

<i>Month & Year of Topic</i>	<i>Topic</i>	<i>Written & Spoken Presenters</i>
August 2003	Poets of Oatley	Rafe Kowron read Submitted poems. M. Clarke Icilio Severi Norma Gray G Kendall Moyra Kowron Albert Cuthbertson Lyn Brown

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OATLEY HERITAGE GROUP

MEETING DATE: 29 Aug. 2003

TOPIC: Poets of
Oatley.

PAPERS BY:

Norma Gray

George Kendall

M. Clarke

George Kendall

Moyia Lowron

Bert Cuthbertson Sr.

Lyn Brown

Comment : Glenn Stevens

A POETIC HERITAGE MEETING

*Rafe is chairing the meeting
Why isn't Alec there?
He's gone to Queensland touring
And hasn't got a care.*

*Glenn is taking the minutes
And all will be butting in
Excepting poor old George
Whose voice is rather thin.*

*Reports are nearly over
Apart from one on cash
Come on Ray, good fellow
Too late - He's made a dash.*

*"Poets of Oatley"
Is the topic for today
Here's hoping the standard gets better
Or they'll all be flushed away.*

Anons Apprentice

TOPICS

2002.11 - Artists of Oatley

2003.08 - Poets of Oatley

Icilio Martich Severi

Material on this man presented by
George Kendall
had been obtained from
Judith Martich
130 Bridge Road
Glebe 2037

(Presumably Icilio's daughter)

Cliff Crane, Archivist

**Poems submitted by
Norma Gray.**

Norma lived at the bottom of Gungah Bay Road. Her maiden name was Richards. She considered this her domain which consisted of the bushland and mangroves that encased the end of Gungah Bay. Incidentally the time period was in the 1930's

Mr. M. Clarke, a playmate's (Valerie Fordham), Grandfather wrote these poems. His home backed onto the bushland at the end of Mi Mi Street where Norma lived.

This is the place that gave him the inspiration to write these poems.

RICHARDS GLEN

A BUSH TRACK LURES YOU DOWNWARD,
 A CRAZY WINDING THING,
 THROUGH SCRUB & TREE & BRACKEN TALL
 YOU'LL HEAR THE GREY THRUSH SING.
 A COTTAGE NESTLES MIDST THE TREES
 FAR FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN,
 A LOVELY SPOT OF SWEET CONTENT
 WAY DOWN IN RICHARDS GLEN.

A TINY FUSSY WATERFALL
 GOES TINKLING DOWN THE DELL,
 THERE GROWS A CRIMSON CHRISTMAS BUSH
 AND GRACEFUL CHRISTMAS BELL.
 TALL TREE FERNS GROW WITH FRONDS OF GREEN
 THE GREATEST OF THEIR TRIBE
 AND UNDER NEATH THEIR COOLING SHADE
 WILD VIOLETS LOVE TO HIDE

A BROOKLET SMALL WITH SILVER SONG.
 IS WANDERING THROUGH THE BURNE,
 ALONG ITS BANKS GROW WILD AND FREE
 THE GRACEFULL MAIDEN FERN.
 THE SWEET SCENTED BORONIA & SILVER
 FLANNEL GROW
 AND STEALING O'ER THE GLEN YOU'LL HEAR
 THE SHE-OAKS WHISPERING LOW.

WHEN THE YEARS ARE FAR BEHIND ME
 I SHALL HEAR THE WILD WOODS CALL,
 UPON THE BUSH TRACK I SHALL WANDER
 WHERE THE SILVER WATERS FALL.
 I SHALL LINGER MIDST THE SPRENDOURS
 FAR BEYOND THE HAUNTS OF MEN,
 LET ME REST WITH GOLDEN MEMORIES
 WAY DOWN IN RICHARDS GLEN.

M. CLARKE

N. GRAY

A Bush track lures you downward,
 A crazy winding thing.
 Through scrub and tree and bracken tall
 You'll hear the grey thrush sing.
 A cottage nestles midst the trees
 far from the haunts of men,
 A lovely spot of sweet content
 way down in Richards Glen.

A tiny fussy waterfall goes tinkling down the dell,
 There grows a crimson christmas bush
 and the graceful christmas bell.
 Tall tree ferns grow with fronds of green,
 the greatest of their tribe
 and underneath their cooling shade
 wild violets love to hide.

A brooklet small with silver song
 is wandering through the burne,
 along its banks grow wild and free
 the gracefull maiden fern.
 The sweet scented beronia and silver flannel grow
 and stealing oer' the glen you'll hear
 the she-oaks whispering low.

And through the trees comes echoing,
 the coachman's ringing note,
 the music of the bell-bird around the air does float.
 On flashing wing the butcher bird
 you'll hear his flute-like song
 and Jacko jester of the bush
 laughs with the feathered throng.

Through latticed trees the river flows
 A wide and noble stream,
 the sloping hills and kingly trees
 they to the waters lean.
 Way in the blue the white gulls wheel,
 on silver tinted wing.
 On dark still nights far overhead
 you'll hear the black swans sing.

Ah! the beauty of the bush land
 the scent of swaying trees
 the sunlight on the river, the music in the breeze
 the glories of the spring time
 the waters flowing gold
 the colours in the sun-set beyond the tree-tops bold.



100% RECYCLED PAPER

MY HOME IN THE GLEN

I SIT MIDST THE DIN OF THE CITY
 A CITY OF WRECKS AND SIGHS,
 WHERE LIFE IS ONE GREAT ILLUSION
 AND HOPE ALMOST WITHERS AND DIES.
 BUT SOFT ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING,
 I HEAR THE SONG OF THE WREN
 I SMELL THE SCENT OF THE WILDWOOD
 I SEE MY HOME IN THE GLEN.

I TREAD THE WINDING PATHWAY
 LEADING DOWN TO THE GLADE,
 WHERE TALL TREES IN A MANTLE OF GREEN
 CAST A WONDEROUS SHADE.
 I SEE THE NOBLE RIVER
 ROLLING ON TO THE SEA,
 THE BROOK IS SOFTLY SINGING
 A WELCOME HOME TO ME.

THE BIRDS IN THE VALLEY ARE SINGING
 IT ECHOES THROUGH THE TREES
 THE DRAGON FLY SKIMS O'ER THE BROOKLET
 SOFT IS THE HUM OF THE BEES.
 EACH BUSH FLOWER SOFTLY TELLS ME
 HERE LIFE IS BEST,
 LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND YOU
 HERE IS YOUR HAVEN OF REST.

OFTIMES I FEEL THE WANDERLUST
 AND THROUGH THE GLEN I ROAM
 TILL SOFTLY THROUGH THE WOODLAND
 THE BELL BIRD CALLS ME HOME
 I PASS THE TINY WATER FALL
 THAT TUMBLES DOWN IN THE DELL
 AT ITS FEET MIDST SILVER SPRAY
 FERNS OF BEAUTY DWELL.

M. CLARKE

My home in the glen

I sit midst the din of the city
 A city of wrecks & sighs
 Where life is one great illusion
 And hope almost withers & dies.

But soft on the wings of the morning,
 I hear the song of the wren
 I smell the scent of the wildwood
 I see my home in the glen.

2. I tread the winding pathway
 leading down to the glade
 Where all trees in a mantle of green
 Cast a wonderful shade
 I see the noble river
 Rolling on to the sea,
 The brook is softly singing,
 A welcome home to me.

3. The birds in the valley are singing
 It echoes through the trees
 The dragon fly skims o'er the brooklet
 Soft is the hum of the bees
 Each bush flower softly tells me,
 Here life is best.
 Leave the world behind you,
 Here is your haven of rest

WRITTEN BY A PLAYMATE'S (VALERIE FORDHAM)
 GRANDFATHER, WHOSE HOME IN MIMI STREET
 BACKED ONTO THE BUSHLAND WHERE WE
 LIVED (IN THE 1930'S.)

4. I hear the laugh of Jacko
 The King of mirth is he
 I love this feathered jester,
 Who laughs of sun & glee
 The carol of the magpies
 That come at early morn
 The Saffron ~~Trots~~^{Pints} in the eastern sky,
 That tells the approach of Dawn

5. I hear the black swan calling
 As to the south they fly
 I watch their shadows fading
 Across the starlight sky
 The breezes kiss the tree tops
 The native Daphne too,
 The perfume, how it lingers
 All drenched in evening dew

6. Oftimes, I feel the wanderlust
 And through the glen I roam
 Till softly through the woodland
 The bell bird calls me home.
 I pass the tiny waterfall
 That tumbles (down) in the dell,
 At its feet midst silver spray
 Ferns of beauty dwell

7. The moon light softly stealing,
 Across the river wide
 The waves that are light
 With silver sheen, are dancing on the tide
 I hear the mopeke onling
 Through the valley's wondrous light.
 The glen is softly silent.

(AT THE APPROACH OF THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT)

8. I've wandered far across the world,
 Much beauty have I seen,
 Rivers, Towns, valleys,
 And plains of verdent green.
 I've marveled at the beauty,
 Of moor, lake & fen
 I would exchange for none of these,
 My home ~~here~~ in the glen

9. God speed the day,
 When I can say "I'm Home"
 To my fair haven, never more to roam
 To ^{while} ~~spend~~ the hours, midst trees & flowers
 And ~~to~~ to wake each morn & find
 My home in the glen

Mr. Jack Coulter has advised the Society about a poem printed in "The Over 50's Travel and Leisure Guide." This was written by his friend, Mr. Claude Clarke, who lived for many years in Mi Mi Street, Datley. It is dedicated by the author to his granddaughter, Valerie. ^{FORDHAM}
(NEE DUVAL)

TWILIGHT ON GUNGAH

Down the Glen we wander,
through the braken green and high.
The last bar of golden sunlight,
has faded from the sky.
We hear the Mopoke calling,
across the river shore
We watch twilight fall on Gungah,
we remember evermore.

The chatter from the tree tops
that comes from feathered throng,
The perfume of the flowers,
the Thrush's evening song;
The last notes of the Woodlark
to speed the parting day,
Ah the romance of the twilight
that falls on Gungah Bay.

The magic of the shadows,
we watch them softly pass;
The waters in the bay below
are just a looking glass;
Reflecting all the trees and flowers
their beauty all so clean,
When twilight falls on Gungah
to us a memory dear.

The Boo Book flirts on silken wings
on his nocturnal flight;
we listen to his mystic call
that ushers in the night;
Through the scented Bushland,
homeward we wend our way,
we are loth to leave the twilight
that falls on Gungah Bay.

In Gungah's woods are fairy folk,
who love the twilight hour;
The Dryads glide so silently
beneath a leafy bower;
The music, and the laughter,
the gnomes and nymphs they play
The witchery of the twilight
that falls on Gungah Bay.

When you have left the years behind you,
and I, have crossed into that bourn; ^{PRONOUNCE "BURN"}
Through the portals of Valhalla,
from whence no traveller returns
Always treasure in your memory
when we watched a close of day,
The Glorious wonder of the twilight
as it fell on Gungah Bay.



The songs are mute the sun has gone
the night begins to fall,
across the glen comes stealing
the Mopoke's mystic call.
The scent of native Daphne
the dew drops on the grass,
and through the deepening shadows
the furry tribe glide past.

Richards Glen is sanctuary
for all things of the wild,
the vandal is not welcome there
its vale is undefiled.
The glen will not be altered
by the ravages of man,
while in the cottage neath the trees
there lives the Richards clan.

When the years are far behind me
I shall hear the wildwoods call,
upon the bush track I shall wander
where the silver waters fall.
I shall linger midst the splendours
far beyond the haunts of men,
let me rest with golden memories
way down in Richards Glen.

Jungah Bay Rd
Dunedin
by Mr Clarke
Val Lordham's J. Father

Deep in cool gorges, trees move and sway
To zephyr breezes, and, neath their shady arms
of leafy lace, entwined with ferns, a lizard and a
beetle stir, from under rock and pointed leaf, each his own,
with mind intent, seeking out the work in hand. For
to exist each must preserve a certain caution, of
perhaps a bird who's watching too, and so life goes on
and breezes play - only they are carefree.

Hendall

HOMeward BOUND

Down, down, deep in the sea,
The green is greener and fishes flee
From pounding hulls of ships above
Hurrying home to those they love.
Racing sunlight in their rush, away
from all this solemn hush.

Homeward bound, the job is done
Sailing in this cold green sea, and soon
the shore comes into sight,
Calmness comes again with night.

Hendall

x

Poets

She came to him with innocence and grace
 Into his arms, close to his face
 She nestled.

With love so pure he caressed her charms
 And held her tightly in his arms.

Big grey eyes of trust he saw
 And with his foot he closed the door.

Gentle and soft were the sounds of peace
 She uttered.

Down onto the couch they slid
 The doors were closed from the world they hid
 And in the luxury of the room

Soft music filtered through the gloom.

Till he stirred, awoke and she

With feline grace stretched and purred.

Kendall. '61

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Kendall

Kendall. '61

GEORGE KENDALL

It burst, a blossom of pure beauty
Head raised to meet a dying sun
That sank in shame beneath the sea.
Upwards it soared and in its path
A multitude of colours vied the rainbow
Which melted with selfconsciousness.
The clouds were challenged, scattered fast
To change and run as quicksilver
Hiding in the darkness of quiet night.
Up and up it grew, the violence of its force
Extending out embracing all and
Earth surrendered, nurtured and fed
This angry beast with all its good.
Until what must and was and is and
Shall be - gone
And in the universe this sight was
Seen by none.
In seconds, finished now
Forever - Atomic Flower

George Kendall

Abstract impressions occur to me
I see this world so big and free
As collections of ²packed cars and smoke
Rubbish, tins, sweat and folk
Who do not care at all for life
Continually in and out of strife.
T.P. and dreams of lottery wins
Jumping now to save their skins.
It makes one wonder what it's worth
To be on this fine, silly old earth.
Crossing bridges before they come
Never trying and always outdone
By smarties, sharpies - they're the ones
Who graft and sneer at most, not some.
Can we in all good faith appear
To hold some principle, to shed a tear
Oh no! let's rush, another beer.
Life's too short let's kill it quick
And go and go until we must
Be quickly, positively, reduced to dust.

Herodias

ABO

A long dark shadow falls o'er the ground
The heritage is lost not found
Of ancestors of this primeval land
As ghosts of greatness do abound
From far off places.

And as we survey the hills and plains
Wandering the tribal grounds of yesteryear
Do we think of what we've done to those
Who now have gone to fenced off squares
Of arid land where no one cares - a damn.

How oft do we who are so fair
Give thoughts to those whose ancient land
We took without a thought to those
Who owned and roamed in fragrant air this earth
Of theirs.

A conscience, yes, we all have one, we hope
But spare a thought and reconsider not gloat
At what we've done to those who cannot share
A place with us or anywhere be one of us
And must with necessity live in the dust
Forgotten.

Glendon

Soft and fluffy, oftimes red
Billowing clouds form pillows for the bed
Of a setting sun whose day is done
Hushed and silent as it sets
An avalanche of quiet descends
Softly stirring trees with birds
Saying gently their last words of
Twittering and chirping from the boughs
To other birds whose day has been
Full of flight for food and fun
Forever searching till day is done.
And as we watch the setting sun
We know that we, for all our power
Must sink below, and in our final hours
Die with a brilliance, gone, but not unsung
Perhaps thought of like the morrow's sun
To rise again and give warm cheer
To those who loved and held so dear
The memories of our yesteryears.

Lendaly

WHY?

It came, and in the brightness of the morn
With dreadful brilliance performed its task
Which was destruction.
A fireball of hell bent this old earth, confusion.
I wondered how, and why the noise and heat would last
And as it all, eternity it seemed, subdued so fast
The silence screamed at me who stood again on earth
To weep, survey.
I say to you where ere you are I need you
The comfort of your voice to tell me I am not alone
But dust, fine dust around abounds
And as I scream and rant for thee I realise
That never more to hear will I, the birds, the rain, the wind.
My hearings blind, my seeings deaf to all and
The tingling of my skin tells me as the hours fly
That shortly I must die.
However, I leave this protest for you all to ponder
Man's futility and his smallness on this wonderous earth
Reduced to nothing, no living thing
To justify some man, no beast's, whim
And as I rest on dust so red I feel
Will man in greatness ever be - again?

Kendall

DAWN

Water cool, deep, and silent
Stroked by willow's bough so softly,
Caressing lightly o'er the rushes
Dancing softly with the breeze.

Daylight's brightness gold and brilliant
Piercing through the branches lofty,
Finds the nestling, ruffled blushes
Of the robins, asleep, at ease.

Sunday

THE BIRTH OF NIGHT

The sun sets, and night steals o'er the ground;
slowly, like the soft mantle of snow of a winter's
night, and, the moon in its silver glory defines
hills and hollows, lighting the trees with an inner
neon of caressing grey - soft and still.

Sunday

MEMORIES

*Memories are treasures of the mind
wandering down pathways
Which channel through the thoughts
of nights and days,
On cherished sunlit hours and
quiet walks by waterways.
Moments spent in contemplation
on love that cannot be,
And bitter sweet unspoken anguish
dripping from every tree,
Pregnant with promise, yet barren
of that desired by me.*

.....
BUT YOU ARE GONE

*Tears fill my eyes, brim over, drop and fall I know not where,
Nor do I care/
The sun still shines, God's world revolves and life moves ever on
But you are gone!
Wrench from my breast this pulsing, beating thing
This heart, this broken key to life.
Crush, trample and destroy it for all time.
What is love? They say it comes in spring -
It's rapture! And such a seething thread of strife
Could only spring from love sublime
Love gloriously thrilling, wondrous and exalting,
But you are gone!
Our paths crossed yesterday, today we part,
And so the rendering of this heart
For all the days and nights that follow,
Yet someday surely there must come tomorrow.
But then, shall we as strangers meet
Perhaps to smile, shake hands and greet
Each other just as perfect strangers do?
Or in your heart do you somehow hope too:
But you are gone.*

.....
Stacya Keuron

Albert ("Bert)" Cuthbertson Senior

born in 1885, died on New Years Eve 1947

Bert was acclaimed by his friends as an orator, poet and singer. He contributed to the "Propeller" and "St. George Call" newspapers and wrote regular sentimental sketches. The editor ("The Sentinel") said of his poem "Lest we Forget" that "It out Kiplings Kipling and is superior to the 'Recessional'."

One of Bert's poems, "Reflections of a Young Man Who Did Not Return,"

REFLECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN WHO DID NOT RETURN

I was young, and I loved life.
 I honoured my father and my mother.
 I loved this part of the land which bore me.
 I loved its gravel roads – its bush tracks,
 Its wild flowers, its gum trees and birds –
 I loved the boom of the surf on Cronulla beach,
 The ripples of water beneath the keel of a skiff
 As we drifted up Still Creek,
 To return at night singing, loaded to the
 gunwales with Christmas Bells and Christmas
 bush, to decorate our humble homes
 For Christ's Birthday.
 I loved all these things and because I loved them
 I was jealous of them, and wanted them always.
 But someone somewhere on the other side of the World
 Let loose the dogs of War!
 At first it did not seem to mean us.
 We were so far away and we only wanted to live
 our own way in peace and happiness.
 Then we heard of what the "Bestial Hun" was doing
 in Belgium, of how they raped – burned – violated
 and pillaged every decent thing men treasured.
 Something went snap within me and I went and
 offered myself to my country.
 And they gave me a gun, and taught me to kill or be killed.
 Then I came home, to say good-bye to all those
 things I loved; I tried the old bush track for
 the last time, and they took me away – a long
 long way and I did not come back!
 I wanted to come back.
 Oh! I wanted to come back more than anything in the
 world!
 And if I had come back,
 I would have taken my Mother's face in my two
 hands and kissed the lines of care away.
 I would have told her all that I wanted to
 tell her before I went away.
 I would have thanked her for all the love and
 sweetness and sacrifice she had shown me.

And after tea I would have sat with Dad on
 the verandah, and smoked our pipes, and I
 would have told him what a soldier thinks
 when he is alone in the dark!
 I would have loved, and been loved in return.
 I would have married the girl I wanted to marry.
 And I would have known the joy of two little arms
 around my neck, and have looked down into the eyes
 and face of my son! Our son!
 Then he would have grown up and gone to
 school and I would have helped him at night with
 his lessons.
 He would have met me on Friday night at the
 station and carried home my bag.
 Then, when the tide was right, I would have got out
 the old fishing basket and we would have gone
 down to the river side and pushed out the skiff and rowed
 out in the stream.
 There we would have dropped the killick
 and I would have shown him how to bait the hook so
 cunningly as to deceive the wily bream.
 And there we would sit and watch the lights of
 Como reflected in the black velvet of the river;
 and hear the rumble of a train on Como bridge –
 the happy laughter of children on the foreshores
 playing their last game before going to rest.
 And then I would have looked up to the stars –
 the great white stars, and the Southern Cross;
 And we would have been nearer God than we had ever
 been in our lives!
 But No! No!!
 They had given another man a gun, and they had
 taught him to kill –
 or be killed; and he hunted me day and night,
 and it was him or me –
him or me.
 And so, one day he saw me before I saw him and
 as he pressed the trigger, there was a loud cry of hate . . .
 And I did not come home.

Bert Cuthbertson.

“Lest We Forget”

They built a monument to those who
gave,
They raised it in a busy market place,
Where rushing crowds go by, an end-
less wave
Each straining, as they pass with anx-
ious face.

They tore the flags away. “Its” shape
appears,
The bugles blare, the band an anthem
plays;
They stood, some curious, and some in
tears,
The crowds depart, and go their varied
ways.

The game goes on, again, within an
hour
The market place resumes its haggling
schemes
For pretty baubles or the lust for power,
So dry those tears, and waken from
your dreams.

Their bodies rot in far off jungle slime.
This monument bears but—a soldier’s
name;
God gave us hearts that understand in
time
Theirs is the honour—ours the shame!

Shame on you all who fail to bare your
head,
Or pause to read the name on withered
flowers;
These were the men we called “Our
Glorious Dead?”
One moment’s pause may sweeten many
hours.

Maybe too busy just to think awhile;
Shame on you, too, who hasten by this
spot,
Far better that you look again, and
smile,
And smiling, whisper, “Thanks, mate.
Thanks a lot!”

—A. E. CUTHBERTSON,
Oatley Sub-Branch, R.S.L.

*Inspired by a scene in Martin Place,
Sydney.*

*A mother and a little girl place a
bunch of simple flowers on the Cenotaph.*

*A man, hurrying across the square,
looks up to find the monument in his
path.*

*He mutters impatiently and walks
around it.*

*An old Digger, hat in hand, stoops
to read the card.*

*And looks up to see a smile, shining
through misty eyes.*

STOP PRESS. Everyone is
raving about the poem we pub-
lished in last week’s issue by
Mr. A. E. Cuthbertson entitled
“Lest We Forget.” As an old
veteran of War I said, “It out-
Kiplings Kipling, and is super-
ior to the ‘Recessional.’”

Thanks, mate. Thanks a lot.
—THE SENTINEL

BEST YEARS

NUMBER ONE, VOLUME TWO

THE POET OF OATLEY

Poet Lyn Brown has lived with her husband Fred in Oatley for fifty-one of her 84 years. The Browns moved there shortly after they were married in 1951.

Fred wrote to Best Years in response to last issue's back page article on the famous writers and artists, past and present, that have lived in the St George/Sutherland Shire.

"The family encouraged me to do it," says Fred.

Fred writes: "I would like to offer this information about my wife, Lyn. She considers that she is neither famous nor notorious.

"We've raised a family here and know from experience that it is a good place to live. The district is the background of many of her poems.

"We met when we were both working at the CSIRO National Standards Laboratory in the grounds of the University of Sydney in the 1940s, and have shared many experiences together.

"We are now in our eighties."

According to Lyn they are both in fine fettle but Fred, who has been a keen amateur photographer for nearly sixty years, is having problems with his eyesight. "It's not easy to accept but it happens nevertheless," he says.

Lyn's great passion for writing and reading has not wavered. Her last book, *Fire and Water*, was published last year and contains 88 poems, fifty-seven of which were written between 1999 and 2000.

Says Lyn: "I am usually out of bed at the

TURN TO BACK PAGE



Lyn and Fred: They've called Oatley "home" for 51 years. Lyn's poems have been described as "the gentle unfolding" of a poet's life. Photo: Frank Morris.

OWEN HODGE

OH

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WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

BY FRANK MORRIS

Fainting: Yes, it's a common problem

New light has been shed on the causes of fainting. And it's all come about since the collapse last year of President Bush while eating pretzels and watching a football game at the White House.

According to a leading medico fainting "is actually a pretty common problem (and is) something that could occur when people are frightened."

Cramping in the stomach and violent coughing can sometimes cause fainting, the medico says.

Technically, fainting is a "vasovagal response", or reflex, which in the President's case was brought on by heavy coughing.

Says the medico: "This can stimulate a nerve to stimulate the heart to lower the blood pressure and lower the heart rate; a change in heart rhythm and dehydration could also possibly do it."

■ THE POET OF OATLEY

crack of dawn sitting in my 'work' corner writing or ruminating about a poem. It's the best time of the day for it. One is fresh and clear of mind."

Did she mind Fred putting pen to paper? There is a split second pause.

"No," she says. "I am, unashamedly, a self-confessed publicity seeker - but not for the obvious reasons.

"I believe it is important to communicate the fact that people are out there doing things, doing them well and enjoying what they do. It gives great encouragement to others who might feel reticent in having a go."

Born in Fairfield in 1918, Lyn was educated at Parramatta High, and later at the University of Sydney. She obtained her BA in 1940, and an MA in 1946.

From 1965 to 1970, Lyn taught French and German in the State high school system, and matriculation French at St George Technical College.

In the late 1950s she served on the committee for the establishment of a municipal

The medico claims that a situation like this is "oftentimes" an isolated event "and does not come back."

To be on the safe side the President had: (1) An ECG to make sure that he was not having heart arrhythmia. (2) A blood test to determine his blood sugar levels. (3) A test to make sure he did not become hypoglycaemic.

■ For further information, consult your family doctor.

library at Hurstville.

Lyn's poems have been published in leading Australian and international literary journals.

Many of her poems also appear in anthologies published in 1980 and 1982. Copies of her latest collections, *Ten Miles Downstream* and *Fire and Water*, are in the Hurstville library.

Her favourite poems are contained in *Ten Miles Downstream*.

The fact that she could walk to the Georges River from her parents' home at 'rural' Fairfield, where she was born, provided a ready-made title.

Says Lyn: "I've been here and there in the world, but in a sense it seems that in my eight decades of life I have simply travelled 10 miles downstream."

Many of the 66 poems in this collection first appeared in such journals as *Meanjin*, *Southerly*, the *Sydney Morning Herald* and several others.

The poems have been described as being "like the gentle unfolding of the poet's life," which has been lived "with the keen sensitivity to the events around her."

Her last book, *Fire and Water*, was published in 2001.

Says Lyn: "The poems are narrative and reflective, covering my eighty two years of life and containing thoughts and memories I would like to share while I am still able to record them.

"I have tried to let the poems tell the stories."

Her other collected works include *late Summer* (1970), *Jacaranda and Illawarra Flame* (1973), *Going Home at Night* (1979) - FM.

Poet's books. "They contain thoughts and memories I'd like to share while I am still able to," says Lyn Brown.



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Lyn Brown:

A Poet Remembers

In 1927, when Lyn Brown was 9, her first poem, "Waiting for the Postman," was published in the *Australian Women's Mirror*. In 1930 she wrote a school composition "2030?" later published in the Youth Section of the *Australian Journal*. In it

she imagined a Sydney with pedestrians crossing streets on overhead walkways. The *Journal* also published her Girl Guide story. In 1931, in the early days of the Depression, she won ten shillings in an essay competition in a Parramatta newspaper. During high school and university she concentrated on her studies, which included reading poetry in other languages. She planned to become a language teacher and took French, German and Latin. In 1940 she did a year of teacher training at Sydney Teachers' College. She did not go straight into teaching.

World War Two had erupted and in 1942 she began work at the C.S.I.R., as the C.S.I.R.O. was first called. In 1943 she was placed in the National Standards/Radiophysics Laboratory, then in the grounds of the University of Sydney. A staff of about 500 was engaged in wartime research and development in radar and other things, under security conditions. Scientists and engineers were joined by arts graduates who did what Marjorie Barnard, Principal Librarian from 1943 to 1950, called "housekeeping for scientists." Lyn's job was to type, edit and sometimes write scientific reports and to help with translations from foreign journals. She worked for her M.A. in French at night. It was awarded in 1946.

In 1951 she married Fred, who worked in Electrotechnology, and later that year left the Lab. as she was expecting the first child of their family of two sons and a daughter. Fourteen years of fulltime mothering followed, in which Lyn squeezed in some painting lessons from Desiderius Orban at his Henrietta Lane studio. In 1965, with her children at school, she finally became a teacher of languages. She taught French and German at high school, then matriculation French at TAFE. She had resumed writing and in 1967 had poems published in *Meanjin* and *Poetry Magazine* and also joined the Poetry Society of Australia. Also in 1967 she attended the Henry Lawson Centenary Dinner at the University of Sydney. She recalls that poetry was in "ferment" and for light relief she read Kylie Tennant's story "The Case of the Escaped Poet," in her book *Ma Jones and the Little White Cannibals*.

In 1970 *Late Summer* was published, Lyn's first collection of poems. Walter Stone asked her to write a bibliography of Marjorie Barnard's work, including the collaborative work with Flora Eldershaw. She did it in consultation with Marjorie and it was published in *Biblioworks* and has been much used. She also joined the Fellowship of Australian Writers and the Australian

Society of Authors. In 1971 she joined the committee of the A.S.A. and served for one year. On a September evening in 1972 she took part in a Poetry Reading in Martin Place, as part of the first, and only, Waratah Festival, which became the Sydney Festival. She remembers other readers that night included Les Murray, Philip Roberts and Robin Gurr and that among the bystanders in the half-light beside the G.P.O. were Roland Robinson and his dog. It was cold and she wore a long woollen skirt and a shawl. For Lyn, this was the first of many poetry readings, mostly with our Society which she joined in 1977. At the same time she joined International P.E.N., Sydney Centre.

In 1973 the English Teachers' Association of N.S.W. published her *Jacaranda and Illawarra Flame* in their "Teaching Poetry" series and Joan Baldwin, a different kind of poet from Lyn, asked her to collaborate with her in a book called *Listen! It's Poetry! Give It a Go!* In the 1970s Lyn joined the St. George-Sutherland Branch of the F.A.W. as a founding member. In 1974, to Lyn's great delight, Desiderius Orban's secretary wrote, asking permission to use Lyn's poem "For Desiderius Orban" from her book *Late Summer* for the catalogue of a retrospective exhibition to celebrate Orban's 90th birthday.

In 1977 the 42nd International P.E.N. Congress was held in Sydney, with many interstate and overseas delegates attending. It was bilingual, in English and French and delegates' papers had to be prepared beforehand in both languages. Lyn was one of the translators and was given the papers of Stephen Kelen, President of Sydney P.E.N. and the driving force behind the whole conference, nobly backed up by his wife Sylvia, plus the papers of Japanese poet Toshi Akao. Toshi's English was more difficult to translate and he thanked her with a beautifully hand-painted and inscribed gift. In November 1977 Hazel de Berg recorded Lyn for her oral history programme at the National Library of Australia.

During the 70s and 80s Lyn's poems were published in *Meanjin*, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Saturday Club Book of Poetry*, the *New Bulletin Literary Supplement*, *Westerly*, *Studio* and elsewhere. In 1979 her collection *Going Home at Night*, the title poem of which had been first published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, was published in England. In the first half of the 80s Lyn taught French for the Adult Leisure Learning Centre run by Georges River Community Service at Oatley, where she has lived for the 53 years of her married life. In the last half she served on the committee of Sydney P.E.N.

In 1982 two of Lyn's poems were accepted for our Society's *A Spin of Gold Wattle*, edited by Kathryn Purnell. Through the 80s Lyn was poetry tutor for the Society's weekend conference at Sancta Sophia College at the University of Sydney and recalled, "It was interesting to be eating Sunday breakfast with fellow members, including some here today!" She also recalls the Society's 1985 celebration of its 60th Anniversary, with interstate visitors attending the sessions and the dinner. A 65th Anniversary celebration had followed in 1990. In 1987

LYN BROWN - POET

For "10 Miles Downstream"

Lyn was awarded the Society of Women Writers Biennial Book Award Poetry Section in 1997.

She has had books of poems published.

Often had poems published in SMIT

Poem in "Southernly" which reviews Australian literature "Autumn Concert" written in memory of Stuart Challender - Conductor of SSO. after a concert Lyn attended.

Her son Paul is a Playwright
 * "Aftershocks" written after the Newcastle earthquake - was awarded a prize - can't remember what - a was made into a film - not sure if it was for public screening or just for TV.

written by Kate Foy

Topic - Poetry

Topic is Poetry

Topic was assigned to the group of students
in the previous class (last week) Poetry lesson

in 1997

POETRY & POETS.

TOPIC: 29.8.03

Poets have been part of our world forever or for as long as people could talk, it seems. Homer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Brown, Keats, Parker for example.

A dictionary describes Poetry as:

Rhythmic language stimulating to the imagination.

Poets are described as:

Jinglers, bards, minstrels, remers and troubadours.

Glenn Stevens

Icilio's Poetry

Poems from the Fifties, Sixties, Seventies,
Eighties and Nineties, with
an introduction by John O'Carroll.



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