

CLERIHEW COMPETITION

Readers were told: A *clerihew* is a witty, four-line verse that pokes fun at prominent (for our competition, prominent *Australian*) people. The form was invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley who clerihewed the chemist and physicist Sir Humphry Davy as follows:

Sir Humphry Davy
Abominated gravy.
He lived in the odium
Of having discovered sodium.

The clerihew was gleefully taken up by many others, including G.K. Chesterton and W.H. Auden. Here are some classic examples of the genre:

Daniel Defoe
Lived a long time ago.
He had nothing to do, so
He wrote *Robinson Crusoe*.

King George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.

Sir Christopher Wren
Said 'I'm going to dine with some men.
'If anybody calls,
'Say I am designing St Paul's.'

Readers, please note the following rules: **1.** The poem must be of four lines only. **2.** The 1st line names the victim to be clerihewed. **3.** Lines 1 and 2 must rhyme with each other, and lines 3 and 4 must rhyme with each other. To which we add: **4.** The clerihewee must be lampooned wittily (wit wins as always). **5.** The victim of your clerihew must be a prominent Australian (at present or in the past). Go to it, ye clerihewers, and may the best wit win! **ED.**

Among the entries, there was some uncertainty about who qualified as an 'Australian' in the 18th and 19th centuries, but we decided that if a clerihewee appeared in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, that was good enough for us.

Here are some sample entries (alphabetical by author's surname):

The surname of Senator Brown
Though grammatically a noun,
Best describes the Tasmanian scenery
In this age of desiccated greenery.
Geoff Allingham

Politician Mal Brough
Despite an electoral rebuff
Memorised the whole tribal Who's Who
At Uluru.
Fernando Bezerra

Ms Daisy Bates
Had lots of Aborigines for mates
While domiciled

In the wild.
George Bezerra

William McMahon, P.M.,
That slit, high thigh to hem;
No wonder he said to his Sonia
"Great idea, looks real good on ya!"

Prime Minister Gough Whitlam
Wrote of the Libs, with wit, to skittle 'em.
The "Stop: to the last epistle
Became known as "The Dismissal".
Noel Birch

Archbishop Pell
Won't go to hell
Because (I know it's scary)
The devil is a fairy.

I think that Peter Garrett
Should get himself a parrot
He could teach it then the song
With lyrics by Penny Wong.
Mona Black

Barry Hall
plays football.
He'd be better as a swinger,
his right hook is a zinger.

Kevin Rudd
is no fud.
Of vision he has plenty,
it's 2020.
Neil Bloomfield

Ms Kylie Minogue
Irrepressibly in vogue,
Not only for her show business hits
But for the famous body-part on which she sits.
Gib Butler

Amanda Vanstone
Failed at home
So she went to Italy
And has behaved quite prettily.

Kylie Minogue
Appeared in *Vogue*
Looking slightly older
But there's no-one bolder.

Kevin Rudd
Came to earth with a thud
Prime Minister, what a task

I think it is too big an Ask!

Johnny Howard
Never bowed
Missed out on his gong
For being mostly wrong.

Peter Costello
Feeling mellow?
Will he go?
We don't know.

Wayne Swan
Not to be out done
World's greatest Treasurer
Never say neverer.

Ned Kelly
Fond of Irish Perry
He was shot
For losing the plot.

Archbishop Pell
Scared of going to hell
Approached the papal booth
At the World Day of Youth.

Brendan Nelson
Flotsam and Jetsam
Looks over his shoulder
As Malcolm gets bolder.

Alexander Downer
A bit of a clown
Wore his fish net stocking
To keep his fans a rockin'.

Mary McKillop
Never touched a drop
Did good deeds
Now wears saintly weeds.

Sally Robinson
Known for her rowin'
Rested her oars
And got no encores.

Greg Norman
Golfing He-Man
These days he swings
With Chrissie he's King.

Captain James Cook
A voyage he took
Made many discoveries
In the great Antipodes.

Greg Chappell
Won the cricket battle
Bowled underarm

Never done us no harm.

Gough Whitlam
Labor Big Man
Nowadays a Saint
Forgotten he surely aint!

Mrs Betty Windsor, Aussie Head of State
Wondered if and how and when for Charles she'd abdicate
She asked her loyal subjects, in Australia down under
They said No Way, Camilla Queen, to steal our country's thunder.

Betty Windsor, Our majestic Head of State
Abdicated and said, 'Cor, it feels so bloomin' great!
King Charles came on a visit down under to see us
But we'd all gone to footy, he'd missed the bloody bus!

Betty Windsor, Australian Majesty,
Decreed that a Republic we never would be
So let us all get together and yell out 'Eureka'
And that's the way we'll try and beat 'er.

Mrs Betty Windsor, our Aussie Queen
Asked her loyal subjects if she was being mean
Not to abdicate,
For Charles, until she's 'Late'.

Her subjects when asked what's best
Were less than very well impressed
Charles and Camilla, here down under?
Oh no, the thought will make us chunder.

Rick Calitz

The legendary Buckley
Became famous unluckily.
When asked, 'Did you have much fun?'
He replied, 'Nunn'.

C J Dennis
Was never thought a menace.
Though he remained particularly keen
On girls named Doreen.

A D Hope
Was a poet of amazing scope.
He said, 'It shouldn't vex you all
That my poems address all kinds of matters sexual.'

Roy Rene
Was often obscene.
Their humour was iffy –
'Mo' and Stiffy.

Gilbert Case

Lachlan Macquarie
Declined to say 'Sorry'.
He thought that could wit
Until twenty-oh-eight.

Sir Hudson Fish
Had a pioneer's wish:
He'd fly a firm, named with Q,
Without its co-pilot U.

'I don't care,' said Patrick White
'For the culture of the Right.'
He laid his soul bare
In *The Twyborn Affair*.

Mister Burke and Mister Wills
Forgot to take their vitamin pills.
They grew mortally weak
At Cooper's Creek.

Edgar Castle

Downer, Alexander
Fell a victim to slander.
He saw nothing shocking
In a fish-net stocking.

Malcolm Fraser
Was not known for aphasia.
He confounded the wowsers
By mislaying his trousers.

Manning Clark
Was a history nark.
His reports of blood staining the wattle
Caused his readers to reach for the bottle.

Paul Hogan—
Some thought him a bogan.
Not so Kozlowski
Who gave him her house-key.

Alasdair Courtney

Prime Minister Rudd
Is not of blue-blood.
While he rules his domain
He lets Therese Rein.

Prime Minister Kevin
Dubbed twenty-four/seven;
Although not of Ching
He speaks Mandarin.

Pat Coy

Edward John Eyre
On a wing and a preyre
With his little mate Wylie
Crossed Australia entyle.

Roger Dettman

Governor Macquarie

Would one day feel sorry
That his good lady's chair
Became a thoroughfare.

S.K. Warne,
Irretrievably torn
'Tween the science of spin
And cardinal sin.

Old Patrick White
Could be less than polite.
Though of mien rather stolid
His mandala proved solid.

Edward (Ned) Kelly
Never saw a telly;
But even if he had
He'd still have been bad.

Jim Dewar

Said Captain Cook,
'I came to look.
I'm not a failure.
I found Australia.'

Bob Burke and Wills,
That pair of dills,
They went too far
Without a car.

Prime Minister Menzies'
Political frenzies
Were heard far too long
From King Kong of Kooyong.

Poor old George Pell
He threatens hell
But his brand of heaven
Cost one and seven.

Paul Drakeford

Harold Holt
Must have really been a dolt
To even consider swimming
When his wits were obviously dimming.

Phillip Adams
Had a mixed bag of fans
As many enemies as friends
But he listened to each to the bitter ends.

Malcolm Fraser
A Western District grazier
Lost his pants
Mid Raves and Rants.

Tony Mokbel
Now confined to a cell

Was too stupid to pay
For a decent toupé.

Shane Warne
Best leg spinner ever born
Got himself in a mess
Sending an inappropriate S.M.S.

Tony Mokbel
Now confined to a cell
Didn't deceive the police
With his second-rate hair piece.

Percy Grainger
Grew stranger and stranger
His eclectic sex life
Had him confused, with his mother and wife.

Percy Grainger
Grew stranger and stranger
Practised a life of dubious sex
Which included the Oedipus complex.

Alexander Downer
Always a clown
His reputation is shocking
Remembered only for his fish net stocking.

John Howard
Believed he was empowered
To hold the seat of Bennelong
Too bad he stayed too long.

Alexander Downer
Always a clown
Didn't make a fuss
Smiled when exiled to Cyprus.

Gough Whitlam
Went like a lamb
To Yarralumla to be slaughtered
Hung, drawn, and quartered.

John Kerr
Gough called a cur
This was really no hunch
When he turned up at the Cup drunk.

Trevor Chappell
Not a bad apple, not really a rebel,
But caused a great deal of harm
When told to bowl under arm.

Brendan Nelson
The leadership won
Can't make up his mind whether
To do something about the weather.

David Boon
A beer swilling loon

Best known record is not in his craft
But the number of stubbies he drank in an aircraft.

John Della Bosca
Deserves an Oscar
For rewriting the drama
'The Affair at the Cafe Iguana'.

Kevin Rudd
Still only a bud
Will blossom in spring
If allowed to do his thing.

Shane Warne
Best leg spinner born
Went through life hoping
He wouldn't get caught smoking.

Maxine McKew
Always knew
She'd give John the gong
In the seat of Bennelong.

Peter Costello
A most undecided fellow
Went to the back bench
But his ambitions he couldn't quench.

Kevin Rudd
Still only a bud
Needs to be pollinated
Or become defoliated.

Paul Keating
Had a Royal meeting
Did something never before seen:
He touched Her Majesty the Queen.

Brendan Nelson
Deserves to be lonesome
At seventeen percent approval
His colleagues will be scheming for his removal.

Cadel Evans
Prayed to the heavens
To win the Tour de France
But couldn't emulate his mate Lance.

W.H.J. Edwards

Frederick Ludowyk
Is a bit of a trick;
He expects me and youse
To compose clerihews.

Greg Norman, the shark,
For a bit of a lark
Swapped dosh and a house
For a smashing new spouse.

Peter Cundall, Tassie devil,
Gives advice that's on the level
'Plant some vegies in a plot
And snails will eat the bloomin' lot.'

ABC's Macca
Avoids hard yakka;
He comes on at dawn
With a bit of a yawn.
Lee Evans

Kevin Rudd
Went to the pub:
He decided to order a small tonic and gin
But no one understood 'cos he spoke Mandarin.

Harold Holt
Was no dolt
When at Portsea he went for a swim:
Was it a shark or the Reds who finally got him?

Ned Kelly
Had no telly
So he robbed the banks, got into strife.
His final words—"Such is life".

Kevin Rudd
Said "Sorry, Bud".
Now natives can buy Arnhem Land or Gippsland
But the enterprising ones will buy Liquorland.
Mrs L.R. Farley

Our world-renowned diva, Joan Sutherland,
No doubt calls Australia her motherland;
But I'd find it much easier to write a good pome
If she'd sing—down at our level—she still calls it *home*.

Our expatriate savant Clive James
Hits the target wherever he aims;
We must, though, concede he can be just a tad didactic,
Which is why post-modernists think he's soooo pterodactyc.

Phillip Adams so vaunts his own fame
He might give self-esteem a bad name;
The annoying thing about his conceit's recurrence
Is that his views—dammit—mostly earn my concurrence.
Jim Farrell

Germaine Greer
May have felt queer
When she wrote the book
'The Female Eunuch'.

John Howard
Was no moral coward
He proudly confessed he
Gave us the GST!

Patrick White
Must've known how to write
Because, surprise, surprise
He won the Nobel Prize!

'Dame Edna Everage'
Gained comedic leverage -
A 'kighthood' for *her* -
But for Barry no sir!

Percy Grainger,
Composer/Arranger
When his Muse grew slack
Gave himself a sharp smack!

Dawn Fraser
Triple Olympic trail blazer
Who, despite being old
Kept on winning gold!

Kylie Minogue,
A singer in vogue,
Who through her labours
Is one up on her 'Neighbours'.

Rolf Harris
Is famous from Sydney to Paris.
For... oh my gawd,
Wobbling a b(r)oard!!

Andrew Denton
Might get leant on
To give 'enough rope'
To H.H. the Pope!

Clive James
Interviews famous 'names' .
He also writes books
As he can't live off his looks.

Judy Ferguson

John Howard
Was overpowered
And lost his pew
To Maxine McKew.

Marie Fisher

Menzies, Sir Bob,
An inveterate snob,
Made sure that the Queen
Did not pass by unseen.

Sir Donald Bradman
Did not live like a madman,
He got his kicks
En route to a six.

Shane Warne,
An egotist born,
Being paid not to smoke
Was to him just a joke.

Paul John Keating
May have been cheating,
Using reverse pokery jiggery
With the tax on his piggery.

Peter Costello
That treasurer fellow,
Had the smirk on his face
Removed without trace.

Peter A. Harley

Buswell, the Troy
That insignificant boy
Sniffed a chair he shouldn't oughta
Dishonouring – another's daughter.

Christopher Skase
Did an about face
Duped the group
And flew the coup.

Dame Nellie she did sing out strong
Weaving tunes into a song
Credit she drew from all and each
To be dished up as a tasty peach.

De Groot he galloped through that sash
Parting it with one mighty lash
Stole the event from the elite
Claimed the 'coathanger' as his feat.

Bob Hawke is in the Guinness Book
A yard of ale is all it took
As that show ('20 to 1') oft relates
How a gutful of beer impresses your mates.

Paul Keating only sang his song
So he didn't last all that long
The voters left him to his piggery
For vanity and egotistical sniggery.

Gough Whitlam in a grand display
Accused the GG (of the day)
Then pondered much and sorrowed, for
Prime-of-minister he was no more.

Bjelke Petersen was a bit of a joke
But then he was a Queensland bloke
Obfuscatory was his chat
But hey – don't you worry about that!
Sally Hayes

Robert James Lee Hawke
Spoke with tongue, without fork.
No Aussie kid, by 1990, vowed he
Would be living in a state of poverty.

Barry Higgins

(To be read aloud, with a "Julia Gillard"-like accent.)

Kevin O'7
The brightest in heaven;
With the moon for his dial
And the sun from his tail!

Hans Hogerheyde

Lionel Murphy
Was never a 'surfie'.
His Racial Discrimination clauses
Gave 'Sunshine State' lawyers several pauses.

Jessie Street
Wasn't very discreet.
She learned that fixing women's rights
Led to tiresome fights.

John Horner

Ex-Minister Amanda Vanstone
Is revelling in classic Roman sandstone
Freed from parliamentary deadlines
With no asylum-seekers in the headlines.

Andrew Ingram

Percy Grainger
Was an inventive musical arranger
From Country Gardens to Fife and Drum
Or darker indoor larks with Mum.

Ms Gai Waterhouse
Can't abide porterhouse
But horseflesh on a winning streak
Makes her doyen of the racing clique.

Peter Jacovou

Ex P.M. John Howard
Cried out aloud
'I've been left clutchin'
My blotted escutcheon.'

H. Lang

Mr Michael ('fish') Klim
Trim and slim from the gym
Poses medallioned with gold
As prize pin-up centrefold.

Frank Leishman

Fred Nile
Would run a mile
At any hint of sacrilegious scandal
Or checking his right to light a holy candle.
Robyn Leishman

Ms Germaine Greer
Explained with a sneer,
'Who needs Adam's rib
When you've got Women's Lib!'
Sue McCarthy

Prime Minister Kevin Rudd
a.k.a. M'Lud
Likes to mix it
As a Mr Fixit.

When Kevin Rudd
Licks those lips so like a bud,
His efforts to administer
Look rather sinister.
Morva McDonald

Quentin Bryce
Seems very nice
As Governor General
Her term may be seminal.

Quentin Bryce
Looks very nice
In matching togs
With all grandsprogs.

Quentin Bryce
She does look nice
And dresses well
As all can tell.

Quentin Bryce
Seems very nice
Her CV is splendiferous
Her horoscope's stelliferous.

Prime Minister Keating
Once took a beating
Now he dickers and bickers
Collecting French tickers.

Kevin Rudd
Could be a dud
But by speaking Mandarin
May prove to be a culverin.

Sir Alexander Downer
Painted red the town(er)
His fishnet stocking

Was awfully shocking.

Ming the Merciless
Never wore cilices
He liked to dress in robes of State
And 'commies' were his special hate.

Robert Gordon Menzies
Polished up his lenzies
When our Queen Liz did pass him by
He said he'd love her till he die.

Jo McGahey

Dame Edna Everage
Has considerable leverage,
Considering that she
Is really a he.

P.M. Kevin Rudd
Looks a bit like Elmer Fudd,
And isn't it funny
That both can be fooled by Bugs Bunny.

Marie Mahood

Little Billy Hughes—
No one could fill his shoes,
And although of frame minute
Looked great in a schoolboy suit.

Don Bradman was a bonzer bloke.
The crowd roared cheers at every stroke.
Of admiring public there was never a lack
Until that conspicuous day with a quack, quack, quack!

Nellie Melba was quite a Dame,
Her beautiful singing brought her fame,
She travelled the world from coast to coast
And even learned to make good toast.

Ailsa Maley

Dawn Fraser
Wore the green and gold blazer.
Due to the lack of boat
She swam the emperor's moat.

Barbara Maley

Lovely, leggy Elle Macpherson
Is a super model person.
Never seen in something shoddy,
She surely is (and has) some Body.

Eric Marsh

Warwick Fairfax
Cultivated rare flax
Sat for hours

Admiring the flowers.

Melba, Dame Nellie
Was never on telly
But was quite contented
That it hadn't been invented.

Geoffrey Rush
Said, 'Hush,
That's not someone I'm portraying,
It's really me actually playing.'

Miriam Hyde
Could not decide
Which notes to play
Her audience was quite distraight.

Neville Wran
Was a fan
Of Lollobrigida
Who made him rigider.

Sir Frank Packer
Had only one knacker
Till the day he died
He leaned to one side.

David Mercer

Dame Nellie Melba
Longed to visit Elba
For she thought Napoleon Bonaparte
Had raised tourism to a fine art.

Wendy Musgrave

A splendid gent called Gough,
With the regal bearing of a toff,
Was brought to earth like a falling star,
But not by one who'd traveled far.

Humphries our very brilliant Barry
Early learnt to thrust and parry
With words, the minutiae of suburban bits
He's so successful he now dwells in glitz.

Mrs H.R. Paynter

John Winston Howard,
No political coward,
Turned out but a dud
'Gainst the wiles of K. Rudd.

Young Edward Kelly
Found a cast iron belly
Gave little protection
To exposed leg section.

Joseph T. L. 'Squizzy' Taylor
Had no love for cop or jailor,

But for an outlaw
Was too slow on the draw.

Ian Michael Chappell
With ethics did not grapple,
Nor did he think it was a sin
By underhand or arm to win.

John Peterson

Fiona Wood
Proved she could
Cultivate synthetic skin
To hide the ugliness within.

Sir John Kerr
Was known to err,
For True Believers he is seen
T'have been a mongrel of the Queen.

Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith
Lived on guile, fame and myth.
Air ace, pioneer, devil-may-care
Never outsoared the Coffee Royal Affair.

Errol Leslie Flynn
No stranger to sin
Star of Captain Blood and Robin Hood
Envied philanderer of Hollywood.

Ron Powell

First, a toast to the illustrious founder:

Edmund Clerihew Bentley
Was no slouch mentally ...
He invented a ditty
Both savage and witty.

My entries:

Ned Kelly the bold
Died when not very old.
I'd rather be dead
Than wear tin on my head!

Barry Crocker
Played McKenzie the ocker.
Now the world thinks 'Down Under'
Means beer and a chunder.

Sir Gustav Nossal
(The dear old fossil)
Wrote a big papyrus
About a tiny virus.

'Chopper' Reed
Had to bleed
And shed some tears
When he lost his ears.

Bushranger Ned Kelly ...
(I saw him on telly
Portrayed by Mick Jagger)
Oh, fetch me a dagger!

Dame Edna Everage
Choked on a beverage,
Trying to out drink
Barry Humphries, I think.

Professor Russell Ward,
Not wanting to be bored,
Created quite a mystery
By writing Aussie history.

Little Johnny Howard
Was a bit of a coward;
He sold us down the river
By failing to deliver.
Verity Praed

Malcolm Fraser,
A most unlikely hellraiser,
Walked round in a trance
Without any pants.

Paul Keating
Keeps opining and bleating:
He has not yet seen
He is just a 'has-been'.
Bruce Proverbs

Australia's Greg Chappel,
Is, of New Zealand's eye, no longer the apple.
Receiving little sympathy for his under-arm problem,
As he sought to fairly (?) hobble 'em.

Henry Lawson,
(The ten dollar note he was of course on),
Understood the way of the drover and the dog—
It's a pity about the grog.

Bob Hawke,
Fairly loves to talk 'n' talk 'n' talk,
But, whether the topic be low brow or high brow,
Just watch yourself when he raises that eyebrow!!

Flo Bjelke-Petersen,
On pumpkin scones did feed her son,
Then was sent south as Joh's tame terror,
Of the socialist hordes of poor Canberra.

Murdoch, Rupert,
In the newspaper world shows how to scoop it,
While everyone asks, 'Is he Aussie or Yank?'
Turns to page three and laughs to the bank.

Bruce Reineker

Little John Howard
Had an ego that towered.
When Maxine was elected
He felt so dejected.

Lorna Rice

Barry Humphries
Satire's plum tease
Brought himself great fame
Also for that Edna Dame.

Peter Beattie
A political deity
Self-hailed as a Media Tart
Sought to make Queensland smart.

Steele Rudd
chewed his literary cud
with Dad and Dave (hayseed Heaven)
But not related to Kevin 07.

Henry Lawson
Inky veins acoursin'
Mixed words with strong drink
And made people think.

Errol Flynn
Synonymous with sin
Lived life aflame
Never short of a dame.

Gough Whitlam
Boomed 'I'll skittle 'em!' ...
When politics cast him aside
He was Laboriously beatified.

Tony Abbott
Had an ingrained habit
Of relishing a political fight
He feints with the Left ... then slams with the Right.

Shane Warne
To the game of cricket born
He'll bamboozle and amaze
With his wicket, wicket ways.

Barry Jones
Said 'I'll elicit groans
With my answers explicit ...
That's "elicit", not "illicit".'

Jackie Howe
Sheared sheep ... like wow!
His name was synonymous
With an undergarment eponymous.

Sir Robert Menzies
Survived political frenzies
To be our longest-serving chief
With his 'British to the boot heels' brief.

Peter Garrett
Sang like a parrot
'I am Earth's physician!' ...
Then became a politician.

Julia Gillard
Was wont to till hard
Her garden plot of wishes—
To lead, but not wash the dishes.

Paul Keating
Spewed words overheating,
Honed the skill to perfection
Then lost the friggin' election.

Sydney Robson

Snorkeller Harold Holt
Daredevil to a fault
Entertained the hapless notion
To linger longer in the Southern Ocean.

Malcolm Ronan

Quentin Bryce
To most seems nice.
She holds a position
Which is under attrition.

Kate Row

Dear Ludowyk, Fred
Being the ed.,
Of *Ozwords* and its competitions
Please accept the following renditions:

Kevin Rudd
(Though any Queenslander could),
As a ministerial politician
Has attained the Prime position.

Wayne Swann
May be relied upon
To provide, for us, wealth without measure
By his disbursement of Australia's treasure.

Belinda Neal
May, some restaurateurs feel,—
Unaware of her professional identity—
Be just a loud-mouthed nonentity!

Steele Rudd
Poetic dud.
Became one of those,
Who wrote good ruddy prose.

Edna Everage
Uses as leverage
Sheaves of gladioli.
Is the Pope as holy?

Henry Lawson
Prosifically awesome,
Met his end when - in a fog -
He drove up the rear of a loaded dog.

Rolf Harris
Painted in Paris
Nudes from ear to rear.
(Lodged in a garret with no beer).

Diva Joan Sutherland
Though Australia is her Motherland,
Over [high] C's,
Gains higher fees.

Skippy, Australia's Bush Kangaroo,
Might not be so jumpy confined in a zoo.
But safer by far, behind bars so strong,
Than waltzing matilda by a billabong.

Carl Savage

Dame Edna Everage
As a lady isn't average
Under makeup we discover
Something right, something other.
Claire Saxby

Douglas Mawson
Was the person
Who braved bitter cold
To reach the South Pole.

Kelly, Ned,
Long dead:
To forget him we're unable
Because of his designer label.

Fred Hollows,
Australia knows,
Deprivation endured
For eye cataracts to be cured.

Bruce Moore
Sets store
On finding a lexicon
To 'hang his hat' on.

Daisy Bates
Easily rates
As a tribal defender,
Human rights contender.

Heysen, Hans,
We understand,
Made the art world hum
By painting—by gum!

Thomas Keneally
Is really
A republican nark
Who wrote *Schindler's Ark*.

Len Beadell
Did exceedingly well
To traverse our geology
Without modern technology.

Dame Edna Everidge
Has the leverage
To be choosy and picky
When she 'takes out the micky'.

Indigo Jones
In various tones
Predicted our climate:
What a well-advanced primatel!

Christopher Skase
Set a fast pace:
Died a failure
Far from Australia.

Phyllis Turner,
Amazing learner.
Awarded her Master's Degree
Aged two years plus ninety-three!!

Kevin Rudd
Sought Howard's blood.
He sank the hatchet in
While speaking Mandarin.

Malcolm Fraser
Pointed his laser
At poor old Gough
And wrote him off.

Kim Beasley
Was easily
A Labor defender
Wiped off the agenda.

Harold Holt
Did a bolt
Into the sea:
A mystery.

Neville Bonner
Now long gone. A
Man without peer:
Indigenous pioneer.

Quentin Bryce,
Intelligent, nice,
A history bender
Because of her gender.
Heather Schmidt

Our Anna Bligh
Has lost her sigh
Now that Patel is here
And Beattie is not near.

O grinning Kevin Rudd
You are such a dud
You spruik and speak Mandarin
But most of it is just spin.

Little Lleyton Hewitt
Can no longer do it
With others better and 'the hip'
He finds it difficult to let rip.
K. Shooter

Edward 'Ned' Kelly
Died before telly.
Despite his demises
His story reprises.

Lord Mayor John So
From council may go.
Results of the poll
Could be a spring roll.
[John So, Lord Mayor of Melbourne, is a Chinese Australian.]
L. Stephens

Senator Bob Brown
Has good reason to frown
At the fate of the legendary greenery
In Tasmania's present-day scenery.
Beverley Stewart

Rolf Harris of Oz
Wows the English because
Of his absolute lack of pretension
And regular self-reinvention.
David Stewart

Johnny Howard
Was thought a coward
For upon reflection
He lost the election.

Russell Crowe
To New York did go
Where the hotel did intone:
'Look out!—he's got a phone.'

Peter Costello
Could not play Othello,
But with Tony Abbott he'd scream
"What a Comedy Team!"

Steffan Szymanski

In rugby league
An ex-colleague
Gets thumped a bit
Because of it.

Poor Kevin Rudd
His name's now mud,
And all through one
Salute undone.

Maxine McKew.
At least a few
Exulting shouted:
'You've Howard routed!'

Our Quentin Bryce,
A Governor twice,
In triumph brings
Grandchildren; sings.

George Bush once claimed
A victory famed.
Now five years on
His war's not gone.

John Howard's gone
A weak sun shone
On us until
We saw the bill.

Yahoos don't care—
Pollute the air
With greenhouse gas—
Our dirge, alas.

Our drought's still on
It hasn't gone.
Our creek's long dry;
"Green Drought"'s the cry.

Maxine McKew,
A tiny few
Votes meant you'd won;
The Libs outrun.

Harold Taskis

Kevin 07
Abominates 'Kevin'.
'Just call me "Mate",'
Says PM 08.

Walk with Germaine Greer,
You have nothing to fear.
Unless you're a man,
Then it's better you ran.

When you're with Jimmy Barnes
There's no need for alarms
For when he sings to you
The sound goes right through you.
Jim Thomson

Sir Arthur Streeton
Was wont to bleat on
About "Golden Summers"
That are now bummers.

Cecilia May Gibbs
Never told fibs
Save when she took pen
To the Banksia Men.

'Dame Helen Mitchell'
Just doesn't pitch well;
'Dame Helen Armstrong' wouldn't sell – Ha!
Let's try 'Nellie Melba'.

Governor Bligh
Twice had to fly:
First from a Fletcher,
Then from a lecher.
David Tribe

Dame Edna Everage
Oft sipped a beverage
That made her quite gay
In a risible way.

Frederick Ludowyk
Gave the lingo quite a kick.
OUP and AND—
Pukkah-Strine reality.
Bernie Turvey

Alan Border
Of caps he was a hoarder.
He was particularly keen
On the Baggy Green.
Gilbert Voysey

Messrs Ludowyk and Moore
Scan publications of yore
To inform us nerds
Of the origins of words.
Kerry Webb

Sir Douglas Mawson
And Henry Lawson
It must be stated
Were unrelated.

Sir John Kerr
One can aver
Was once a Legal
Before Vice-regal.

Sir William Deane
Was very keen
To fight adversity
Through University.

Cardinal Pell,
So I hear tell,
Harbours the hope
Of becoming Pope.

Sir Gustav Nossal
Was quite colossal
He proved superior
To most bacteria.

Peter Williams

Barry Hall
Made a bad call
To score with his fist—
A goal better missed!

Spike Milligan
Was a verbal hooligan,
A sometimes depressed clown
Who turned words upside down.

Ann Wilson

Kevin Rudd
Came in with a thud.
But the man's expertise
Is expressed in Chinese!

Martin Wurzinger

Patrick White
Was known to skimp on his electric light
Notably prodigal in verbosity
He was miserly in luminosity.

Patrick Victor Martindale White
Was seldom inclined to be polite
Especially had no time for precious etiquette
When in his cups with port or anisette.

Rohan Yates
