

IN-HOUSE FAMILY VERSE ENHANCED EDITION



**Home and workshed of John Joseph Smith.
'Glenroy' of Stoney Creek, Cooyal via Mudgee, NSW
Drawing by the current owner, Roy Kurtz**

Mark Oliver Smith

Introduction

Dear Children, Grandchildren and Family Members.

This enhanced edition of 'In-House Family Verse' not only rearranges the ordering of the earlier material it also alters the purpose of the collection. It not only seeks to acknowledge the existence of our forebears and their progeny it seeks to promote an interest in genealogical history. Schools today may teach research and investigative skills but they teach little history. In Australia's multi-cultural society there are fewer and fewer teachers who know much about the history of Aboriginal or European occupation. Even less have forebears who played some part in that occupation.

While John Joseph Smith bequeathed his surname to me he was, in fact, the most recent arrival of my forebears. He arrived in 1861 and married Caroline Murray in 1864. Caroline's father, William, was born in 1815 at Richmond, NSW. William's parents were both convicts. His father, Kennedy Murray, arrived in 1792 and his mother had arrived in 1790. My direct ancestors included nine convicts. This fact, though once hidden, is an important element in the narrative of the Smith history in Australia.

The versus in this collection contain snippets of information about the subject under consideration. They have sometimes been supplemented by paintings and photographs.

I wish I could have written a poem for each of my 8 children, 17 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. The nearest I have come to that is to write **The Bluebell's Song**.

I have included a little known poem '**Memories of the Past**'. This was written by my Grandpa McGrath's eldest brother John 'Jack' McGrath. It contains snippets of history about Burruga.

I wish to acknowledge the helpful assistance of Brian Wilson in the compilation of this material.

Best Wishes and Much Love to you all.

Granddad / Mark

May 2017

In-House Family Verse

Contents

Introduction

Spirit of Australian Forebears

- The Knotted Old Gum (Painting)
- Song of a Patriot (Poem)
- The Smith Line in Australia
- Pedigree Chart

Great Great Grandfather William Murray (1815-1877)

- The Male Orphan School, Bonnyrigg (Photo)
- Biographical Sketch
- Licensee of Burrundulla Inn (Poem)
- Photograph of Headstone

Great Grandfather John Joseph Smith (1833-1913)

- 'Glenroy', Cooyal, Mudgee. Pastel drawing by Kenneth Smith
- 'John Smith from Stoney Creek' (Poem)

Great Grandfather John (Smelter) McGrath (1842-1913)

- John (Smelter) McGrath Woodcarting (photo)
- Lloyd's Copper Mine Burruga (Photo)
- Photographic views of copper mine
- 'Memories of the Past'. A poem written by my great uncle John Joseph McGrath (Eldest son of 'Smelter')

Grandfather Sydney Patrick Smith (1883-1972)

- 'Bugadah' Leadville
- Painting of the 'Ivy Rock' by Ken Smith
- 'The Tree at Bugadah' (Poem)
- Pencil Sketch by Ken Smith
- Sydney Patrick Smith and wife Jessie Maud Bayliss (Photo)

Location Map Smith, Bayliss, Ballard and Milton Families

- The Pioneers Museum Gulgong
- The Museum of Gulgong (Poem)
- Goldfields Gulgong Painting)
- **Salvation Army Chapel Gulgong**
- **Residence** of Joseph Fletcher Bayliss
- Milton at Bakery Entrance

- Exerpt of 'The Last Review'

Great Uncle Frederick Joseph Bayliss (1894-1915)

- 'Private Frederick Joseph Bayliss (Photo)
- Homestead on 'Moreton Bay', Leadville, NSW (Photo)
- A Thought for Nipper – Anzac Day 2013 (Poem)
- Lone Pine Cemetery (Photo)
- 'Nipper and Mad Harry' (Poem)

The Monaro - McGrath/Ryan/Roach Territory

- Painting by Elioth Gruner
- 'XPT Departing Canberra 7.45am Arriving Sydney 11.15am' (Poem)

My Father Kenneth John Smith (1908-1987)

- My Parents (Photos)
- Kenneth John Smith (Photo)
- Blaxland, Wentworth and Lawson at Mt York - Pen sketch by Ken Smith
- 'The Great Divide' (Poem)
- Ken Smith's drawing of his school
- Painting by Ken Smith (Photo)

Mother Mary Edna Kathleen McGrath (1909-1989)

- Spirit of Burruga (Photo)
- 'The Spirit of Burruga' (Poem)
- 'Child of the Coppery Venus' (Photo)

Mark and Mary Smith's Family

- 'Eight Kids and a Faithful Wife' (Family Photo)
- 'Darwin to Canberra and Return' (Poem)
- The Writing of 'Darwin to Canberra and Return'
- Mark and Mary's Family (photos)
- Murrumbidgee Rouseabouts (Poem)
- Photo of Murr R.

Wife Mary Eirane Smith (Nee Kinmont) (Born 1932)

- 'My Frangipani' (Poem)
- Murrumbidgee Diva (Poem)

Daughter Amanda Mary (born 1959)

- Composer of Music - 'My Franipani'
- Composer of Music – 'Heart of our Nation'

Son - David Lennox Smith (Born 1960)

- 'Our Bonnie Boy' (Poem)

Daughter - Helen Irene Kinmont Allfree (Nee Smith, born 1965)

- 'Recipe for Life'

My Granddaughters and Great Granddaughters

- 'Song of the Bluebell' (Poem)

Granddaughter Lara Watts (Born 1994)

- 'My Bird of Paradise' (Poem)

Granddaughter Shannon Watts (Born 1997)

- 'My Shannon' (Poem)

Granddaughters Bianca and Adriana Smith

- Seven Grandchildren (Photo)
- 'Bianca and Adriana – Pointers to the Southern Cross' (Poem)

Spirit of My Australian Forebears

- 'Song of a Patriot' (Poem)
- Painting 'The Knotted Old Gum' (Photo)
- The Smith Line in Australia

About the Author

- Mark Oliver Smith
-

Gulgong – Bayliss/Smith Territory

- Old Bakery and Henry Lawson Museum (Photo)
- Son Milton Smith at entrance door (Photo)
- The Pioneers' Museum (Photo)
- 'The Museum of Gulgong' (Poem)

Spirit of my Australian Forebears

'The Knotted Old Gum'



Painting by Kenneth John Smith
Owned by Hermione Watts
Mt. Barker S.A.

My Australian Forebears

Song of a Patriot

*The knotted old gum just stands and stares
And looks at the passing years.
It measures its life in fallen bark
And ponders its fate as it nears.*

*It's a tree that's had a long struggle
While perched on the top of a hill.
But its roots are firmly anchored
In the soil that nourishes it still.*

*It's not a tree of great beauty
They're mostly the same in these lands.
All twisted and knotted and broken
Yet defiantly there it stands.*

*It wants to whisper a message
Before it gives into a fight: -
"Discard those exhausted philosophies
And reach up into the light!*

*Be not ashamed of your country,
Or the land that's given you birth.
Fight for your hold on Australia
And fight for all you're worth!*

*There are alien ideas that choke,
And pests will infest you too.
Put down your roots even deeper -
Ever your strength to renew!"*

The Smith Line in Australia

Great Grand Parents



John Jos. Smith
(1833 – 1913)



Caroline Murray
(1844 – 1905)

Grand Parents



Sydney P Smith
(1881 – 1972)



Jessie M Bayliss
(1888 – 1974)

Parents



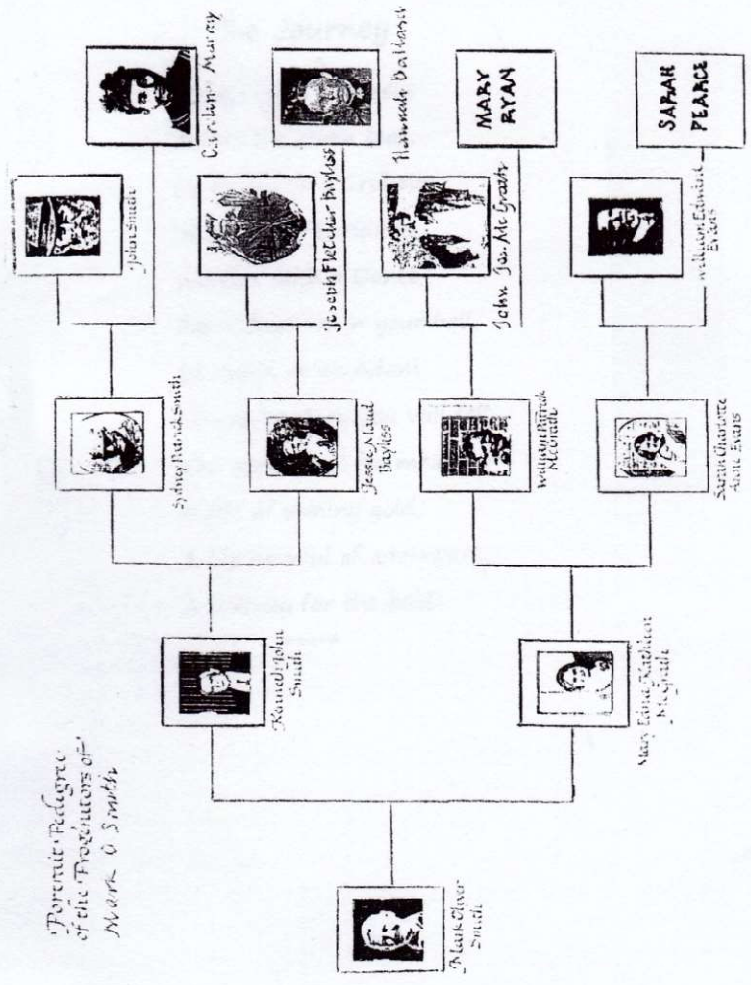
Kenneth J Smith
(1908 – 1987)



Mary E.K. McGrath
(1909 – 1989)

- JOHN SMITH
- HONORA TEAFFY
- WILLIAM MURRAY
- CATHERINE FORAN
- RICHARD BAYLISS
- MARY E RICHARDS
- ROBERT BALLARD
- CHARLOTTE MILTON
- JORA McGRATH
- ELIZA SULLIVAN
- JORAN RYAN
- ALICE ROACHE
- RICHARD EVANS
- MARY ANNE BROWN
- WILLIAM PEARCE
- CHARLOTTE COLLINS

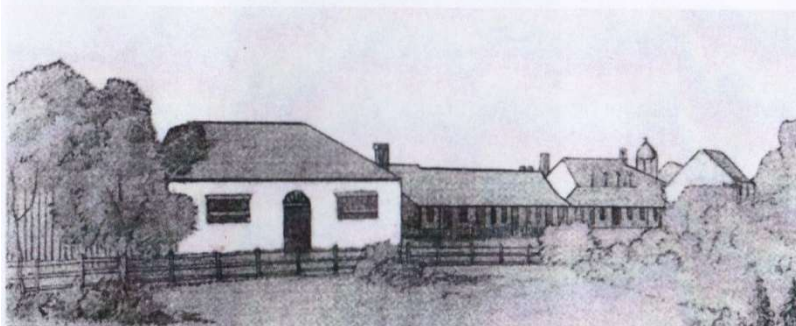
Parents & Relatives
of the Forefathers of
Mark O Smith



Great, Great Grandfather William Murray (1815 – 1877)

- Born: 1815, Richmond, N.S.W.
- Male: 22 October 1823
- Orphanage: (Admission No. 99)
- Indentured: 5 April 1827 (Aged 12)
To John Blaxand who held properties along the
Nepean River and at Newington on the Parramatta
River.
- Marriage: 22 September 1835
To Catherine Foran by Rev Samuel Marsden
- Children: 11 Children
- Death: 1 March 1877
Burrundulla, Mudgee NSW

Early 'Home' of Great Great Grandfather William Murray (1815 – 1877)



The Male Orphan School at Bonnyrigg

Great, Great Grandfather William Murray

(1815 – 1877)

William was the eldest of three sons born to Kennedy Murray (1769-1853) and his second wife Ann Parker (1785-1862). Both parents were convicts and lived at Richmond, NSW. Kennedy had been banished from Scotland for 14 years and Ann was transported for 7 years. Both had been found guilty of stealing. Ann was only 15 years old at the time of sentencing.

William and his younger brothers Henry and James were admitted to the Male Orphanage School at Bonnyrigg on the 22nd October 1823. This was soon after their mother had been committed to the Lunatic Asylum at Castle Hill. On 17 September 1820. She was to spend the next 42 years in one asylum or another.

William's Admission Number was 99 and he left the school on 5 April 1827 when he was indentured to John Blaxland. On the 22 September 1835, aged 20 years, he married Catherine Foran, daughter of Thomas Foran and Mary Dunn of Narellan Parish. Both sets of parents were convicts. William and Catherine had 11 children. The first six were born in Mulgoa region while William was working at Commander Nathaniel Norton's 'Fairlight' property at Mulgoa. The remaining five children were born at Burrundulla, Mudgee. My Great Grandfather John J. Smith, married William and Catherine's fourth child Caroline Murray. William died on 1 March 1877 and is buried in the Mudgee cemetery. Caroline died on 5 August 1894.

William Murray (1815 – 1877)
Licensee of Burrundulla Inn
Mudgee Town

*It really started at Richmond –
One of Macquarie's towns.
Born of convict parents
To a life of 'ups' and 'downs'!.*

*It was at the age of eight
The parents of William parted.
Just older than Henry and James –
All three were broken-hearted.*

*In the Bonnyrigg Orphan School –
He was admitted as '99'!
By comparison to his early life
Everything there was fine!*

*At 12 he was indentured
To Luddenham's John Blaxland.
Through work experience at the school
He became a useful 'hand'.*

*Will married at the age of 20
To a Narellan girl nearby.
Fortune assumed a colourful hue,
His spirits grew quite high.*

*He worked for a time at 'Fairlight' –
Nathanial Norton's farm.
Around Mulgoa a 'likely lad' –
His smile was like a charm.*

Cont'd ...

*At a hotel in Richmond
He trained to be a 'mine host'.
The goldfields of Spicer's Diggings
Became his first bush post!*

*Upper Meroo then claimed him
Followed by Burrundulla's Inn.
This put fruit on the sideboard
And more coin in his biscuit tin!*

*Once an orphan boy from Bonnyrigg
Now a man of renown.
He owed success to the goldfields
And status to Mudgee town!*



Broken Headstone
William & Catherine Murray
Mudgee NSW

Great Grandfather John Joseph Smith (1833 – 1913)

Born: Newport County Tipperary Ireland 27 October 1833.

Arrived: 'Queen Bee' 31 March 1861.

Married: 19 May 1864 to Caroline Murray. They had 10 children (Sydney Patrick was 9th).

Died: Stoney Creek near Mudgee NSW 2 August 1913
Aged: 79 years and 9 months.

Buried: Row K, Mudgee Cemetery.



John Jos. Smith
(1833 – 1913)



Caroline Murray
(1844 – 1905)



Home and workshed of John Joseph Smith.
'Glenroy' of Stoney Creek, Cooyal via Mudgee, NSW
Drawing by the current owner, Roy Kurtz

Great Grandfather John Joseph Smith (1833-1913)

John Joseph Smith was one of my four Great-Grandfathers. He arrived in the 'Queen Bee' on the 31st March 1861. He was the most recent arrival of my forebears. He married Caroline Murray, daughter of the Publican of Burrundulla Inn, Mudgee on the 19th May, 1864. They had 10 children. Their 9th child was my paternal grandfather, Sydney Patrick Smith. John and his wife moved to Stoney Creek prior to 1870. John Joseph Smith was born on the 27th October, 1833. His father was also called John Smith of Newport, Tipperary Ireland. His mother, Honoria Teefy was born nearby at Birdhill, Tipperary, Ireland. Her father's name was Michael Teefy and her mother's name was Betty Kealy.

My father called the house that John built 'Stoney Creek'. I have only known it as 'Glenroy'. There was gold fossicking in the area and it persists to this day. Henry Lawson lived a few miles away from their homestead. My grandfather acquired his father's walking stick – his 'cane'. It had an inscription on its metal ferrule bearing the name 'John Smith'. I believe the 'cane' was passed-on to Joan Pearcey, daughter of Sydney Patrick Smith.



'Glenroy' Cooyal

Pastel drawing of the home of John Joseph Smith by
Kenneth John Smith (Grandson)

John Smith From Stoney Creek

*Tipperary Jack, as a very young chap,
came from Newport town.
He made the trip in open ship
to a town of less renown.*

*At Burrundulla's Inn
a fair lady he did seek.
At first they lived in Mudgee town –
from thence to Stoney Creek.*

*He's long been dead and lot's been said
But the story's not been told –
of the long bush trek to the great outback
and the feverish search for gold.*

*Just last week I did seek,
In my dreams, to talk of him.
He appeared to me with a cane in hand,
and his eyes looked rather dim.*

*He said: "I've been, but now I'm back
To see what had to be".
With a smile on his face he asked for a seat
and the cane fell across his knee.*

*"I'd never believed," he started to say,
"that I would return to hear them say,
that the long bush trek to the great outback
could be done in less than a day".*

cont'd ...

*“I came,” he said, “where I’d been led,
to change the green to gold.
But the promise was gone when I had come
And the truth had not been told.”*

*“I selected some land,
I selected a wife,
I kept out of debt
And kept out of strife!*

*Our community now happy –
We loved our bush school.
A new Tipperary –
A glorious Home Rule!*

*And after that talk, his image began to recede,
And his hand reached out and he held forth
The cane that he nursed on his knee.
“Hang on to it”, he said, “it’s the staff of a Nation.
See that it’s kept and passed on to each generation”.*

*With a tear on my cheek
I looked at the stick,
On it was etched
the name of the blest –
“John Smith of Stoney Creek”.*

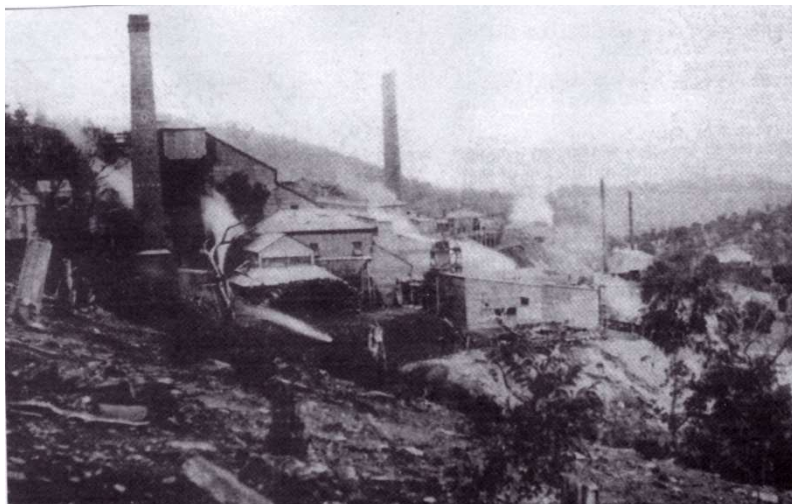
Great Grandfather John 'Smelter' McGrath (1842-1913)

Born: 3rd July 1842, Windsor, NSW
Parents: John McGrath
Eliza Sullivan
Marriage: Mary Ryan
19th April 1869
Children: 8 Children
Occupation: Copper Smelter, Burraga
Death: 13th August 1913
Wife – 8th October 1909



Wood carting, Burraga
This is the only known photograph of
John 'Smelter' McGrath.

Lloyd's Copper-Mine Burruga



Burruga is now a ghost town. It had once been a prosperous and thriving mining town. My mother was born in this town on the 15th November 1909. She was the second of two daughters born to William Patrick McGrath and Sarah Charlotte Anne Evans. The name 'Burruga' is an aboriginal word meaning 'bitter swamp'. Buckburruga means 'good or better water'. The Burra Burra people were a sub-group of the Gandangara tribe and they traded in stone implements from a spot near Burruga known as Mt Bathurst (Black Springs).

In 1899 the Burruga Mine was purchased by the Lloyd Copper Company for £100,000. After many ups and downs Lloyds ceased operations in 1908 just before Mary Edna Kathleen McGrath was born.

After that time minor ventures in mining copper were attempted. Mary and her sister, Dorothy, moved with their parents to Bathurst not long after starting school. In due course she became Miss Bathurst and married Kenneth John Smith. However her early life in Burruga never left her memories. Her sister Dorothy died in Bathurst but the stained glass window to honour her memory was installed in St Dymphna's Catholic Church in Burruga.

Burrage



View of section of village



John J. McGrath

Memories of the Past

(Dedicated to J. W. Pascoe, by his old friend, J. J. McGrath).

Do the present times e'er find you in a
reminiscent mood?
Does your mind trend ever backward
to the days of our boyhood?

Does the city life attract you in a
compensating way,
For the days we spent in bushland at
the old mine far away?

Of the past, do dreams remind you,
(they oftimes do somehow),
Do you ever pause and wonder were
we happier then than now?

The days have passed so quickly, the
hours so swiftly fled,
Since you left us in the country for
a city home instead.

You drifted to the city when mining
work got slack,
If a boom took place tomorrow, would
you think of going back.

If you'd care to see the old place, you
can go there now by car,
And a welcome's always waiting at the
home of Jim McGrath.

Yes, they would be pleased to see you,
if ever go you should,
And 'twould waken football mem-
ories if you saw old Granny Wood.

To gaze upon the old mine now would
cause a twinge of pain,
The slag dumps and the great, tall
stacks are all that now remain.

It was a hive of industry, a few short
years ago,
But now it is a lonely place where
people seldom go.

We used to watch the noisy skips
climb up and round the hill,
We see naught now but empty space
and all is quiet and still.

No sulphur fumes arise these days,
reflections none at night,
From slag pots being emptied of their
molten liquid bright.

The big horse teams, with copper
loads, we saw in days of yore,
And bullock teams with great, wood
loads, are sights we'll see no more.

You started there in early life with a
brave and earnest heart,
You kept the home fires burning, Jack,
you played a father's part.

You were scarce the age of seventeen,
when your uphill fight began,
Although a boy in years just then, you
proved you-self a man.

You've had your share of trouble,
you've borne your share of pain,
You've even humped your bluey
across Molonglo Plain.

The night we spent at Hell's Hole, you
won't forget, I doubt,
With the fishhook in your finger,
which I cut and gouged right out.

You don't forget your old, old friends,
of course you don't, I vow,
'Twould be the pleasure of your life
to grip their hands right now.

The friends we had in those old days,
are scattered far and wide,
Some have gone to far off parts, and
some are laid aside.

The graveyards out at Broken Hill,
claim quite a few we know,
They drifted there in search of work
those long, long years ago.

The Wills boys, our mining pals, your
memory still retains,
Four have crossed the Great Divide,
and only Fred remains.

And poor old Baldy Stapleton, how
sad 'tis to relate,
He passed away up Queensland way;
alas, you've lost a mate.

And when I mention old Joe Ryan,
'will cause a smile, I know,
You oft unfold the tale Joe told at
Lawler's years ago.

Old Happy Jack, another pal, is still
upon this sphere,
He's settled down out Camden way—
at least, that's what I hear.

In Lithgow dwells an old time friend,
I write this with a sigh,
He's suffered pangs of bitter grief,
you're sorry for Jack Pye.

Before the old mine came to grief, Ev.
Morgan kept the store,
He was a trusted friend of yours a
trusted friend, and more.

Joe and Jim, both still on deck wear
mining garb no longer,
I'll bet they don't forget the day we
tramped across Molonglo.

You ~~was~~ our barber in those days;
some times our doctor, too,
And if we had an aching tooth, who
pulled it out—why you !

You dolled us up in tip top style, you
knew I'm not romancing,
Then away to old John Heylin's Hall,
to spend the evening dancing.

We had some fun on polling day:
when Paddy Crick was Memoer,
He'd fill us to the neck with booze—
those days we well remember.

We'd meet him in the miners' hall, tall
stories he would spin us,
He'd never mention politics, that's
how he used to win us.

Those days are gone, ne'er to return,
I trust you've all you needeth,
Our boyhood girls are someone's wives,
and now we've Fan and Edith.

The Springtime of your life has gone,
and Autumn is encroaching,
Your hair is getting thin on top, and
old age is approaching.

And when you sing the last goodbye,
and your departure tale,
We'll all stand round and shed a tear
for good old friendship's sake.

(This John McGrath was the eldest son of John 'Smelter' McGrath. At one time he was P.M. Ben Chifley's campaign director.

My grandfather was the second eldest to John.)

Grandfather Sydney Patrick Smith (1881-1972)

Born: 15th December 1881, Mudgee, NSW
Parents: John Joseph Smith
Caroline Murray
Marriage: Jessie Maud Bayliss
25th May 1908
Children: 3 Children
Occupation: Blacksmith, Trader
Death: 7th March 1972
Wife – 20th May 1974

Grand Parents



Sydney P Smith
(1881 – 1972)



Jessie M Bayliss
(1888 – 1974)



‘Bugadah’ Leadville

The 'Ivy Rock'



At entrance to 'Rock Linden' ('Moreton Bay') and
'Bugadah' on the Golden Highway.
Painting by Kenneth J. Smith

Bugadah – Home of Grandfather Smith

The entrance to 'Bugadah' is at the **Ivy Rock** which is a rocky protuberance on Moreton Bay property..In the accompanying poem, the **troughs** were hollowed logs which served as pipes. The **Hands and Arms** cave has aboriginal paintings on its walls and ceiling. It testifies to the original occupation of the very site of 'Bugadah'. The name 'Bugadah' is an aboriginal word. The tree at Bugadah is actually a Moreton Bay fig tree. It hardly resembles a tree. It is more like a vine. It survives with little soil but has a permanent trickle of water. The home of Sydney Patrick Smith is now burnt down – probably in the 1970's.

The Tree at 'Bugadah'

*There's a tree that grows from the foot of a rock,
It's beside 'the drip' they say.*

*If you had spent your lifetime there
You'd know it's on 'Moreton Bay'.*

*It's a tree that can tell a long story
Of struggle and poverty and ill.*

*And the spring that continually nourishes it
Trickles from a rocky hill.*

*Ride to Cock-a-butta, (near Merotherie),
Look for the 'Ivy Rock' and it's not that far,
Then wind your way along the track
And you'll see it – Sydney's 'Bugadah'.*

*But Sydney's not there any longer,
He's moved to greener fields.*

*He left for better pastures,
For acres with higher yields.*

*You may wander about the property
On sandstone slopes and basalt tops,
You might see the animals drinking,
Where the water springs into the 'troughs'.*

*Walk round to the 'Hands and Arms'
(A cave full of hornets nests).*

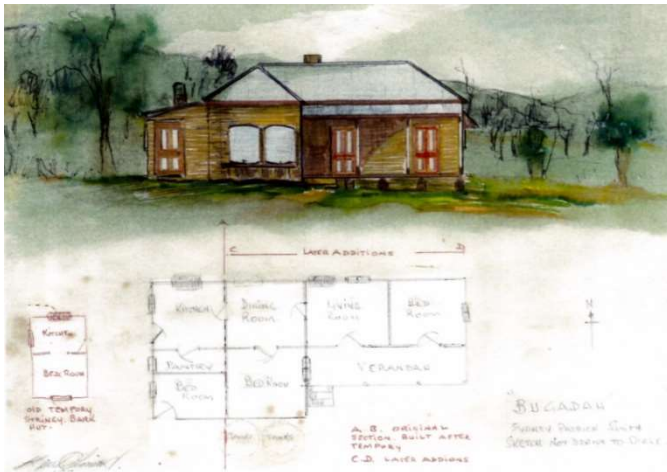
*Inspect the aboriginal paintings,
Look out for the ants and other bush pests.*

*Sydney grubbed the wattle and the apple,
Until the clearing saw the light.*

*He split the timber and crosscut it
With the elements fought his fight.*

Cont'd ...

It was a long hard struggle,
 Fought bitterly till the end.
 Now the early pioneers are missing,
 No more their hearts to rend.
 Still the verdict's not yet given.
 The tree is growing still.
 Syd's living in his children –
 That mighty conquering will!



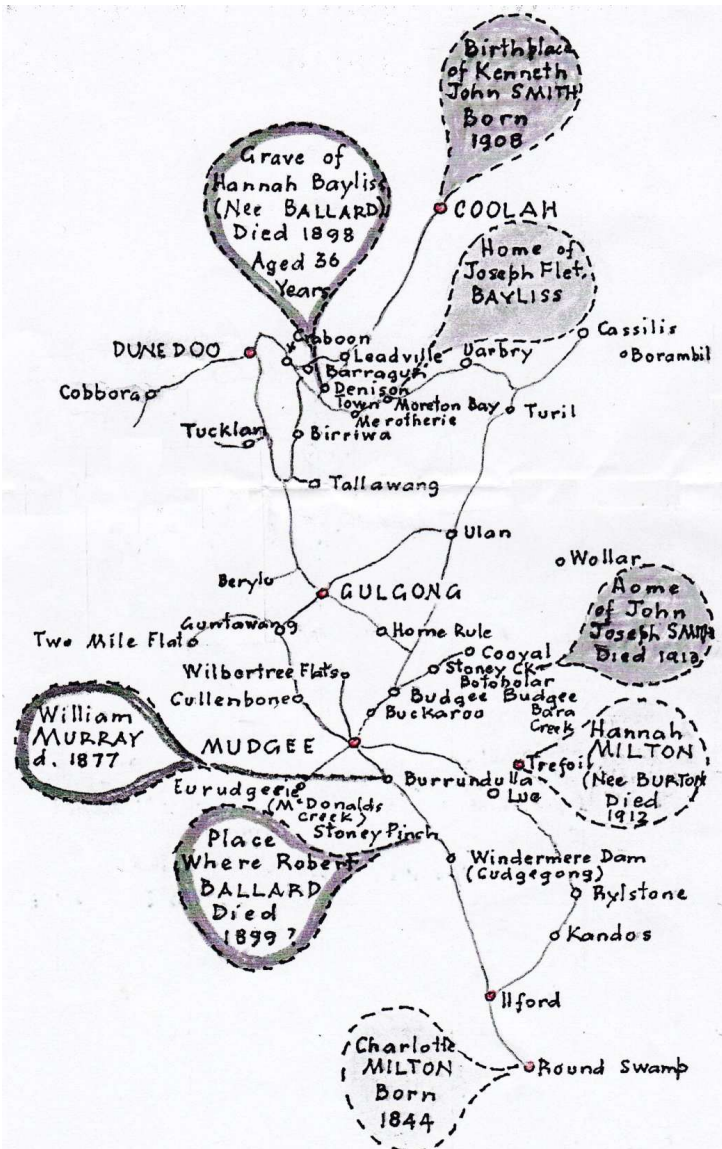
Pencil sketch of 'Bugadah' by Kenneth John Smith

'Bugadah' was the name of the homestead built by my paternal grandfather Sydney Patrick Smith. Syd selected the land in 1908 or 1909. It was located about a mile north of **'Rock Linden'**, the home of Joseph Fletcher Bayliss. Joseph Bayliss was the father of Jessie Smith (Sydney's wife) and his home was adjacent to the **'Moreton Bay'** property on Uarbry Road (now the Dunedoo Golden Highway). The nearest village was Leadville near Dunedoo.

Sydney Patrick Smith
and wife Jessie Maud
Bayliss, owners of
'Bugadah'.



Location Map Smith, Murray, Bayliss, Ballard, & Milton Families Circa 1860 - 1910



The Pioneers Museum Gulgong



The Pioneers' Museum at Gulgong was once the town's bakery. My father worked in the bakery for a brief period before he joined the railway as a Junior Porter. I have used the bakery as an allegory for the pioneering work undertaken by my forebears who labored and struggled in and around the Gulgong region. The Smith, Bayliss, Ballard and Milton families lived in the area at one time or another. Syd Smith built **'Bugadah'** at the northern end of **'Moreton Bay'**. After moving to **Coolah** he returned to the Gulgong area and ran a milk run. His wife Jessie Maud Bayliss was born at **'Cobbora'** and her father also managed properties at **'Barragun'** **'Tucklan'** and **'Birriwa'** before building **'Rock Linden'** adjacent to **'Moreton Bay'**. Jessie grew up on this property. Later she married Syd Smith in the Gulgong Catholic Church. Her two sons, Ken (my father) and his brother Keith, later attended the Public School at Gulgong. Ken's grandfather, **Joseph Fletcher Bayliss** married on three occasions and in retirement settled in Herbert Street, Gulgong. He and his brother lived in Gulgong. Joe and his father, Richard Bayliss, are both buried in the Gulgong cemetery. Young Fred Bayliss' name appears on the **Gulgong War Memorial**.

It is interesting to see how the Museum, which was once featured on the 10 dollar note, is extending its tentacles throughout the town. My grandfather and my father contributed to the pioneering spirit of this historic mining town. Indeed, my father donated a painting **'Gold Diggings'** to the Pioneer Museum, Gulgong.

The Museum of Gulgong

*Should you ever go to Gulgong
to look in on the town,
you'll see the converted bakery,
a Museum of some renown.
It depicts the life of struggle
Endured by our relations,
shows mullocks of social history
from farms and cattle stations.*

*It's not without a message
That flour was mixed in there,
With fire and heat and kneading,
The bread was baked with care.
In temperatures that went soaring,
On mornings chilled with frost,
It naturalized those settlers –
They truly met the cost.*

*The yeast is now fermenting,
in the batch that came from there.
It works an all the children
now scattered everywhere.
They're rising to the occasion –
It's there for all to see.
It's amazing what was baked,
in that humble bakery!*

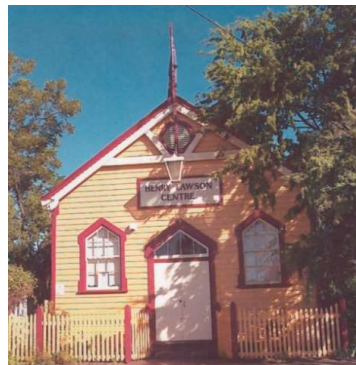


Goldfields Gulgong

This photograph shows Bill Delves viewing a painting donated by Kenneth John Smith to the Gulgong Pioneers Museum. The museum also contains other memorabilia related to the Smith and Bayliss families.

‘Lose yourself in the past for a while... perhaps your overstressed, over-paced mind will enjoy the chance of ‘time-out’.
(*Brochure*)

The Salvation Army Church Hall in Gulgong is now used as a museum. Its displays honour the life of Henry Lawson.



Henry Lawson Museum

Gulgong – Bayliss/Smith Territory



Salvation Army Chapel ???

Residence of Joseph Fletcher Bayliss

On 'Moreton Bay', Leadville (now **extant**) gone, demolished ??



Entrance to Gulgong's Original Bakery



Milton visiting the site of his grandfather's first place of employment. Ken J. Smith later obtained employment as a Junior Porter on the N.S.W. Govt Railways. Such an appointment was in those days (1923) considered a prestigious job.

Gulgong

'Gulgong's main streets were, by and large, built around the tent sites. And why were there tents there? For gold of course. And while the gold lasted the town was crowded, busy, noisy and vibrant. Nowadays you can wander along the street and ponder the lives of the miners, their families, the entrepreneurs and inevitable hangers-on'. (*Brochure*)

From
The Last Review
By
Henry Lawson

*Rough-built theatre where the world's best
Actors trod;
Singing bringing reckless rovers nearer boyhood,
Home and God.
Paid in laughter, tears and nuggets in the
Drama fortune plays –
Tis the palmy days of Gulgong – Gulgong
In the roaring days.*

Great Uncle Frederick 'Nipper' Bayliss (1894-1915)

Born: July 1894
Parents: Joseph Fletcher Bayliss
Hanrah Ballard
Enlisted: 25 August 1914, No, 720, 2nd Battalion
Death: 6-9th August, Lone Pine
Buried: War Cemetery, Gallipoli



Pte F.J. Bayliss 720 2 Battalion AIF standing at attention at training camp prior to Great War.



The J.F. Bayliss Homestead on 'Moreton Bay' Leadville.
'Nipper' grew-up here.

A Thought for Nipper – ANZAC Day 2013

Dedicated to my brother, David

'Go not in the way of the prodigal son.

Go not in the way of the fool.

Be proud of the way our Diggers fought

As they fought the deadly duel.

Nipper's name may be forgotten.

His body long since gone.

His sacrifice was fully accepted

And his Spirit still lives on.'

Thus spake the Spirit of ANZAC

As I reflected on that day.

I saw the walls of poppies –

A reminder of where they lay.

*The speaker spoke sincerely. **

The listeners showed their grief.

To the Anzacs under fire –

No mercy and less relief.

I sat and listened carefully

And imagined what they saw:

No sunny Canberra morning –

Around them blood and gore!

The Lone Pine shrieked with horror

At the deadly dastardly deed.

Nipper fell to a bullet –

One less mouth to feed!

So spare a thought for the fallen

As you think upon this day.

Nipper's now gone to Glory

Salute him as you pray!

* The speaker was Prime Minister John Howard OM.

Mark Smith – Reflections on ANZAC Day, 2013



Lone Pine Cemetery - Resting Place for Private F.J. Bayliss.

“Nipper” was the nickname of Private Frederick Joseph Bayliss (born 1 July 1894). He was a younger brother to my paternal grandmother. His death at the Battle of Lone Pine in the Gallipoli Campaign had a profound effect on his family and my father. Nipper’s story has been painstakingly and sympathetically told by my brother Brendan John Smith in his book **‘Forgotten Memory’** (2010).

Nipper would almost qualify as being the **‘The Unknown Soldier’**. He came from a home hidden in the Australian bush near the small town of Leadville. His mother died on the 6th November 1898 when he was four years and four months old. He enlisted in the A.I.F. 25 August 1914 and was assigned the regimental number 720 in the 2nd BTN (G. Coy). He fought in battle on two days only. He was wounded on the day of landing at Gallipoli on the 25th April 1915 and subsequently hospitalized in Mena House Military Hospital, Cairo, Egypt. He returned to Gallipoli just prior to the Battle of Lone Pine (6-10 August). In this battle 21 of the 22 officers became casualties, and 409 of the 506 other ranks died. Among them was the ‘Nipper’. He was just 21 years old.

Nipper was an ‘unknown soldier’ but not to his relatives. The poem seeks to elicit ‘a thought for Nipper’ on Anzac Day.

25 April 2017

'Nipper' and 'Mad Harry' - Cousins True-Blue

Two distant cousins came ashore
On that bleak baptismal day.
One came from Leadville
(You pass Dunedoo on the way)!

The other came from Evandale -
A Taswegian through and through.
They did not know each other
Both Aussies were 'True-Blue'.

The 'Waler', a fine 'Enfield' marksman
'Nipper' was his name;
The other manned a 'Vickers'
He would rise to fighting fame!

'Nipper' lost his jaw that day -
It was a dastardly tale.
Undaunted he found new courage.
At 'Lone Pine' he parted the veil!

The 'Tassie' cousin, tho' wounded,
Set sail to fight in France.
He showed such skill in manoeuvres
He taught the Kaiser to dance!

The 'Waler' was the 'Unknown Soldier'
The other a 'Forgotten Man'!
Each had an anxious mother,
Caring members of our clan!

If you want to be an Anzac
Care for your forebears too.
Live your life with honour
And you'll always be 'True-Blue'!

Notes

This poem was written for my brother David to be the basis of an Anzac Day talk he was to give in 2017. The two 'distant cousins' were Frederick ('Nipper') Joseph Bayliss and Henry ('Mad Harry') William Murray. Frederick and Henry were both Anzacs having come ashore at Gallipoli on the 25th April 1915. Frederick only fought in battle on two days. On both days he was shot. The second time was fatal.

Henry fought with distinction throughout the entire campaign. He received his first decoration - the Distinguished Conduct Medal at Gallipoli. He won this for conduct during Sth-31" May 1915. After leaving Gallipoli for France, Murray rose from Private to Lieutenant Colonel, receiving more decorations than any fighting soldier in the British Empire: Harry Murray V.C., CMG, DSO and Bar,

DCM, C de G. Murray was mentioned in despatches on four occasions and was shot on four occasions.

'Nipper' and 'Mad Harry' never knew they were related. One qualified for the title of the 'Unknown Soldier'. The other could be the 'Forgotten Hero'.

Both were Aussie and 'True-Blue'.

The Monaro - McGrath / Ryan / Roach Territory



(Painting by Elioth Gruner)

‘Where ruins lie hidden
Deep in my Monaro.’

XPT Departing Canberra 7.45am

Arriving Sydney 11.15am

Plain drilled in khaki,
The Monaro flies fast
Past the XPT
On into the Tarago of my life.
Across the Abercrombie's I speed,
From Lake Bathurst and Currawang
To Burruga and Triangle Flat
(And all that way back)!
They would have enjoyed
The comfort of my ride
In the distance that they plied.
Have you ever noticed Clancy's Creek
Or Maple Brown's 'Springfield'
Where once the brothers Faithfull
Struggled with Ben Hall?
Perhaps there hasn't been time
For you to see it all?
Down by the stream
The archaeology of Ryansvale
Lies entombed
Where Michael Ryan
And his Galong Kin
Sentinel the wins –
No train to razor-back them
To Sydney town;
Only time to lie unnoticed
In their bracken gown.

Cont'd ...

I can see now
That times have changed -
No longer the stooks of shocks
Or prismic bales of hay
Or the grain mill in the shed
With only wooden nails.
The sheaves are roly-poly.
It's progress now instead!
The McGraths and Ryans
Are now entwined.
They're in the dining car
About to tell a tale
And then unwind.

If one day
You should chance
At Bungendore to visit
Those in retirement,
They will tell you
All you need to know
Where ruins lie hidden
Deep in my Monaro.
But not this time,
The XPT can barely pause.
It must Campbelltown
Its way to Strathfield.
Not a minute too late
Or a minute too soon
Or they'll call Trouble
To investigate by noon!

My Father Kenneth John Smith (1908-1987)



Kenneth J Smith
(1908 – 1987)



Mary E.K. McGrath
(1909 – 1989)

Born: 29th November 1908

15th November 1909

Married: 24th November 1928

Death: 20th August 1987

30th September 1989



46 Wolseley Street, Fairfield
(1946 – 1956)



Born 29 November 1908 at Coolah NSW. Railway man, Salesman, gifted Artist and Musician. Father of 8 sons and one daughter. Died 20 August 1987 – 78 years 9 months



Blaxland, Wentworth & Lawson at Mt York. Sketch by Ken Smith

The Great Divide

*The Carmarthen Hills are beckoning
Through eucalyptic haze.
The shadows now are lengthening.
You've seen far better days!*

*From Agnes Banks you ferried
Supplies across the streams,
With Evans and Cox you laboured
To find your pastoral dreams!*

*Up and down you zig-zagged
Along those mountain ridges;
Quarried from old pioneer stock
You built those Lennox bridges!*

*With humour, toil and patience
You rode each arduous mile,
Joked your way across those hills,
And left us with a smile!*

*Today there is a human stream –
Peopling inland seas!
It's not as lonely as those days,
More settled – if you please!*

*You surmounted all those barriers,
Saddle your final ride.
Keep spurring for Australia
As you hurdle the great divide!*

Kenneth John Smith (1908 – 1987)

The Great Divide actually refers to the Great Dividing Range. This range divides the eastern flowing rivers from the western flowing ones. This range should not be confused with the Blue Mountains. The Great Dividing Range lies twenty or so kilometers to the west of the Blue Mountains. However if you are travelling from Sydney to Bathurst you must first cross the Blue Mountains. The Blue Mountains presented a formidable barrier to graziers and farmers who wanted to find better land than available on the Cumberland Plain. The **'Carmarthen Hills'** was the original name given to the Blue Mountains. 'Carmarthen' is a Welsh name. The later name drew attention to the colour 'blue' which is attributed to a eucalyptic haze emitted by the gum trees.

The 'Great Divide' is used as a metaphor of passing from one state into another. My father rarely succumbed to illness in his life. He only went to hospital in order to die. This poem represents this period of his life. It is a type of 'Last Review' written by Henry Lawson. Its historical references and allusions are meant to reflect the attachment my father and mother had to the mountains. In the retirement phase of their lives they changed their residence several times between Glenbrook and Katoomba. Their movements were more than restlessness. They were a mythic re-entry into the lives of their forebears who found their way to early Bathurst and early Mudgee by crossing the Blue Mountains and the Great Dividing Range.

Pastel drawing of the subsidized school (Cainbil Creek) where Kenneth John Smith was taught by his mother Jessie Maud Smith (nee Bayliss).
Drawing by Ken J. Smith





Ken Smith Painted while resident in this home.

**My Mother Mary (Edna) K. Mcgrath
(1909-1989)**

Spirit of Burraga



Mary Edna Kathleen McGrath

Born In Burraga

15 November 1909

Married Kenneth John Smith 24 Nov 1928

Died 30 September 1989

79 years 10 months

Mother of 9 Children

Mary (Edna) K. Mcgrath

The Spirit of Burraga

*Child of the coppery Venus,
Born just a century ago.
Now aged, infirm and forgotten
My memories are youthful though!*

*I attracted hordes of miners,
(Most had a taste for rum),
They came from Wales and Ireland,
They came from Kingdom come!*

*I blasted out their prejudice
And crushed their clannish pride,
I refined their coarser manners,
A love for Australia fired!*

*Then I spread that metal widely
Right throughout the land;
A web of human friendship
From that specially chosen band!*

*Gone are those lonely distances,
Gone is the township too,
Gone are those petty differences,
Firm is my love for you!*



'Child of the coppery Venus'

Mark and Mary's Family



Back: Rohan David Mark Milton Richard
Front: Amanda Helen Mary Alison Hermione

Mark and Mary Smith's Family

Darwin To Canberra and Return

*I travelled 2000 miles today
Through the landscape of my life,
From the periphery to the centre,
Eight kids and a faithful wife.*

*We've wandered through desert places,
In a wilderness for years.
We've traversed the promised country
With our hopes and all our fears.*

*At first we scaled the great divide
And climbed its dizzy heights.
We shuffled off old Europe,
With all its clannish fights.*

*Then we pastured on the plains
And panned alluvial gold.
We battled drought and locusts,
The heat and biting cold.*

*We remember all the silence
Before the telegraph was laid.
By Cobb and Co we travelled
When trains were not delayed.*

*The iron horse we saw replaced
By the soaring silver bird.
We've flown across this timeless land
To places seldom heard*

*And the landscape's been intriguing
For the hills are only mounts.
The states are not dividers
For mateship's all that counts.*

*We've made a thousand friendships
From the North unto the South
We've followed all the rivers
From the source into the mouth.*

*The country's being developed
And Darwin's just a hop,
Only 200 years of travelling
From Canberra to the Top!*

The Writing of ‘Darwin to Canberra and Return’

I wrote this poem while travelling by plane from Darwin. This trip provided me with a metaphor and time to review the voyage of our family since their arrival in Australia in 1792. My early convict pioneers originally camped on the Cumberland Plain. They then moved from the Sydney shoreline to Silverwater, Newington, Parramatta, Penrith, Toongabbie, Windsor, Richmond, Pitt Town, Pittwater, Mulgoa, Menangle and Norfolk Island.

Once the Blue Mountains were crossed my forebears made their way to Round Swamp, The Lagoon (Apsley), Rockley, Caloola, Burruga, Bathurst, Tarago, Goulburn, Frogmore, Burrundulla, Mudgee, Piambong, Cooyal, Leadville, Coolah, Gulgong and Lue.

The journey of our forebears was one of expanding horizons and the search for opportunity. That early restlessness continued through the generations and while most of the family remained somewhere in New South Wales my brother Daryl located in Hobart Tasmania. My family eventually located in Darwin –The Northern Territory for twenty years.

‘Only 200 years of travelling
From Canberra to the Top!’

Mark and Mary Smith's Family



'Eight Kids and a Faithful Wife!'

Murrumbidgee Rouseabouts

I'm a Brindabella Boy

The Monaro I enjoy

I love its hills and waters.

I've sheared its flocks

Irrigated its crops

Still lookin' at its daughters!

I'm a Burrunjuck Boy,

Ten shearers I employ.

We fish and ski the river.

Those freshwater crays -

Those barbeque days -

My head is all a-dither!

I'm a Gundagai Boy

Its thistles I destroy -

(Like cattle to the slaughter)!

I paddle my canoe,

Canola grows there too,

I camp beside its water!

I'm a Wagga Wagga Boy

Blow-flies I annoy -

The cold just makes me shiver.

I sing the praise

Of those cloud-free days -

Free-rangin' on the river!

I'm a Balranald Boy

I've got a 'ute' for a toy -

(It sure needs a duster)!

It's sheep once a day,

And cattle to Hay,

I'm off to the 'Deni Muster'!

Cont'd ...

*I'm a Murrumbidgee Boy
And I'm not coy,
My heart is all a-quiver.
Now she's a great Dame
She has no shame -
A Very flirtatious river!*

*I'm a Riverina Farmer,
(Not a snake-charmer),
Tractor and header - you see!
With my ute' and my dog
And a flamin' big log -
It's damper and tea for me!*



Murrumbidgee River



Murrumbidgee River

My Wife Mary Eirane Smith (Nee Kinmont) **(Born 1932)**

My Frangipani

*My frangipani's glory
Rays brighter than the day
So plainly dressed in goodness
Is dignity on display.*

*Yet nobler still the heart
Refined as if by fire
A Scottish pride now tempered
Compassion a true desire.*

*In such faith and courage
imaged
A mother's love is found
Her children a grateful chorus
Her song a joyful sound.*

*A touch of regal splendour
Soul beauty to behold
An aura of spiritual kindness
Encircles a heart of gold.*



I wrote '**My Frangipani**' on one of my several visits to Bali. I usually stayed at Puri Batuan with the family of Agung Putra and his wife Sudani. They were very good to me. On one occasion I wrote a poem for Sudani called '**My Cempaka**'. With the assistance of Putra I had an artist/calligrapher prepare an artistic copy of the poem with the cempaka flower hidden in the words. I had the finished painting framed and I presented it to Sudani.

The cempaka flower is used extensively in Balinese life as part of a ritualized offering to the gods. In the Puri it was used on a daily basis either as a decorative hair ornament or as part of a sampian in a canang offering. The jepun, or flower itself, is a variety of the magnolia family. It emits a very fragrant aroma which one suspects is very acceptable to the gods. The Frangipani is also used as an offering.

On my next trip to Bali, I decided to write a poem for my wife which was similar to the one I wrote for Sudani. I chose the popular Darwin-grown Frangipani as possessing the qualities I associated with my wife Mary. I had an artist/calligrapher render it for framing. My daughter Amanda set the words to music and sang the song at Mary's 70th Birthday celebration.



Mary Kinmont

My Murrumbidgee Diva

*My Strong-willed soprano
So moody your ways
Born near Kiandra
Little warmth in those days!*

Chorus

*Born a free spirit, your courage so strong
We'll journey together, sing me a song*

*Gurgling your throat
Through gorges and gaps
Your songlines appealing
To tableland chaps!*

Chorus

*Beyond old Burrunjuck
Dancing through slopes
Catching the glances
Of Gundagai blokes!*

Chorus

*Hay plainsmen are frisky
They're hoping to woo.
Just sing to them sweetly
They'll listen to you!*

Chorus

**Daughter Amanda Mary Pedder (Nee Smith)
(Born 1959)**



Amanda Mary Pedder (nee Smith)
Composer of the music of
'My Frangipani'.

My Frangipani

Mark O. Smith

Amanda Pedder

Andante

My fran - - - gi - pa - ni's

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The right hand plays a sequence of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand plays a simple bass line: G2, B1, D2, G2.

7 glo - ry Rays bright - - er than the day So plain - ly

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts at measure 7 with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and bass line in the left hand.

14 - de - served in good - ness Is dig - ni - ty on dis - play

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts at measure 14 with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and bass line in the left hand.

2

My Frangipani

20

— Yet nob - - - ler still the heart re - fined —

26

— as if by fire — A Scot-tish pride — now tem - pered —

32

— Com - pas - sion — a true de - sire — In such faith —

My Frangipani

3

38

— and cour-age i - maged A mo-ther's love is found

44

— Her child - ren a grate - ful cho - rus Her song

50

— a joy-ful sound A touch or reg-al splen - dour Soul

4

My Frangipani

57

beau - - - ty to be - hold _____ An au - ra _____ of spiri-tual kind - ness _____

64

_____ En - cir - cles _____ a heart of gold _____

71

My Frangipani

78

A touch of reg-al

85

splen - dour Soul beau - ty to be - hold An au - ra

92

— of spiri-tual kind - ness En - cir - cles a heart of gold

6

My Frangipani

Musical score for measures 99-105. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a long note 'Oo' and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Musical score for measures 106-112. The vocal line (treble clef) includes the lyrics: "My fran - - - gi - pa-ni's glo - ry Rays". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Musical score for measures 113-119. The vocal line (treble clef) includes the lyrics: "brigh - ter ev - 'ry day". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

Son David Lennox Smith (Born 1960)



David Lennox Smith (our Bonnie Boy')
flanked by his daughter Savannah and son Lachlan.

Our Bonnie Boy

I wrote these lines so that Milton could read them at David's 50th Birthday Party in Darwin. Mary and I were unable to attend. Later David and Nicole came to Canberra and we celebrated his 50th Birthday in grand style at the Canberra Hyatt. On this occasion I presented a book to him that I had specially written: '**David Lennox and David Lennox Smith – Two Pioneer Builders**'. Mary presented a case full of novelties that illustrated aspects of his life.

Our Bonnie Boy

Well son you're 'coming up' to fifty.
It's about time you had your say.
We're sorry we cannot join you.
But send 'our best' this day.

We remember you on the phone –
With all your 'ums' and 'ah s'
We remember all your motoring
With all your boats and cars!

Perhaps it's time to take a count
Of all the bones you cracked,
Those 'tries' you never scored –
Those winners you never backed!

You've been pumping iron for years,
Lifting above your weight,
Let's hope the going gets easier
May 'fortune's' smile be great!

Will you say 'hello' to Lachie,
To 'Goanna' and all the boys.
May Nicole continue to dress you –
And please, cut down the noise!

Let's hope the next big 'fifty'
Brings you peace and joy,
And may you have a grandson
As fine as our 'Bonnie Boy'!

Daughter Helen Irene Kinmont Allfree (Nee Smith) (Born 1965)

The Writing of 'Recipe for Life'

I wrote this poem for my daughter Helen Irene Kinmont Smith (now Allfree) while we were both resident in Darwin. I think she displayed it in her kitchen for some time. Helen is a practical, down-to-earth person so the poem had to be of like nature. She does have a creative streak. This manifests itself in her interpersonal relationships and her ability to assess the character and temperament of others. She has put this skill to useful effect in her hairdressing business and her vocational teaching.



Helen Irene Kinmont Allfree (nee Smith)
with her father.

Helen Irene Kinmont Allfree (nee Smith)

Recipe for Life

*Make your memories golden,
Fill your days with fun,
Make them big and bold ones,
Make them while you're young.*

*Gather round you friends,
Who'll share their life with you,
Keep alive your ideals –
Nothing less will do.*

*Crown it all with kindness,
Love for one and all.
Spare a thought for fine things
Then stride down memory hall.*

*Be proud of all that's noble,
Give thanks for parents too,
And you'll live to be a hundred,
A life that's rich and true!*

My Granddaughters and Great Granddaughters

Song of the Bluebell

For my 11 Granddaughters and 2 Great Granddaughters

*The stars gleam nightly –
A far Milky Way
Now imaged on earth
They brighten each day.*

*Then there is kindness –
A gift from above,
Match it with gratitude
Share well that love!*

*Walk through their pastures,
Their colour so blue.
They're smiling and singing –
Each petal for you:*

*And be not boastful,
(Though modest and bright).
Let others discover
Your bushel of light.*

*'See how my colour
Is dusting the ground.
Silent it speaks,
Not uttering a sound.*

*Above all remember
Share well your smile.
Be honest and faithful
Without any guile.'*

*First petal for purity
Strive for what's true.
The next is for daring,
No less will do.*

*Take now these lessons
From a far starry sea.
And Life's pretty Bluebell
Will flower in thee!*

Granddaughter Lara Amanda Watts (Born 1994)

To Lara

My Bird of Paradise

*I was given a bird-of-paradise,
It came to me in the mail.
You could not see its trembling feathers
Or hear its mating wail.
But I loved its colourful plumage,
Trailing its tail so long;
Its coronet's dainty and regal,
Its attraction ever so strong.
I know a lass more beautiful,
Her modesty more refined;
Her plumage is bright and cheerful,
Her words are always kind.
Her tiara sparkles with purity,
The words she speaks are true;
Her tale is one of endeavour,
I believe it's really you!*

Granddad

This poem was a 'thank you' letter to Lara. She had sent me a lovely drawing of a bird of paradise. I wanted to return the compliment by picturing her as my bird of paradise.



Lara

Granny Smith

Shannon

Granddaughter Shannon Miranda Watts (Born 1997)

MY SHANNON

*The Shannon flows by lough and down
From Clonmacnoise to Limerick town,
Through curragh fen and burren land
My heavenly music – sweetest sound!*

*Its ripple and rill on highland hill
Courses through the Midlands still.
Its gurgling life through mossy peat
Sings with joy – a heartfelt beat!*

*For in her blood there courses daily
The Sean-Mos and Shannon Ceili,
A dear red rose, a true Irish dream,
Swanlike grace – a free flowing stream!*



Granddad

Gaelic Words:

Lough;
Down;
Curragh;
Burren;
Sean-Mos; and
Shannon Ceili

Granddaughters Bianca and Adriana Smith (Born 1996)

Seven Grandchildren



(Rear) Shannon Bianca Lara Adriana
Alessia Georgina Ryleigh

Bianca and Adriana

Pointers to the Southern Cross

*On March the seventh 1996
The National Capital rumbled!
Minnie's confinement had ended,
And out two strangers tumbled!*

*Billie popped her head out first
And Drana followed her trail.
They took one look at their father
And both began to wail!*

*His long-nose held their attention.
In amazement he looked so dumb!
They chuckled with amusement
And then poked out their tongue!*

*Then Minnie introduced their Nannie,
And Granddad told a joke!
Billie and Drana shrugged their shoulders
While Nannie began to choke!*

*Then Tata and Pati blessed them
And gave them sound advice: -
'Change your wails to singing,
Let all your words be nice!'*

*These little stellar pointers
Had such a wonderful birth.
Their lives now beautiful music -
Twin blessings from Heaven to Earth.*

Bianca and Adriana

Pointers to the Southern Cross

*On March the seventh 1996
The National Capital rumbled!
Minnie's confinement had ended,
And out two strangers tumbled!*

*Billie popped her head out first
And Drana followed her trail.
They took one look at their father
And both began to wail!*

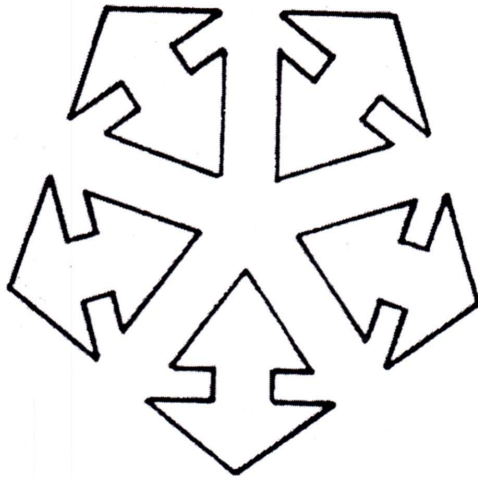
*His long-nose held their attention,
His amazement was so dumb!
They chuckled with amusement
And then poked out their tongue!*

*Then Minnie introduced their Nannie
And Granddad told a joke!
Billie turned her head to Drana -
Who were these elderly folk?*

*Then Tata and Pati blessed them
And gave them sound advice:-
"Change your screams to singing,
Let all your words be nice!"*

*These little strangers are before us
(Their voices never loud),
Their beauty and their modesty
Make all Canberrans proud!*

Family Insignia



Man as Bridge

Gulgong – Bayliss/Smith Territory

Gulgong

‘Gulgong was so different to what I imagined. It’s a great place.’

“It was almost paradoxical – a modern country town steeped in the past.

Fascinating blend.’ (*Brochure*)

Kenneth John Smith claimed that his first job (outside of the family dairy and milk-run) in Gulgong was baking bread. This Bakery is an integral part of Gulgong’s Pioneer Museum



Bakery

MY AUSTRALIAN FOREBEARS

Song of a Patriot

*The knotted old gum just stands and stares
And looks at the passing years.
It measures its life in fallen bark
And ponders its fate as it nears.*

*It's a tree that's had a long struggle
While perched on the top of a hill.
But its roots are firmly anchored
In the soil that nourishes it still.*

*It's not a tree of great beauty
They're mostly the same in these lands.
All twisted and knotted and broken
Yet defiantly there it stands.*

*It wants to whisper a message
Before it gives into a fight: -
"Discard those exhausted philosophies
And reach up into the light!*

*Be not ashamed of your country,
Or the land that's given you birth.
Fight for your hold on Australia
And fight for all you're worth!*

*There are alien ideas that choke,
And pests will infest you too.
Put down your roots even deeper -
Ever your strength to renew!"*

The Smith Line in Australia

Great Grand Parents



John Jos. Smith
(1833 – 1913)



Caroline Murray
(1844 – 1905)

Grand Parents



Sydney P Smith
(1881 – 1972)



Jessie M Bayliss
(1888 – 1974)

Parents



Kenneth J Smith
(1908 – 1987)



Mary E.K. McGrath
(1909 – 1989)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mark Smith had an extensive career in Education. Although trained as an English/History teacher he taught little History and less English. Notwithstanding Mark has always had an interest in Australian poetry.

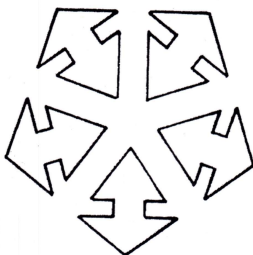
This interest gained momentum when his Uncle Keith rewarded him for passing the NSW Intermediate Certificate. He was given a copy of 'The Poetical Works of Henry Lawson', edited by David McKee Wright (1947).

The impulse to write poetry did not occur until he was appointed to Darwin on the 13th January 1975, just three weeks after cyclone Tracey. After serving six years as a Principal Education Officer he elected to return to schools and he held positions as Principal of Primary Schools at Nhulunbuy (Gove), Wanguri and Tiwi (Darwin).

These appointments afforded him the opportunity to reflect on the history and development of the NT. Some of these reflections and aspirations appear in his poetry.

During his years in the NT, and subsequently in his retirement in Canberra, Mark has travelled extensively in SE Asia and the UK. Some of the places he visited have elicited further verse.

In retirement Mark has enjoyed his membership in Probus. He has enjoyed interstate touring, genealogical research and historical studies with U3A. In gathering his poems together he is seeking to honour an interest that was dormant and acknowledge his debt to Henry Lawson.



**MARK AND MARY SMITH
2016**



Want this ?
To The Memory Of



John Joseph Smith