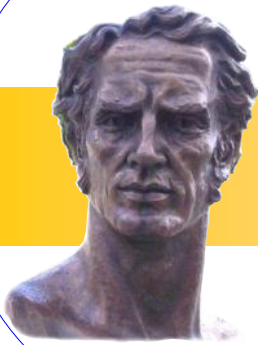




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THE WAYFARER

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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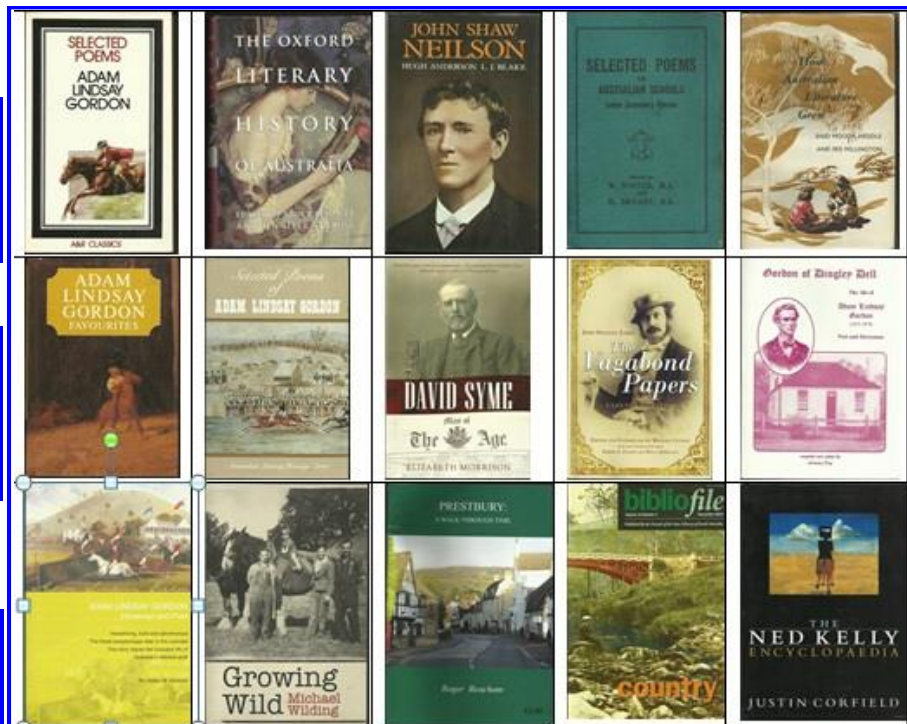
THE ADAM LINDSAY
GORDON
COMMEMORATIVE
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BOOKS
ARE
PRECIOUS

Bateman's
Burwash
SUSSEX

23rd September 1935.

Dear Mr. Martell,

Mr. Douglas Sladen has sent me on your question as to Lindsay Gordon's "position as a poet". This seems to me a matter for the future to settle. But when a man has served his day and his generation and the country of his love as Lindsay Gordon did and his work has stood up through a certain number of years, I should, personally, be inclined to thank Heaven for the loan of him and let it go at that.

There is no advantage in looking a gift-horse in the mouth.

Very Sincerely yours,

Rudyard Kipling.



Photo Andrew Longton—Creative Commons



GORDON'S LEAP

The following story of Adam Lindsay Gordon's daring leap at Mt Gambier S. A. was told to the writer by Gordon's old mate William Trainor:-

I've ridden with Gordon many a time, he was a friend I shall not forget;
 Straight and strong, and true as steel; when I think of him I see him yet.
 Firm and fearless he sat his horse, sat with a nonchalant, easy grace;
 He never troubled to open gates, there wasn't a fence he wouldn't face.
 The horses all seemed to know his hand, went where he took them with perfect trust,
 Aye, went where some of us men held back, for to ride with Gordon jump you must.
 I recall some fences Gordon built, three of them, fashioned of stockyard rails.
 The highest of them was four foot six, sure death if the horse or rider fails:
 He called them Doubtful, Danger and Death; I've taken the first one when he led,
 But I watched him leap the other two, whilst I rode around the rails instead.
 "Why didn't you jump, old man?" he said, "it's not so stiff when you know the way.
 "I did clear Doubtful, you see," I said "with Danger and Death I'll let you play."
 Steeplechase, hurdle and handicap, I've ridden with Gordon, side by side;
 But the ride I remember was at Mt. Gambier in sixty four;
 We started for a kangaroo hunt, Gordon, myself, and a couple more;
 Gordon was riding a big, bay horse, a perfect jumper his rider knew;
 His name, Red Lancer; our mounts were good, so over fences we fairly flew;
 Gordon was leading he always was, he led us across stiff country, too.
 And when we reach McDonald Bay Road, we slackened pace and a long breath drew
 Thankful to feel that our bones were whole; we lit our pipes as we went our way;
 And smoked and talked of the ride we'd had, and how we'd followed the lead that day.
 The road, a saddle between two lakes. Blue Lake lay three hundred feet below;
 Down in the hollow on either side, a fence was placed, it was just to show
 That no thoroughfare existed there, for a ten foot strip was all that lay
 Between the fence and the sheer down cliff; nobody wanted to ride that way.
 Gordon had lagged a little behind, we saw him dismount, but paid no heed,
 Thinking he meant to loosen the girth, he often did when he had the lead.
 Loosen the girth! he was tightening up, we all knew that in a moment more.
 Gordon, you know, always went one best, the jumps we'd met before.
 Suddenly came the clattering of hoofs and we saw what made us pale with fear,
 Gordon was putting Red Lancer straight to a jump that none of us thought he'd clear;
 "He's mad to try it!" Stop, Gordon, stop! he didn't hear us, but all the same
 He wouldn't stop if he meant to go, for he never played a coward's game.
 Straight on they came, they were near it now, we held our breath and I guess we prayed,
 I know I did for my comrade dear, God's name comes first when a man's afraid.
 They jumped like a flash into mid-air, cleared the fence and landed safe below
 On the narrow strip, he turned, rode on, that was a way that he had, you know:
 He never paraded, made a fuss, he left all that for us chaps to do.
 In quiet confidence lay his strength, of men like Gordon one meets but few.
 Well! he rode along to level ground then jumped the fence back into the road;
 He was calm and cool and quite undisturbed, no trace of bravado Gordon showed.
 Being Gordon's chum, I asked him then, why in the world had he been so mad,
 As to dare to take that awful leap; his face, that was often dark and sad,
 Lit up with his rare and sunny smile, and, touching his riding jacket green,
 He said "Bill, you see, a coat like this makes a man feel just a little keen,
 To do something more than all the rest. "Pooh!" I said "I don't think much of that,"
 No more I did, but he didn't care, he jumped for the rest to wonder at.
 Out on the road to McDonald Bay,* a tribute to Gordon's mem'ry stands.
 I chose the spot for the granite pile; of ten I think that in other lands
 Hearts join with those on Australian shores, to render homage to Gordon's name,
 Who lived as a man of honour should, heedless of praise and above all blame.

Annie MacDonald "At the sign of the Southern Cross."



[Click To Hear "A SONG OF AUTUMN" by ADAM LINDSAY GORDON](#)



[Click for an Aternate Tune](#)

'Where shall we go for our garlands glad
 At the falling of the year,
 When the burnt-up banks are yellow and sad,
 When the boughs are yellow and seer?
 Where are the old ones that once we had,
 And when are the new ones near?
 What shall we do for our garlands glad
 At the falling of the year?'

'Child! can I tell where the garlands go?
 Can I say where the lost leaves veer
 On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild winds blow,
 When they drift through the dead-wood drear?
 Girl! when the garlands of next year glow,
 You may gather again, my dear--
 But I go where the last year's lost leaves go
 At the falling of the year.'



FRANCESCA

A Legend of Madrid.



*'Francesca is betrothed to the Matador,
and has found out that he is already married to Nina,
who is devoted to her husband.
Francesca seeks revenge through the bull fight.'*



NINA

FRANCESCA

Crush'd and throng'd are all the places
In our amphitheatre,
"Midst a sea of swarming faces
I can yet distinguish her;
Dost thou triumph, dark brow'd Nina?
Is my secret known to thee?
On the sands of yon arena
I shall yet my vengeance see.

Now through portals fast careering
Picadors are disappearing;
Now the barriers nimbly clearing
Has the hindmost chulo flown.
Clots of dusky crimson streaking,
Brindled flanks and haunches reeking,
Wheels the wild bull, vengeance seeking,
On the matador alone.

Features by sombrero shaded,
Pale and passionless and cold;
Doublet richly laced and braded,
Trunks of velvet slash'd with gold,
Blood-red scarf, and bare Toledo,-
Mask more subtle, and disguise
Far less shallow, thou dost need, oh
Traitor, to deceive my eyes.

Shouts of noisy acclamation,
Breathing savage expectation,
Greet him while he takes his station
Leisurely, disdainingly haste;
Now he doffs his tall sombrero,
Fools! applaud your butcher hero,
Ye would idolize a Nero,
Pandering to public taste.

From the restless Guadalquivir
To my sire's estates he came,
Woo'd and won me, how I shiver!
Though my temples burn with shame.
I, a proud and high-born lady,
Daughter of an ancient race,
'Neath the vine and olive shade I
Yielded to a churl's embrace.

To a churl my vows were plighted,
Well my madness he requited,
Since, by priestly ties, united
To the muleteer's child,
And my prayers are wafted o'er him,
That the bull may crush and gore him,
Since the love that once I bore him
Has been changed to hatred wild.

NINA

Save him! aid him! oh Madonna!
Two are slain if he is slain;
Shield his life, and guard his honour,
Let me not entreat in vain.

Sullenly the brindled savage
Tears and tosses up the sand;
Horns that rend and hoofs that ravage,
How shall man your shock withstand?
On the shaggy neck and head lie
Frothy flakes, the eyeballs redly
Flash, the horns so sharp and deadly
Lower, short, and strong, and straight;
Fast, and furious, and fearless,
Now he charges;-Virgin peerless,
Lifting lids all dry and tearless,
At thy throne I supplicate.

FRANCESCA

Cool and calm the perjured varlet
 Stands on strongly planted heel,
 In his left a strip of scarlet,
 In his right a streak of steel;
 Ah! the monster topples over,
 Till his haunches strike the plain;-
 Low-born clown and lying lover,
 Thou hast conquer'd once again.

NINA

Sweet Madonna, Maiden Mother,
 Thou hast saved him, and no other;
 Now the tears I cannot smother,
 Tears of joy my vision blind;
 Where thou sittest I am gazing,
 These glad, misty eyes upraising,
 I have pray'd, and I am praising,
 Bless thee! bless thee! Virgin kind.

FRANCESCA

While the crowd still sways and surges,
 Ere the applauding shouts have ceas'd,
 See, the second bull emerges-
 'Tis the famed Cordovan beast,-
 By the picador ungoaded,
 Scathless of the chulo's dart.
 Slay him, and with guerdon loaded,
 And with honours crown'd depart.
 No vain brutish strife he wages,
 Never uselessly he rages,
 And his cunning, as he ages,
 With his hatred seems to grow;
 Though he stands amid the cheering,
 Sluggish to the eye appearing,
 Few will venture on the spearing
 Of so resolute a foe.

NINA

Courage, there is little danger,
 Yonder dull-eyed craven seems
 Fitter far for stall and manger
 Than for scarf and blade that gleams;
 Shorter, and of frame less massive,
 Than his comrade lying low,
 Tame, and cowardly, and passive,-
 He will prove a feeble foe.
 I have done with doubt and anguish,
 Fears like dews in sunshine languish,
 Courage, husband, we shall vanquish,
 Thou art calm and so am I.
 For the rush he has not waited,
 On he strides with step elated,
 And the steel with blood unsated,
 Leaps to end the butchery.

FRANCESCA

Tyro! mark the brands of battle
 On those shoulders dusk and dun,
 Such as he is are the cattle
 Skill'd tauridors gladly shun;
 Warier than the Andalusian,
 Swifter far, though not so large,
 Think'st thou, to his own confusion,
 He, like him, will blindly charge?
 Inch by inch the brute advances,
 Stealthy yet vindictive glances,
 Horns as straight as levell'd lances,
 Crouching withers, stooping haunches;-
 Closer yet, until the tightening
 Strains of rapt excitement height'ning
 Grows oppressive. Ha! like lightning
 On his enemy he launches.

NINA

O'er the horn'd front drops the streamer,
 In the nape the sharp steel hisses,
 Glances, grazes,- Christ! Redeemer!
 By a hair the spine he misses.

FRANCESCA

Hark! that shock like muffled thunder,
 Booming from the Pyrenees!
 Both are down- the man is under-
 Now he struggles to his knees,

Now he sinks, his features leaden,
 Sharpen rigidly and deaden,
 Sands beneath him soak and redden,
 Skies above him spin and veer;

Through the doublet, torn and riven,
 Where the stunted horn was driven,
 Wells the life-blood-We are even,
 Daughter of the muleteer!



Click on first lines below for tunes to each section.

[Crush'd and throng'd are all the places](#)
[Save him! aid him! oh Madonna!](#)
[Cool and calm the perjured varlet](#)
[Sweet Madonna, Maiden Mother](#)
[While the crowd still sways and surges](#)
[Courage, there is little danger](#)
[Tyro! mark the brands of battle](#)
[O'er the horn'd front drops the streamer](#)
[Hark! that shock like muffled thunder](#)



A CORRUGATED ICON

By Kind Permission Ken Turner and "The Tool Chest" Issue 61 Aug 2001
Excerpts- Journal of the Hand Tool Preservation Society of Australia.

Henry Lawson once said "God may forgive the man who introduced galvanised iron into Australia, but I never will". It is hard to think of another building material in Australia that has the icon status of galvanised corrugated iron.

If all the corrugated iron that has been used to form the roofs and walls of buildings throughout Australia since the mid 1830's were laid side by side on the ground, it would without doubt blanket a vast area of Australia.

The word corrugate is from the Latin *corrugare* meaning 'wrinkle' 'galvo' and 'gal' are the Australian slang for galvanised iron. *The Australian National Dictionary* quotes the following from *The Bulletin* Sydney, May 24, 1983—"It's clear that Utzon's Opera House needs instead of those neo-Islamic tiles, is more sheets of rusting, flapping galvo"

Corrugated iron is believed to have first been made by hand in 1828 by a London builder, who apparently pressed each corrugation singly. This, and other tedious methods were tried and used until, in 1844, John Spencer of Birmingham patented an efficient method of shaping the corrugations by a series of rollers.

Corrugated iron was first used in Australia circa 1837 and was initially used for quick construction of verandahs for which the material was ideal. The corrugations formed in flat iron sheet transformed the material into a rigid condition lengthwise. It was easily and quickly installed, even by unskilled labour, and it was light in weight, only needing a light structure to support it. It was easily transported in quantity to remote areas, even by camels. Quantities sufficient to cover the roof of a small cottage fitted comfortably in a cart, or small dray.

The ubiquitous material, now an Australian icon, was originally imported from England. Ton after ton arrived here on the wharves. Until then the common roofing materials were timber shingles of stringybark or sheoak. Occasionally roofs were clad with sheets of paper dipped in coal tar. Shingle roofs shrank in the sun, and swelled and expanded in the rain, and leaked as a consequence. Many such roofs were replaced by corrugated iron. Often the corrugated iron was nailed over the existing shingle roof. Although perhaps unintended, the shingles beneath the iron served as effective heat insulation.

The process of galvanising was patented in England in 1837. Iron is galvanised by dipping into molten zinc. The zinc coating is a particularly effective rust preventative because of its electropositive nature. However, in his book *Building Construction*, published in 1919, Charles Mitchell stresses that whenever galvanised iron is cut, the exposed metal should be painted.

In a book titled *Galvanised Iron* by J Davies (1899). the following amusing instruction appears, giving requirements for operating a corrugating machine. "The chief requisite is confidence, and alertness necessary to prevent the fingers from being corrugated in addition to the sheet iron.



It is not quite clear when and which company was the first to manufacture corrugated iron in Australia. In about 1859 the Melbourne firm Carter's Steam Corrugated Works, produced corrugated iron with 2, 3, 4 and 5 inch corrugations. The firm John Enticott and sons, 222 Little Lonsdale Street Melbourne was established in 1858 by John Enticott, the pioneer of the corrugated iron industry in Victoria. In about 1860 another Melbourne firm, Alex Rippingille, was manufacturing corrugated iron both plain and curved.

Once Home of Adam L Gordon, Yahl Paddock, Mount Gambier . Photo by Allan Childs.



"Undershaw" Hindhead, Surrey. Resided 1897-1907. Arthur Conan Doyle's children playing on the driveway. (Photo Wikimedia Commons Source Victorian Society.)

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR IGNATIUS CONAN (1859-1930) Creator of Sherlock Holmes

He was a Scottish writer and physician, most noted for his fictional stories about the detective Sherlock Holmes. In 1912, at the invitation of Douglas Sladen, he wrote a preface for the 1912 book *Adam Lindsay Gordon and His Friends in England and Australia* by Edith Humphris and Douglas Sladen in which he praises the gifts of the poet and his poetry and laments at some of the standards set in England regarding the preservation of wild life. He finishes his preface with a verse of Gordon's from "Ye Weary Wayfarer Fytte V", which is on the same subject of wildlife preservation.



Photo . Wikimedia Commons

Windelsham, Crowborough, Sussex.

Dear Sladen,

I am proud to accept your kind dedication of this Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon, both as a proof of your personal friendship and on account of my feelings towards the subject of your memoir. Gordon was a fine poet and a fine sportsman, and it is curious that in a sporting nation like ours his great merits have not been more generally recognised. As a sportsman he could hardly be beaten in his own line.

As a poet he had a Swinburnian command of rhythm and rhyme without ever letting the music of words overlay the sense as the great master was so often tempted to do. In his racing and hunting poems you can hear the drumming of the hoofs, and he took his rhymes flying, like his hedges.

Then behind this robust, open-air Gordon there was another man revealed in the poems, a proud, lonely, sensitive man with something Byronic in his view of life. Most precious also was that power of sudden pathos which he possessed, an emotion which is so much more effective when in a virile setting.

Gordon was a true sportsman in that he conceived sport to be the overcoming of difficulties, the hard ride across country, the yacht in a breeze, the man against the savage beast. He had a horror of pseudo- sport, the wholesale purposeless killing of small birds or beasts, the persecution of the badger, the otter, or any of the other pretty wild things which give beauty and variety to the countryside. We need in this country a more healthy public opinion upon this point. I love that verse of Gordon's — I am quoting from memory and may not be word-perfect —

" But you've no remorseful qualms or pangs
When you kneel by the Grizzly's lair.
On that conical bullet your sole chance hangs ;
'Tis the weak one's advantage fair.
And the shaggy giant's terrific fangs
Are ready to crush and tear ;
Should you miss— one vision of home and friends,
Five words of unfinish'd prayer,
Three savage knife stabs, so your sport ends
In the worrying grapple that chokes and rends ; —
Rare sport, at least, for the bear."

Yours Sincerely
Arthur Conan Doyle



Windlesham Manor Crowborough, East Sussex. Resided 1907-1930
Photo Wikimedia Commons.

June 16th



The Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee Inc - *'Annual Gathering'*. Spring Street, Melbourne. Gordon reserve statue.

Invite all to our Annual Gathering on Saturday morning June 16. We will meet at The Cafe Excello, 99 Spring Street, Melbourne CBD at 10.30am for refreshments and cross to the statue at 11am for speeches, poetry, bubble blowing and the laying of wattle. Adam Lindsay Gordon died on 24th June 1870. John Adams/Secretary. Ph: (03) 52 612 899 E-Mail: info@adamlindsaygordon.org Web: www.adamlindsaygordon.org



Visit Adam Lindsay Gordon's Dingley Dell Cottage. Port MacDonnell S.A. Phone Allan Childs 0408 382 222

THE HENRY LAWSON MEMORIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY meet monthly on the third Saturday of each month (Feb-Dec.) Monastery Hall rear St Francis Church 326 Lonsdale Street. Entry via church car park in Elizabeth Street Melbourne. 1.30. to 4:00pm. \$5 for afternoon tea.



A man had a bit of steel embedded in his eye. He consulted a doctor, who decided to try and draw it out with an electromagnet.

The doctor kept putting a little more power through the magnet until, at last, the piece of steel came out, and with it a lot of tacks.

Neither of them could account for the tacks, but when the man got up to walk away the soles of his shoes fell off ! ?

SIGHS OF SORROW

"Sighs of Sorrow is the first dedicated modern classical song cycle on the poetry of Australia's first European poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. It is written by the Australian composer Xavier Brouwer, and is an emotional and psychological journey into the poet's mind."

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Cape Northumberland near Dingley Dell, where ALG sat, composing poetry

Congratulations to The Gordon Bust Fund Raising Committee of Penola, Rose Hodge and The Penola District Cultural Fund for the unveiling in their Poets' Corner in May of a plaque to the memory of Kathleen Scott the sculptor of Gordon's bust .