

The Clarence

It was the seventies when first I ventured
down this way to see the mighty Clarence,
Flinders had visited some years before
when he was boating around our nation,
His shipmates they were thirsty so he
stopped in for a drink, alas,
The iconic headland watering hole was yet
to be a fixture so the river slaked their
thirst.

Some Brissie mates & I thought we'd show
the locals how to bet so early one
Monday morning we motored down the
coast road to a village known as Yamba.
After meandering down from the
mountains this is where the Clarence meets
the ocean.

Now high on the hill that overlooks the
water there was a house & good old Mrs D,
She was a charming lady & hosted us for
many years to come.

As youngish blokes who loved the surf this
area was amazing,
winter notwithstanding, we soon made
tracks each morning to Angourie.

The gambling it was so so but the
entertainment was immense
so as we waved goodbye on Friday we said
to Mrs D, "we'll be back".

Our pilgrimages continued, I was at the
Grafton racetrack when Kensei won the
cup
Then cheered quite loudly on that famous
Tuesday when with Larry riding bravely
He won the race that 'stops the nation', the
clarence folk were proud.
In later years The Jackal paid the exes with
his grand Ramornie victories,
He was ridden by that bonny little jockey
Robert Thompson, OAM.

But we all grow old & as I sought a place to
enjoy my final days
The lure of the Clarence was so strong that
I came back to this village that I loved.
The others have all gone upstairs to visit
with the main man but I still linger on,
The surfing days have been replaced with
the ripples of old Whiting.

So what's become of me here in this lovely
valley?
I've found a very caring place where my
final days will be blissful,
With the Clarence still close by me I reside
at "Riverview", so peaceful.

Charlie Anderson, Whiddon Mareeba