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WOR. BRO. HERBERT HENRY (SMOKY) DAWSON M.B.E.

Herbert Henry Dawson was born on 19th March, 1913 - the fourth child of parents of Scottish descent, his father working in a dispensary. His father graduated to theatre as a baritone under the name of Frederick Parker and featured in a number of variety shows in Melbourne.

In 1914 came the Great War and he enlisted in the Field Ambulance, leaving his wife to cope on an army allowance, and sailed away to become a casualty at Gallipoli where he was decorated with the Distinguished Conduct Medal for bravery. After the war the family set up business in a chemist shop in Warrnambool, Victoria - their residence being above the shop. Quoting from Smoky's autobiography, "here my Dad started to establish himself in those uncertain days of 1917 and might well have succeeded had it not been for the effects of his wartime experiences which hounded him into fits of depression".

Young Herbie's mother became ill, so he spent much of his early years with his grandmother of whom he has precious memories of warmth and kindness. He was only five years old when his mother died and his Auntie May moved in to help. The motherless family suffered another blow when the eldest brother, Les, who up till now had borne the brunt of his father's outbursts, was drowned. These were very unhappy days for them all. Distraught at the loss of his wife and son, their father began drinking heavily, coming home late at night or not at all, and taking out his angry feelings on the children. Smoky's sister, Laura, was sent away to a convent and his older brother Pete, packed up and took a job in the bush. But for young Herbie life with his father became increasingly difficult. They moved to Fitzroy, a Melbourne suburb, where later, his father lost his job in the dispensary and worked for Whelan the Wrecker. The boys were christened at St. Patrick's Cathedral by the famous Archbishop Daniel Mannix and Herbie and his brother Ted were sent to St. Thomas' Christian Brothers School where "at times the Brothers seemed as harsh as their forever angry father, whose drinking bouts got worse as did his treatment of his boys". One night after some particularly ill-treatment of the children, the boys' aunty and grandmother convinced their father to turn over a new leaf and give up liquor. For a time he became the model "good old Dad", playing the piano in the evening, singing their favourite songs, encouraging the boys to sing and talking of the good times to come.

Suddenly Herbie was doing well at school and winning prizes for his writing and composition and his proud father spent a lot of time training him in self expression.

In 1922 the father decided to move from the city and build a cabin in the bush west of Melbourne. To help finance the building, the boys got jobs selling newspapers. Life for young Herbie was still tough but much more bearable. Alas, Herbie's father again took to drink. Soon after their move to Reservoir, the boys' dreams of a new life crumbled. Their father had built the cabin from old slats and flattened kerosene tins with an earth floor and because of its small size, the boys were relegated to camp stretchers in a tent nearby.

One morning Herbie had decided that he had had enough. Taking a few coins he had hoarded, he donned his warmest sweater and set off for Melbourne. He once again took up selling papers, returning secretly either to his grandmother's laundry or another hideout each night. One night he was found and returned to his father where the ill-treatment recommenced.

At last, after running away again, he was placed in the care of the Welfare Department and subsequently sent to the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage in South Melbourne where he was to spend the next three years. Everything was a challenge - gymnastics, games and music. He did well. For three consecutive years, he and a friend were invited to spend Christmas holidays with the Carew family at their farm near Colac and what wonderful times these were for young Herbie - if only they could go on forever, the farm work, the beautiful food, the sing songs and above all, the friendship and love.

Back at the orphanage after the third such holiday was very depressing for Herbie, now 13. One day when he was feeling particularly down, like an angel of mercy, his big brother Pete arrived with an offer that seemed like a godsend - life with a family at Stewarton in northern Victoria, close to where Pete was working. Together they applied to the good Brother O'Neill but this was in vain. Herbie and Pete made an arrangement - Herb would apply for a weekend pass to visit his grandmother but instead of returning to the orphanage on the Monday morning, he would jump a train and head for Benalla and the rendezvous with Pete. This he did. Pete met Herbie at Benalla and drove him in his buggy to meet Frank Duggan and his wife Emily, who were to be his "family" for the next three years. Frank Duggan taught him every job on the farm, from ploughing to milking, from well-digging to fencing. Days were long, rising at 4.30 a.m. for the milking, but they were happy days. Although many approaches were made for some pay, Frank Duggan always replied "but you're one of the family". It was during this time that young Herbie was to receive the nickname that has stuck to him ever since. One day while working on the farm the flies were driving him crazy. He watched old Pete Ryan stuffing his pipe with tobacco and asked "do you smoke to kill the flies, Mr. Ryan?" The answer - "It helps, but

smoking horse manure is better - a pipe full of that knocks them rotten, even the blowies." Herbie said that as he was doing a man's work he may take up smoking and would like "to give it a go". Ryan said "if you must, don't smoke cigarettes - hang on" and he disappeared into the shed. He came back with an old relic of a pipe stuffed with Dark Havelock or Yankee Doodle Full Strength. "Here" he said, and lit a match, "now draw hard on it and keep drawing so it won't go out". Young Herbie took a few puffs and drew the smoke deep down into his lungs before coughing and spluttering. "Don't give up, son - you're dead set on being a man, now's your chance". His head was swimming and he began to feel mighty sick as his teacher stood over him urging him to keep puffing. The world started wizzing around and he collapsed in a heap. All he wanted to do was die. The after effects lasted for days. In small country towns news travels fast and Herbie had to get used to the inevitable question "how's the smoke to-day?" Later they got to calling him Smoky - he rather fancied the label and thought he might stick to it. It certainly has stuck to him!

The routine life with the Duggans with no pay was coming to an end. His brother Pete called one day with an offer of another job at 5 shillings per week all in, so Smoky moved in with Les and Mrs. Todd. Life was a piece of cake after the Duggan routine, he had never tasted food so good or had a room so comfortable. But his stay was short-lived - being a housekeeper/nurse maid was not for him, he longed for the bush. He had a succession of jobs then, from farm-hand to postal assistant.

Things went well for a while and in 1929 he boasted a bank account "bulging at the seams". He made a trip back to Melbourne to see his grandmother and stayed until his money ran out. Being with his brother Ted, two cousins and sister Laura, who had helped him through the tough times, was too much. He searched for work in Melbourne, but with the depression starting, the city jobs were few and far apart. So, with reluctance, he accepted a job at Turtons Creek, farming and timber getting. He left this after one month following an unpleasant incident with the owner and headed back to Melbourne and Gran.

Things were grim, no money and no job. Smoky suddenly remembered that one of the benefactors at the Orphanage had promised to help him if he was ever in trouble so he wrote. The result was a job in a tannery with wages of 35/- a week. He liked the work and learned all he could, however the depression bit deep, and the tannery had to put him off. He managed to find a job in another tannery and, feeling secure, he bought a racing bike and joined the Brunswick Amateur Cycle club. His hero was Bro. Hubert Opperman. Smoky had considerable success in long distance races but music seemed to dominate his thoughts. During races, music went through his brain to the beat of his almost numb legs and feet as they thrust into the pedals in a determined bid to make

the best racing cyclist in the game. He would find himself in the middle of a variation of a popular tune and it was a simple matter for him to add new verses to old songs, so above the handle bars his head was leading a secret life of rhymes and tunes. Sadly however, due to a heart condition Smoky had to give up cycling although at the time, he was having considerable success and enjoyed the sport. Smoky said "It was a wonderful sport and my greatest love until the obsession with music loomed in my life".

At this time, a friend, Ken Cameron, suggested Smoky should take up the steel guitar and that another entertainer, Harry West, could both sell him the instrument and teach him. With the romance of the South Seas calling him, Smoky signed up for lessons and paid a deposit on a steel guitar. His brother Ted got caught up with enthusiasm and managed to scrounge a beat-up Spanish guitar, and after endless evenings of practicing, they became the "Coral Island Boys". Getting known in the entertainment world was not easy and the pair decided to enter a talent quest on radio station 3DB. They not only were a great success, but won an engagement to play each day for a week at Melbourne's Australia Hotel. Unfortunately, they had only developed two numbers, a repertoire scarcely adequate for a week's engagement. Even though they played these two tunes in waltz time, tango time, two step time and even funeral march time, their interlude became a little monotonous and even embarrassing - their engagement was not extended! Smoky realised that above all they needed a repertoire and sought further advice from Eddie Balmer from 3KZ. About this time, there was to occur a meeting of small impact at the time, but of more importance than anything in Smoky's life. At amateur radio station 3JR Preston, he met Dot, who was to share her life with him. On Sunday mornings, 3JR provided a venue for aspiring performers - brass bands, elocutionists, drama groups, vocalists and even the Coral Island Boys.

In 1936, Smoky, Ted and a few mates won the Professional and Amateur Parade as the South Sea Islanders. They introduced sound effects to radio - wave sounds were achieved by Dot rolling lead shot over flywire in a wooden box - it sounded just like the real thing. It was then that the ever-helpful Eddie Balmer suggested that they have a go at Hillbilly music. The result was a 15 minute Country and Western Programme on 3KZ and they became the Smoky Dawson Pepsodent Rangers. The group still had their regular Thursday show "The South Sea Islanders" going as well, under the direction of Terry Dear. Smoky's friendship with Dot grew slowly but steadily. She became his confidant and teacher, and he was greatly influenced by her advice. She knew so much about presentation, stage craft and audience response. Her advice to him to become a soloist as well as working with a group certainly proved its worth. His first effort as a soloist was at a church hall concert in the Melbourne suburb of Croydon, where the rafters rang with his yodels and the parishioners were filled with delight.

The group grabbed any work they could - functions, radio spots, store promotions, dances, picture theatres, carnivals and parties. Their acts included South Seas, Western, Mexican, Bush, Jazz, Dance, Old Time - you name it, they did it, and as well they had regular spots on radio 3KZ.

By 1938, Smoky and his band had regular work on the ABC and also as support entertainers in cinemas. Again, on advice from Dot, they formed Australia's first Hillbilly Club which soon generated a book full of students - a side line that proved very profitable.

In 1939, war was declared and like most other people, Smoky thought the war would be over in a matter of months, but this was not to be. He joined a group of entertainers providing shows at army camps and learnt early what soldiers liked, something that was to stick by him later on when he was railroaded into the army.

After toying with compositions for years, he started writing songs in earnest and Dot insisted that he take them down to Allan's, Melbourne's leading music publishers. They asked for more and published an album of his songs. He kept writing songs and they kept taking them. He spent a lot of time at Allan's where he became a friend of their professional manager, Jack O'Hagan, of "Along the Road to Gundagai" fame.

After celebrating the group's 400th broadcast over 3KZ in March, 1941, with many faithful listeners crowding into the studio to share the enormous cake which did double duty for his 28th birthday, Smoky took time off and went to Sydney.

He had his first recording session at Columbia Recording Studios on 20th August, 1941 and in no time his songs were getting plenty of airplay and this opened many doors in Sydney. He was soon doing regular shows with Kelly Slack, Bro. Roy Rene and Dick Bentley and worked the theatre circuit and the Showboat.

Back in Melbourne he was given a spot in the highly acclaimed show "Starlit Hour" which led to regular work on radio 3UZ.

With his recordings selling well he returned to Sydney for his second recording session which proved even more successful than the first. He had a season at the Prince Edward Theatre as well as recording 26 episodes of a radio series with Kitty Bluett.

By this time things were bad on the war front and, with many of his friends in the services, Smoky fronted up at the local drill hall for his medical. He was classified B2 and told to carry on entertaining. "Music is very good for the morale in wartime", the Captain told him and promptly booked him for a few camp concerts. These became a steady two a week!

During this period Smoky Dawson was a household name and one of the most popular men in Australia. He seemed to be in every radio show as well as Services shows and regularly played cinema circuits in Sydney and Melbourne. His

records were played nationwide, and his press coverage seemed perpetual. He was on the crest of a wave, but not for long. He received a phone call from his friend, the army captain requesting him to come to the drill hall. Believing this to be for another engagement, Smoky fronted up only to become Private Dawson before the day was out. He was sent in the back of a truck to Camp Pell, where, after a medical course he emerged as a stretcher bearer. Word got out as to who he was and Smoky Dawson was happy to find himself singing and playing at camp concerts again.

In 1943, he was transferred to the First Australian Army Entertainment Unit. It was formed from entertainers serving in the armed forces and the 500 strong unit gradually took shape at Pagewood near Sydney. Smoky toured with this unit throughout Northern Australia performing at hundreds of concerts. Finally the order came to proceed south and with it the prospect of leave and Christmas in Melbourne with Dot. He had a great time, reunions with relatives, the pleasure of old friends, even a few engagements with the ABC, but most of all his time with Dot. Alas, leave was over and it was back to Pagewood where the unit was redrafted into small, mobile groups for dispatch to the numerous islands vacated by the Japanese during the allied advances in the Pacific.

At last a four day pass loomed, and Smoky wrote to Dot telling her to get ready - "the army had named the day for their wedding"! They were married on 13th March, 1944 after his arrival back in Melbourne and spent a brief honeymoon in a small cottage in the mountains outside Melbourne. Three days went very quickly and Smoky found himself alone again and back on a train to Sydney. At Pagewood details were finalised and he was sent on a troop train to Brisbane. Here, with a thousand other troops, he embarked on a liberty ship headed for the Islands where the group virtually gave hundreds of concerts at Morotai, Balikpapan, Tarakan and other front line areas.

The tension of constantly performing, long hours, attacks of malaria, indifferent food and primitive living conditions took their toll. Smoky's health failed and he was confined to the Australian General Hospital at Morotai. A month later he was transferred by Liberator back to Heidelberg Hospital in Melbourne. Here Dot found the skinniest Smoky she had ever known - he was only 7 stone (45 kilos). It took 12 months to get him back to health and he was discharged medically unfit, his nerves shot to pieces. "I was the victim of two wars," says Smoky, "My father's reaction to being in WW 1 and then my own to WW II."

It meant starting all over again, Smoky became a regular on the ABC Saturday Night Variety Show and Dot was doing the Childrens' Session on 3KZ.

Smoky spent the next three years on the road with a Rodeo Show during which time he took up throwing knives - at people! He threw knives, tomahawks, swords, even screwdrivers - anything with a point on it! He was the only man in the world to use double-headed battle-axes in his act. One of the most frequent

questions people asked him was "Did you ever miss?" - Smoky's reply: "Yes, thank goodness, I did!"

During his time on the road, he wrote and recorded numerous songs and made many lasting friendships. He visited and performed at hundreds of country towns in all states. On one memorable occasion they headed for Colac and this brought back for Smoky a host of rich memories. So many people turned up for the show that they had to hold two performances. For Smoky the reunion with the Carew family and the friends made in his boyhood days during holidays from the orphanage meant a great deal to him. Being together again after all those years had the mark of the inevitable and there was a feeling "that the good Lord had had a hand in the muster"!

The years 1949 and 1950 were packed with activity. With the material he had gathered, Smoky produced a pilot show for a proposed radio series called The Inlander which was made up of stories of his experiences, with songs created from the same material. It was rejected by 3KZ so he took it to the ABC who signed him up for a six week contract - it was so popular that it ran for three years! He was invited to do a concert tour of the capital cities with the ABC and his greatest experience during this tour was singing a duet with the great Peter Dawson and from this, developed a lifelong friendship.

By 1950 Smoky realised that rodeo shows had virtually had their run and it was time for him to take stock. His name was firmly established throughout Australia and his services were still in great demand for radio. He was invited to do a personal appearance show in the United States which would cover radio, TV, motion picture, theatrical engagements and a lecture circuit. To keep his songs before the Australian public during his absence he put down twelve tracks with EMI. In July, Smoky and Dot left on the Oronsay for England on their way to the United States.

In London, the Festival of Britain was in full swing and the BBC engaged Smoky for a few performances. He was also offered some tempting and lucrative contracts which, because of his American engagements, he had to decline.

The trip to New York, aboard the S.S. America was far from pleasant. The Atlantic made a laughing stock of the ship's stabilisers and Dot and Smoky totally lost any interest in food. They have travelled by plane ever since! Smoky took Australia to America. His stories of the strange birds and animals, the ancient legends of the aborigines, his collection of Australian folk songs and his demonstrations with stockwhip, knives and axes were in great demand. He accepted a daily spot on radio WAGC, Tennessee, where he sang many of our best-loved bush songs. To the Americans he was THE Australian Cowboy. During his travels and performances, Smoky made a mountain of life-long friends, many of them well-known names in the international music industry. He is the only Australian entertainer ever to be made a member of the All-time Greats of American Country Music. In Nashville, Tennessee, a wax model was made of Smoky

from a picture taken nearly 40 years ago. That, and a wax model of "Flash", Smoky's best four-legged friend, are now in Tamworth, Australia's country music capital. Flash accompanied Smoky in and out of the limelight for many years.

When the Dawsons returned from the United States they were greeted by a Beatles style welcome with a tremendous crowd of well-wishers and huge "Welcome to Smoky" signs.

A month after their return, Smoky was back on air again with his new "The Smoky Dawson Show" - possibly the best known Australian radio show centred around the legend of "Jindawarrabel", a property in the great outback. The show flourished and became part of the "kid culture" of that decade. It brought out the values of honesty, kindness to animals and respect for the proper authorities. It had beneficial results and the advantage of being educational as well as entertaining. The show was sponsored by Kelloggs and Smoky's face even started to appear on packets of breakfast cereal. He started the "Wild West Club" which developed into Australia's largest fan club with more than a million members before it was phased out. There are still adults who have, tucked away in a drawer, an identity card with space for photo and thumb print, and a replica of one of Smoky's famous .45 Colts.

Another spin off from the Kelloggs show was the constant need for new songs, and this, in turn, led to new music and further records. Because of public response, other radio stations were happy to offer work and the ABC introduced a follow-up to the Inlander series. And, so for 10 years, Smoky had a weekly radio show on the Macquarie Network. Children living in the country looked forward to his show each Thursday and its popularity continued until the great vacuum cleaner in the sky, television, sucked up all the audience.

One advantage of radio shows was that they could be recorded months ahead and, before he knew it, Smoky was back touring again with showground performances, exhibitions and demonstrations where his great popularity was displayed by the audiences wherever he went.

In 1954 on his 45th birthday, Dot presented Smoky with the keys to the Ranch at Ingleside, a great scenic spot on the northern outskirts of Sydney. Their life had been a mixture of separation, the bush, travelling and suburban domestic bliss in their home at Lane Cove in Sydney. Dot felt that the time might come when her travelling cowboy might like to come in from the tent shows and rodeos to a quiet pasture. The Ranch, beginning as a haven, soon became a full time occupation. The first rodeo was held there that year with Bro. Chips Rafferty, Lance Skuthorpe and Chief Little Wolf adding colour to an event in aid of Rotary.

The Ranch was given the green light as an entertainment centre and was the venue

for charity functions, TV shows, commercial entertainment, family parties, a riding school, a holiday camp, concerts, rodeos and other sundry events. The Dawsons work for charities has been, for them, richly rewarding. Their belief is that if you stand to gain, it is also important that you be prepared to give. The idea of holding holiday camps at the Ranch came to fruition. At Christmas time this was not only their greatest joy, but their hardest work - feeding hungry youngsters, teaching them to ride safely, keeping them occupied, making sure they were clean, putting them to bed at night - boys in one bunk house and girls in another, was a full time job, "Those years of caring for kids during holiday camps were among the richest in our lives" said Smoky. Not having been blessed with children themselves, they were happy to have a hand in helping many boys and girls, receiving in return an untold wealth of affection and they still have old pupils calling in with children of their own, to meet Aunty Dot and Smoky.

In 1956, Smoky was invited by Bro. Sir Asher Joel to lead the parade at the inaugural Sydney Waratah Festival on his horse, Flash, and to take the salute at the Town Hall. The biggest crowds were there and the Governor, Sir John Northcote (P.G.M.), the Premier, J.J. Cahill and the Lord Mayor, Pat Hills were ready to take the salute. Asher Joel suggested Smoky ride up to the Governor on his horse and bow, which Flash did magnificently. Sir John promptly rose to his feet and saluted and Flash got carried away and kept on bowing while, Sir John, his face lit by a huge grin, kept on saluting! This could have gone on all day had the Governor not reneged.

Then there came, one day, a call to meet Mr. Fairfax of the Sydney Morning Herald, and this resulted in them replacing the American Hopalong Cassidy Cartoon in The Sun with the Smoky Dawson strip. The prospect of five days a week in the company of Brenda Starr, Wally and the Major and Rip Kirby was irresistible. The Ranch continued to expand and become more and more popular. When the R.S.P.C.A. moved from its century-old premises at La Perouse, the old stables, farm buildings and post-and-rail fences were re-erected at the Ranch to add to the authentic pioneer flavour of the property. Channel Nine decided to make the big TV series "Luke's Kingdom" using the Ranch as a base. A village of the 1830's was erected, the Border Inn and huts for the troopers were built, authentic in every way and when they were completed in 1974 there was an atmosphere that could not be matched anywhere in Australia. From this time onwards, the entertainment and advertising industries used the Ranch extensively as a source of colonial settings. The Ranch was host for numerous visits by underprivileged children, the ones from the Far West Homes, the Crippled Childrens Association and many others.

Probably the most memorable event held at the Ranch for Smoky was a segment of "This is Your Life" programme with Mike Willesee. Smoky was speechless for the first time in his life as he was reunited with his brother, Ted, Jack Carew,

now 90, and many of his friends from the past.

Quoting from Smoky's autobiography, "Smoky Dawson A Life" -

" In 1961 I was privileged to join the Masonic craft, which added depth to my range of friendships and strengthened my moral attitudes. Within the discipline of the organisation and its blending of men from all walks of life, there was a new ladder to climb by slow degrees. Whereas show business meant the fulfilment of one's hopes in the eyes of the world, advancement within the craft was a private achievement, a method of self-assessment that had nothing to do with outside acclaim and a great deal to do with the inner man. We may attribute what we are to all sorts of causes and influences; and this, I suppose, is what I've been doing in this book. But the final criterion is, I believe, whether, warts and all, you have made the best of what you started out with. And 'making the best' is not how you are seen in the eyes of the world, but how you are received in the hearts of your friends.

I believe my years with the craft helped to extend my understanding of people and made me particularly aware of the responsibility of all adults to all children. In a society in which moral laxity seems to be equated with freedom, there lies a great contradiction. Every child is entitled to know what the rules and regulations are for the making of a good life. If governments, and adults generally, throw away or lose confidence in the rule book, kids are left in doubt and ignorance. This constitutes freedom to get lost. Our experience of thousands of kids is that they need guidelines just as much for living as they do for riding ponies, and there is perhaps no more creative contribution an adult can make in this life than to point the way for them."

Smoky was ever the firefighters' friend and forever praising their work. In 1978, he wrote a song in their honour, "The Fierce Red Steer", little knowing that he was to become a victim of the same "red steer" two years later. The day before the bushfire, the big construction company, Hollands, who were in the middle of building the Sydney Entertainment Centre, held a Christmas Party at the Ranch for their staff and families. It was a hot summer's day and the horizon tended to be hazy with the smoke of fires. There had been reports of fires in Kuring-gai Chase, but none in the area of the Ranch. Smoky didn't know it then, but this was to be the last party at the Ranch. The Sunday before Christmas, 1980, the winds came up and fire raced through the Chase beyond control - it all seemed like something out of a bad dream. Relentlessly, the fire swept towards the Ranch. The horses were all rounded up and moved to safe ground. With nothing but a few tanks of water with which to fight the fire, the precious Australian Village was reduced to ashes in a matter of minutes, and with it, part of Dot and Smoky's life. The Ranch was later partly restored and leased to the Grundy Organisation for

set filming.

On 23rd April, 1982, Smoky suffered another major loss with the sudden death of his horse, Flash, a constant friend for 35 years. This loss was truly brought home to him on the following Anzac Day when he marched with his friends from the Entertainment Unit instead of riding Flash as he had done for the previous 18 years. Smoky still has a watery glow in his eye when speaking of him. On New Years Day, 1983, Smoky was awarded the M.B.E. for his services to country music. In his own words "It was really an acknowledgement of a partnership in which Dot played an essential part. It was she who had made possible our service both to charities and to the world of entertainment with our country and western music."

Continuing in Smoky's words, "If I've learnt one thing in my life, it's that there isn't a gully so deep you can't climb out of it, and when you do that's the time to go looking for the next mountain. When you think your time may be running out, just take a deep breath and, in the words of a song my old mate Hal Saunders wrote for me:

Say a prayer for the gift of life

And the love of all your friends."

He has now hit "eighty" and has become known as the granddaddy of country music, but is still writing songs and is still in demand in the entertainment industry.

Finally, the following paragraph from his book sums up the life of Wor. Bro. Smoky Dawson -

"Because I am fiercely proud of Australia and its people, I like to think of myself as an old-fashioned troubador trying to preserve a feeling for the Australian past in word pictures and song. Much that I have done has been made possible by others. The long rugged trail of experience has seen the light of joy and the shadow of sorrow, but everywhere there have been helping hands and supporters to keep the smile on my face and help me pass on my happiness."

Wor. Bro. Smoky Dawson was initiated in Lodge St. Ives No. 873 U.G.L. of N.S.W. on 13th March, 1961. He was passed to the Second Degree on 10th July of that year, and raised to the Third Degree on 12th March, 1962. He was Installed as Wor. Master in October, 1970.

He affiliated with Lodge Brotherhood No. 488 on 6th August, 1981.

He was advanced to the Mark Degree in Roseville Royal Arch Chapter No. 490 S.C. on 8th May, 1963, admitted to the Excellent Master Degree on 12th June, and exalted to the Royal Arch Degree on 10th July of that year.

He was installed as First Principal on 8th March, 1972.

Wor. Bro. Dawson was perfected in the 18th Degree in St. Ives Rose Croix Chapter No. 80 A.C. on 30th May, 1968 and was enthroned in the Chair of that Chapter on 5th August, 1977. He was elevated to the 30th Degree on 10th August, 1978.

He was inducted into Sydney Conclave No. 1, Order of the Secret Monitor for N.S.W. and the A.C.T. on 13th April, 1973 and admitted to the Second Degree on 25th July of that year. He was installed as Supreme Ruler on 27th October, 1982.

Wor. Bro. Smoky Dawson is still a member of all these lodges and orders.

When questioned by an interviewer recently about his philosophy on life, he replied with five words from the Masonic Ritual:

"Being happy and conferring happiness."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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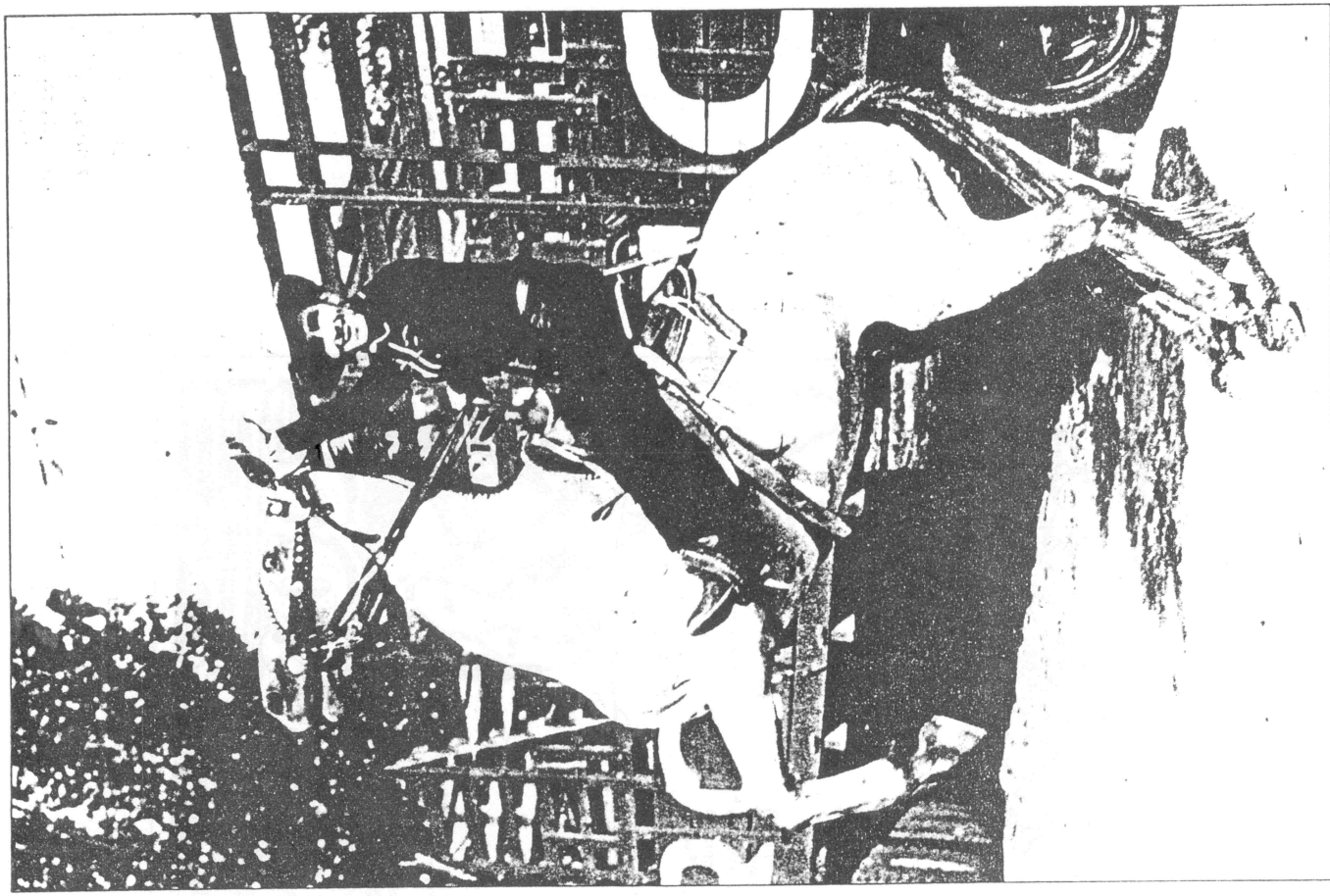
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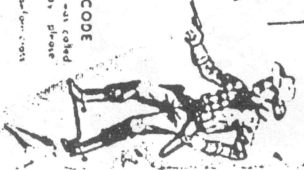
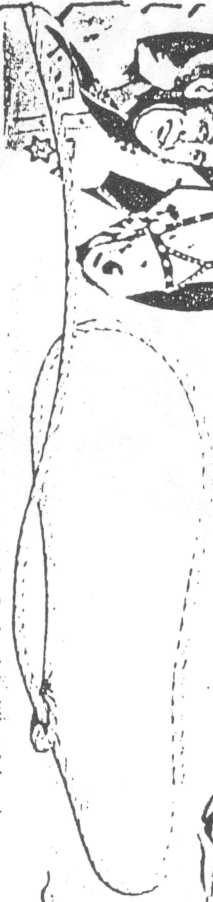
A scene from the rodeo organised for the horseman greats of the past, at Wirths' Olympia in Melbourne.

A publicity poster from the Kellogg's days.

Kellogg's WEST GLOBE

CODE OF THE WEST

This is to certify that my partner



- MY HEALTH CODE**
- Washed my hands, combed my hair before meals
 - Brushed my teeth morning and night
 - Cleaned my fingernails
 - Had a good breakfast
 - Played outdoors in fresh air
 - Was careful of my health habits in a strong herd?

having upheld the Code of the West, is hereby officially appointed Deputy Sheriff — and charged with assisting me in furthering the principles of fair play, good citizenship and loyal friendship.

Signed: *Jerry D...*
SHERIFF

- MY CITIZENSHIP CODE**
- Be proud of my Country and its flag
 - Be respectful of my parents
 - Honor my school and land in my actions
 - Help my friends and neighbors
 - Be clean — thoughts, words, deeds
 - Do my share actively

- MY RANGE CODE**
- Come for me I was called
 - Be respectful to my horse and team
 - Learned both my own and my neighbor's signals
 - Swam between logs and observed livestock at all times
 - Upheld the honor of my school
 - Fedward all orders with a smile



"FOR WHAT I AM, THE WORLD WILL BE"