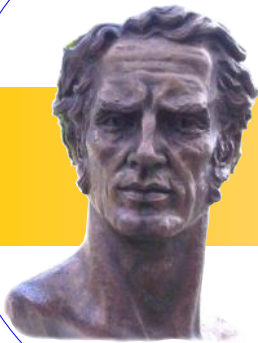




ISSUE 49 – MARCH 2019



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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We give acknowledgement to the National Library of Australia-Trove Newspapers for these articles.

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ISSN 1834-4070
ISSN 1834-4089

THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.
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EXTRACT OF AUSTRALIANA - AN AUSTRALIAN RECIPE



THE COOKING CLASS AT THE MELBOURNE HOME

As a foundation take a couple of Frank Clune's books, preferably "Try Anything Once" and "Free and Easy Land"; combine with them Sir Thomas Wood's "Cobbers," Myles Franklin's "All That Swagger," Bernard O'Reilly's "Green Mountains" or according to taste, "Cullen-Ben-Bong."

Add to the mixture a drop at a time, the laughter, the tears, the comradeship, the kindness, the heroism, and the strong faith in God distilled from C.J. Dennis' "Songs of a Sentimental Bloke" and John O'Brien's "The Parish of St. Mels."

For a real strong outback flavour select a well-bound copy of "We of the Never Never." by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn.

For old times sake put in a copy of "Starlight," the bushranger, "The Fortunes Of Richard Mahony," by Henry Handel Richardson, and E. Barnard Eldershaw's "A House is built." Don't forget a dash of paprika from the Sydney "Bulletin."

And I nearly forgot some important ingredients –the poems of "Banjo" Paterson, Adam Lindsay Gordon, George Essex Evans, Hugh McCrae and Chris Brennan. You need not be warned not to omit Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection" and his immortal Dad and Dave and Lil.

Serve on a satin or tulip wood table in a spacious, airy, sunlit room with a polished hardwood floor of crow's ash. panelled a third of the way up with contrasting Queensland woods, eg., rose mahogany, tulip-wood, silver ash and candle-gum. If possible, arrange to have a broad window opening on to an air-swept slope where eucalypts, apple-gums, Australian cedars and an occasional currawong to filter the golden sunshine and dapple the ground with shadows.

If you could manage to have a few butcher birds, magpies, cockatoos, with an odd thrush or two warbling in the boughs overhead, so much the better. *(Continued Over)*

(Continued) Make sure that the room itself is filled with flowers – bowls of golden wattle, tea-tree, waratah, flannel flowers, some Cooktown orchids on the table, if your purse can stand the strain, and scented boronia everywhere.

Hang on the walls some carefully selected paintings, e.g., some of Conrad Martens’ or Arthur Streeton’s, or Hugh Ramsay’s, or Frank Roberts’, or Will Ashton’s or J.J. Hilder’s or Daryl Lindsay’s, or William Bustard, or Max Meldrum’s or Albert Namatjira’s, according to your taste. For background music, choose “Fifty Years Of Song,” by Peter Dawson, some Melba recordings, “Interrupted Melody” by Marjorie Lawrence, and “Australia Makes Music” by Isabelle Moresby. If you like ballet, there is Helene Kirsova and Robert Helpmann. Don’t forget the Little Theatres up and down the country, ministering to an important community need.

For desert, run some light films like the following—“Alice Through The Centre” (in glorious color); “Alpine Vistas,” taken in the Snowy River area, with the delicate evergreen snow-gums that etch their fairy tracery against the brilliant sky and provide an archway for the exuberant skiers; “Forest Fantasia” that reveals the secret of the lyre bird’s dance and its fascinating mimicry of all bush birds and bush sounds; “Bushland Symphony” where the kangaroos almost fly and the emus can’t become air-borne at all, poor birds, where the koalas doze and wake at the smell of the right eucalypt leaves—they have seasonal tastes in gums leaves; “Big Game Fishing At Bermagui,” “Tall Timber,” “Follow The Sun” (to Heron Island and the Barrier Reef).

If you would like a long feature, try “The Overlanders,” or “Bitter Springs.” For the sake of contrast, you might like the Shell Company’s documentary that won the world prize at the Film Festival in Venice in 1954, “The Back Of Beyond,” which reveals a facet of Australian life.

I suggest finishing up, if your resources permit of it, with a picture of a group of lusty boundary riders drinking their strong, hot, billy tea around their camp fire, who pause for a minute in the shade of a coolabah tree to give you a rousing chorus of “Waltzing Matilda.”

Good luck with your recipe! –S.M.C ., All Hallows School, Brisbane.

(Catholic Weekly (Sydney, NSW Thursday 18 November 1954, page 4) (State Library Victoria-Wood engraving published in The illustrated Australian news for home readers. Shows class of young women seated around an L-shaped table being instructed by Mr. M. Soyer; in the kitchen of the Melbourne Home in Little Lonsdale Street. Accession no: IAN03/11/75/172)



THE POETS OF PENOLA
S.A. UNVEILED



Peter Rymill from Penola’s District Cultural Fund said that it is so important that we keep these poets and their association with the local area, We see tourists stopping as they go by and even stop and come over to read about them. Peter explained the most exciting aspect about the project had been the exposure that the poets’ work was getting. The next big event for Penola is [The Penola Coonawarra Arts Festival from 16-19 May 2019.](#)

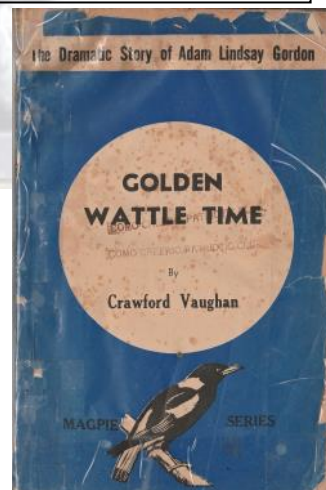
The Poets’ Corner in Penola South Australia was completed with the busts of John Shaw Neilson and William Ogilvie. Unveiled on Sunday 2nd December 2018. To be with Adam Lindsay Gordon. Penola District Cultural Fund.

Golden Wattle Time

Crawford Vaughan was not a personal friend of Adam Lindsay Gordon, having been born four years after Gordon’s untimely death. However, in his booklet Golden Wattle Time: The Dramatic Story of Adam Lindsay Gordon, he sensitively encapsulates the essence of adventure in the poet and horseman in his novelistic interpretation of Gordon’s life.

Loosely based on fact, Vaughan’s account is lively, easily readable, and an enjoyable introduction to the poet’s life. From Lindsay’s escapade with Charlie Walker at the Plough Inn stables, to his home in Cheltenham, where his sister Ignez frequently came to Lindsay’s defence, as did Jane Bridges in regard to Lindsay’s horse-riding and jumping ability.

Lindsay believed that, having a part-share in the mare, gave him the right to race the horse and, with the assistance of Charlie Walker, they made good their escape and, in a round-about fashion, made their way back to the Gordon’s Cheltenham home.



However, his mother was hell-bent on sending Lindsay away from England – to Australia or India – well before the incident of the stolen mare, to spare the Gordon family name from disrepute.

With his father’s glowing accounts of freedom and wide open spaces with sunshine, and ample gold to be found, this seemed a better alternative to arrest. His father told him a ship sailed for Australia in two days.

After a visit from the Sheriff and Tom Oliver, the Sheriff explained to Lindsay that a writ could not be served if he was on the high seas, so he would wait until the next day to sign it, and wished the lad well, as did Tom Oliver, who said that if he rode as straight as he did with him, he would be proud of him.

Then the reality of being exiled set in. Lindsay would not see his friends again, nor his beloved and only sister Ignez. But, most importantly, he hadn’t even told Jane he loved her ...

Frederick Vaughan, who was a good friend of Adam Lindsay Gordon, and an admirer of his work, was most likely an uncle of Crawford Vaughan, and possibly the main source of information for Crawford’s book.

Crawford Vaughan (1874-1947), who grew up in Adelaide, began work as a clerk and, after a stint with the Crown Lands Department, became a freelance journalist. He joined the United Labour Party and won the seat of Torrens in the House of Assembly at the 1905 election. The following year he married Evelyn Goode. By age 40, Crawford was Premier of South Australia. His brother Howard and his brother-in-law Clarence Goode was also in the House.

Crawford’s book *Golden Wattle Time* was written in 1942. His account of Adam Lindsay Gordon from England to Australia, following his life as a trooper and horse-breaker, his meeting with Father Woods and his marriage. Crawford brings the poet and horseman to life as if he personally rode alongside Gordon throughout all the phases of his short life. (*Lorraine Day*)

.....

THE BELLS OF SWEET ST. MARYS (NOW CHELTENHAM MINSTER) CHELTENHAM ENGLAND
<http://www.cheltminsterbells.org.uk/>



Photo by Travis M Sellers

[Hark! the bells on distant cattle](#) *Music*
 Waft across the range,
 Through the golden-tufted wattle,
 Music low and strange;
 Like the marriage peal of fairies
 Comes the tinkling sound,
 Or like chimes of sweet St. Mary's
 On far English ground.
Adam Lindsay Gordon
(Ye Wearie Wayfarer Part V111)

St. Mary's Parish Church, the "sweet St. Mary's" of Gordon's poem, is the subject of an excellent monograph by Mr. J. Sawyer, editor of the Cheltenham Examiner.
 The bells Gordon heard had lately a narrow escape of falling down, steeple and all.
 (Sladen and Humphris)

Feb. 29 1852

The peal of Steadman [sic.] caters, rung by the Painswick Society, conducted by Mr Estcourt, on the 16th inst. at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, was, we are assured, one of the worst struck peals ever rung, there not being 500 good changes in the whole 5,081 represented to have been accomplished.

Bell's Life in London.

Aug. 16 1855

The clapper of the tenor bell in St Mary's Church fell out this evening, and considerably marred the music of the "merry peal". John Goding's History of Cheltenham 1863 [Chronological events]

CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH (St Mary's) Although Christian worship on this site dates back to the 8th century the oldest parts of the present building - the west wall of the nave and the piers supporting the tower arches - date from Norman times. Starting in the late 13th century the building was enlarged: north and south aisles were added, the chancel extended, the upper part of the tower modified and a spire added. It is believed the extension took place to enable people from the outlying parts of

the area normally served by local chapels to come to take communion at St Mary's at religious festivals. In 1547 Edward VI's Chantry Commission reported that a grammar school was operating here in St Catherine's Chantry (probably the north aisle). This later moved into a purpose built school financed by Richard Pate, who may have attended the chantry school. In the 1860s and 1870s the church underwent much needed renovation: the crypt was filled in, the 18th century galleries removed, oak pews installed, a sacristy and south porch added. The building is open to visitors from 11-3 Mondays to Fridays and 10-12 Saturdays. Services are held on Sunday afternoons at 3.45 and at other times. Among its notable features are The Windows The tracery of the windows dates from the 13th and 14th centuries and represents a range of styles including early geometrical, late geometrical, curvilinear and perpendicular. The stained glass is Victorian (1875-90) and is the subject of a book published by the Friends of St Mary's, Cheltenham. The Memorials There are a number of interesting memorial tablets around the church dating from the late sixteenth century onwards. One of the oldest (to the right of the porch door) is to John English, a curate of the church who was imprisoned by the Puritans. The largest is the memorial to Captain Henry Skillicorne (next to the pulpit) who developed Cheltenham's first spa and so laid the foundations for Cheltenham's subsequent development. The visit of King George III and his family to Cheltenham is recorded on this tablet. The 20th century reredos (wooden screen) behind the altar is in memory of Alderman William Nash Skillicorne, Henry's great-grandson, who was the first mayor of Cheltenham. The Baptistry Formerly the north porch, the baptistry has a room above it reached by a spiral staircase. It is believed the room was originally used to provide overnight accommodation for visiting clergy. (Until the Reformation the monks of Cirencester Abbey were responsible for the church). From 1729 to 1847 it housed the Old Cheltenham Charity, or Blue Coat, School originally established in the High Street in 1683 after George Townsend left £4 annually "for teaching poor children to read and write". The school eventually moved to Devonshire Street. **The Tower** The tower boasts a peal of 12 bells which are rung on Sundays and Thursday evenings. The octagonal spire rises 167 feet above the floor of the church.

This free leaflet has been prepared by the Friends of St Mary's Parish Church Cheltenham, an organisation which helps with the preservation of this historic building and provides financial support for its requirements other than regular maintenance and running costs. For further information please take the coloured leaflet describing the activities of the Friends, telephone 01242 513896 or look at their website at <http://www.stmaryscheltfriends.org.uk/>, email: secretary@stmaryscheltfriends.org.uk

Listen to the bells, as they are now, on YouTube. [Rounds and Call Changes](#) [Kent Maximus](#)

A Wandering Star

By Lindsay H H Smelt March 2019

It is an interesting question for historians and admirers of Adam Lindsay Gordon – to what extent were the crises, triumphs and tragedies of Lindsay Gordon's life cast in dye before the upstart young poet even reached the shores of Australia?

Thankfully we can glean some flickers of insight into the teenage Lindsay through the letters he wrote to his childhood pal Charley Walker. Walker is closely intertwined with Lindsay's story. He and his father, Charley Walker senior, shared Lindsay's passion for horses and the steeplechase. Charley would ultimately marry Sally Bridges, the sister of Gordon's famous unfulfilled true love, Jane Bridges. Gordon left a lasting impression on his pal. Walker called his son Lindsay.

The second letter in the collection 'Letters to Charley Walker' includes some clear signs of the future Lindsay Gordon, the man and the poet. The letter contains elements common to many of the collection's letters – some bawdy banter on drinking sessions and girls, a little poetry and raging arguments with his father, whom he would mockingly call 'the Honourable Captain Gordon'.

The letter opens with some discussion of girls. Both young lads were obsessed with the Bridges' girls. Concerningly, Mr Bridges had heard about the lads "serenading the Lion so uncourtously and the other inns in the neighbourhood". Perhaps of even more concern was that Lindsay's valentine to Jane had upset Sally. As he explained to Charley:

I hope Sally won't be crabbed [grumpy] at my valentine. I'm sorry I sent it, but I couldn't help our quarrel. You told me, she wouldn't stand my writing to Jane, but if I'd believed you I should have done the same, for as you've already found out Jane'ems was my favourite all along."

Lindsay would always return to Jane in his letters home to Charley. Jane is widely thought to be the girl described in Gordon's poem *To my sister*, a farewell poem written to Lindsay's sister Ignez. The poem was written just days before his departure for Australia.

*And yet I may at times recall
Her memory with a sigh;
At times for me the tears may fall
And dim her sparkling eye.
But absent friends are soon forgot,
And in a year or less
'Twill doubtless be another's lot
Those very lips to press!*

Sketch by the youth-full Adam Lindsay Gordon, of himself.



To my sister is more than just a farewell to Jane and to England. It is also a dramatic farewell to hope, youth and optimism. His opening stanza includes “*My hopes are gone, my time is spent*”. He is not yet 20 years.

*And where there's little left to hope,
There's little left to dread!
Oh, time glides ever quickly by!
Destroying all that's dear;
On earth there's little worth a sigh,
And nothing worth a tear!*

The poem to Ignez describes a lonely visit he took to the grave of his sister Ada, who tragically died of tuberculosis at age 15. A weighty couplet towards the end notes:

*I seem to have a load to bear,
A heavy, choking grief;*

His famous poem *Ye Wearie Wayfarer* would pick up on this theme with the line “*Our burdens are heavy, our natures weak*”. Lindsay would carry this heavy load with him down the halls of Parliament House in Adelaide, across the lovely white beaches of Robe and in his overnight saddle bag through western Victoria.

Let's return now to the letter to young Charley. The letter includes a witty poem of farewell, composed ahead of confirmation of Lindsay's journey to Australia. It opens with:

*Now farewell, but let me warn you, ere [before] I've said my last adieu,
You may laugh at all things earthly, while your pluck is stout and true;
Put no faith in aught [anything at all] you meet with, friends or lovers new or old
Never trust the gamest racehorse that was ever reared or foaled.*

The poem's shopping list of advice reminds the reader of sections of *Ye Wearie Wayfarer*. Where *Ye Wearie Wayfarer* focused on bushman's advice (advising on things such as tobacco and woollen socks), the young Lindsay's poem is concerned with higher ideas:

*Fame is folly, honour madness, love delusion, friendship sham;
Pleasure paves the way for sadness, none of these are worth a d—n.*

The cynicism is matched with a courageous, devil-may-care attitude. He tells Charley:

*When I ride at Cheltenham I'll win or break my neck, I'm determined; by Jove what a finale that would be to my riding, fighting,
love-making, debt-contracting, et hoc genus omne [and everything else of this kind], larks.*

Lindsay would go on to win *and* break his neck! Courage, riding, boxing, financial crises and volatile romances would all feature strongly in the life of Lindsay Gordon. He concludes the letter by saying:

*I'm a bright article and no mistake, quite an uncommon genius, in brief a star, but a wandering one. What's that in the bible
about wandering stars, I remember it somewhere, I think it's in St. Jude.*

The youthful bravado is entertaining. But it is also somewhat troubling. As the editor of the letters kindly points out in the footnote, the reference Lindsay was searching for in the Book of Jude is rather bleak: “*Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.*”

The letter and poems composed before Lindsay's adventures in Australia clearly show inclinations toward dark thoughts, a bleak outlook on life and an obsession with death. It is likely that he inherited some of this outlook from his mother, who endured a lifetime of mental health struggles. But he also recognised within himself some uncommon genius, some real talent. This is best shown in his wonderful poetry and in his moments of courage. This is the Adam Lindsay Gordon we love.

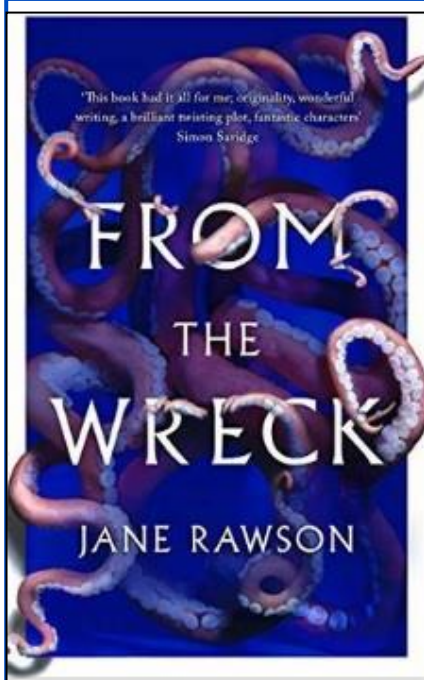
References

Letters to Charley Walker

Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee, Timeline for Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Frank Maldon Robb, Introduction to Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, 1950.

Copyright remains with the author, Lindsay Smelt.



Blending genres, perspectives and worlds, Jane Rawson's *From the Wreck* - winner of the Aurealis Award for Best Science Fiction Novel- is a chilling and tender story about how fiercely we cling to life, and how no-one can survive on their own.

Jane Rawson grew up in Canberra. During years as a travel editor and writer, mostly for Lonely Planet, she dawdled around the streets of San Francisco, Prague and Phnom Penh and left smitten. She has also worked as the Environment Editor for news website The Conversation. She likes cats, quiet, minimal capitalisation, and finding out that everything is going to be OK. (*Good Reads*)

Read about The History of a History

<https://janebryonyrawson.wordpress.com/2016/08/24/from-the-wreck-the-history-of-a-history/>

Brigid Magner writes:

Jane Rawson, *From the Wreck*, (2017)

I recently found this novel at an op shop and was pleasantly surprised to find that it has a connection with Adam Lindsay Gordon. The title is taken from his well-known poem about the sinking of the *Admella* in 1859. The ship hit Carpenters Reef, about one kilometre off the coast of South Australia. For more than a week the wrecked ship was stuck to the reef but rescue attempts were hampered by bad weather. Only 24 people survived eight days of hunger, thirst and exposure including a woman called Bridget Ledwith and George Hills, Rawson's great-great grandfather.

After his rescue the real-life George married his fiancée and their youngest daughter was the mother of Rawson's grandmother. He wrote an account of the wreck which can be found by searching Trove for George Hills, *Admella* and the *Adelaide Register*. Rawson takes many liberties with George's story, adding a speculative dimension in the form of a reimagined Bridget Ledwith who is a displaced alien masquerading as a woman (and later a cat) who persistently haunts the protagonist.

The novel begins with horses shifting and calling out on the ship. George goes to the stables to visit a famous racehorse called Jupiter and notices their anxiety. He closes his eyes to rest and when he opens them he sees an unknown woman touching a horse.

'She was running her finger around the rim of the horse's mouth and it stood, death-still, eyelids peeled back and eyes locked on her shadowed face. She leaned forward out of the darkness and licked the foam from the horse's quivering muzzle and George could hear the creature breathe, a strange whimper deep in its chest. That did not sound like comfort. "Harvesting" was the word that forced itself to George's mind' (12)

This mysterious woman, Bridget Ledwith, is George's saviour, with whom he becomes entwined while clinging to a fragment of the ship. Desperate to survive, they consume the flesh of the dead ship's steward. This transgression haunts George later, along with his confusing memories of Bridget.

After the survivors were finally taken back to land, the newspapers sought Bridget Ledwith everywhere. One of the newspapers sent a writer to the goldfields in Victoria who had sent word back that he'd met a young fellow named Trainor who was 'probably Miss Ledwith'. This reference reminds the reader of Adam Lindsay Gordon's friend Billy Trainor. However George knows that Bridget was not a man in disguise 'There was something bent about her, but that wasn't it'. (49) Although George is disturbed by his recurring connections with Bridget, we sense that she is a lost soul too, stranded far from her fellow creatures.

The sinking of the Admella made a huge impression on Gordon by all accounts. His widow Maggie Park Low claimed that Gordon took the news of the wreck to a nearby telegraph station but this has been disputed. However he was almost certainly at the scene of the wreck during the fatal week. In an article entitled 'From the Wreck. Gordon and the Admella. Inspiration for Poem' in The Adelaide Mail on 17 September 1927, the writer surmises about his involvement:

'A man of reckless courage, a swimmer who faced the surf in bitter weather, if Gordon were there, he would have been first to volunteer for the desperate lifeboat adventure, through the rolling swell of the Southern Ocean.' Yet his poor eye sight might have hampered any hands-on rescue efforts. Nevertheless the event fired his imagination and inspired a poem which has in turn influenced Jane Rawson's inventive contemporary speculative fiction From the Wreck.

Picture at right—Anne Bridget Ledwith

Picture below— The Horror of The Wreck

Picture at bottom— Model SS Admella

Taken at the 150th Anniversary of the wreck in Mount Gambier, Carpenter's Rocks and Dingley Dell S.A. in August 2009



Coming Out Soon. "Reef of Despair" by Lorraine Day. For early bird orders please see;

<http://www.freestylepublications.com.au/>

Wednesday, 10 August 1859
... less than half remain ... sea conditions worsen ... some wait for death with glazed eyes; others talk of worldly possessions. The shore party repair one of Admella's washed up boats with soap and canvas, and try in vain to reach the vessel. People die throughout the day. The steamer Corio arrives ...

Thursday, 11 August
... rescue attempts by the shore party and Corio's pilot boat fail. More die of cold and starvation, including two of the three remaining women. More rescuers arrive on the beach, swelling the number to over one hundred ...

Hurtle Fisher

Friday, 12 August
... seas mountainous ... Corio departs for more coal. The Ant and the Lady Bird arrive, towing the Portland lifeboat and a whaleboat. Survivors described as "looking like seals perched on a rock" ... almost beyond caring and too weak to assist in the first rescue attempt ... many vow to not live past the next afternoon. Thirty remain ...

Saturday, 13 August
... thoughts of cannibalism ... thoughts of suicide ... more die during the night. Two rescue boats from shore reach Admella - a line is thrown, and four survivors drag themselves along it ... three survive. Boats from the waiting vessels arrive ... and those remaining also find the strength to lower themselves down a line to safety. Twenty four survive the wreck.



THE SICK STOCKRIDER

HOLD hard, Ned ! Lift me down once more, and lay me in the shade.
 Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide *Music*
 Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I sway'd,
 All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.

The dawn at 'Moorabinda' was a mist rack dull and dense,
 The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp ;
 I was dozing in the gateway of Arbuthnot's bound'ry fence,
 I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.
 We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply through the haze,
 And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth ;
 To southward lay 'Katâwa,' with the sandpeaks all ablaze,
 And the flush'd fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
 Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lindisfarm,
 And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff ;
 From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are clear and calm,
 You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.
 Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
 Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch ;
 'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
 Eight years ago—or was it nine ?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
 To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
 And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
 Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
 To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
 With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs ;
 Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

Aye ! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and his gang,
 When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat ;
 How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang
 To the strokes of 'Mountaineer' and 'Acrobat'.
 Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
 Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd ;
 And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath !
 And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd !

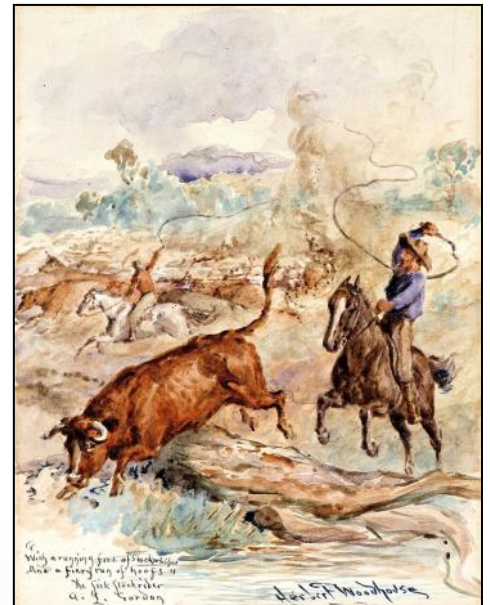
We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,
 And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
 While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay,
 In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind !
 There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to horse,
 And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd ;
 He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-course—
 A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard !

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
 Come back to us ; how clearly I recall
 Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung ;
 And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall ?

(Continued)



State Library Victoria—Chas. E. Hammond
 Accession no: H98.88/5



State Library Victoria—Herbert J Woodhouse
 Accession no: H98.88/8



Murrabinda Homestead, where Adam and Maggie spent their honeymoon.
 (South of Kingston S.A. on the Princes Highway) From ALLAN CHILDS

Starlight and His Gang (From Rolf Boldrewood)
 "It was not until my story had been published for two or three years that I discovered from the accounts in the Queensland press that a bushranger, named Gordon, other wise know as 'Starlight,' had been caught and sentenced to imprisonment. This was, no doubt, the man who died in Perth last December, and it was almost certainly also the same 'Starlight' of whom Adam Lindsay Gordon wrote in 'The Sick Stockrider' when he mentions how 'we had a glorious gallop after Starlight and his gang, when they bolted from Sylvester's on the Flat.'
 "All is explained in [The Kalgoorlie Miner Friday 23 November 1900, page 7.](#)" (Editor)

Aye ! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone ;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards,
It matters little what became of him ;
But a steer ripp'd up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,
And Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-swim.

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck,
In 'the horrors', at the Upper Wandinong ;
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck,
Faith ! the wonder was he saved his neck so long !
Ah ! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans' in the glen—
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then ;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall ;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed ;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.
(Composed by Edward Bright, Flinders River, N. Queensland.)

"We met, and many years are gone—what sorrows, bitter strife
Have passed since we, so happy then, so young, and full of life,
Rode in the bush, or on the turf in colours bright and gay !
Oh ! who could think those happy days would ever pass away !

We met as friends, so happy then—o'er hurdle, by the stand,
And often at the winning post our horses each did land ;
For we were often in the fray together, side by side
While others and their horses were running rather wide.

We met each season, for a time ; but years have passed away
And changed full many things around that once appeared so gay.
Where are thy colours ? Now aside. No longer in the meet
We see that form or smiling face we often used to greet.

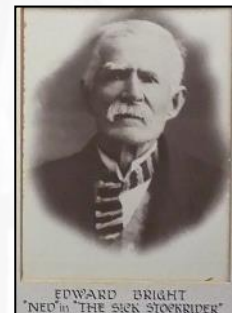
Thou art away : long absent ; a friend, where one so kind
Than you, my dear old Gordon, none truer will we find !
With all thy faults, if one you had, few dearer friends than thee,
And years will pass before again the like of you we see.

Thy saddle ; it is empty ; thy whip is hung aside ;
No more now after dingo will we together ride.
Thy racing days are over—thou art but just before,
And I will follow in the race as in the days of yore.

You are ahead—long passed us by ; the judge is at His stand,
To say that you have won the race unto that better land.
But we will meet when all is done—each race in life is o'er
We'll join in love that race above to meet and part no more."

GORDON'S VERSE

To the Editor of The Argus Sir,— While valuing a certain astringent and challenging quality in your reviewer's comment last Saturday on a recent Australian anthology, I cannot think that his description of Gordon's "Sick Stockrider" should pass. He writes;—"It is a sketch in galloping anapest." That is to say, it is written in the rhythm of Browning's "How They Brought the Good News," or of Gordon's own swiftly racing lines, From the Wreck." But Gordon was too good a bushman, too good a horseman, too good a verse-writer, to cause a sick man—a dying man—to meditate in "galloping anapest." The lines of "The Sick Stockrider" move unmistakably in a quiet amble; And the sturdy station children..I may chance to hear them romping overhead." Yours, &c.,
NETTIE PALMER Kalorama, Feb 27 1935
The Argus Saturday 2 March 1935, page 4



Edward (Ned) Bright
Gold Museum Ballarat

The Ned of the poem, who has so long defied commentators, was Mr. Edward Bright, who was living in Queensland. He and his brother John, author of a little book of poems called *Wattle Blossoms and Wild Flowers*, and his sister, Mrs. E. A. Lauder, were among Gordon's first intimate friends in South Australia. Mrs. Lauder had the wattles planted round his grave, and had the tomb kept up at her own expense till 1900, when the Australian Literature Society took over its care. Nobody has worked more unremittingly to keep the memory of the poet green. When the poet died Edward Bright, who had been his rival in his early steeplechasing days, wrote this poem in his memory.

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, Lindsay Smelt and Joan Pretty.



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.

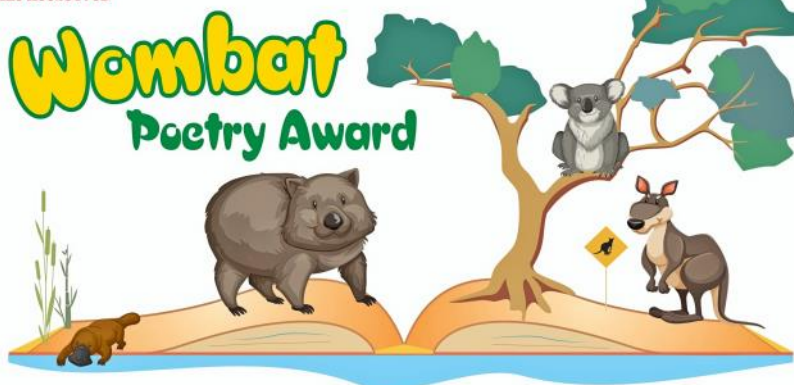


Thank you to all who donated towards Adam Lindsay Gordon's hitching post cap, now in place at the Marine Hotel Brighton Victoria. Photos Left Elrae Adams. Bottom two, Gary Smith.



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.

2019 National Henry Lawson Memorial & Literary Society Inc A0025176D



"Can you tell me the time, my boy?
 My watch has stopped."
 "About twelve sir."
 "Only twelve? I thought it would have been more."
 "It never gets more in these parts sir;
 it starts at one again."

