



ISSUE 55—SEPTEMBER 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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THE ADAM LINDSAY
GORDON
COMMEMORATIVE
COMMITTEE INC.
(A0049425F)

PATRON SINCE 2010
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AUSTRALIA

WATTLE DAY IN AUSTRALIA SEPTEMBER FIRST Photo by the ALGCC



POEMS OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON THAT INCLUDE WATTLE

Ye Wearie Wayfarer, Ballad In Eight
Fyttes.

Fytte 1

By Wood and Wold

[A Preamble]

"Beneath the greenwood bough."—W.
Scott.

Lightly the breath of the spring wind blows,
Though laden with faint perfume,
'Tis the fragrance rare that the bushman
knows,

The scent of the wattle bloom.

Fytte VIII

Finis Exoptatus

[A Metaphysical Song]

Hark! the bells on distant cattle

Waft across the range;

Through **the golden-tufted wattle**,
Music low and strange;

Through the overhanging branches
Of **the wattle trees**:
Onward! to the Southern Ocean,
Glides the breath of Spring.

**A Dedication
to the Author of "Holmby House"**
In the Spring, when the **wattle gold** trembles

Whisperings in Wattle-Boughs

Oh, gaily sings the bird! and **the wattle-**
boughs are stirr'd

And rustled by the scented breath of spring;
Oh, the dreary longing! Oh, the
faces that are wistful!

Oh, the voices that are vaguely whispering!

Oh, harshly screams the bird! and **the wattle-**
bloom is stirr'd!

There's a sullen, weird-like whisper in the
bough:

"Aye, kneel, and pray, and weep, but HIS BE-
LOVED SLEEP
CAN NEVER BE DISTURB'D BY SUCH AS
THOU!!"

Wormwood and Nightshade

What might have been!—words of folly;

What might be!—speech for a fool;

With mistletoe round me, and holly,

Scarlet and green, at Yule.

With the elm in the place **of the wattle**,

And in lieu of the gum, the oak,

Years back I believed a little,

And as I believed I spoke.



WHISPERINGS IN WATTLE-BOUGHS Click for sound, then minimise, on compatible computers

OH, gaily sings the bird, and the wattle-boughs are stirr'd
And rustled by the scented breath of spring ;
Oh, the dreary, wistful longing ! Oh, the faces that are thronging !
Oh, the voices that are vaguely whispering !

Oh, tell me, father mine, ere the good ship cross'd the brine,
On the gangway one mute hand-grip we exchanged,
Do you, past the grave, employ, for your stubborn reckless boy,
Those petitions that in life were ne'er estranged ?

Oh, tell me, sister dear, parting word and parting tear
Never pass'd between us ;—let me bear the blame.
Are you living, girl, or dead ? bitter tears since then I've shed
For the lips that lisp'd with mine a mother's name.

Oh, tell me, ancient friend, ever ready to defend,
In our boyhood, at the base of life's long hill,
Are you waking yet, or sleeping ? have you left this vale of weeping?
Or do you, like our comrade, linger still ?

Oh, whisper, buried love, is there rest and peace above ?
There is little hope or comfort here below ;
On your sweet face lies the mould, and your bed is strait and cold—
Near the harbour where the sea-tides ebb and flow.

.

All silent—they are dumb—and the breezes go and come
With an apathy that mocks at man's distress ;
Laugh, scoffer, while you may ! I could bow me down and pray
For an answer that might stay my bitterness.

Oh, harshly screams the bird ! and the wattle-bloom is stirr'd !
There's a sullen weird-like whisper in the bough :
'Aye, kneel, and pray, and weep, but HIS BELOVED SLEEP
CAN NEVER BE DISTURB'D BY SUCH AS THOU !!'

Adam Lindsay Gordon

Published in 'Sea Spray and Smoke Drift' (1867). (Photo Creative Commons Australian wattle" by WindoC). Link <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.0/>

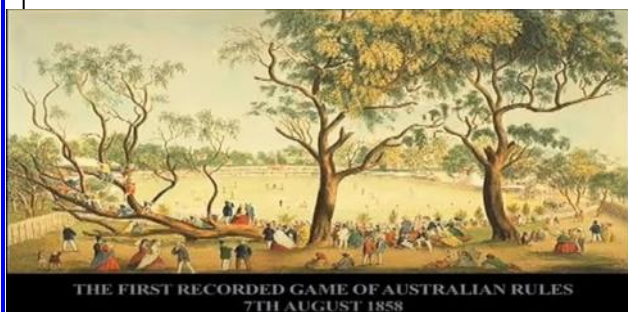
**Ye Wearie Wayfarer
Fytte IV: In Utrumque Paratus
[A Logical Discussion]**

'Then hey for boot and horse, lad !
And round the world away !
Young blood will have its course, lad !
And every dog his day !'—*C. Kingsley.*

THERE'S a formula which the west country clowns
Once used, ere their blows fell thick,
At the fairs on the Devon and Cornwall downs,
In their bouts with the single-stick.
You may read a moral, not far amiss,
If you care to moralize,
In the crossing guard, where the ash-plants kiss,
To the words 'God spare our eyes.'



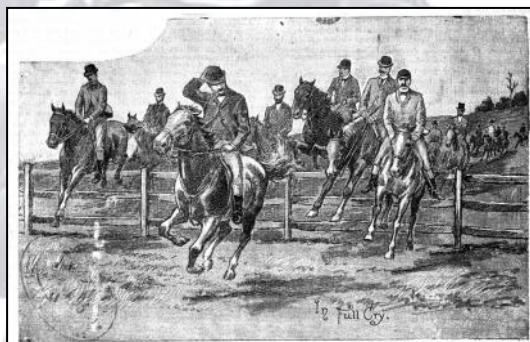
LINK TO YOUTUBE STICK FIGHTING
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MZHxNLW7fY>



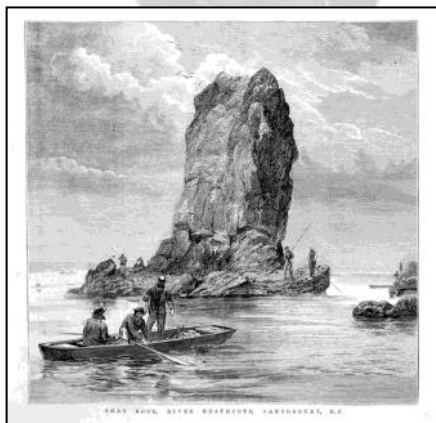
LINK TO YOUTUBE TOM WILLS
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fv6dAoUcSrM>
Introduced over-arm bowling to cricket and formed the rules for Australian Football.

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way.
If you hold the willow, **a shooter from Wills**
May transform you into a hopper,
And **the football meadow** is rife with spills,
If you feel disposed for a cropper ;

In a rattling gallop with **hound and horse**
You may chance to reverse the medal
On the sward, with the saddle your loins across,
And your hunter's loins on the saddle ;
In the stubbles you'll find it hard to frame
A remonstrance firm, yet civil,
When oft as 'our mutual friend' takes aim,
Long odds may be laid on the rising game,
And against your gaiters level ;



Hunting SLV Accession no IAN01 07 95 13 Melbourne Hunt Club



SLV Accession no: IAN06 08 77 113
Shag Rock Heathcote River Canterbury NZ

There's danger even **where fish are caught**
To those who a wetting fear ;
For what's worth having must ay be bought,
And sport's like life, and life's like sport,
'It ain't all skittles and beer.'

The honey bag lies close to the sting,
The rose is fenced by the thorn,
Shall we leave to others their gathering,
And turn from clustering fruits that cling
To the garden wall in scorn?
Albeit those purple grapes hang high,
Like the fox in the ancient tale,
Let us pause and try, ere we pass them by,
Though we, like the fox, may fail.



"2 for 1 bees" by crawford orthodontics is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 2.0.

"027" by keepps is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 2.0



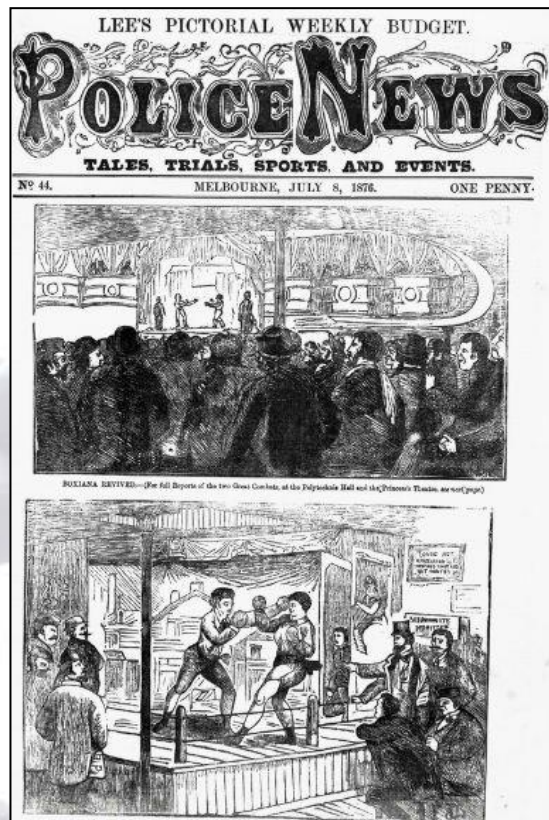
All hurry is worse than useless ; think
On the adage, 'Tis pace that kills ;'
Shun bad tobacco, avoid strong drink,
Abstain from Holloway's pills,
Wear woollen socks, they're the best you'll find,
Beware how you leave off flannel ;
And whatever you do, don't change your mind
When once you have picked your panel ;

Look before you leap, if you like, but if
You mean leaping, don't look long,
Or the weakest place will soon grow stiff,
And the strongest doubly strong ;
As far as you can, to every man,
Let your aid be freely given,
And hit out straight, 'tis your shortest plan,
When against the ropes you're driven.

Mere pluck, though not in the least sublime,
Is wiser than blank dismay,
Since 'No sparrow can fall before its time,'
And we're valued higher than they ;
So hope for the best and leave the rest
In charge of a stronger hand,
Like the honest boors in the far-off west,
With the formula terse and grand.

They were men for the most part rough and rude,
Dull and illiterate,
But they nursed no quarrel, they cherished no feud,
They were strangers to spite and hate ;
In a kindly spirit they took their stand,
That brothers and sons might learn
How a man should uphold the sports of his land,
And strike his best with a strong right hand,
And take his strokes in return.
'Twas a barbarous practice,' the Quaker cries,
'Tis a thing of the past, thank heaven'—
Keep your thanks till the combative instinct dies
With the taint of the olden leaven ;
Yes, the times are changed, for better or worse,
The prayer that no harm befall
Has given its place to a drunken curse,
And the manly game to a brawl.

Adam Lindsay Gordon



Caption: Boxiana Revived. The two great combats at the Polytechnic Hall Bourke Street and The Princess Theatre Spring Street Melbourne.

Boxing SLV Accession no PN08 07 76 00

Boxiana is the title given to a series of volumes of prizefighting articles written by the English sportswriter and journalist [Pierce Egan](#), and part-published by [George Smeeton](#) in the 1810s. Egan wrote magazine articles about the bareknuckle forerunner of [boxing](#), which at that time was conducted under the [London Prize Ring rules](#), and was outlawed in England. A devoted follower of boxing, Egan called it "The Sweet Science of Bruising." Periodically he would gather his boxing articles in a bound volume and publish them under the title *Boxiana; or Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism*. The first volume was published in 1813 (although the title page reads 1812, due to the arrangement, common at the time, where the book was sent to [subscribers](#) in installments before being released to the public.) Five more volumes followed, in 1818, 1821, 1824, 1828, and 1829. The fourth volume (1824) was by 'Jon Bee' (following a legal dispute between Egan and the publishers). The court granted Egan continued use of the *Boxiana* title provided that he also used the wording 'New Series'. Two volumes of Egan's *New Series Boxiana* were published in 1828-29.

Plate. III
Judges XVI. Ver. 21. *Philistines took him. &c*



Delilah's treachery to Samson

Dost thou think that thy God, in His anger,
Will trifle with nature's great laws,
And slacken those sinews in languor
That battled so well in His cause ?
Will He take back that strength He has given,
Because to the pleasures of youth
Thou yieldest ? Nay, God-like, in heaven,
He laughs at such follies, forsooth.

Oh ! were I, for good or for evil,
As great and as gifted as thou,
Neither God should restrain me, nor devil,
To none like a slave would I bow.
If fate must indeed overtake thee,
And feebleness come to thy clay,
Pause not till thy strength shall forsake thee,
Enjoy it the more in thy day.

Oh ! fork'd-tongue of adder, by her pent
In smooth lips !—oh, Sybarite, blind !
Oh, woman allied to the serpent !
Oh, beauty with venom combined !
Oh, might overcoming the mighty !
Oh, glory departing ! oh, shame !
Oh, altar of false Aphrodite,
What strength is consumed in thy flame.



SAMSON AND DELILAH (FROM A PICTURE)

Click for sound, then minimise, on compatible computers

THE sun has gone down, spreading wide on
The sky-line one ray of red fire ;
Prepare the soft cushions of Sidon,
Make ready the rich loom of Tyre.
The day, with its toil and its sorrow,
Its shade, and its sunshine, at length
Has ended ; dost fear for the morrow,
Strong man, in the pride of thy strength ?

Like fire-flies, heavenward clinging,
They multiply, star upon star ;
And the breeze a low murmur is bringing
From the tents of my people afar.
Nay, frown not, I am but a Pagan,
Yet little for these things I care ;
'Tis the hymn to our deity Dagon,
That comes with the pleasant night-air.

It shall not disturb thee, nor can it ;
See, closed are the curtains, the lights
Gleam down on the cloven pomegranate,
Whose thirst-slaking nectar invites ;
The red wine of Hebron glows brightly
In yon goblet—the draught of a king ;
And through the silk awning steals lightly
The sweet song my handmaidens sing.

Strong chest, where her drapery rustles,
Strong limbs by her black tresses hid
Not alone by the might of your muscles
Yon lion was rent like a kid !
The valour from virtue that sunders,
Is reft of its nobler part ;
And Lancelot's arm may work wonders,
But braver is Galahad's heart.

Sleep sound on that breast fair and ample ;
Dull brain, and dim eyes, and deaf ears,
Feel not the cold touch on your temple,
Heed not the faint clash of the shears.
It comes !—with the gleam of the lamps on
The curtains—that voice—does it jar
On thy soul in the night-watch ? Ho ! Samson,
Upon thee the Philistines are.
Published in 'Sea Spray and Smoke Drift' (1867).

GORDON'S BLUE LAKE LEAP AT MOUNT GAMBIER REPEATED BY LANCE SKUTHORPE (*Gilgandra Weekly and Castlereagh Thu 31 Aug 1933 Page 2*)

Kilmore Free Press (Kilmore, Vic. : 1870 - 1954), Thursday 13 January 1927, page 2



Mr. Lance Skuthorpe, senr., The well-known Australian horseman writes to the Coonamble "Times" concerning Gordon's leap as follows :-

I repeated the Adam Lindsay Gordon Leap on the Blue Lake, at Mount Gambier (South Australia) . It was not to show the world that another man could do it; it was just to show the people of Mount Gambier that it could be done. There are four or five men still living in the Mount Gambier district who saw Gordon do the leap, and the young people who grew up since the days of Gordon were not prepared to believe that a horse could be made to jump the fence, which was four feet six inches high, and land on the edge of the cliff-fourteen feet from the fence. The slightest slip would mean death to horse and rider, as the cliff was 440 feet to the water.

The place was pointed out to me by the old hands that had seen Gordon do the leap.

"It was at the request of Mr. Livingston (a member of Parliament of S.A.) that I should see this leap and give them my opinion of it, and after thoroughly inspecting it I offered to back myself to do it. Ten men bet me £100 to £5 and they gave me seven tries on seven different horses. "I succeeded on a horse known as "Old Wallace." He was a pensioned off hunter, and I suppose one of the greatest jumper Australia had ever seen, or, perhaps, the world had ever known.

"I was invited to Government House , S.A. when Lord Tennyson was Governor, to give the Governor and Lady Tennyson and party an special exhibition of the old horse's jumping and buckjumping riding in a nice little paddock adjoining Government House. Their coachman claimed to be a great steeplechase rider from the Old Country, who understood the erecting of jumps. He supervised all the arrangements, and when I came up with "Old Wallace' and a few buckjumpers to give the display the coachman had erected a galvanised iron pipe stretched across from fork to fork to two posts eight feet apart. It was six feet high, with nothing beneath and no wings attached. I jumped "Old Wallace' over the bar facing Lord and Lady Tennyson and the jumped him back. Me who understand jumping would know what this would mean.

"I did not make any boast about doing the leap, but newspapers and the public took it on. I just treated it as an ordinary event. Although it is over 30 years ago I do not know how many people watched me do it but I would say there were 1000 people there. A lot of people were afraid to come close to the scene, as they expected horse and man to go clear over the cliff. (*A hole in the fence had to be made to get the horse back on to the road.*)

I exhibited the old horse all though Australia after I did the leap. It was worth 1/- to see him alone, apart from his abilities.

There is no doubt that other horsemen would have tried to accomplish the feat had the horses been available. The trouble was to induce a horse to look at the spot, which was like getting a wild cat to jump over a dead bullock.

THE LEAP IS PERFORMED AGAIN BY SAM MCGREGOR

IN THE BALLAD OF THE BLUE LAKE BUNYIP

Book The Bardunyah Ballads . Permission to Publish kindly given by the author Graham Jenkin and the publisher Ominbus Books for use at our Froth and Bubble Literary Festival,

BUT I s'pose you jokers want to know what made him disappear
For all these years: well I'll tell you boys (if you'll stand us another beer).
I was working for Jock McDougall then on the old Glen Dougall Downs,
In the days when there wasn't laws at all, and hardly any towns.
A mighty run Glen Dougall was -all virgin country then—
With bloodstock nags and scrubber bulls and a reckless bunch of men
I always have to laugh, you know, when I think of that reckless crew:
There wasn't nothing we wouldn't try and nothing we couldn't do !
Well it happens this day we were in The Mount, in the bar of the Bushman's Rest,
And drinking away with many a yarn and many a raucous jest,
And we talked of cattle and men and nags and women and dogs and sheep,
Till at last the conversation gets around to Gordon's Leap:
That famous leap old Gordon made to clear a six-foot hedge,
And land three hundred feet above the Lake on a narrer ledge.



The Bunyip

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.pic-an21971935>

CANTO II: SAM MCGREGOR'S LEAP OF THE BLUE LAKE MOUNT GAMBIER

BUT me old mate Sam (the gamest bloke that ever rode) was there;
He hears this talk of Gordon's Leap and he takes it as a dare.
For up jumps Sam McGregor boys, and fire was in his eye,
And he says: 'What a new-chum Pom can do, well a Currency Lad can try!'
What's more, I'll go one better " says he, 'and for this here quid at stake,
I'll mount me nag and jump him right acrost the flamin' Lake!'
'Acrost the Lake! ' we all yelled out- our eyes were open wide—
'Acrost the Lake! It's a good five hundred yards from side to side!'
Well this quid says I can,' says Mac, and he slams it on the bar,
Old Musket and me we'll have a go, I don't give a dam how far.
And for this here quid and a bottle of skee, I'm betting at ten to one,
And all youse blokes who want to see -we'll jump at the setting sun!'

SO just before the setting sun we rode towards the Lake,
And I was sad, when sunset come, for Sam McGregor's sake.
And I begged old Sam to call it off; to think a bit more steady:
That treacherous Lake had cost his family dear enough already.
For 'twas his bullock-driving dad who gave the Lake its hue,
When his wagon went in -load and all- ten tons of Reckitt's Blue!

But me old mate Sam, he wouldn't budge: 'The bets are laid,' says Mac.
'Cheer up old mate,' he says to me, and he belts me on the back,
For if we make the other side, these blokes will have to pay;
And if we don't? Well, after all, a bloke's got to go some day!
'And how can a cove die better, old mate, than facing fearful odds,
For a case of Old Corio and a tenner orf these sods!'"

WELL he handed me his roo-hide whip and he handed me his gun,
Then he waved his hat and off he rode to make his fateful run.
And Musket knew what he had to do and he had his rider's trust,
And back they tore towards the Lake in a galloping roar of dust! M
And we heard him yell, 'Up Musket, up!' with twenty yards to spare,
And we saw them bound like an old buck 'roo and shoot up in the air .
And all them jokers standing there, they hoped they'd lose their bet,
And we all of us thought when we saw that leap: Old Mac might make it yet!

BUT fate was all against it, 'cos we'd all forgot in town
That Blue Lake Bill the Bunyip rose when the sun was going down.
And sure enough he rises to the surface of the Lake,
Just when Sam was jumping acrost with his money and life at stake!
But you should'a seen that bunyip's dial! Well strike me pink and dead,
He did look scared when he seen old Sam go flying overhead!
They've come for me! They've come for me!' we heard that bunyip cry,
'I'm done for now this fiendish man has taught his horse to fly!'
And all us jokers watching there acrost the other side,
We just lay on the ground and roared, and laughed until we cried.
I've seen some most peculiar things since I joined the human race,
But the funniest thing I ever seen was this frightened bunyip's face!

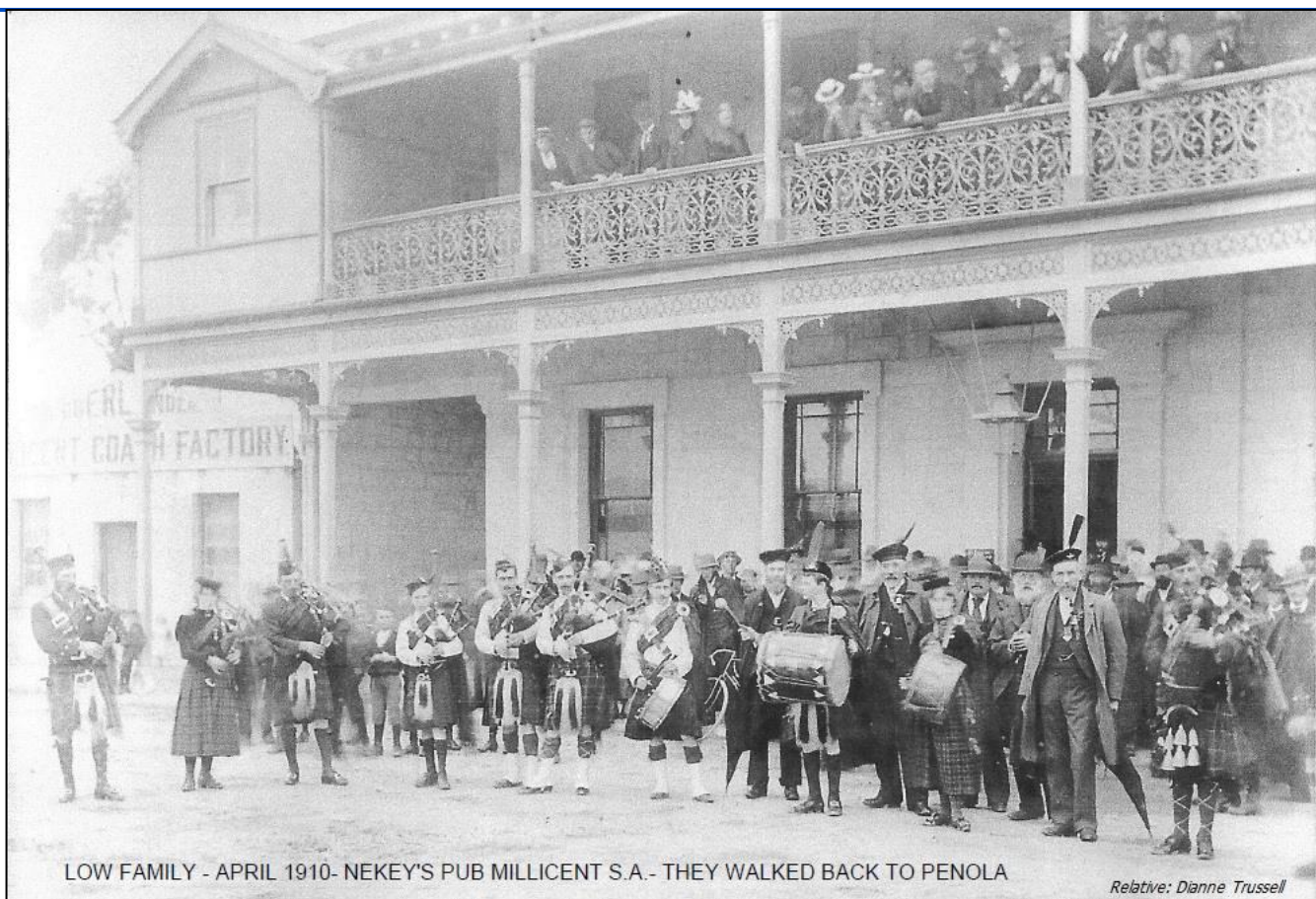
BUT Sam and Musket heard the noise and o'course they looked down too,
And when they seen his dial they laughed and laughed till they were blue.
But while they laugh so loud and long to see this screamin' sight,
They forget their 'elevation' and their 'straight and level flight'.
And while they laugh so loud and long to see this bunyip's face,
They forget the cliff is coming at an awful flamin' pace!
At last they see! But oh too late! Too late by half a jiff!
For horse and man are spread like jam acrost that fatal cliff!

EPILOGUE

THERE is no pub erected there, nor even a council seat,
For Sam McGregor missed his jump by six or seven feet.
There is no marble monument, and no proud statue stands,
And no memorial garden there is kept by loving hands.
There is no plaque to show the spot where Sam McGregor leapt.
There is no cross on the other side where Sam McGregor slept.
There is no arrow acrost the Lake to show the way he went—
There's only a dirty big hole in the cliff, that's known as 'McGregor's Dent'.
But at least old Sam did something more than Gordon ever did:
He scared that bunyip so darn much that he dived for his life and hid
In the bottom of that bottomless Lake, where he's been for all these years,
And it seems that only recently he's overcome his fears.
And it's going to be rather interesting to see, in the next few days,
If he's quite reformed -or whether he might go back to his bad old ways.
But anyway, when you hear these yarns the papers like to spin,
At least you jokers know the facts -you won't be taken in.
For though I'd be the last bloke here who likes a yarn to spoil,
I thought it was time you knew the truth: so I give yer the dinkum oil!



Wikipedia:- An 1882 illustration of an Aboriginal man telling the story of the bunyip to two European children.



LOW FAMILY - APRIL 1910- NEKEY'S PUB MILLICENT S.A.- THEY WALKED BACK TO PENOLA

Relative: Dianne Trussell

Scotsmen in South Australia. WHAT THEY HAVE DONE FOR THE COLONY.

[By H. E. Poole.]

'... the Scotch, forming as they do almost one fifth of the population of South Australia, exercise a great influence over its commercial, intellectual, moral, and religious life.

But not in this alone can Scotchmen claim to have been of benefit to this southern continent* The Land of the Thistle has given us great men.'

(8 November 1900, p. 17)

'It has been said, and with some degree of truth, that Australia has produced few writers of note.

But a remarkable fact is that South Australia's most prominent man in this direction is of Scotch parentage.

Adam Lindsay Gordon, the interpreter of Australian bush life—the wild spirit which animated the cold type of 'How we Beat the Favourite,' the reckless horseman who knew 'The Ride from the Wreck,' and the morbid suicide who wrote —

'On earth there's little worth a sigh, And nothing worth a tear,'

This man felt the bold blood of Scottish ancestry coursing through his veins, and remembered with pained regret the pedigree of Scottish lineage which he was unable to sustain.' (15 November 1900, p. 16)

150 YEARS SINCE THE DEATH OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (His Sesquicentenary) 24 June 1870-2020

Our Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative had planned an event for Saturday 20 June. The Royal Historical Society of Victoria had kindly made available their rooms for that afternoon, and the Australian Composer Xavier Brouwer was pleased to be asked to perform his "Sighs of Sorrow" which is the first dedicated modern classical song cycle on the poetry of Australia's first European poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. It is an emotional and psychological journey into the poet's mind."

WORLD PREMIERE RECORDING

YEAR: 2013

SINGER: Daniel Todd (Tenor)

PIANIST: Daniel Carter

SOUND ENGINEER: Frank Tearce

LOCATION: Miechel Studios, Melbourne



Available on Spotify and YouTube-The event was cancelled due to crowd control against the Covid 19 Virus



Photo Ian Adams

That Same Afternoon:

Race 9, the Adam Lindsay Gordon Handicap over 1100m at Flemington for \$100,000 prizemoney was won by 5yo gelding *I Am Someone*, carrying 56 kg, and ridden by Declan Bates. Trainer is Paul Preusker. 20 June was chosen to honour the poet and horseman because it is the closest day to the sesquicentenary of Gordon's death, and the VRC's Country Race Day.

Adam Lindsay Gordon had distinguished himself on the same racecourse 152 years ago when, on 10 October 1868, he won three major steeplechase races in one day, the final day of the VRC spring steeplechase meeting.

He won the Melbourne Hunt Club Cup on his friend Major Baker's big brown gelding Babbler, the Metropolitan Steeplechase on Viking, and then won the Selling Steeplechase in which he rode his faithful. Cadger was then sold to the highest bidder for £40.

A memorial plaque to honour this achievement was unveiled at Flemington Racecourse on 3 November 1956 by then Victorian Governor Sir Dallas Brooks. We are grateful to the Victorian Racing Club Committee for including our Adam Lindsay Gordon in their annual country race day. Our committee member Lorraine Day kindly provided the notes to accompany the race in the course race book.



In the morning of Sat 20 June amid a break in the lockdown restrictions in Victoria, a small group of committee members met at the **Gordon statue in Spring St** to mark the occasion of the 150th anniversary of Gordon's death. An informal speech by our acting Secretary, Travis M. Sellers touched on the topics of Gordon's link to slavery and Black Lives Matter; his short sightedness; and the history of the Gordon statue. We were especially pleased to have the presence of our patron, Janice Bate, accompanied by her sons, who laid a wreath, expertly prepared by our Vice-President, Vivienne Sellers".



SLV Accession
no: H33074

Zooming In at the Henry Lawson Society

To keep in touch and continue to recite and read the works of Henry Lawson, the Henry Lawson Society has now facilitated three meetings on Zoom. Hosted by their President, James Thomas, the first meeting was in May, then meetings in June and August on the third Saturday of the month. Participating members in these online forums agree that being with like-minded people has lifted their spirits. There's been much hilarity, camaraderie and enjoyment in seeing familiar faces and hearing familiar voices read Lawson's works as well as poems and stories of choice.

The Zoom meetings have also meant that regional members have a chance to join in. These online meetings will continue until restrictions are lifted in Melbourne and members have enjoyed coming together from the warmth of their homes during the winter months. BYO cuppa and cake has been a must.

Making use of ZOOM on Sunday 16 August, the following Adam Lindsay Gordon committee members were elected at the annual general meeting:

President: Russell Harrison

Vice-President: Vivienne Sellers

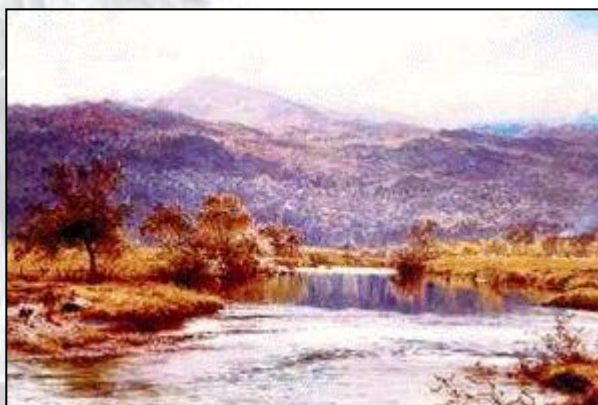
(Acting) Secretary: Travis M. Sellers

Treasurer: Travis M. Sellers

Ordinary Committee Members: Virginia Barnett, Lorraine Day, Jenny Odgers, and Joan Pretty.

Assisting the above office bearers is our patron, Janice Bate, and Life Member, John W. Adams. Their work and continual support is gratefully acknowledged.

Sincere appreciation is extended to those former members who have stepped down from office, in some instances, after many years of valued service. To Allan and Jenny Childs, Elrae Adams, Lindsay Smelt, and Terence Maher, thank you on behalf of all members and supporters.



[Click for sound then minimise on compatible computers](#)

DE TE (ABOUT YOU) V1
A BURNING glass of burnish'd brass,
The calm sea caught the noontide rays,
And sunny slopes of golden grass
And wastes of weed-flower seem to blaze.
Beyond the shining silver-greys,
Beyond the shades of denser bloom,
The sky-line girt with glowing haze,
The farthest faintest forest gloom,
And the everlasting hills that loom.

Adam Lindsay Gordon



Two motorists met on an outback road.
"How did you find the road further back?" asked one.
"Oh, fairly easy.
Most of it sticks up above the potholes."