



EIGHT MILE PLAINS HOTEL — EARLY 1900's.

The Glen Hotel Poem

By the Old Logan Road, on the way to the Coast,
 There stands a little hotel, by the Eight Mile Plains signpost.
 They may have changed its colours, and altered its walls,
 But its hundred years of history are still within its halls.
 Yes, this famous Glen Hotel is steeped in history,
 First build by Charles Baker around eighteen sixty-three.
 It has had many owners in the years that have gone by,
 Vosteen, Gannon, Schultz, Toomey, Innes and O'Mara had a try.
 When the Vosteens' rebuilt this pub from cedar they did fell,
 It was then it became known as the Eight Mile Plains Hotel.
 Two ladies O'Sullivan and Mc.Amey in nineteen thirty came
 And it was these two people who gave the Glen its name.

This pub was a wooden one, of two stories it was made,
 And kerosene lamps were lit here as the light began to fade.
 Many a hardened bushman camped here beneath his dray
 Then woke to make it home before the break of day.
 It nestles here so snugly with a creek that runs beside
 And if you sit beneath the willows you can dream of days that died.
 You can dream of horsemen and the coach of Cobb and Co.
 That pulled in at the Glen in those days so long ago.

Yes, it has seen the lights of Cobb and Co. roll down the gravel track
 And drinkers welcomed travellers on the verandah out the back.
 When the horses were tethered and the drivers stretched their legs
 They then wandered to the bar to drink from wooden kegs.
 Evans with his horse team and Leo's bullock team as well
 Were a common sight resting here at this quaint old hotel.
 The butchers Fredericks, Muchow and Soiler who came from Beenleigh,
 Pulled in at this halfway stop then made it home for tea.
 Lighthorsemen gathered here before they fought the Boers,
 Diggers were farewell'd here as they went to two great wars.
 Then in later years as young men went to Vietnam and Korea
 They also said farewells here over a quiet beer.

It has always been a sporting venue, for a hundred years or more
 And foxhunts were held here about eighteen eighty-four.
 A young doctor was killed here in a foxhunt with hounds,
 And that was the end of that sport on these grounds.
 The pony races held here were popular events
 Until one day an accident caused the death of Percy Spence.
 History says the horse he rode crashed into a tree.
 A great shock to all the district was this terrible tragedy.
 Greyhound races were held here, run by men of the racing game,
 Morris, Pope and Pratt are a few I can name.
 A dog called Master Robin, by Sid Hughes he was trained,
 He won four races in one day, and a record was claimed.
 The Glen Hotel's cricket team often played out on the flat,
 And how the locals cheered when they went in to bat.
 Often a wet ball the fielders had to seek,

As the Glen batsmen hit it right into the creek.
 Woodchop events were held here to cut the big blocks through,
 The Careys, Schoek, Drayton and Shipman too.
 Thorton, Appo and Parker also bent their backs,
 And showed all the onlookers their skill with the axe.
 Albrecht was the champ at quoits, Dennis the billiard king.
 And many a fight was fought outside within a human ring.
 These rollicking days I write of are now only memories,
 But they will last forever like the weeping willow trees.

Of course, in the early days they had to uphold the law
 And Sergeant Beckie or Torpey would often walk in through the door.
 They would ride down here on horseback from Holland Park way,
 Have a meal in the kitchen or so the old timers say.
 There is another story the locals know so well,
 Its about this chap who drank at the Glen Hotel.
 One night after drinking here he walked from the bar,
 Rode his horse up the hill and was hit by a motor car.
 Now people rushed to his side when they heard the awful thud,
 What a terrible shock they got when they saw all that blood.
 But the red stuff flowing so profusely from his shirt
 Came from a bottle of port and only his pride was hurt.
 There is a story of a rooster in a parrot cage up a tree,
 And they had to get the fire brigade to set that bird free.
 There also was a jacket nailed to a tree by merry men
 And underneath they wrote the words, "Snowy of the Glen".

If you care to travel to the Glen Hotel today,
 You'll be served at the bar by a lady called Faye.
 For five and twenty years she has served at the bar,
 And all the regular drinkers regard here as a star.
 There are many people who are part of this hotel,
 Like the willows by the creek and the gum tree as well.
 There is Katter, Noon, Russell, Francom and Bradshaw,
 Barber, Harris, Shanks and Menzies and Henderson for sure.
 Yes, there are many more that space won't allow to name,
 They are all part of the Glen and its great fame.

Today as you sit quietly 'neath pergolas out the back,
 You can imagine all those people and Cobb and Co. down the track.
 The history of the Glen Hotel covers many years you see,
 Back to those dreamtime days of a great corroboree.
 There will be more stories with the passing of the years,
 There will be stories of laughter, and stories of tears.
 It has been remodelled, but its colonial look remains,
 It still stands stately on the road to Eight Mile Plains.
 It reminds you of a winner proudly in ribbons
 Standing there in glory, a credit to Fitzgibbons.

Sam Parker, 1988.