2015/08

120th Anniversary – Mannwest Group



Six score years ago W.G. Manners,
left home in Ballarat for W.A. –
Opened a mining engineering business –
the same that we celebrate today.

Through boom and bust and in-between,
he grew the firm for 30 years.
Son Chas then took the reins –
adding new ventures, changing gears.

Now, to the present – the Mannwest
Group, has been led 60 years by grandson
Ron. It's greatly expanded from earliest
days – he is proud of what the group has
done!

T'was always a team effort, never one man's.
One hundred & twenty years have passed
and it powers on still, so lift your glass,
to sound business creating friendships that last!

2015/11



Back in 1895 W.G. Manners
started a business,
mining and engineering
was on his mind.

Serving clients from
east and west,
took him on adventures
of every kind.

After thirty years of this he
handed over to son Chas,
who further developed the art
of doing business.

Thirty years later
Ron took the wheel,
And managed to add
Sixty years and several layers.

Booms and busts
but through it all,
is the memory of the people
the firm's various players.

Would we do it all again?
Yes, of course we would!
However, only if we could
Travel that journey with people like you!

2015/12

Remaining Sane in an Insane World

(A festive thought for you.)



Don't judge the world
just by today's headlines.
The mob rarely gets it right,
so who will guide you through?

It could be a rough journey
on your own.
Sanity preserved,
by just a few.

They may never ever meet each other,
although each with
a strong link,
just to you.

Their numbers may be,
as few as five,
importantly each, a vital ingredient,
to keep you sane and alive.

Value each, for without their help,
you would have to reassemble
the many shattered pieces.
A daunting task that makes us tremble.

So, here's a thought for you,
as we enter this Festive Season.
Identify those special few
and explain clearly the reason.

Then do something special,
separately with each,
before such opportunity
is beyond your reach.

2015/12

David Reed Turns 70...May 2016!

A rare breed,
came out of Kalgoorlie.
That particular era,
alive to the opportunities available.

Short on talk,
long on action.
A book on each,
would be enthusiastically saleable.

Such a study of each,
might reveal many secrets.
From each, much to learn,
bordering on the inspirational.

These days, to study
such phenomenon,
first step, would be,
to get a Government Grant.

Then, to fill a
volume, with useless words.
All in the interests
of obtaining a PhD, a doctorate.

What was, the magic ingredient,
that produced a collection
of multi-dimensional,
high achieving, individuals?

After exhaustive studies,
it may come down to just two factors.
Was it the Hannan's Lager
or just something in the water?

Happy birthday David!

2016/03

Designing a Friendship

So there is a spark,
something going on here.

To pursue this further,
a balance between courage and fear.

Set the rules,
early in the game.

Missteps mean that,
nothing stays the same.

Exaggerate your differences,
describe the one you love.

Then probe your passions,
from below and above.

The goals worth pursuing,
two adventurers discover treasure.

Someone to watch over their,
ambitions and goals; a pleasure to measure.

2016/04

So, Where Will You Flee To?

It doesn't take much imagination,
to work out,
why the countless refugees,
are fleeing their countries.

Are we doing enough,
to ensure,
that these insidious threats,
don't take root in Australia?

The many destructive 'isms',
that seize the results of citizens' efforts
and distribute to their followers,
bring the productive and creative process to a halt.

The failed nations,
are measured by those leaving
and successful nations,
are measured by the people inflows.

Those cynics among us might say that people head toward those countries
whose welfare systems give the most 'free stuff'.
However, these can only continue 'giving' as long as either their citizens produce,
or those governing escalate their debt.

This debt-ism is as serious a threat to 'western' governments (including Australia),
as many of the 'isms' creating the flood of refugees.
Earlier governments, of Australia, would consider it unthinkable,
to pass on the current debt burden to the young and unborn.

Our current debt* Federal, State and Individual,
remind me of the Cuban citizen,
arriving in Florida
on a rubber raft.

Asked later, "Your thoughts on coming to America?"
The Cuban's answer was; "I was lucky, I had somewhere to flee to.
When your government grows too big and greedy,
to where will you flee?"

At Mannkal we educate economic students to think and collect examples,
of good governments in action and to study the benefits of policies,
that favour limited government, where market-based solutions,
guarantee a brighter future than current projections.

2016/05

Bob and Bev — 75 at last!

A couple of globetrotters.
There they go, galloping
into the future.

Approaching the significant
three quarter mark,
with a spring in their step.

Forever the international travelers,
giving the impression
they were born on a plane.

All this travel,
sometimes exhausting,
but was not in vain.



2016/11

Character Beats Strategy (Every Time)



Here we go again.
A strategy for this,
a strategy for that.

Most of our 'thought leaders',
spend their time,
talking through their hat.

What we really need,
is to focus on
courage, conviction and character.

This gave our Western Civilisation
that special edge,
lifting millions to a new level.

The Enlightenment thinking,
Isaac Newton and friends,
blazed the trails.

Before Entitlements and Victimhood
ran us
off the rails.

In Canberra, this week,
I was told Canberra
is our National Capital.
"Wrong!" I said.

...→

It's merely
our Political Capital.

I define Canberra
as 200 square kilometers;
surrounded by reality!

Canberra is where
they work hard to
destroy our Triple A Credit Rating.

It's 'out there'.
You are the people
working to save it?

You the creators,
will rescue us,
from political seduction.
So, let's drink a festive toast.
To the explorers,
our industry and our great producers.

2016/12

Banksia Springs Dwellingup

(<http://banksiasprings.com>)

Sitting under those tall trees
at Banksia Springs.

Soaking up one of
nature's treasured things.

Can't wait to experience..
..it again.

Who needs to go..
..to Spain?

This magic at Dwellingup
nature's Hobbit's knell.

Shows the genius
of host Geoff Bell.

Eighty one today,
so greetings from us here.

Till we drive in again
bringing festive cheer.



Written for Geoff Bell's birthday 24/7/17

2017/07

Time to get serious!

We first met,
so many years ago.
In many ways,
you remain my hero.

Many challenges faced
during these speeding years.
Your moral compass
guided you through your initial fears.

Twice, during your teaching years,
you did not buckle..
.. to lower teaching standards
or submit to union knuckle.

Instead, you moved on,
to legal and property.
Both new careers,
completing intricate transactions.

Through all this, always,
creating a warm glow at home.
Such a pleasure to return,
from my constant roam.

Agreed, we need to spend
more time together,
combining actions and words,
planning for these important years.

The speed at which the years go by,
is bewildering and mysterious.
So let's quickly resolve,
to focus and at last get serious.

*To my dearest Jenny
on our 29th wedding anniversary
10/9/17*

Natures Start-ups



Nature knows the importance,
of promoting new growth.
New eggs are laid,
to replace those lost to predators.

We see this nearby,
as Lady Duck raises her five.
Then a few days later,
only three remain alive.

In nature, there is purpose,
one might say.
It's simply an accepted part
of life's feeding cycle.

However we can't rationalise,
in the same way,
when we see start-up business
killed off, by bureaucrats, every day.

That's why we need
a continuous flow,
of fresh start-ups,
replacing those that go.

Personally, I have experienced
two fine companies of mine,
closed down by 'Occupational License Police',
whose boorish behavior rhymes with swine.

Occupational licensing keeps
prices much higher,
as it prevents
new competition (and hurts the buyer).

...→

It only protects those who are there already
Public Choice Theory shows how
concentrated benefits spread
the costs to suckers like us.

But the game is up,
with Tony Galati being awarded
Entrepreneur of the Year, for
demolishing the Government's Potato Board.

Good news sometimes turns bad.
One would think that those bureaucrats,
who once carefully measured our potatoes,
may have been employed as fat cats.

Their dream did not come true.
The Government has them collecting fines
from the travelling public,
every time we get an Uber.

These fines, per trip,
now go to the taxi owners,
who paid handsomely for protection
from our State Government.

To protect them from what?
From competition, their biggest fear!
Taxis have been over-charging
the punters for years.

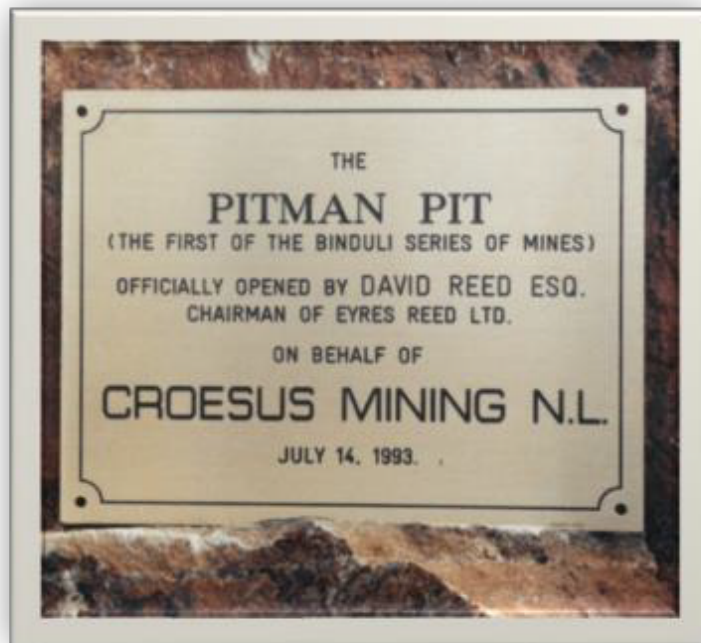
The need to get this protection money back
has sent them reeling,
to another opportunity —
hiring Government to do their stealing.

Get up off your knees
and email your politician too,
tell them how you just paid another Uber fee,
they inconsiderately imposed on you!

2017/12



July 14, 1993



Birthday Poem for PJ Lips – Why I Talk to Kelpie Dogs



In Nov. 2018 I stayed with one of my favourite U.S. families. Waking each morning, 2 hours before my hosts (12 hr time change), their dog Scooby greeted and presented me with his lead and took me on a guided walk around the neighborhood. This stirred some very early memories of my own dog when I was the same age as my hosts' son 'PD Lips'. Then when I was invited to PD's 5th birthday party, this year; ["PD adores his Uncle Ron & asks when you are back. As I said, he only wanted you and his grandmother for his birthday."] I Skyped through this poem for PD's birthday.

When you look at a kelpie,
they reciprocate, looking right back.
So deep into your soul,
takes me back to my age of four.

I had an older brother called Ian
and Tiger was his dog.
Never any doubt
where Tiger's loyalty lay.

Ian unfortunately contracted meningitis,
a fatal disease, at that time.
Off to hospital Ian did go
and Tiger visited him, every day.

Walking to the hospital,
all on his own.
Parked under Ian's bed,
then returning home each night.

Then one fine day,
our father said,
I wonder if Tiger could
take Ron to visit Ian.

So that's what happened,
quite often.
Off we went,
Tiger in charge of crossing streets.

Then the inevitable sad ending
and from exactly that time,
Tiger became my dog
and my chief protector.

Happier years ahead,
filled with many conversations
between Tiger and me.
Oh, what a good listener he was.

Tiger was always there.
He often came to my defence.
I even recall a skirmish
with a visiting postman.

His parcel delivery
may have been misinterpreted,
as a threat of a kind,
hard to understand a dog's mind.

Then Tiger was gone,
"Ran away from home".
That's what I was told
but how could this happen?

Many years later,
my father confided.
Biting a postman
was a capital offence.

The dog inspector
had taken Tiger from me.
His reward for protecting me
had backfired in the worst way.

That's why, now, I always
talk to kelpies.
To warn them
that loyalty must have its limits.

And that under no circumstances,
should they ever
be tempted —
"never-ever bite a postman."

2019/06



Ron & Tiger

Poem for GLB (Investiture)

Bursting, into the Kalgoorlie scene, came young Gavin.
Sent by his father to modernise the struggling branch office.

We were both blessed with
parents who had high expectations of us.

Wound up like clock springs,
to maximise opportunities.

Gavin, totally unaware, that he held the speed record
for the Kalgoorlie to Perth trip, recorded in his sporty Fiat 124.

He later broke his own record,
when he upgraded to a Cooper Mini S.

A real education for me, as I'd become accustomed,
to the leisurely pace of my unstable Holden ute.

Kalgoorlie was stirring,
the sniff of nickel in the air.

We got together and formed a museum,
to capture the past, as it was disappearing fast.

Many opportunities to explore,
with Gavin out in front.

Rafting the Stanislaus Rapids and then, much later,
going where no person had ever gone before in our remote Pilbara Ranges.

Now he has attracted
a Queen's Honour!

Congratulations, certainly,
with our sincere best wishes.

We just want him to continue,
as our true mate.

To that end, may I ask you to rise,
and drink to the health.

Of our Gavin, our mate,
on this significant date.

19/10/2019

The Gift of 2020

Who would have imagined,
the surprise of Coronavirus,
could be a golden gift,
of the rarest kind!

There we were,
going about our affairs
in the conventional way,
quietly completing our tasks.

We travelled here,
we travelled there,
sitting at airports,
pretending to achieve.

Then, normality was stolen,
plucked from our plate,
robbing us of the ability
to rush, not to be late.

Now, as the year closes,
we can pause and ponder.
Coronavirus gave the gift
of many precious hours.

How did we invest, or waste
the gift of these hours?
Did we write that promised book?
Did we work on those many lists?

Or even take a serious look.
What did we learn?
How have we changed?
Did we fail as we watch the year's setting sun?

The situation handled so differently.
Observed from near and far.
Some, not so fortunate,
with much still to learn.

Will we be happy, looking back,
On how we invested those lonely hours?
Or sadly realized we had only
Pissed them up against the wall?

December, 2020

I Always Wanted to Be... (A birthday Poem)

If we had a say,
and could be our favourite age,
what would be our choice?

Not really too old,
nor really too young,
A number that is just right.

So, what's the best age?
Availability is a factor,
Need a stage to be an actor.

Options closing in on us,
Let us settle for the age at hand,
And grab it while we can.

And so my answer is....
So lucky to be alive,
I always wanted to be 85!

*Jan. 8, 2021
(Haiku to you too!)*

On Friendship

One of the joys
of being over 21,
is the focus it brings
to the scattered thoughts of the very young.

What to value
and what to discard?
What to chuck out
into the backyard.

Hold closest to you
your true friends.
They know of your faults
for which you make amends.

The wise Roman stoic philosopher,
called Seneca, and well known to you,
gave much advice on budgeting,
but importantly on friendship too.

“Ponder for a long time whether you shall
admit a given person to your friendship.
But, when you have decided to admit them,
welcome them with all your heart and soul.”

That is what Seneca said.
He knew that we can,
count on so few, to
go the full distance with us!

Those with whom we walk,
shape the very life that we become.
And, friendships of any length,
are based on continuous mutual forgiveness.

But do not stretch your luck too far,
because Seneca also said,
“Throw me to the wolves,
and I will return leading the pack!”

Now, as the year ends, no wolves, no pack,
Just a specially selected few.
Immersed, in past and current adventures.
Enhanced now by a toast to “true friends”.

December, 2021

Greetings to our Judy

Nobody just says
Judy Carroll!

It is always
the indispensable,
the remarkable,
or the wonderful.

Always an adjective
to ease you
into her name.

To describe her
in full becomes
a challenging game.

So here she is
at age seventy.

Always with a
smile on her face.

Only Judy knows
who really
runs this place!

October, 2022

Father & Daughter Poems

(Rediscovered November, 2022)

To "Sassie" (Sarah) age 8

With her tiny hands
She opened up my heart
And gently climbed inside.

RBM May 23, 1977

To Daddy (RBM)

Daddy is my friend
Daddy is my love
He has a lot to say
And he said it
In one day

SJM May 23, 1977

Conversation: The Greatest Gift

What could be a
greater gift
than friendship?

When combined
with the gift
of conversation,

you are really
climbing inside
each other's minds.

To converse
at a depth, requires
a special education.

One not only
based on curiosity
but on the right kind.

Conversation needs not have
an on-the-spot
final conclusion.

but leaving enough
for that other day
to be eagerly anticipated.

What a legacy to leave?
As Pericles said
way back in 442BC,

"What you leave behind is not what
is engraved in stone monuments,
but what is woven into the lives of others."

December, 2022

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