



ISSUE 54 – JUNE 2020



# 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

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GORDON  
COMMEMORATIVE  
COMMITTEE INC.  
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PATRON SINCE 2010  
JANICE BATE

PO BOX 272  
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AUSTRALIA

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON SESQUICENTENARY DIED 24 JUNE 1870  
AT BRIGHTON VICTORIA  
BURIED BRIGHTON VICTORIA GENERAL CEMETERY



Photo Bhaumik Patel Our Gardener

A shining soul with syllables of fire  
Who sang the first great songs this land can claim  
To be their own; the one who did not seem  
To know what royal place awaited him  
Within the Temple of the Beautiful.  
*Henry Kendall, friend and fellow poet*

And what shall we say of our debt to him? This at least  
– it can never be repaid. Centuries hence, when men go  
up beside the banks of the noble stream of great poetry,  
which we believe will one day gladden the city and  
humanize and fertilize and deepen our Australian  
national life, as they climb reverently to its source, they  
will find on a broken memorial column, in letters that  
cannot fade, the name of ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.  
*Frank Maldon Robb, biographer*

## **A WANDERING STAR**

The above link is to the writing journeys of Australian author and writer  
Lindsay H H Smelt (With Permission)

This website takes inspiration from a childhood letter of nineteenth century Australian poet Adam Lindsay Gordon. In a note to a pal he described himself as *'in brief a star, but a wandering one.'* *Wandering star* is often a negative term but I want to reclaim it for something positive. We are all wandering stars in some way. We should all be encouraged to wander in life.  
This website forms part of my wandering life as a writer.

### **Why every biography on the Australian poet Adam Lindsay Gordon is wrong and his link to Alice in Wonderland revealed**

**Adam Lindsay Gordon, a myth and Alice in Wonderland.**

**By Lindsay Smelt**

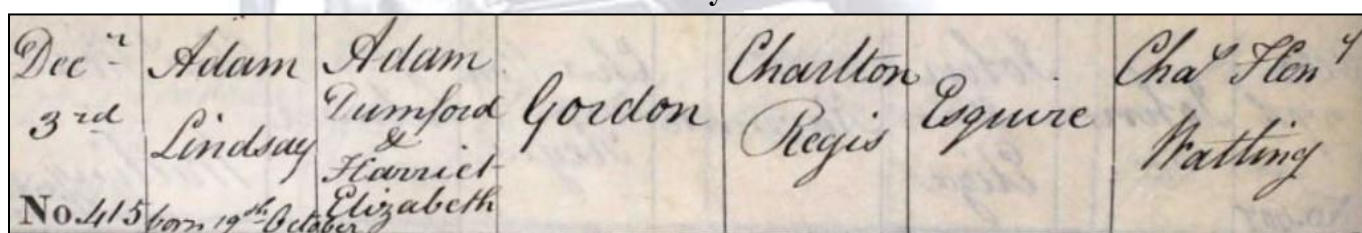
**6 April 2020**



For the last 140 years every biography on Adam Lindsay Gordon will tell you that Australia's founding poet was born in the ruggedly beautiful island of Faial in the Portuguese Azores islands in the Atlantic Ocean. Every biography is wrong.

Gordon was born on 19 October 1833 in Charlton Kings England, a small village nestled beside the old spa resort town of Cheltenham and the rolling green hills of the Cotswolds. Gordon has long been associated with Cheltenham. He is associated with Cheltenham College, Cheltenham's horse racing scene and his family home at 28 Priory Street Cheltenham still stands (with a neat tile sign beside the door to note the famous former resident). It has been known for some time that Gordon was baptised in Charlton Kings on 3 December 1833 (see image below). His birth date was scribbled into the margin. Biographers had assumed that the family sailed home from the Azores in November 1833 to allow for the December baptism.

**Source 1: Adam Lindsay Gordon's birth certificate**



Reference; Parish records held at Gloucestershire Archives

*I remember the lowering wintry morn,  
And the mist on the Cotswold hills  
'By Flood and Field', Adam Lindsay Gordon*

Jill Waller is a warm and jovial Cheltenham local. She's an expert on all the people and places of Gordon's pretty English hometown (you can read more on her work [here](#)). In 2019, I flew from Australia to Cheltenham to see Gordon's English landscape with my own eyes. I also took the opportunity to meet Waller and talk Gordon. She quickly became a friend.

The fastidious historian put forward two new documents that confirmed Gordon's birth in England.

**Source 2: Birth notice in the Bath Chronicle & Weekly Gazette 31 October 1833**

*"At Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, the lady of A D Gordon Esq; formerly of the Bengal Army, a son."*  
Reference: British Newspaper Archive



Source 3: 1851 National Census – Gordon, who is at the Woolwich Military Academy in London at the time, states his place of birth to be Charlton Kings.

Parish or Township of	Ecclesiastical District of	City or Borough of	Town of	Village of		
St Mary's		Greenwich	Woolwich			
Name and Surname of each Person who abode in the Institution on the Night of the 30th March, 1851	Position in the Institution	Condition	Age of	Rank, Profession or Occupation	Where Born	Whether or Distant
			Males   Females			
John Melmoth	Comm. Cadet	U	17	Comm. Cadet	Yorkshire - Aldro	
Albert Light	do	U	18	do	Devon - Brixton	Subj
Henry Robinson	do	U	16	do	Canada - British	Subj
Alfred Stokes	do	U	17	do	Wiltshire	
Maurice Seymour	do	U	17	do	Wiltshire - Bampton	
Henry Carter	do	U	17	do	Devonshire - Exeter	
Adam Gordon	do	U	17	do	Devonshire - Charlton Kings	
Charles Hodgson	do	U	18	do	Devonshire - Charlton Kings	
Frederick Lyon	do	U	17	do	Devonshire - Charlton Kings	

Reference: UK National Archives/Public Record Office

Jill Waller could only find one correct report of Gordon's England birth – Gordon's nephew Henri Ratti (born the year after Gordon left for Australia) correctly told the *Norwood News* on 26 December 1913 that his uncle was born in Cheltenham.

Waller recently wrote that "So firmly have the contents of earlier biographies been accepted that, despite three primary sources providing evidence for the Charlton Kings birth, key Gordon references and organisations still perpetuate the myth that Lindsay was born in the Azores, despite a complete lack of documentary evidence."

She also recently told me, "I was astonished at how the myth of Gordon's birth can still persist, until I realised that none of his biographers actually knew him, and they all wrote about him well after his death.

There were very few people left who would have known him during his boyhood."

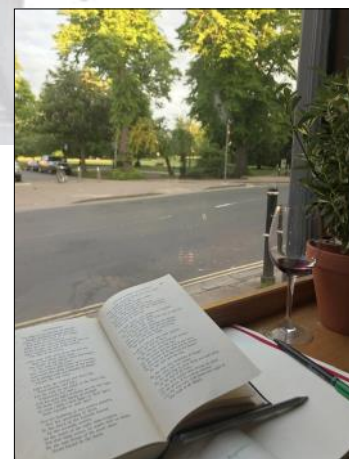
Gordon is not a prominent figure in contemporary Cheltenham. Waller remarked that "sadly Cheltenham appears to have lost interest in Gordon – perhaps he is out of fashion?" Quite possibly true. For both Australia and England.

It remains somewhat baffling as to how the myth of the Azores birthplace has lived on for so many years. Gordon was known in Australia to be reticent about discussing his past in England. But even so, family and friends in England and Australia never sought to correct biographies that came out during their lifetimes. His widow Maggie Park corrected some facts of his life but never this. Perhaps she never knew his place of birth or did Gordon tell her the Azores tale? No one will ever know.

Gordon lived beyond his tragic suicide in 1870 more as myth than man. The story of his birth upon a rocky, volcanic isle in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean provided a solid foundation for a mythical life. But Charlton Kings also has its own touch of magic. It was here 30 years after Gordon's birth that the Reverend Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, met a young girl related to some friends. Her name was Alice Liddell. She must have made an impression on Reverend Dodgson because she would go on to be immortalised as Alice in Wonderland. Gordon and Alice. Two mythical creatures born in Charlton Kings.

"For we have played in childhood there  
Beneath the hawthorn's bough"  
Adam Lindsay Gordon

Lindsay Smelt was hard at work when  
in Cheltenham, England.  
Photos by Lindsay Smelt



Adam Lindsay Gordon



### HENRY KENDALL ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

From "Death of the Australian Bush Poet"  
Phil Lorimer's Last Journey  
A romantic, roaming life-From his own lips  
To an Argus reporter-How he met Kendall  
and Gordon.

*The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate  
(Parramatta, NSW : 1888 - 1919), Saturday 13 Nov  
1897 Pg 8*

Henry Kendall introduced me to Adam Lindsay Gordon in Melbourne. Kendall and I were walking up Flinders-street when we met Gordon. We had a couple of shillings altogether, and we went and lunched at a bar.



Henry Kendall

We tossed up for the remaining sixpence, and Kendall won it. That night we left Gordon going out to Brighton, and Kendall and I dropped into a graveyard between Melbourne and Dandenong. We slept on the tombstones that night, and in the morning were startled to hear the newsboys singing out, 'Death of Adam Lindsay Gordon.' Gordon was very down-hearted on the last day we met. He was worrying over his poems, and was afraid Menzies (Massina?) would make a mess of them. It was the same night that Kendall wrote in the Dandenong cemetery 'Voices Through the Oaks.'

*From source unknown.*

Kendall was unable to find enough money even to attend the poet's funeral. In a distracted condition he wrote to his friend George Gordon McCrae, a fellow member of the Yorick Club, pointing out that he was unable to share the expenses of a cab to the funeral with a Mr. Kane. Although McCrae at once sent scouts forth, Kendall, completely shattered at the tragedy of Gordon's suicide, was not to be found. Later McCrae had received a letter from Kendall which had firstly been addressed to A.L. Gordon Esq., but Gordon's name had been struck out and that of McCrae substituted. His note had been preserved and despite the alteration on the envelope, the salutation inside was not changed. It read:

*"Dear Gordon, At 4pm this afternoon I haven't the money to spare, or I would attend. Indeed I am penniless. Yours truly, Henry Kendall."*

#### HENRY KENDALL IN MEMORIAM ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

At rest! Hard by the margin of that sea  
Whose sounds are mingled with his noble verse  
Now lies the shell that never more will house  
The fine strong spirit of my gifted friend.  
Yea, he who flashed upon us suddenly,  
A shining soul with syllables of fire,  
Who sang the first great songs these lands can  
claim  
To be their own; the one who did not seem  
To know what royal place awaited him  
Within the Temple of the Beautiful,  
Has passed away; and we who knew him sit  
Aghast in darkness, dumb with that great grief  
Whose stature yet we cannot comprehend;  
While over yonder churchyard, hearsed with  
pines,  
The night wind sings its immemorial hymn,  
And sobs above a newly-covered grave.  
The bard, the scholar, and the man who lived  
That frank, that open-hearted life which keeps  
The splendid fire of English chivalry  
From dying out; the one who never wronged  
A fellow man; the faithful friend who judged  
The many, anxious to be loved of him  
By what he saw, and not by what he heard,  
As lesser spirits do; the brave, great soul  
That never told a lie, or turned aside  
To fly from danger—he, as I say, was one  
Of that bright company this sin-stained world  
Can ill afford to lose.

They did not know,  
The hundreds who had read his sturdy verse  
And revelled over ringing major notes,  
The mournful meaning of the undersong  
Which runs through all he wrote, and often takes  
The deep autumnal, half-prophetic tone  
Of forest winds in March; nor did they think  
That on that healthy-hearted man there lay  
The wild specific curse which seems to cling  
Forever to the Poet's twofold life!  
To Adam Lindsay Gordon, I who laid  
Two years ago on Lionel Michael's grave  
A tender leaf of my regard; yea I  
Who culled a garland from the flowers of song  
To place where Harpur sleeps; I, left alone,  
The sad disciple of a shining band  
Now gone—to Adam Lindsay Gordon's name  
I dedicate these lines; and if 'tis true  
That, past the darkness of the grave, the soul  
Becomes omniscient, then the bard may stoop  
From his high seat to take the offering,  
And read it with a sigh for human friends,  
In human bonds, and grey with human griefs.

Of Interest: James Lionel Michael (1824–1868)  
AUSTRALIAN DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY  
<http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/michael-james-lionel-4193>

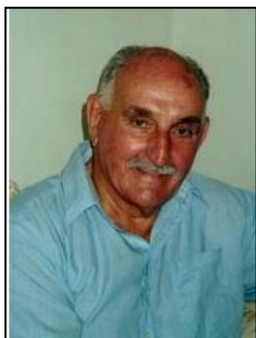
Charles Harpur (1813–1868)  
<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/193378845/charles-harpur>  
<http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/harpur-charles-2158>



# **VALE BRUCE DAWE 15.2.1930 – 1.4.2020**

Was an Australian poet, considered by some as one of the most influential Australian poets of all time.

*Article from The Brisbane Writers Festival 2003*



Widely recognized as Australia's most popular poet, Bruce Dawe was born in Fitzroy, Victoria, in 1930, and was educated at Northcote High School, Melbourne. After leaving school at 16, he worked in various occupations (labourer, farmhand, clerk, sawmill-hand, gardener, and postman) before joining the RAAF in 1959. He left the RAAF in 1968 and began a teaching career at Downlands College, Toowoomba, in 1969. He holds 4 university degrees (B.A., M.Litt., M.A., Ph.D.) – all completed by part-time study.

He was appointed as Lecturer at the DDIAE in 1971, became a Senior Lecturer in 1980, and an Associate Professor following the status change to the University of Southern Queensland. He was awarded the inaugural DDIAE Award for Excellence in Teaching in 1988. He retired from full-time teaching in 1993, and was appointed as the first Honorary Professor of USQ, in recognition of his contribution to the University. He has taught U3A classes ever since his retirement from full-time teaching.

Bruce Dawe was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Letters by USQ for his services to literature in 1995. In 1996 he was awarded a Distinguished Alumni Award by the University of New England. In 1997 Dr Dawe was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Letters by the University of New South Wales.

Bruce Dawe has published 12 books of poetry, one book of short stories, one book of essays, and has edited two other books. Many articles have been published dealing with his writings. *Adjacent Worlds: A Literary Life of Bruce Dawe*, written by Professor Ken Goodwin, was published by Longman Cheshire, in 1988. A study of his work written by Peter Kuch was published in the Oxford Australian Authors series in 1995. A further study of his work, *Attuned to Alien Moonlight: the Poetry of Bruce Dawe*, by Dennis Haskell, UQP, was published in 2002. There are also 12 study guides for students of his work written by various authors.

Bruce Dawe has received numerous awards for his poetry, including: the Ampol Arts Award for Creative Literature (1967), the Grace Leven Poetry Prize (1978), the Braille Book of the Year (1979), the Myer Poetry Prize (1965, 1968), the Patrick White Literary Award (1980), the Christopher Brennan Award (1984). In 1984, Dawe's collected edition, *Sometimes Gladness*, was named by the National Book Council as one of the 10 best books published in Australia in the previous ten years and is presently in its 5th edition. In 1990, he was awarded a Paul Harris Fellowship of Rotary International. In 1992, Dawe was awarded the Order of Australia (AO) for his contribution to Australian literature. In 1997 he was awarded the Inaugural Philip Hodgins Medal for Literary Excellence. In 2000 he was awarded an Art Council Emeritus Writers Award for his long and outstanding contribution to Australian literature. In 2003 Dawe was awarded a Centenary Medal "for distinguished service to the arts through poetry".

Bruce Dawe's most recent books to 2003 are: *This Side of Silence: Poems, 1987-1990*; *Bruce Dawe: Essays and Opinions*; *Mortal Instruments: Poems, 1990-1995*; *Sometimes Gladness: Collected Poems, 1954-1997*, and *A Poet's People* (1999) (all published by Addison Wesley Longman). Bruce Dawe wrote the lyrics for the children's theatre play, *Aesop's Fables*, performed in the Arts Theatre, USQ, Toowoomba, in April 2000. He also wrote the lyrics for the musical play, *Muscle Dance*, based on the life of polio crusader, Sister Elizabeth Kenny. This was performed in the Empire Theatre in Toowoomba in early August, the same year. Bruce Dawe is presently working on the lyrics for a musical based on the life of Houdini. During 2002 the first of his children's books were published by Penguin: *No Cat – and That's That* and *The Chewing Gum Kid* both of which are already in reprint. A third children's book, *Show and Tell*, also by Penguin, is due for release this year, as is *The Headlong Traffic – poems and prose monologues* (Longman). A chapbook, *Towards a War: Twelve Reflections* (Picaro Press), was also published in 2003.

## **Life Cycle by Bruce Dawe**

When children are born in Victoria  
they are wrapped in club-colours, laid in beribboned cots,  
having already begun a lifetime's barracking.

Carn, they cry, Carn... feebly at first  
while parents playfully tussle with them  
possession of a rusk: Ah, he's a little Tiger! (And they are... )

Hoisted shoulder-high at their first League game  
they are like innocent monsters who have been years swimming  
towards the daylight's roaring empyrean

Until, now, hearts shrapnelled with rapture,  
they break surface and are forever lost,  
their minds rippling out like streamers

In the pure flood of sound, they are scarfed with light, a voice  
like the voice of God booms from the stands  
Ooohh you bludger! and the covenant is sealed.

Hot pies and potato-crisps they will eat,  
hey will forswear the Demons, cling to the Saints  
and behold their team going up the ladder into Heaven,

And the tides of life will be the tides of the home-team's fortunes  
— the reckless proposal after the one-point win,  
the wedding and honeymoon after the grand-final...

They will not grow old as those from the more northern States grow  
old,  
for them it will always be three-quarter-time  
with the scores level and the wind advantage in the final term,

That pattern persisting, like a race-memory, through the welter of  
seasons,  
enabling old-timers by boundary fences to dream of resurgent lions  
and centaurs-figures from the past to replenish continually the present,

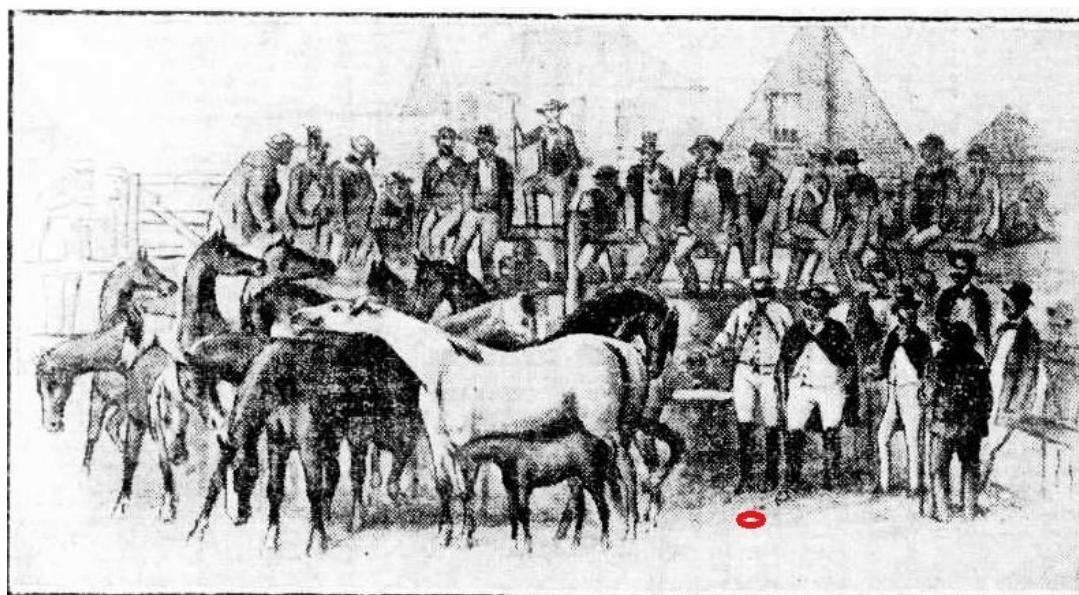
So that mythology may be perpetually renewed  
and Chicken Smallhorn return like the maize-god  
in a thousand shapes, the dancers changing

But the dance forever the same — the elderly still  
loyally crying Carn... Carn... (if feebly) unto the very end,  
having seen in the six-foot recruit from Eaglehawk their hope of salva-  
tion.

## **An analysis of "Life Cycle" Link**



**Photo Creative Commons link**



Back yard of Black Swan Hotel, Adelaide, 1857, by Glover. Auctioneer, Patterson (chairman of Stock Exchange).  
In right-hand group are Adam Lindsay Gordon, C. B. Fisher, Hurtle Fisher, Bagot, and others.

*The Australasian 11 Oct 1919 p2*

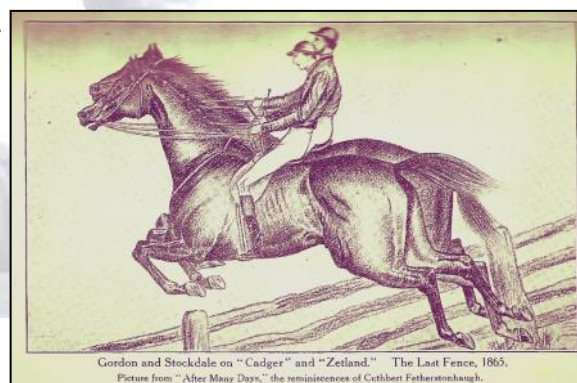
## A SKETCH IN MEMORIAM BY THE AUSTRALASIAN 2 JULY 1870 P10

**The circumstances attending the melancholy death of this gentleman**, so well known in the steeplechase world of this colony have by this time become so familiar to the public that we need not recur to them more than briefly to state that he put an end to his existence yesterday week in the scrub near his residence at Brighton, by shooting himself through the head with a rifle.

There can be little doubt the rash act was perpetrated during a fit of temporary insanity brought on by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, which, preying on a naturally excitable disposition, upset the balance of his mind, and rendered him for the time not a master of his actions.

As an accomplished scholar and the writer of poetry, much of it above average merit, full justice has already been done to Mr. Gordon in our columns. He was an occasional contributor to this department of *The Australasian*, both in prose and verse, and although his compositions were at times rambling and eccentric, there was a force and vigour about them that made them always most acceptable. An article on the Arab horse which appeared about a twelve-month ago was in his best style, written under the nom de plume of Dervish; and in verse his "Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup" was equal to anything of the same kind that has ever appeared in print.

But Mr. Gordon could not only write galloping rhymes, he was a good practical exponent of the art of horsemanship. As a steeplechase rider no one has acquired a higher reputation in this colony, and if ever a man revelled in the idea of galloping over the stiff timber fences of Victoria, Mr. Gordon was that man. He has often ridden in, and won the great cross-country events, and at one steeplechase meeting, that of the Melbourne Hunt Club, in October, 1868, he rode in and won three steeple-chases in one day — the Hunt Club Cup, on Major Baker's Babbler; the Metropolitan Steeplechase, on Viking; and the Selling Steeplechase, on his own horse Cadger. At the subsequent V.R.C. Spring Meeting, he won the Steeplechase on Viking, beating Babbler, Ingleside, and Western. At Ballarat, he has ridden many a cross-country winner, and it was there, that in December, 1865, he won the Steeplechase, on Ballarat, the celebrated steeplechase horse, which he soon after sold to Mr. Watson, and in whose hands the horse acquired so great a name.



Gordon and Stockdale on "Cadger" and "Zetland." The Last Fence, 1865.  
Picture from "After Many Days," the reminiscences of Cuthbert Fetherstonhaugh.



Mr. Gordon was more a bold and resolute rider than what would be termed a finished horse-man. No man could take every ounce out of a horse better than he could, and no man could tell a horse in more unmistakable language that a rider with an iron will and unflinching determination was on his back. If he had a weakness, it was for forcing the pace, and picking out the biggest panel; and if he had a failing as a jockey, it was at the finish of a race, where fine hands and artistic riding are often called into requisition. Then only was he inferior to such men as Mr. Mount, Johnsson, or Wakefield. His tall spare figure, and somewhat eccentric get up, were familiar to all lovers of steeple-chasing in this colony, and no man that ever rode here was a greater public favourite, and enjoyed public confidence more than he did. "Here comes Gordon" was a common expression, as, generally last from the saddling-paddock, he was seen cantering down the course. We have said he was usually the last from the saddling-paddock; and as showing how some minds are actuated by trivial circumstances, we have been informed more than once by him that it was a rule he made always to be "last out" when he was going to ride a Steeplechase. His manner of sitting a horse over a big fence was quite unique, and no one who had once witnessed his peculiar habit of throwing himself back in the saddle as the horse surmounted the obstacle, could ever afterwards mistake him.

As a rider to hounds he was always there, or thereabouts, no matter how stiff a country had to be crossed, the stiffer the better for him; but it seemed to us that he enjoyed hunting only for riding's sake, and was equally as happy whether the hounds were racing after a deer or a drag, so long as they went fast enough, and the timber was big enough to test the cleverness of the horses and the pluck of their riders.

It was in the steeplechase his heart was set, and as a steeple-chase rider he will be long remembered. Latterly, Mr. Gordon had received some severe falls, by which he was very much shaken more particularly when he was riding Prince Rupert in the V.R.C. Steeplechase last autumn, when he lay a long time stunned and bleeding. His head was then much affected, and it cannot be doubted that the repeated falls he has sustained must have done very serious harm to his constitution, notwithstanding it was of the most robust. No man led a more active, healthy, and temperate life, as he was a great walker and an excellent swimmer, and could endure any amount of fatigue. His reputation as a rider had extended even to the old country, where it was reported in *The Field* that there was only one man in Australia who could sit a buckjumper, and that was Mr. Gordon. Certainly it was an amusement he was very partial to, and one in which he generally came off with the upper hand.

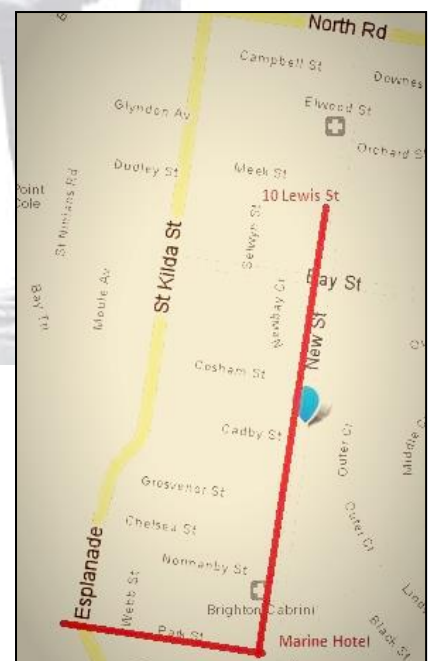
It is a singular coincidence, that two of the best amateur steeplechase jocks that the world has seen should have both died within a short period of each other. The news of Mr. Edwards's death only reached us by last mail. He was killed accidentally, when riding in the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool. Would that we could have chronicled a similar fate for the "Edwards" of Victoria, rather than be writing this in memoriam sketch, under the sorrowful circumstances attending the latter's death.



*Marcuse Christmas Card  
From The Brighton Vic.  
Historical Society*



*The walk from  
Lewis Street to  
Brighton Beach*



### Australia's biggest children's poetry awards

Aspiring young poets from across the country are encouraged to enter in the Dorothea Mackellar Poetry Awards, Australia's longest-running annual poetry competition for children.

**Entries will be accepted until 30 June** and the winners will be announced in early September.

Visit [www.dorothea.com.au](http://www.dorothea.com.au) for details

### THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON



Compiled by  
John W. Adams & Travis M. Sellers

**For the first time**, an encyclopedia has been compiled of the people, places and the poetry associated with Adam Lindsay Gordon. With over 300 entries it is a comprehensive coverage but, by no means complete. *The Encyclopedia of Adam Lindsay Gordon*, which covers a large portion of his life and poetry, has been compiled predominantly by John W Adams and Travis M Sellers with contributions from various relevant and authoritative sources. This edition was limited to members only. **A reminder to members that you have a copy of the encyclopaedia reserved for purchase until the end of July. If you haven't purchased your copy (\$20) please do so or your reserved copy will be made available to another buyer.** There are still 14 members who haven't taken up the offer.

No doubt, in future we will continue to receive further suggested additions of people, places and other associations with Gordon to add ... another edition for another day!

*Through the publication of this encyclopedia, we hope to introduce Gordon to a new audience of readers while keeping Gordon's memory evergreen.*

"STOP PRESS". We're currently looking into holding a gathering at Gordon's statue on Sat 20 June (time to be confirmed), subject to approval from RHSV that the event will be covered by our public liability. We'll then email supporters and members but not the general public if we receive the ok to go ahead. If the event is held it will be done in strict accordance with the social distancing rules in place at the time and other common sense practices that we will relay to members/supporters in due course.

Photo by Andrew Lutz



**Provincial and Country Race Day – 20 June 2020** – celebrates the history and achievements of country and provincial race clubs across Victoria with a proposed "Adam Lindsay Gordon race, held 'in perpetuity'". Please see the VRC page closer to the day. <https://www.flemington.com.au/calendar/2020-06-20/provincial-and-country-race-day>

Photo by Ian Adams

**A REMINDER TO MEMBERS AND SUPPORTERS** Annual membership becomes due on 1st July for the year to 30th June 2021. Members can renew online; Annual Renewal is \$15 **Please include your name.**

Bank: Bendigo Bank Limited

Account name: The Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee Inc.

BSB: 633-000

Account: 129958567 New members can join via our website. <https://adamlindsaygordon.org/joining/>

"Is ink so very expensive, father?"  
"Why, no, what makes you think so?"  
"Well, mother seems quite disturbed  
because I spilled some on the hall carpet"

