

Dear Cup Week, I love you so dear -  
Hi Jinx's cup in '60 started my golfing career!  
My mum's one pound each way bet  
Bought my first golf clubs - now I was set.

Three school age friends in '65 pooled our money  
With school uniform, including my cap, I sure looked funny  
As I placed our bet on Light Fingers to win -  
Only the TAB lady knew it was a sin!

Conscription saw me in Vietnam in '69  
I held the guys' bets, I was feeling fine.  
Over Radio Australia came Rain Lover, I could hear.  
Sadly, I paid out to all; then they shouted me a beer.

In '76 I bought a seat in the open stand.  
Rain looked threatening; it was close at hand.  
Van der Hum won that day in conditions so rough  
My waterproof golf gear was just not enough!

Another year passed by and Reckless was making  
A Tommy Woodcock fairytale; it was there for the taking.  
But fairytales don't always happen, it seems.  
Gold and Black was the horse that shattered Tommy's dreams.

Three years in a row for the mighty Makybe Diva mare,  
I was now a VRC member and happily there.  
To watch history those years was a privilege, I know.  
That's why, to Flemington, I always will go.

Fast forward ten years and along came Michelle Payne,  
A young woman so skilful and so kind with the rein.  
With Prince of Penzance she combined to break through  
The glass ceiling - like few others could do.

So Cup Week holds memories galore for me  
Now that I am all of seventy-three.  
The buzz of the crowd, the roar as the gates crash.  
My love for this week is much greater than cash.

Disappointingly, though, I probably won't be there this year  
The Covid pandemic has stopped us, I fear.  
But the Cup will go on, of that I am sure.  
It's Cup Week in Melbourne that we all just adore.

