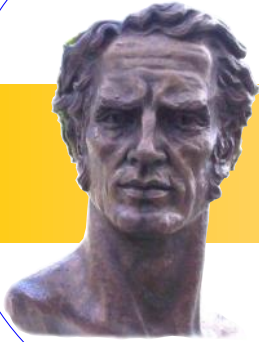




ISSUE 48 – DECEMBER 2018



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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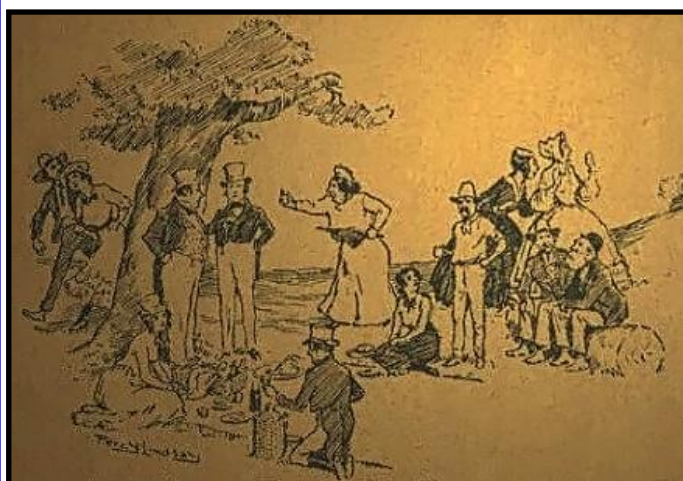
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THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INCORPORATED WISH YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR AND WE INVITE YOU ALL TO JOIN ADAM LINDSAY GORDON AND HIS FRIENDS AT THEIR CHRISTMAS PICNIC



CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY It was mid-afternoon at the Australian Authors and Characters' Christmas Picnic. Side by side on a fallen log Danny Delacy, father and grandfather of All That Swagger, and Dad Rudd, whose selection days have passed into legend, were swapping pioneering yarns, the one of the Upper Murrumbidgee, the other of later days on the Darling Downs, Danny's Johanna, who was more interested in subsequent developments than in crude beginnings, had foregathered with a crowd of Murrumbidgee identities, and was having a rare talk about who married whom – and how it came about. Mum Rudd had seen Dave going off with one of those high-heeled feather-boa'd girls from Edward Dyson's Spats' Fact'ry, and with the same expression she wore when the poddies got into the corn patch had hustled off to investigate the matter. Under a spreading blackwood quartermaster Hyde and daughters Fanny and Maud were seated with the Richard Mahony couple. Richard was doing his best to appear genial, but was really in one of his difficult moods – the Quartermaster's bluff style grated a little – but some measure of



alleviation promised, he fancied he saw in Fanny Hyde a reserved and kindred spirit. Mary Mahony had, of course, adjusted herself to the company and to the occasion without difficulty.

A shout of "Wil' Rabba-a-a-a-a-a-y!" had just rung out, and Ginger Mick, grinning, passed by, followed by the Sentimental Bloke and Doreen and the Straw Hat Coot and Rose of Spadger's -lane; the couples arm-in-arm and the males dipping their lids to right and left, oblivious of the cool stares of the toffs.

The picnic – to forestall expectation of some major and exciting event – was, both for the participant and the onlooker, a purely spectacular and social occasion, a matter of meeting and recognising old acquaintances – still playing their parts – and of watching the pageant of the printed page.

A colourful throng filled the bush valley, for they came in the costumes of their times, from the four corners of the continent and all sections of society. Scarlet tunics, "broad arrows" and blue-tailed coats from Pageant and The Term of His Natural Life rubbed shoulders with khaki blouses from *Flesh in Armour* and sac suits from *A Murder in Sydney*. Silk hats from the novels of John Dalley glistened among the cabbage-trees of the Victorian romantics. Crinolines from *The Montforts* and *A House is Built* floated past the leg-of-mutton sleeves and multiple petticoats of *The Captain Piper* of *Piper's Hill* period. Bustles were worn with the same modish air as the latest style in *Jungfrau*, *Intimate Strangers* or *She Dresses for dinner*.

The assembling of this company had been worth seeing. Some swagmen, drovers, axemen, from outlying parts – and numerous short stories – had arrived the previous evening, camping overnight on the spot. A crowd of Henry Lawson characters – Dave Regan, Marshall, Black Bonnet, the Drover's Wife, the Hero of Redclay and *An Old Mate of Your Father's* – had come in Jimmy Nowlett's bullock-dray, with Old Joe Swallow to fiddle for them as they bumped along. Joe Wilson and his wife had come in a double buggy from Lahey's Creek – and brought Henry with them. The Swayne family, as befitted their modernity, had come by aeroplane, piloted in a beeline and brought to a perfect three-point landing by Vance Palmer. Digby Swayne had immediately given his views on foreign affairs to a reporter, and Palmer had betaken himself to a quiet spot on the hillside from where he could get a view of the proceedings as a whole.

The Mazerés had poured out of their country below the Australian Alps in a most imposing cavalcade, the youngsters, male and female, on the finest bloodstock in the land, the oldsters in a six-in-hand drag driven by Brent of Bin Bin – with a lady from the Monaro beside him on the box seat unobtrusively making sure he knew the way. Springcarts, sulkies and buckboards had come rattling in – some of the poorer settlers like those in *Barbara Baynton's Bush Studies*, arriving in nothing more pretentious than a horse-drawn sled. Lieutenant Maurice Frere, Rufus Dawes, Sarah Purfroy and company had crossed to the mainland in a phantom Malabar, and had completed the journey in motor-cars, wedged between characters from modern books. They had arrived just before half a dozen Cobb and Co. coaches, loaded with alluvial miners from the pages of Lawson and *Boldrewood's Gold Field Memories*, had bowled into sight, finishing their journey to a chorus from *The Songs They Used to Sing*.

The poets had come in a group, led by Hugh McCrae, piping, with vine leaves in his hair. The balladists had arrived with *Fair Girls and Grey Horses*, and the landscape writers in two batches; the first – including Jack MacLaren and C.E.W. Bean – in E.J. Brady's *King's Caravan*; the second led by Ion Idriess on one of Lasseter's camels. The essayists had sprung from nowhere – in cloaks of motley. Notable figures in the gathering were Tom Collins, hand-in-hand – though still dodging Mrs. Beaudesert – with little Mary O'Halloran, restored to life and sweetness and never again to be lost in the bush; Dame Mary Gilmore, sometimes at the wurlies talking of the Lost Tribes, and, again, walking with a trusting group of Earnest Beginners; Christopher Brennan glooming on a crag; Bernard O'Dowd relishing with Gilbert Murray – who had decided to look in on his native land – a conversation rich with classical allusions; Shaw Neilson, oblivious to all about him in the contemplation of a scrap of beauty discovered in a cranny; Henry Handel Richardson, regarded with an awe that stilled even expressions of gratitude; Katherine Susannah Pritchard – followed at a little distance by Coonardo – engaging sympathetic hearers in a story of a world made better; Nettie Palmer, obviously hoping this junketing would yield some small permanent gain to literature, and literary historian H.M.Green, who saw in the gathering an unprecedented opportunity for the collection of data.

Miles Franklin was also there, but no one could find her – she preferred picnicking incognita. Helen Simpson was inspecting the assemblage from the viewpoint of Paternoster Row. J.H.M. Abbott was a colourful figure in the uniform of an officer of Macquarie's regiment. The crowd was thickest where shady gums followed the winding of the creek, but there were groups, couples and individuals scattered about the hillsides. Some of the groups were from books gathered according to their kind. The Haxby's Circus crowd, having lately been in North Queensland, had pooled their baskets with the canecutters of *Burnt Sugar* and *Sugar Heaven*; the Geoffrey Hamlyn crowd had clubbed in with the official and squatting element from *Robbery Under Arms*.

The people from All-About – together with the Little Black Princess and some rather dark friends of Mrs. Aeneas Gunn – had built themselves wurlies and were engaged in their tribal occupations, as far as the proximity of so many white people permitted. Malays, policeman and pearlers from Reimann's Nor'-west of West had joined the jarrah-getters of Working Bullocks and their womenfolk on the principle of mateship in the face of eastern numbers. Round a clump of scrub the Seven Little Australians were playing hide-and-seek with the children of Bark House Days, and Bunyip Bluegum was waiting to make a party for them with his Magic Puddin'.



Other groups were writers animatedly discussing the principles of their craft – much more entertaining than the solitary drudgery of practising them. The couples were mainly minor characters following up love affairs unfinished when the books which they were in had ended. The individuals were characters looking for their authors – some of them with homicidal intent.

There had been difficult moments in this matter of authors and characters meeting, particularly in those cases where the authors were supposed to treat their subject-matter satirically. Richard Lorne had given Dalley a very cold stare – though Mary Lorne had smiled graciously enough. The M. Barnard Eldershaw pair had been obliged to present a united and unflinching front on meeting some of the characters from The Glasshouse. Kylie Tennant had had to show some of the people from Tiburon that she was prepared to use a firm hand if necessary, and Brian Penton had been the object of a doubtful glance from Derek Cabell's solitary eye. And among the crowd who must remain anonymous here – but who formed the greater part of the gathering – authors were the subject of a certain amount of criticism. A male voice: "She may know women, but take it from me, my boy, she's had no experience of men." A female voice: "Do you think for one minute that in circumstances like that I'd" -----

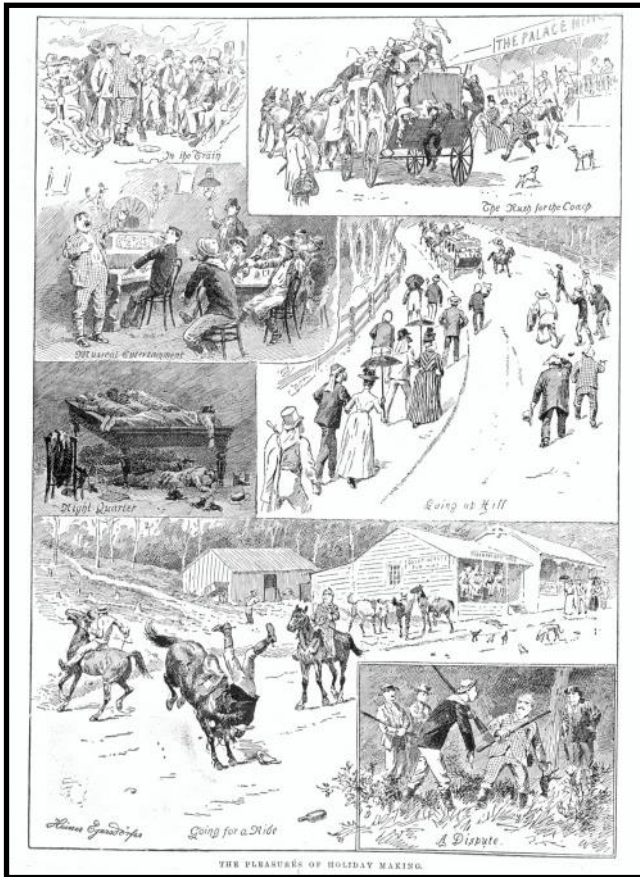
A temporary difficulty of another kind had arisen in the matter of the people from Redheap. Were they, in view of their having been banned, to be received into the best circles? They settled it themselves by declining to lose their identity in any circle; after all, they were distinguished in being Australians who had to be bootlegged into their own country. Their creator, Norman Lindsay, had withdrawn to a hillside on the opposite side of the valley to Palmer, where, forgetting literature for the moment, he was making a sketch of the picnic. He was getting some unusual effects; curly horns sprouting under the rims of top-hats. Trousers absent to reveal hairy legs ending in hooves. From force of habit he was drawing some figures sans everything – the most important and least shapely members of the company, and lovers strolling with arms entwined. He was also working in a sprinkle of capering nymphs and fauns.

Beer was free and the supply unlimited. This – among a certain section – led to incidents that a tactful press omitted in its subsequent report of the proceedings. Dyson's little Benno became pot-valiant on a couple of shandies, and the upshot was a brawl between his following and the push from Louis Stone's Jonah. A number of penurious young artists A Curate in Bohemia took advantage of the opportunity to become blindly, gloriously, profoundly and recumbently blotto; and Awful Example – whom you may remember as a minor but well suggested character in one of Lawson's stories – insisted on climbing, very unsteadily, on to the bar and reciting, amid ironic cheers from those in the vicinity, "When your pants begin to go."

The sun was going down and the shadows of the hills were creeping out across the valley...

The Arrangements Committee, from experience of previous occasions, had thought it best during the day to leave the picnickers to their own amusements—with the exceptions of one or two official fixtures. The idea of having The Fizzer and his overland packhorses arrive with Christmas mail at midday had been theirs; and a sporting programme during the morning had been their notion. It had been well attended and the winners popular. The color line had never been thinner than when Cheon, Mrs. Gunn's jovial Chinese cook, had trundled home a winner in the egg-and-spoon race. The three-legged race had gone to Dick and Jim Marston; Dave Rudd had literally romped home in the sack race, and his respected and energetic parent had captured the greasy pig amid the wildest hilarity and applause.

An afternoon event that had stilled discussion, stifled laughter and brought the entire company scrambling for vantage points on the hillsides had been the Champion of Champions Gold Plate. On no other course in Australia had such a field ever started. In the line-up were Banjo Paterson on Rio Grande; Adam Lindsay Gordon on The Mare that Never Wore Shoes; The Man from Snowy River on Alpine Breed; Boldrewood's Warrigal, mounted on Gordon's Bolingbroke; Lamond on Amatheia; Salt Bush Bill on Pardon, the Son of Reprieve; Starlight on Rainbow; the Sick Stockrider – now in the pink – on Acrobat; Clancy on Something Unknown, off the Mitchell grass; and an imported mare Britomarte, ridden by Sergeant Leigh. The course was three miles – an epic distance for fabulous horses. They battled it out shoulder to shoulder and thundered up the straight in a tight-packed field, while the "stands" made the skies rock. Contrary to what is usual, the Authors and Characters' Christmas picnic did not end with dispersal at sundown; there was to be a dinner, lasting until midnight, in a vast marquee through whose walls the lights were already beginning to glow.



It was to be a strictly formal function, and under the complete control of the Arrangements Committee. They had to decide the question of precedence, just as they had had, in the first place, to decide the terms of eligibility for invitation to the picnic. Both duties, though interesting, were onerous. Year by year the committee made mistakes, but as the years went on it corrected them, and in the long run its judgement was reasonably sound.

The Arrangements Committee – as may have been guessed by now – was composed not of authors or characters but of readers. They were the hosts. This was only just, for, as a pundit has remarked, “The artist is not an isolated phenomenon but a social product,” meaning, in simple words, that readers create literature equally with writers.

There was a murmuring in the dark as of a crowd waiting, a crowd increasing with figures from the pages of literature as yet on the way. Then Cheon, who had been helping with the cooking, appeared in the opening of the marquee. With portentous gravity – that threatened at any moment to break into fat chuckles – he began to beat resounding notes on a suspended buggy tyre.

The Bulletin. *The Red Page.* 1 December 1937 p2. nla.obj-568228818
Manager, Henry Kenneth Prior In 1912 Prior was made associate editor; in 1914 when Archibald sold his Bulletin interests to him, he became a major shareholder and in 1915 senior editor. The event was looked on with some reservations by the Bulletin's Bohemian contributors, but Prior was deeply committed to literature, and could turn his hand with distinction to criticism, short stories and even verse. Over the years he corresponded with and encouraged many writers. He could handle difficult artistic temperaments, and was one of the few people whom Henry Lawson would allow to alter his copy. (Australian Dictionary of Biography)

The Bulletin On its masthead, from the first issue until the early 1960s, was the clarion cry 'Australia for the White Man', a statement that ignored the original

Inhabitants of the continent, from whom the 'white man' had wrested it, as well as the many non-white immigrants who had come to Sydney.
https://dictionaryofsydney.org/entry/the_bulletin

Illustrations "Christmas in Australia" State Library of Victoria "Accession no: IAN23/12/65/COL The Pleasures of Holiday Making" State Library of Victoria Accession no: IAN01/02/90/4

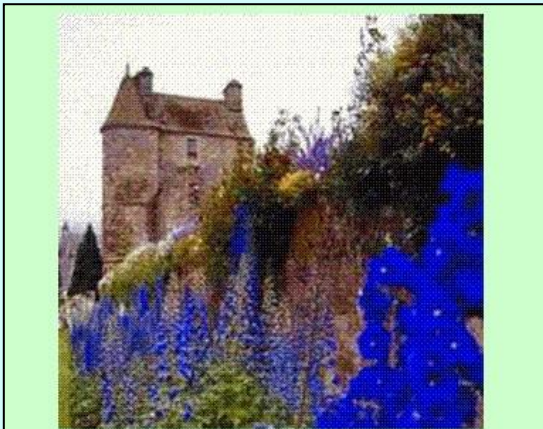
Cartoons Percival (Percy) Charles Lindsay (17 September 1870 – 21 September 1952) was an Australian landscape painter, illustrator and cartoonist, born in Creswick, Victoria. Percy was the first child born to Jane Lindsay (née Williams) and Dr Robert Charles Lindsay. His siblings included the well-known artists: Sir Lionel Lindsay, Norman Lindsay, Ruby Lindsay and Sir Daryl Lindsay. (Wikipedia).



Enjoy your Australian Authors' Advent Calendar by copying this link and pasting it into your PC for daily viewing

<https://tuerchen.com/8f98d7c1>

**FAUCONSHAWE
(A BALLAD)**



CAST



NARRATOR—LITTLE MAID MARGARET—LADY MABEL—SIR HUGH de VERE

With Music



NARRATOR
[To fetch clear water out of the spring](#)
 The little maid Margaret ran,
 From the stream to the castle's western wing
 It was but a bowshot span;
 On the sedgy brink where the osiers cling
 Lay a dead man, pallid and wan.
 The lady Mabel rose from her bed,
 And walked in the castle hall,
 Where the porch through the western turret led
 She met with her handmaid small.

LADY MABEL
 What aileth thee, Margaret? what aileth thee, Margaret?
 Hast let thy pitcher fall?
 Say, what hast thou seen by the streamlet side--
 A nymph or a water sprite--
 That thou comest with eyes so wild and wide,
 And with cheeks so ghostly white?

LITTLE MAID MARGARET
 Nor nymph nor sprite, nor nymph nor sprite,
 But the corpse of a slaughtered knight.

NARRATOR
[The lady Mabel summon'd straight](#)
 To her presence Sir Hugh de Vere,
 Of the guests who tarried within the gate
 Of Fauconshawe, most dear
 Was he to that lady; betrothed in state
 They had been since many a year.

LADY MABEL
 Little Margaret sayeth a dead man lies
 By the western spring, Sir Hugh;
 I can scarce believe that the maiden lies--
 Yet scarce can believe her true.

SIR HUGH DE VERE
Till we test her eyes
 Let her words gain credence due.

NARRATOR
 Down the rocky path knight and lady led,
 While guests and retainers bold
 Followed in haste, for like wildfire spread
 The news by the maiden told.
 They found 'twas even as she had said--
 The corpse had some while been cold.

[How the spirit had pass'd in the moments last](#)
 There was little trace to reveal;
 On the still calm face lay no imprint ghast,
 Save the angel's solemn seal,
 Yet the hands were clench'd in a death-grip fast,
 And the sods stamp'd down by the heel.

[Sir Hugh by the side of the dead man knelt.](#)
SIR HUGH DE VERE
 Full well these features I know,
 We have faced each other where blows were dealt,
 And he was a stalwart foe;
 I had rather met him hilt to hilt,
 Than have found him lying low.

NARRATOR
[He turned the body up on its face.](#)
 And never a word was spoken,
 While he ripp'd the doublet, and tore the lace,
 And tugg'd--by the self-same token,--
 And strain'd, till he wrench'd it out of its place,
 The dagger-blade that was broken.

Then he turned the body over again,
 And said, while he rose upright,

SIR HUGH DE VERE
 May the brand of Cain, with its withering stain,
 On the murder's forehead light,
 For he never was slain on the open plain,
 Nor yet in the open fight.

NARRATOR
 Solemn and stern were the words he spoke,
 And he look'd at his lady's men,
 But his speech no answering echoes woke,
 All were silent there and then,
 Till a clear, cold voice the silence broke:-
 Lady Mabel cried,

LADY MABEL
 Amen, Amen.

NARRATOR
[His glance met hers, the twain stood hush'd.](#)
 With the dead between them there;
 But the blood to her snowy temples rush'd
 Till it tinged the roots of her hair,
 Then paled, but a thin red streak still flush'd
 In the midst of her forehead fair.

Four yeomen raised the corpse from the ground,
 At a sign from Sir Hugh de Vere,
 It was borne to the western turret round,
 And laid on a knightly bier,
 With never a sob nor a mourning sound,-
 No friend to the dead was near.

Yet that night was neither revel nor dance
 In the halls of Fauconshawe;
 Men looked askance with a doubtful glance
 At Sir Hugh, for they stood in awe
 Of his prowess, but he, like one in a trance,
 Regarded naught that he saw.



Night black and chill, wind gathering still.

With its wail in the turret tall,
And its headlong blast like a catapult cast
On the crest of the outer wall,
And its hail and rain on the crashing pane,
Till the glassy splinters fall.
A moody knight by the fitful light
Of the great hall fire below;

A corpse upstairs, and a woman at prayers,
Will they profit her, aye or no?
By'r lady fain, an she comfort gain,
There is comfort for us also.

The quests were gone, save Sir Hugh alone.

And he watched the gleams that broke
On the pale hearth-stone, and flickered and shone
On the panels of polish'd oak;
He was 'ware of no presence except his own,
Till the voice of young Margaret spoke:

LITTLE MAID MARGARET

I've risen, Sir Hugh, at the mirk midnight,
I cannot sleep in my bed,
Now, unless my tale can be told aright,
I wot it were best unsaid;
It lies, the blood of yon northern knight,
On my lady's hand and head.

SIR HUGH DE VERE

Oh! the wild wind raves and rushes along.

But thy ravings seem more wild--
She never could do so foul a wrong--
Yet I blame thee not, my child,
For the fever'd dreams on thy rest that throng!

Oh! the wild wind raves and rushes along,
But thy ravings seem more wild--
She never could do so foul a wrong--
Yet I blame thee not, my child,
For the fever'd dreams on thy rest that throng!

LITTLE MAID MARGARET

Let storm winds eddy, and scream, and hurl

Their wrath, they disturb me naught;
The daughter she of a high-born earl,
No secret of hers I've sought;

I am but the child of a peasant churl,
Yet look to the proofs I've brought;
This dagger snapp'd so close to the hilt--
Dost remember thy token well?

Will it match with the broken blade that spilt
His life in the western dell?
Nay! read her handwriting, an thou wilt,
From her paramour's breast it fell.

NARRATOR

The knight in silence the letter read.

Oh! the characters well he knew!
And his face might have match'd the face of the dead,
So ashen white was its hue!
Then he tore the parchment shred by shred,
And the strips in the flames he threw.



SIR HUGH DE VERE

Densely those shadows fall

In the copse where the alders thicken;
There she bade him come to her, once for all--
Now, I well may shudder and sicken;--
Gramercy! that hand so white and small,
How strongly it must have stricken.



NARRATOR (12 Strikes)

At midnight hour, in the western tower.

Alone with the dead man there,
Lady Mabel kneels, nor heeds nor feels
The shock of the rushing air,
Though the gusts that pass through the riven glass
Have scattered her raven hair.
Across the floor, through the open door,
Where standeth a stately knight,
The lamplight streams, and flickers and gleams,
On his features stern and white--
'Tis Sir Hugh de Vere, and he cometh more near,
And the lady standeth upright.

SIR HUGH DE VERE

'Tis little that I know or care

Of the guilt (if guilt there be)
That lies 'twixt thee and yon dead man there,
Nor matters it now to me;
I thought thee pure, thou art only fair,
And to-morrow I cross the sea.

He perish'd! I ask not why or how:
I come to recall my troth;
Take back, my lady, thy broken vow,
Give back my allegiance oath;
Let the past be buried between us now
For ever--'tis best for both.

Yet, Mabel, I could ask, dost thou dare
Lay hand on that corpse's heart,
And call on thy Maker, and boldly swear
That thou hadst in his death no part?
I ask not, while threescore proofs I share
With one doubt- uncondemn'd thou art.

NARRATOR

Oh! cold and bleak upon Mabel's cheek

Came the blast of the storm-wind keen,
And her tresses black as the glossy back
Of the raven, glanced between
Her fingers slight, like the ivory white,
As she parted their sable sheen.

Yet with steady lip, and with fearless eye,
And with cheek like the flush of dawn,
Unflinchingly she spoke in reply--

LADY MABEL

Go hence with the break of morn,
I will neither confess, nor yet deny,
I will return thee scorn for scorn.

NARRATOR

The knight bow'd low as he turn'd to go;
He travell'd by land and sea,
But naught of his future fate I know,
And naught of his fair ladye;-
My story is told as, long ago,
My story was told to me.



A SHORT HISTORY OF DINGLEY DELL

THE ORIGINAL DINGLEY DELL Maidstone Kent U.K.

The land continued to be farmed throughout the 17th and 18th centuries. In 1831, the farm was bought by the owner of Preston Hall. The tenant at that time, Mr William Spong is believed to have taken in a soaked Charles Dickens who had fallen in a pond while out walking near Cobtree Farm. It is said that Dickens immortalised him in 'The Pickwick Papers' as Mr Wardle of the Manor Farm near Dingley Dell.

(<http://cobtreemanorpark.co.uk/cobtree-manor-park/history>)



DINGLEY DELL ROBE S.A.



Allan Childs: Alexander Tolmer built a holiday house at Robe S.A. and said ALG could stay there when he returned from Manjimup (in WA). Maggie was in Robe with morning sickness and ALG was homesick so while he waited for the birth he made a sign on a plank for the Dingley Dell name because he was homesick.



DINGLEY DELL CONSERVATION PARK PORT MACDONNELL S.A.

One day while out riding, Adam Lindsay Gordon saw a piece of land beside the beach, and on it, about a mile (1.6 km) from the coast, he found a stone cottage with a shingle roof, set among blackwoods, golden wattles and eucalypts, with pastures for farming or grazing horses.

The 101 acre (40.8 ha) property, just 2 km from Port MacDonnell had been granted to a land agent, Peter Prankherd, on 10 July 1861.

When the property came up for sale, Gordon bought the cottage on 8 March 1864, for 150 pounds. He named the cottage 'Dingley Dell' (after the nostalgic manor farm of Charles Dickens' Pickwick Papers).

The cottage was plainly but comfortably furnished. Bridle paths linked Dingley Dell to the coast through the sand dunes. This was Gordon's only true home and resting place in Australia, where he found peace to write, grass for his horses and an unbroken view over the Southern Ocean.

Dingley Dell was the home of Adam Lindsay Gordon from 1864 to 1867. There is a legend that Gordon won the cottage in a card game from its owner George Randall...

From 1913-14, the property changed ownership a number of times and by 1920, Dingley Dell was described as a haven for snakes, bees and rabbits. The Dingley Dell Restoration Committee, after much public interest, approached the South Australian Government to purchase the cottage for preservation as part of our national heritage. This took place on 17 February 1922, making the cottage the oldest government-owned historical residence in South Australia.

On 24 July 1980, Dingley Dell Cottage and Heritage Museum became the first building to be listed on the South Australia Heritage Register.

In June 1997, the Department of Environment and Natural Resources leased the cottage and residence to Allan and Jenny Childs as on-site caretakers to operate Dingley Dell Cottage as a museum and tourist attraction.

Courtesy of Day, L., "Gordon of Dingley Dell. The Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833-1870) Poet and Horseman" (2003)

At OUR ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The following were elected to office.
 President, Allan Childs.
 Vice President, Viv Sellers.
 Secretary, John Adams,
 Treasurer, Travis M Sellers.
 Committee Members. Jennifer Childs, Lorraine Day, Elrae Adams, Virginia Barnett, Terry Maher and Lindsay Smelt.

At the AGM we remembered the passing of Member Richard K Freeman whose Great Uncle edited ALG's Memorial Volume 1926.

We were saddened to hear of the passing of our friend Joan Hunt.



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.

'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 Browner, and is an emotional and psychological journey into the poet's mind.'

[CLICK TO VIEW WEBSITE](#)

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Victorian Bush Poetry and Music Association www.vbpma.com.au

Registrations are now being taken for the 2019 Penola Coonawarra Arts Festival. <https://artsfestival.com.au/artist-registration/>

What did Adam say to his girlfriend on the day before Christmas?
 "It's Christmas, Eve."

HENRY LAWSON MEMORIAL & LITERARY SOCIETY
 Inc A0025176D



The 2019 Henry Lawson Society National Literary Awards has a brand new category:

The **Wombat Award** for poetry.

The Society is inviting children 12 years and under to enter up to three poems for a chance to win prizes to the value of \$100 plus books for their school library.

The theme for the 2019 **Wombat Award** is 'Our Heritage'

The **Wombat Award** will be judged by popular children's author Meredith Costain (*The Ella Diaries, Olivia's Secret Scribbles*)

- First Prize : \$100.00
- Second Prize : \$75.00
- Third Prize : \$50.00

The school libraries of prize winners will also receive children's titles from Ford St Publishing to the value of \$100 (1st prize), \$75 (2nd prize) and \$50 (3rd prize).

Entries open : 1 September, 2018.
 Entries close : 30 April, 2019.

For more information or to download an entry form: www.henrylawsonsociety.org

Conditions of Entry :

- Entry is free.
- Entries open 1 September, 2018 and close 30 April, 2019.
- Children can submit up to three poems.
- Entries must be original work.
- Poems must be accompanied by an entry form. Each entry form requires an authorisation from either parent or teacher.
- Please do not staple entry form and poem together.
- Please keep a copy of your poem/s as entries will not be returned.
- All entries to be posted to : Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society, PO Box 429, Brighton Vic, 3186.
- Prize winners will be notified no later than 1 June 2019.



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