

## **Jack Noble of 'Nobles Nob'**

Jack Noble was a larrikin who roamed the Aussie bush.  
He lived a free and easy life. No rush, no stress, no push.  
A bushman and a linesman and at times a station cook.  
He lost one eye but ventured still for gold to take a look.

Prospecting was his passion then, and very skilled was he.  
At searching on the stony ground a gleaming speck to see.  
He lobbed up to a miners' camp at Tennant Creek one day,  
And heard the talk of nugget gold. Jack said, 'It's time to play.'

A blind friend with his family arrived from Kimberley.  
Bill Weaber said, 'Now Jack you go with Owen out to see.'  
Young Owen was then fourteen years, a lad with good strong eyes.  
So Jack and Owen found the gold that shone in gold sunrise.

They pegged four leases speedily. The first was 'Rising Sun',  
Then 'Weaber's Find' and 'Kimb'ley Kids'. Jack said, 'That Knob's not one.'  
But Weaber's wife Kath saw it too, and said, 'That's Noble's Nob.'  
A rocky hill, but one day soon, that rock will do the job.'

The Weaber family's tragedies are for another day.  
Jack Noble got his gold and so the money came his way.  
A drinking man a rouse-about, he sold his company shares  
To buy the local pub, and then went sampling all its wares.

He put his drinks upon a slate and sank down many a glass.  
The publican soon owned the pub and Jack was on his arse.  
He took off west through desert on his camel in the heat.  
Sometimes he rode his horse until more drinking had him beat.

And gambling too - he swapped the horse for bicycle, to hike  
Out in the bush, the strangest thing, prospector on a bike.  
The legends of Jack Noble have been told by famed Tom Cole.  
As quickly as the cash came in it fell out through the hole.

I met Jack in the '50's when on Nobles Nob we lived.  
An elderly night watchman. No home, no wife, no kids.  
In later years when frail and sick to Alice Springs was sent.  
And failing fast, missed Tennant Creek. 'Go Home' was Jack's lament.

So money was collected. A Red Cross Home was raised.  
Called 'Noble House', and that was where Jack Noble spent his days.  
His body lies to rest out there in Tennant's Cemetery.  
The richness that was Nobles Nob is Noble's legacy.

Hi Joan,

Nice to hear from you. I'm glad you had the chance to meet up with Noel, he's a great performer and he's won some big competitions. He writes some good poems too.

Thanks for sending your poem. I really enjoyed reading it, and I think it deserves some more revision. As you've asked for feedback, I've included some comments which I hope will help. Just remember though, it's only one person's opinion, and others may not agree! Go along with what seems right to you.

First, rhythm. You are writing in a pattern of weak, strong, weak, strong, etc. If you count the strong beats in each line of your first stanza, you will see there are 7,6,6,7. The second and third lines have two weak beats together. In the second line, "His life was free and eas/y. No rush..." The first syllable underlined is strong, the other two are weak.

I'd try to stick to 7 strong beats in each line. For instance line 2, try "He lived a free and easy life - no rush, no stress, no push." You could also use a comma after "life". Often you can change the words around a bit to get the required rhythm. For line 3, just add "and". I'll leave it to you to check the rest!

I've made a few suggestions re punctuation, which should be similar to that used in prose. It's just as important in poetry, and requires a lot of thought. Try reading it aloud, or writing it out as prose without breaking it into lines. This helps me to decide where to put the wretched commas etc, but again, everyone has different ideas.

Well, here goes! Read on...