

FOOTY.

Now you have a go at footy, "It's a man's game", so they say,
And you learn to stab and drop kick, and the other forms of play,
And you practice hard and often, till you win the Club's esteem,
Then at last you earn your guernsey - you're a member of the team,
And you're filing through the gateway, and you're out there on the ground,
With the whole arena circled with the barrackers around.
Then you do a fancy gallop, and you jig around a bit,
Just to bolster up your ego, and to kid yourself you're fit.
Then the bloke in white gets ready, and he blows his whistle loud,
And he holds the footy up aloft, and waves it to the crowd.
Then a mighty roar comes from the stand, and reverberates around,
As he grabs the footy by the ends, and whangs it to the ground.
So the game is on in earnest, as you see the ruckmen fly,
With a well directed hit out, to a rover going by,
Then the ball comes skidding to you, but it bounces overhead,
And the bloke you should be minding, leaves you standing there for dead,
But you follow resolutely, and you make a frenzied dash,
Then some how someone trips you, and you're sore from gravel rash,
But you scout the packs with vigor, for you're keen to write your name
In the glory book of records, in the good old Aussie game,
But the luck of play evades you, for, as much to your surprise,
Each time you race to play the ball, it moves contrarywise,
And your aching legs torment you, as you slog the whole match through,
And your brilliant fast opponent, leaves you flat without a clue,
Then you catch the Captain's glances, and you know you're in disgrace,
By the bitter, biting language, and the scowl upon his face,
And the raucous ceaseless goadings, from the critics on the fence,
Seem to aggravate your ~~own~~ anguish, with their lack of common sense.
Then a sudden punt comes soaring, and you're up and flying high,
But a mis-directed hit out, cops your unprotected eye,
Then a loud mouthed voice torments you, with that elbow in the lug.
It's that Yahoo in the outer, "Why dont yer 'ave a go? Yer mug!

Entry in C.J. Dennis competition.

FOOTY. By A.W. Llewellyn,
102 Victoria St.,
Eaglehawk 3556.

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Date corresponds 200 years American Independence July 4th 1976
To Mancel Davies

from Allan W. Llewellyn

Please hang on to this as I have entered it in
the C.J. Dennis competition

When you're knocking round with fellows,
 And you're keen to write your name,
 In the glory book of records,
 Of the good old Aussie game.
 So you have a go at footy,
 It'S a Man's game,so they say,
 And you learn to stab and drop kick,
 And the planned techniques of play,
 And you practice hard and often,
 Till you win the Club's esteem,
 Then at last you earn your guernsey
 You have made the "TWO BLUE" team.
 And you're filing through the gateway,
 And you're out there on the ground,
 With the whole arena circled
 With the barrackers around.
 Then you do a fancy gallop,
 And you jig around a bit,
 Just to bolster up your ego,
 And to kid yourself,you're fit.
 Then the bloke in white gets ready,
 And he blows his whistle loud,
 And holds the footy up aloft,
 And waves it to the crowd.
 Then a mighty roar comes from the stand,
 And reverberates around,
 As he grabs the footy by the ends,
 And whanges it to the ground.
 So the game is on in earnest,
 As you see the ruckmen fly,
 With a natty little hit out,
 To a rover going by.
 Then the ball comes skidding to you,
 But it bounces overhead,
 And the bloke you should be minding,
 Leaves you standing there for dead;
 But you follow resolutely,
 And you give it all you've got,
 Then the ball comes spinning to you,
 And you have a hurried shot,
 And the ball goes floating goal wards,
 And you're aim speeds straight and true,
 Then the "One Eye Hill" goes frantic,
 As the ball goes sailing through.

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 They were filing through the gateway,
 When they cheered our first eighteen,
 They have filed through days of glory,
 In a hundred years between.
 They have stirred the Town to raptures,
 And enriched the Town's folklore,
 When they thrashed the Melbourne premiers,
 In the Spring of ninety four.
 And back along the seasons,
 When the mines worked long ago,
 There were scenes of Cabbies waiting,
 For the shift from down below,
 And the tired and dirty miners,
 Begrimed with slush and chalk,
 Were sped,post hast,and took the field,
 For the pride of Eaglehawk.

EAGLEHAWK FOOTBALL CLUB'S CENTENARY JUNE 1980.

When you're knocking round with fellows,
And you're keen to write your name,
In the glory book of records,
Of the good old Aussie game.
So you have a go at footy,
It's a man's game, so they say,
And you learn to stab and drop kick,
And the planned techniques of play,
And you practice hard and often,
Till you win the Club's esteem,
Then at last you earn your guernsey,
You have made "The Two Blue" team,
And you're filing through the gateway,
And you're out there on the ground,
With the whole arena circled
With the barrackers around.
Then you do a fancy gallop,
And you jig around a bit,
Just to bolster up your ego,
And to kid yourself you're fit,
Then the bloke in white gets ready,
And he blows his whistle loud,
And holds the footy up aloft,
And waves it to the crowd.
Then a mighty roar comes from the stand,
And reverberates around,
As he grabs the footy by the ends,
And whangs it to the ground.
So the game is on in earnest,
As you see the ruckmen fly,
With a natty little hit out,
To a rover going by.
Then the ball comes skidding to you,
But it bounces over head,
And the bloke you should be minding,
Leaves you standing there for dead,
But you follow resolutely,
And you give it all you've got,
Then the ball comes spinning to you,
And you have a hurried shot,
And the ball goes floating goalwards,
And you're aim speeds straight and true,
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They were filing through the gateway,
When they cheered our first eighteen,
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They have stirred the Town to raptures,
And enriched the Town's folklore,
When they thrashed the Melbourne premiers,
In the Spring of ninety-four.
And back along the seasons,
When the mines worked long ago,
There were scenes of Cabbies waiting,
For the shift from down below.
And the tired and dirty miners,
Begrimed with slush and chalk,
Were sped, post haste, and took the field,
For the pride of Eaglehawk.
So we gather here to honour,
All those stalwarts of the game,
Whose names and deeds, are still enshrined,
In the Borough's "Hall of Fame".

Allan W (Llew) Llewellyn
June 4th 1980.

Eaglehawk-Football-Club's-Centenary. June 1980.

When you're knocking with fellows,
And you're keen to write your name,
In the glory book of records,
Of the good old Aussie game,
So you have a go at footy,
It's a man's game, so they say,
You learn to stab and drop kick,
And the planned techniques of play,
And you practice hard and often,
Till you win the Clubs esteem,
Then at last you earn your guernsey,
You have made The two Blue team,
And you're filing through the gateway,
And you're out there on the ground,
With the whole arena circled
With the barrackers around.
Then you do a fancy gallop,
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Then the "One Eye Hill" goes frantic
As the ball goes sailing through.

They were filing through the gateway
When they cheered our first eighteen
They have filed through days of glory,
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ALLAN.W.(Llew) Llewellyn.
June 4th 1980.

EAGLEHAWK FOOTBALL CLUB'S CENTENARY JUNE 1980.

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Allan W (Llew) Llewellyn
June 4th 1980.

To Andrew McDonald