

SMOKERS FLAT

**It was cold that day in August In the bush where we all awoke
Got out of our sleeping bags slowly This trip it sure was no joke
We'd travelled down South then from Sydney It seemed such a long time ago
There was hardly a sound as we travelled around
Looking for Smokers Flat somewhere below**

**Our instructor by the way was from Queensland He told us that he knew the way
And we followed him uphill and downhill Not a word did any of us say
When he disappeared suddenly about midday We were somewhere we agreed on the map
And so we headed off leaderless Searching for that place ---- Smokers Flat**

**Now an Irishman came to the rescue Believe this part if you can
He said tis a very long journey and tis better to keep marching on
So the boys started calling him SIR cos they thought he could read a map
But this proved untrue as next day they knew they were miles from yes
Smokers Flat**

**Let's make that saddle by lunchtime the Irishman shouted in glee
No one else had the strength to argue and they made it there just before 3
They all sat there in their tiredness a sorry sight I might add at that
How close they were if they'd thought to stare just a half mile from yes
Smokers Flat**

**But lunch was quickly over and with vengeance they all travelled on
The clouds came down - snow and hail - in the distance someone noticed a farm
Go down there said the Irishman and question And find out wherever we're at
I'll bet a bar it isn't far from here to Smokers Flat**

**It was later on that evening when convinced we were we'd gone wrong
We'd walked all morning & evening in fact we'd walked way for too long
For when we were shown our whereabouts it was nowhere near on the map
But we creased a smile and travelled in style at last to yes Smokers Flat**

Now that morning when the porridge was sticky
It was then Tail-end-Charlie spoke out
“Can you all hold on for a minute”
He said in a frantic shout
“This stuff has stuck to me stomach
Glued me ribs together just like tar”
“Just wait until night and keep the dunny in sight”
His friends all said from afar

After three days we had finished with bivouacking
Rock Climbing and Abseiling too
We’d eaten all kinds of tucker
That the cooks all threw in the stew
We’d seen the sunrise in the morning
And we watched it give out its light
We’d carried our pack after stuffing our sack
And shivered all during the night

The last part of this orientation
Was an expedition to a place – Smokers Flat
But we lost our Outward Bound instructor
And ended up right off the map
He roamed the hills all over
But t’was during the following day
That he plotted a course and headed North
Where he finally found his way

Now some of you may well be wondering Whereabouts on earth we were
And I cannot say as I blame you As even we weren’t exactly sure
Somewhere near the Murrumbidgee Below Mt. Tennant Peek
I recall the blocks on Booroomba Rocks Near Honeysuckle Creek

The last day we got up early With everyone doing their bit
We walked back to civilization And handed in all our kit
The bus took us home so slowly but we gorged ourselves without sound
And we told our Mum about the so-called fun we’d had on Outward Bound

Cruising elegantly towards ALASKA

A long way from home.

66 SO GOOD TO TALK

Last night

I sat on the couch

And talked to myself

An out-door toilet

A lonely childhood

A boarding school

A student bar

Where I often sat

And later wondered around

With eyes and mouth open

A bird

Who was

Companion parent

Lover and brother

And when she left

A skeleton

Pain screaming through the body

On every nerve

For each line above

Until now

When I thought about the above

Talked about the above

And wrote it down.

**I've tried myself
To right the wrong
To see the right**

**I've felt inside
The pain of love
The love I fight**

**I've found myself
To stay my hand
To say no more**

**I've kept inside
The words to say
The heart all tore**

**Oh for a day
When I do not think of you
Much less call out your name**

**And then that day might grow into a week
And that week into a month**

**But until I die
That month
Will never grow
Into a year**

**We arrived there by plane
Some came from nearby
But one thing for sure
That in España we lived**

**We were there by six
To get photographed
We danced and we talked
Of the times we had spent**

***What'll we remember
What'll we remember
It was the summer
The sky was bright
Just as it always was***

**And far too soon
Our basketball score?
But some thought it was
Just like old times**

**And then we all said
As we finished our burgers
It was not quite the thing
When we spent those days**

***What'll we remember
What'll we remember
It was the summer
The sky was bright
Just as it always was***

**we arrived there by car
some from afar
I know to be true
and went to Sunny View

and all in a line
we all looked so fine
until it was two
in Sunny View**

***A Jolly Roger time?
A long lost line?
Of ninety - two
The sky was blue
In Sunny View***

**The next day arrived
Thirty four to thirty five
Thirty four to Thirty two
At Sunny View**

**Our long good-byes
And our cold french fries
That we all knew
Yes in Sunny View**

***A Jolly Roger time?
A long lost line?
Of ninety - two
The sky was blue
In Sunny View***