

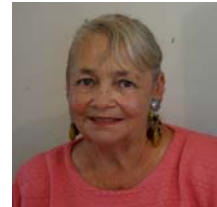
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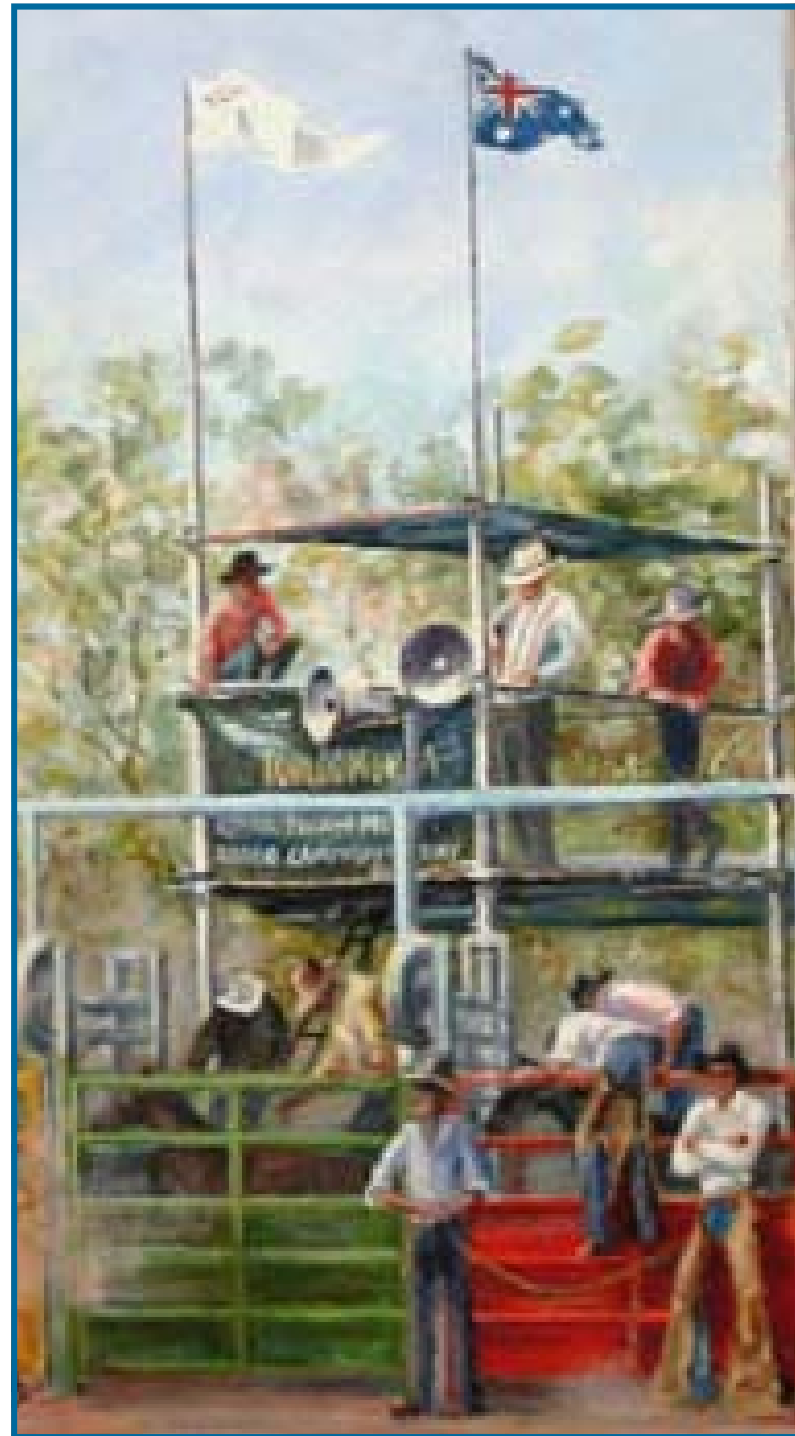


Madeleine Cobb



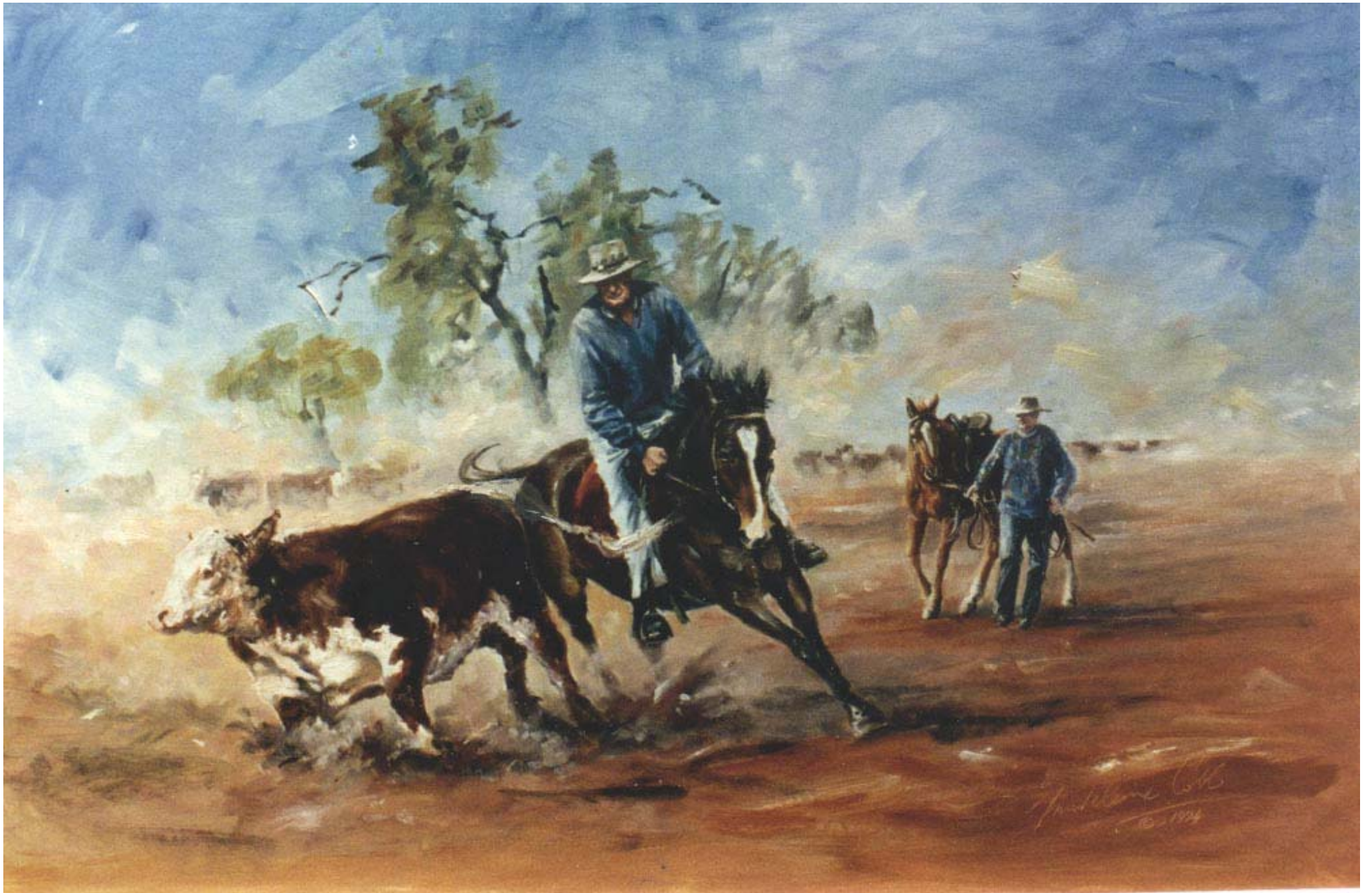
Tooloombilla Rodeo... Oil 60"x26", purchased by Booringa Shire Council. \$9,000
Local Rider Lance Hamilton, and known Judges, Announcer and crew

... detail from
Toowoomba Rodeo ...





Bushrangers Paddy and Jimmy Kenniff, hiding up on Mt Moffat. Acrylic and Pastel, 30"x20".

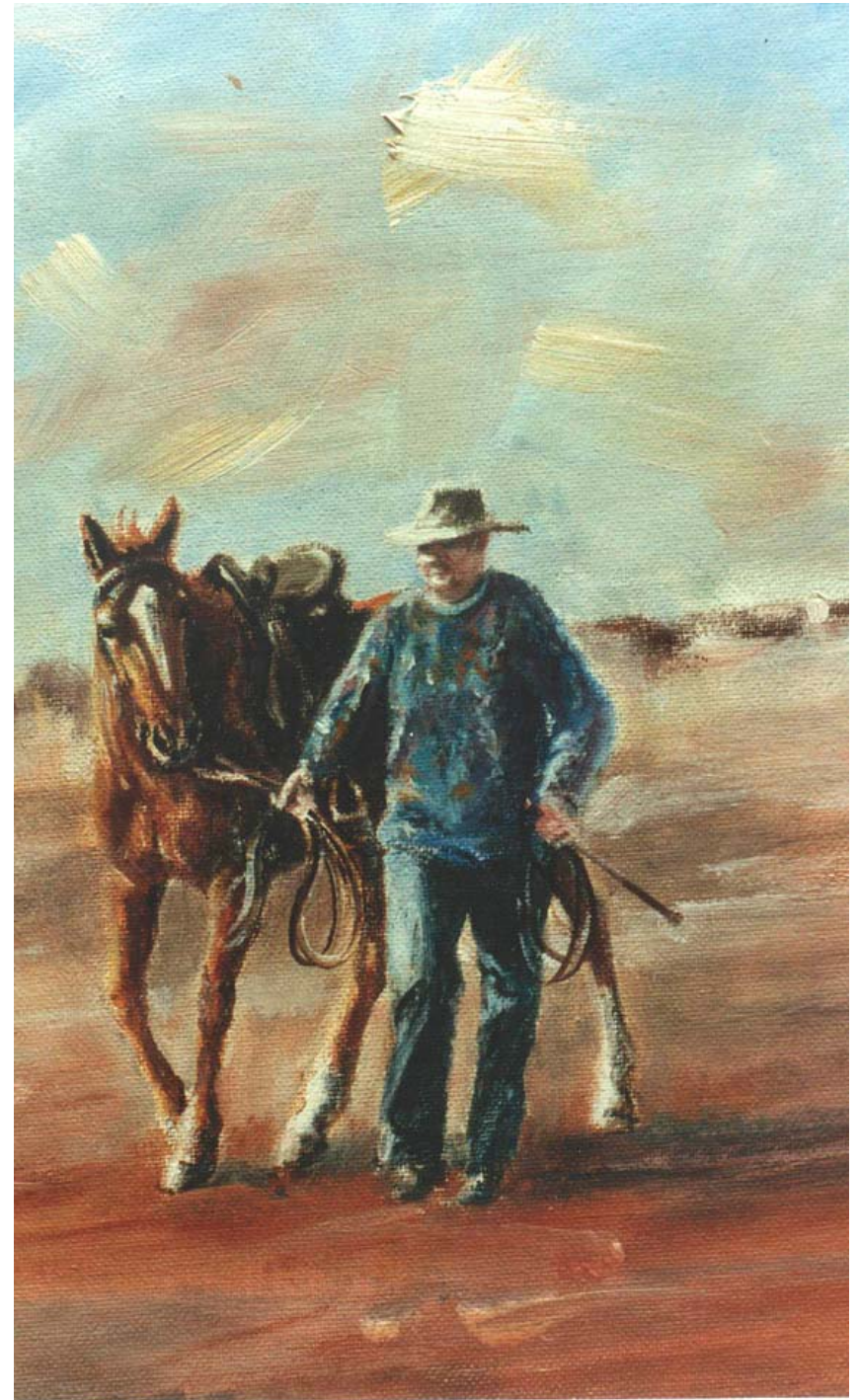


Bruce and Elsie Harris, with their favorite horses. Oil 36"x24"

Elsie Harris,
of whom this painting was
really about, with her horse
Joe. He had been living out
with the burrs and roly-
poly's in his fluffy winter
coat while his mistress bat-
tled with bone cancer.

He was lovingly caught,
washed, shampooed and tied
to the clothesline to dry, and
then saddled up and led
about for his portrait.

Joe's long fully electrified
coat fluttered just beauti-
fully in the freezing cold
winter wind of the day.





Warburton's Journey, for RM Williams. Oil 36"x 24"

Bruce Hawker of Kilbronie
and Standfast

Pastel 30 x 20"



New Pony,
for Peter and Anne Overell

Pastel 30x20"



Donkey Bob and Penny,
his leading jenny.

Pastel 30x20"
About 1989

Donkey Bob roamed Queensland with
his team of pack donkeys for years.

When the weight of his own years
became rather too much for the gentle
old fellow, he wandered down into
NSW. He eventually came to roost at
Tingha near Inverell, staying in the care
of Vicky and Peter Denovan.

Gradually nice homes were found for
his longtime companions. He lived at
Vicky and Peter's property for quite a
while, but still very much maintained
his independence and individuality.



The Keytah Gatekeepers Boy

Pastel 28x20"

The Keytah Gatekeeper, near Yelarbon, came walking from nowhere down the road leading the pony and his frail little son.. They were friendly, and they had a lovely young Smithfield dog who eyed us rather more guardedly.

I was travelling some weeks with young Ben Hall and his equally young offsider Tony Hill, with several hundred bullocks, twenty horses and an old open wagon in the drought.

There had been nobody home at the lonely back road tick gate over the weekend, and the boys had used the pound yards to stage their own rodeo with some of there own bullocks. I got flattened by one of the beasts while getting photos of the goings on.

Nobody told the poundkeeper anything about all that, but he may have seen all the prints in the dust and said nothing.

Both he and the little boy were battling for their lives with mysterious illness, and the tall slim worried young mother working at the Goondiwindi Hospital looked no better.

