



ISSUE 31—SEPTEMBER 2014

# THE WAYFARER

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.

## THE POET OF AUSTRALIA 1833-1870

### WHO LAID THE FOUNDATIONS FOR LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN AUSTRALIA

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 New memberships \$20  
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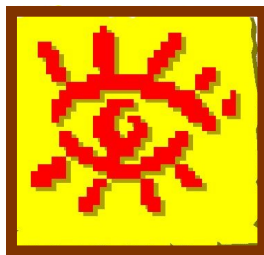
**THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC. (A0049425F)**

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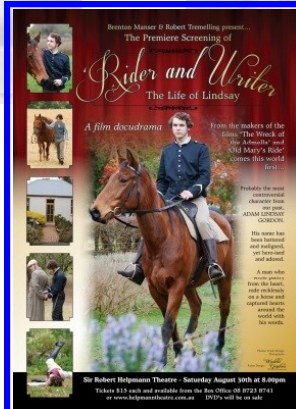
"Is it a sunrise, or is it a poached egg?"  
 "Neither. It's a portrait of my grandmother".

#### OUR 2014-2015 COMMITTEE

Elected at our AGM on Sunday Morning  
 August 31st  
 at The Bookmark Café Mount Gambier Library



Pres: Allan Childs      Vice Pres: Viv Sellers  
 Sec: John Adams      Treas: Travis M Sellers  
 Ordinary Committee:  
 Jenny Childs, Lorraine Day, Helen Dehn  
 In the presence of our Patrons  
 Prof. Weston Bate OAM and Janice Bate



Copies of the DVD "Rider and Writer" are now available for purchase. Order per email, address at left. Price \$20

#### ANNUAL GATHERING—SPRING STREET STATUE GORDON RESERVE

On Saturday June 21st we met at the Café Excello, 99 Spring Street, Melbourne, at 10:30am, and at 11:00 we crossed to the Paul Montford statue of Adam Lindsay Gordon for our annual wattle-laying ceremony, and blowing of bubbles. (Life is mostly froth and bubble).

Pictured below are some of those present. We gave a warm welcome to members of The Henry Lawson Society



On Saturday September 20 Adam Lindsay Gordon was inducted into The Australian Jumping Racing Association's "Gallery of Champions" at a gala function at the RACV Club Melbourne. (Photo Allan Childs)



POETS' CORNER

[FACEBOOK—LISTS OF AUSTRALIAN POETS](#)

Wikipedia.org

The poets listed in the link above were either citizens or residents of Australia or published the bulk of their poetry whilst living here. An interesting years link has been placed against each poet to the corresponding year in the poetry article.

When you reach the facebook page, log in and just click on to "continue reading."

[Visit Historic Dingley Dell Cottage.](#) South Australia's first heritage listed building where Adam Lindsay Gordon spent the happiest years of his short life and where he wrote his brilliant poems about the sea. Situated in a conservation park south of Mount Gambier not far from Cape Northumberland and Port MacDonnell. Why not organise a visit for your group by contacting Allan Childs on 08 8738221 Mbl. 0408 382 222

**Adam Lindsay Gordon Cemetery Tour: Brighton Cemetery**  
Saturday: October 11th-2014 (Senior's week.)  
10-30 a.m. (2 hour duration)  
Fee:\$20:00 Members \$10 refreshments included.  
Bookings essential:  
Contact: John Adams: (03) 52 612 899

[Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc. Special Seniors Day:](#)  
Saturday: October 18th- 2014.  
Location:The Monastery Hall at the rear of St. Francis Church, 326 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. (Enter through the gate beside the bookshop then walk straight down to the hall and come in through the rear door .) Time:1-30 p.m. till 4-00 p.m. Special audio facilities will be available this year for the anticipated influx of visitors.

**EVENT: [Montsalvat Open Day 2014 Saturday October 5](#)**  
9:00am to 5:00pm. Something for everyone. Poetry readings with Lella Cariddi (Artist in Residence) at the Poetry Café. Matcham's Studios 10:00am to 12:00noon.  
See website link above for full details and bookings.

Entry:\$5. Includes, sumptuous afternoon tea. Bookings:95 685 902 or Mob. 0401 860 656 Guest speaker:  
Members reading the 'works" of Henry Lawson and other poets, and their own works. Anyone welcome to read. (Books made available.)

**The Bryan Kelleher Memorial Picnic Day** is conducted jointly with the Australian Natives' Association at the historic Box Cottage in Ormond. As well as reading and reciting of the works of Henry Lawson and others, there is a tour of the cottage during the afternoon.  
WHERE? Box Cottage, Joyce Park, 312 Jasper Road, Ormond WHEN? Last Sunday in November. BYO picnic lunch from midday onwards.

[C. J. Dennis Poetry Festival – 2014](#) "Singing Gardens" Toolangi Castella Community House. 1694 Healesville-Kinglake Road. Toolangi. Vic.  
Saturday October 18th: Festival commences: Poetry competition Prizes awarded. Concert in the grounds, inside tearooms if weather is inclement.

**A Note For Your Diaries [The Penola Coonawarra Arts Festival](#)**, incorporating the valuable John Shaw Neilson Art Prize now coming in to its 24th year, has grown to become Australia's leading regional arts festival. The festival celebrates the literary and arts heritage of Penola, the fine wines of Coonawarra and our premium regional

John Derum: The Quiet Hour.  
Jim Brown: Old Man Platypus. A. B. Banjo Paterson  
Sunday October 19th: Festival continues: open-air performances & Children's Ballet.  
Web: [www.thecjdennissociety.com/](http://www.thecjdennissociety.com/)  
Bookings: Secretary: Jim Brown:0438 339 459  
[jimbrownthepoet@gmail.com](mailto:jimbrownthepoet@gmail.com)  
Jan Williams:(03) 5962 9282  
Accommodation: [Strathvea Guest House](#) offers group bookings.

[Coal Creek Literary Festival](#)-Saturday October 4th  
12 Silkstone Road Korumburra. Festival commencing at 9:-15am at our designated site "The Church". With a very strong representation from the Henry Lawson Society.

[Australian Bush Entertainment Muster](#) –2014 –October 10th-11th -12th  
Benalla Bowling Club 25 Arundal Street Benalla Cic. 3672.  
Ph. 0357622094 Performances. Concerts. Poetry Workshops.  
Sunday October 12th Works of Henry Lawson to be featured.

**Michael Wilding** has written and edited some fifty books. He recently turned to crime with the private eye novels The Prisoner of Mount Warning, The Magic of It and Asian Dawn (Arcadia). His Wild Bleak Bohemia: Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall: a documentary is forthcoming from: [Australian Scholarly Publishing](#).

**Lorraine Day** (Day Business Solutions Inc. Freestyle Publications has published "Gordon of Dingley Dell" The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Poet and Horseman available in paperback from this site \$30  
**Dr. Helen W Kinloch (Dehn)** has published a booklet on the life of Adam Lindsay Gordon with an emphasis on his life in Ballarat. Also available from this site \$10. <http://www.adamlindsaygordon.org>

THE CRITERION HOTEL  
NOW THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL



141-143 GRAY STREET HAMILTON

**When the Poet gave a little 'pincher' sixpence to buy lollies.**

In 1868 or 1869 I met Adam Lindsay Gordon in Hamilton, a rather important town in the Western District of Victoria. Gordon and his wife and baby were on their way to Ballarat to take over a livery stables which the poet had secured there. Before going on to Ballarat. Gordon, just down from the South-East of S.A., decided to spend a few days with his old mate, W. Trainor, who was then staying at the Criterion Hotel, in Gray street, Hamilton, earning an honest crust as a horse-breaker, using the stockyard at the back of the Criterion for the purpose.

I was only seven at that time, but my meeting with the poet is fresher in my memory than many instances of later years. A week or so before the Gordons arrived at Hamilton, I got mixed up in an argument with a poodle dog owned by the landlady of the Criterion Hotel, and nearly lost my nose in that disturbance. I was sitting on a door step of the hotel one day nursing the dog in quite a friendly sort of way, when I happened to hurt one of his feet, which had already been injured. With an angry snarl he gripped my nose and tried his hardest to pull it off. I remember fighting the dog with my little fists, but still he hung on and pulled. My yells brought the landlady's son to the rescue and he choked the dog off. My nose was torn, all around, and a doctor had to be called in by the land lady. The doctor stitched the wounds and left the rest to sticking plaster, a universal remedy in those days for wounds of any description.



The landlady insisted that I should pay her a daily visit so that she could see how the wounded 'boko' was progressing. At each of these visits I was always given a large piece of bread and jam, a sufficient inducement to guarantee regular attend-

ance for a personal inspection. One morning, when I called for my daily bread and Jam, I was brought into the private parlor of the hotel and exhibited to a rather short and plump woman, whose baby was resting along side her in an old-fashioned English cradle. I was invited to rock the cradle, and while I was filling that job a long, sparely-built man came into the room. I was pointed out to him as the youngster who had nearly lost his nose a few days previously, and he was interested sufficiently to lift me up to a window so that he could make an inspection.

I forget what his report was, but I later learned that the reason for the lifting up was due to the lanky young man's shortsightedness. I remember that he gave me sixpence to spend on lollies.

A couple of days later the boys of the village were mounted on the rails of the hotel stockyards, the attraction being a colt-breaking exhibition by W. Trainor and the lanky chap. I was in tow of a brother a few years older, who promptly climbed up to the top rail, leaving me to express my disapproval of his unbrotherly conduct by yelling loudly enough to disturb the horsebreaking proceedings on the other side of the rails.

Then the gate was swung open and the tall man who had a day or so before held me up to a window came out and wanted to know who was 'looking after this little pincher?' My brother, being pointed out as my custodian, the tall man once again lifted me up and quietly told my brother to look after me.

The word 'pincher' stuck in my mind for years, and whenever I visit my old home town I am plainly reminded of that fact by the old people still in the land of the living. At first 'Pincher' was my nickname, and in time it was cat down to 'Pin'. Later on 'Nipper', replaced 'Pincher' as a pet-name for kiddies. When Adam Lindsay Gordon shot himself on the Brighton Beach, I was not allowed to forget that the lanky chap was Adam Lindsay Gordon, 'the new chum steeplechase rider.' C.W.C., Maylands.

**THE PILGRIMAGE TO DINGLEY DELL 29th October 1932  
BY MARCUS TOZER**

A little story I would like to tell,  
About the pilgrimage to Dingley Dell.  
If 1 may be allowed.  
Our pilgrimage was done the modern way,  
By motor, over rock and sodden clay  
And bitumen. The crowd  
Arrived soon after the city band;  
The P'lice were also there to lend a hand  
In case of urgent need.  
We felt much safer with these men in blue,  
Clem Stevenson, Moroney, Duthie, too.  
In this we all agreed.  
To get on with the story, Jackie Marks  
Convinced the crowd, and e'en the patriarchs,  
He had the band well trained.  
Two overtures they played, which served to rouse  
Us from lethargic reverie. Four cows  
Were also entertained.  
And while the chairman told us what he knew  
Of Lindsay Gordon's life, a mournful "Moo"  
Would punctuate his, speech!  
But he ignored the bovine's rude remarks,  
And went on talking until Bandsman Marks  
Had chased them out of reach.  
Then speech just followed speech without event,  
Each dealing with the life of A.L.G. spent,  
And of him as a man.  
Then V, G, Petherlck of Narracoorte  
Touched on the life of Gordon as a sport;  
And as his speech began, (Continued over)

(from previous page)

We felt that Gordon's spirit had inspired  
 His eloquence! Its beauty was admired,  
 And earned sincere comment.  
 Miss Kentish and C'lem Stevenson were heard  
 In poems of Lindsay Gordon, We were stirred  
 And thrilled as they had meant  
 We should be thrilled. And then the band again  
 Obligated us with a stirring hunting strain  
 Named "Tally Ho!" 'Twas great!  
 How Gordon would have thrilled could he have heard  
 That hunting song! And everyone concurred  
 it was appropriate!  
 Old Mr. Locke was there and spoke quite well  
 On Lindsay Gordon's life at Dingley Dell;  
 He knew him well, you know.  
 Then Mr. Glass, who also knew him well,  
 Had quite a notebook full of things to tell,  
 But spoke them soft and low;  
 While everybody tried so hard to hear  
 The whispered words. While, with hand held to ear,  
 An elderly papa  
 Was standing right beside him taking in  
 Each word. Some man began then making din  
 By starting up his car!  
 At last the speaker ended up his chat.  
 A little more was said 'bout this and that,  
 With no more left to tell,  
 And as our car throbbed back on its way,  
 I felt that I had quite enjoyed the day.



**A Letter-Adam Lindsay Gordon to a Friend -Late 1850's**  
 From Policeman To Colt Breaker. Gordon joined the police force, but later resigned, and in a letter to a friend said:—  
*"I am colt-breaking, and I like it much better than the police, being always addicted to horseflesh and reckoned a first rate rider. I am doing well and have work enough before me for a year or so. It is, however, a dangerous life, though I like it none the worse for that. I am even now laid up from a violent kick which has kept me on my back for nearly a month. I have been stopping with a Highland gentleman, Mr. Cameron, and from him and his wife and family I have received the greatest kindness. I was breaking for him when the accident took place. I have not yet finished, as he has several more colts when I get well. You had better direct letters to L. Gordon, Horse Breaker, Penola,' And now for business. I want a little cash, as I know the doctor is going to stick it on heavy. I have paid off every thing now and shall soon be able to start afresh. Send me an answer as soon as you can; also please send me Harry Coverdale."* (A novel by F.E. Smedley, just out)

**Bush Dreaming**

If Gordon rhymed and rode again,  
 How rich we'd be and action charged.  
 "Stay here", his statue seems to say,  
 "And contemplate the life I led.  
 Adventure all you think and do  
 In search of meaning in yourself.  
 You'll find immeasurable delight  
 In making fortune crack its shell  
 To offer up fresh nourishment  
 For hungry minds".

Day after day, his statue calls  
 Stray passers-by to ask of him  
 What they can do to catch the fire  
 That sealed Australia in his brain.

"Drink to the full of city life,  
 Then point your heart beyond its bounds  
 Feel, strong beneath you, striving hooves  
 That pierce the long horizon line".

He'll take you back to Dingley Dell  
 And racecourses at Coleraine  
 Or Dowling Forest, where he rode  
 Exciting steeplechase.

Although he fell, he gallops still  
 Across a nation.  
 Sure as wattles bloom  
 In shadow and in shine,  
 His spirit lives.

Weston Bate 29 May, 2014

