



Mt Wilson and Mt Irvine Community Newsletter

Working together for a better
community

December 2008



SPECIAL EDITION: EDITOR'S NOTES

The idea of doing a special edition was triggered by a couple of delightful short pieces by Molly de Chalumeau, Gourmet Poodle; and Wallace Wombat, Freedom Fighter (a.k.a., in both cases, Ray Harrington, who has agreed to their publication). They are too good to sit in a computer's memory until February, when the next 'official' newsletter is due, so I thought I would do a special.

Casting around for something else to fill it, I happened to be browsing through a book of poems and decided I might solicit, from a few people, a favoured short poem of their choice. Poetry! I hear you cry. But this is a newsletter, for goodness sake! Well, this issue is not really a newsletter, it's a bit of (slightly) literary fun, and it is, after all, the so-called festive (or, if you prefer, the silly) season. So it's Molly and Wallace and poems, and the story of an interesting incident at Bisley, observed by Beverley and Graham Thompson. Also, since I am indulging myself, a rather long scientific joke that I think is quite elegant, and like, but Diana thinks is too complicated and wouldn't let me put in a normal newsletter. There are also a few other, much less complicated, jokes. (I have to say I have not asked the Progress Associations and RFS whether they have any objection to a 'non newsletter' under their logos, but I am assuming they are not going to object.)

The poems are interesting in their contrasts. Wendy Cope's 'Green song', to be sung at the bottle bank, reflects the ribald, irreverent spirit of the young: 'Empty bottles, we love to hear them smash, And we'll save the planet...' (We who are older simply shudder as the noise reverberates through our hangover.) That, and 'Spätlese', by A D Hope, were sent to me by my daughter Judy who, although now a married lady in her (early!) forties, with three children, retains the irreverence of her undergraduate years (when she knew A D Hope at ANU and was encouraged to develop her own poetry), which makes her very good company. And which was why I asked her for a contribution. 'The Second Coming' (my choice, deservedly very well known) is filled with wonderful imagery; rather dark. Yeats could have been writing today instead of in 1918: 'The centre cannot hold, Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world...' could be commenting on current trends in the world's economy and our natural environment. Perhaps not the kind of second coming Christians associate with Christmas.

I am grateful to Arthur Delbridge, who took some trouble to get a Les Murray poem. Murray is the nearest thing (person) Australia has to a poet laureate, so we couldn't do this without something from him. In Murray's view poetry and religion were intimately connected; both involve the three vital elements of the conscious mind, the dreaming mind and the body. So the one Arthur has chosen is called 'Poetry and Religion'. To complete our eclectic collection we have some verses by Ovid (remember him, those who took Latin at school?) contributed by Moira Green (who is a Latin teacher). If those were among his less risqué verses he must have had an interesting life!

The fresh growth on the eucalypts is beautiful again this year. The browns and reds and various shades of soft green of the new leaves shine in the sun, quite unlike the usual olive-coloured foliage of the bent but uncompromising trees that stubbornly survive on the lousy sandstone soils characteristic of most of our area. For a few weeks the spectacle they create rivals anything the tall rainforest and exotic species living lives of luxury on the basalt can put on. It even makes the tedious drive to Lithgow quite a pleasurable experience.

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MUGGED ON THE MOUNTAIN

It was the night of the Olympic opening ceremony. I wasn't really that interested but my minders were glued to the set. It was way past my bedtime and I was busting. Eventually the one with the face hair got the message and let me out into the night. I was in such a hurry that I didn't notice the creature lurking in the shadows. I always hurl a bit of abuse at the night, just to let anyone know whose place this is anyway. Then, my worst nightmare: a giant hairy, smelly wombat hit me whilst in midstream; the shock alone was enormous apart from the embarrassment! I screamed blue murder (as you do) but no one heard me over the sounds from the idiots jumping up and down on the flaming box. I felt the claws rip me (my that smarts) and I couldn't get away, the darn thing was on top of me. It was growling, I was screaming until eventually, running footsteps were coming, lights were flashing on and a foot wearing a very worn slipper connected with considerable vigour to the wombat's undercarriage, which seemed to displease it no end. I'm off he said (obviously a coward when outnumbered); of course I could have handled it on my own given time. I staggered back inside (any thought as to why I went out there somehow seeming unimportant then). While I was suffering, the hairy one was jumping about holding his foot and turning the night air blue with a quite outrageous stream of epithets that any cultured French lady like myself would not like to hear under any circumstances.

The next day I was not at all well. My minders drove me to my doctor who proceeded to stick me full of goodness knows what and then (oh my!) totally ruined my best winter coat; it lay there in shreds. Not content with that, she decided I needed a quiet lie down. I didn't mind that bit but when I awoke I found she had been practising her needlework up and down my skin: there I was, half naked, half my coat on in patches. I looked as if I had been designed by a committee.

The good part was that my other minder had come over all maternal and decided to cook me special cuisine (this I could cope with; after all, with my ancestry gourmet food should be the norm). But now that I have recovered she has tried to give me the rubbish that I used to eat. She has no chance! So sisters, although this is not an experience I would necessarily recommend, a dog dish can have a silver lining.

**Molly de Chalumeau
Gourmet Poodle.**

A Green Song**Wendy Cope***To sing at the bottle-bank*

One Green Bottle,
Drop it in the bank.
Ten green bottles,
What a lot we drank.
Heaps of bottles
And yesterday's a blank
But we'll save the planet,
Tinkle, tinkle, clank!

We've got bottles –
Nice, percussive trash.
Bags of bottles
Cleaned us out of cash.
Empty bottles,
We love to hear them smash
And we'll save the planet,
Tinkle, tinkle, crash!

Spätlese**A.D. Hope**

A late picking – the old man sips his wine
And eyes his vineyard flourishing row on row.
Ripe clusters, hanging heavy on the vine,
Catch the sun's afterglow.

He thinks: next vintage will not be too bad.
The *spätlese* at last, as I recall,
Has caught the grace I aimed at as a lad;
Yet ripeness is not all.

Young men still seek perfection of the type;
A grace that lies beyond, one learns in time.
The improbable ferment of the overripe
May touch on the sublime.

Old men should be adventurous. On the whole
I think that's what old age is really for:
Tolstoy at Astapove find his soul;
Ulysses hefts his oar.

WALLACE THE MUGGER.

It was a sad time when the two legs came to our mountain. Before, we could come and go as we pleased. We were kings, even the Dingos left us alone. But now, wires, noise, trees down, new creatures that don't belong. They build their lairs above ground, stupid; they'll only burn down. Of course everything has an upside, like the new food: the ones with flowers on I don't care for much, but the things they call vegees are great. Problem is they don't like us sharing. All the time confrontation, like that noisy puny little woolly critter that I had to sort out the other night. I'll bet she thought her time had come. I'd have finished her if that one with the face hair hadn't caught me unawares. I'm still waddling crooked from that altercation, a low blow that was.

They came to our land uninvited and decided that it was theirs. This can't go on; we must fight back. This is war. We've already had casualties, only the other night Whittaker was killed by a hit and run, and down Wilson way I heard young Winston went away in a cage, smoked out they say. Now there's talk about them bringing in a Top Gunn.

The situation calls for a co-operative effort, William (Big Willie) called a meeting the other night, Walter from Ooroo was there, Womble from Infield, Winker from Instay, Wimbley from Inrock and others from Go-on and Gambe. Even old Warren from Tonga, limping after tangling with an old green tractor. Wexford had been investigating some mysterious goings on at Withy. Some were talking about bringing in some of the birds, Fred (Cracker) Galah has had some success, apparently, by attacking them in the nuts. That hurts 'em bad he says. I'm not racist of course but they're coloured aren't they? Can't trust 'em, especially the Lyers. Someone must have told the Kingies that red and green were complementary; looks punk to me. And they're noisy: just when we're going to bed they start up their stupid dawn chorus. Sounds worse than that Choir of Dread Locks. Now if you appreciate real music, listen to us Wombats singing our Anthem Amazing Place.

I've had some fun by moving to new digs under that doctor's place, under one side and out the other, really had them rattled. The best idea was from Winsok, he said to really demoralise them, attack their Sacred Sites, like the Fire Shed or Turkish Bath. That would get them steamed.

We need to send them a clear message, We won't go away and WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE!

**Wallace Wombat
Freedom Fighter.**

Wallace mugshot



The Second Coming

W.B. Yeats (ca.1918)

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
 The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
 Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
 Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
 The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and every-
 where
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
 The best lack all conviction, and the worst
 Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
 Surely the Second Coming is at hand.

The Second Coming! Hardly are those words
 out

When a vast image of *Spiritus Mundi*
 Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the
 desert

A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
 A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
 Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
 Reel shadows of indignant desert birds.
 The darkness drops again: but now I know
 That twenty centuries of stony sleep
 Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
 And what rough beast, its hour come at last,
 Slouches towards Jerusalem to be born.

Poetry and Religion

Les Murray

Religions are poems. They concert
 our daylight and dreaming mind, our
 emotions, instinct breath and native gesture

into the only whole thinking: poetry.
 Nothing's said till it's dreamed out in words
 and nothing's true that figures in words only.

A poem, compared with an arrayed religion,
 may be like a soldier's one short marriage night
 to die and live by. But that is a small religion...

There'll always be religion around while there is
 poetry

or lack of it. Both are given, and intermittent,
 as the action of those birds—crested pigeon,
 rosella parrot—
 who fly with wings shut then beating, and shut
 again.

AMORES

I iii 1-26 by Ovid, translation by Guy Lee

The Emperor Augustus, for reasons to do with
 morals, banished the Roman poet, Ovid, to an
 obscure Black sea outpost and banned his
 works from public libraries. However, his work
 has survived and is studied by university stu-
 dents of Latin two thousand years later. Here is
 a less risqué portion of his instructions to lov-
 ers.

Thief of my heart, it's only fair
 you should give me yours or cherish mine for-
 ever.

No, I'm asking too much – simply let me love
 you
 and Venus will have answered all my prayers.

I'll be your slave for life,
 your ever faithful lover.

I can't claim noble ancestry,
 my father's a mere knight,

my acres are hardly broad,
 my allowance barely enough.

But Phoebus and the Nine are with me,
 the wine-god and the god of love,

fidelity, integrity,
 sincerity, sensitivity.

I'm no philanderer leaping from bed to bed.
 I promise to be yours for ever.

O for the luck to live with you while life's thread
 lasts
 and to die while you sleep beside me!

You shall be theme and inspiration,
 my verse the mirror of your merit.

Io the timid heifer,
 Ledo who loved a swan,

Europa at sea, holding tight to a bull's horns-
 these owe fame to verse.

Verse can make *us* world-famous too,
 Linking our names together always.

Drama at Bisley

It was a wonderful late spring afternoon and we were relaxing after a hard day in the garden. We were admiring the new family of ducks who were enjoying a late afternoon swim when the quiet was suddenly shattered by a large grey shape breaking through the rhododendron hedge and plunging into the lake. Would you believe, it was a huge wallaby chased by a menacing dingo!

The wallaby floundered in the water, desperately trying to reach the shallow end, while the dingo lurched forward and snarled, driving the wallaby back into deep water. Wallabies are obviously not good swimmers and this one soon became distressed. We were able to chase the dingo away into the bush while the wallaby managed to scramble out the shallow end. It lay exhausted on the bank for several minutes, then bounded unsteadily into the bush to live another day – unless the dingo was lying in wait.

Believe it or not!

Beverley and Graham Thompson

It's exam' time, so here are some exam' answers given by kids:

Q: Name the four seasons.

A: Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

Q: Explain one of the processes by which water can be made safe to drink.

A: Flirtation makes water safe to drink because it removes large pollutants like grit, sand, dead sheep and canoeists.

Q: How is dew formed?

A: The sun shines down on the leaves and makes them perspire.

Q: How can you delay milk turning sour?

A: Keep it in the cow.

Q: What causes the tides in the oceans?

A: The tides are a fight between the Earth and the Moon. All water tends to flow towards the moon, because there is no water on the moon, and nature hates a vacuum. I forget where the sun joins in this fight.

Q: What are steroids?

A: Things for keeping carpets still on the stairs.

Q: What happens to your body as you age?

A: When you get old, so do your bowels and you get

intercontinental.

Q: What happens to a boy when he reaches puberty?

A: He says good-bye to his boyhood and looks forward to his adultery.

Q: Name a major disease associated with cigarettes.

A: Premature death.

Q: How are the main parts of the body categorized? (e.g., abdomen)

A: The body is consisted into three parts -- the brainium, the borax and the abdominal cavity. The brainium contains the brain; the borax contains the heart and lungs, and the abdominal cavity contains the five bowels A, E, I, O, and U.

Q: What is the fibula?

A: A small lie.

Q: What does 'varicose' mean?

A: Nearby.

Q: Give the meaning of the term 'Caesarian Section.'

A: The Caesarian Section is a district in Rome

Q: What does the word 'benign' mean?'

A: Benign is what you will be after you be eight

I hope your grandchildren/children do a little better, even if the results are not so entertaining.

And since it's nearly Christmas:

Three men—lets' say an American, an Englishman and and Australian—died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

'In honour of this holy season' Saint Peter said, 'To get into heaven you must each possess something that symbolizes Christmas '

The American fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. 'It represents a candle', he said.

'You may pass through the pearly gates' Saint Peter said.

The Englishman reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said,

'They're bells.'

Saint Peter said 'You may pass through the pearly gates'.

The Australian searched desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's panties.

St. Peter looked at the man with a raised eyebrow and asked, 'And just what do those symbolize?' The Australian replied, 'These are Carol's.'

And so The Christmas Season begins.....

With thanks to Judy Landsberg

And here's a good result from a university exam: Hell Freezes Over

The joke my wife thinks is too complex: This is said to be the answer given by a student at an American university in a chemistry exam. To fully appreciate it you just have to remember (if you ever knew!) that an **endothermic reaction** is one that absorbs heat – melting ice is a physical endothermic process; your drink cools because the ice is absorbing heat from the drink—and an **exothermic reaction** emits or produces (loses) heat; so burning wood is the exothermic oxidation of carbohydrates.

Question: is Hell exothermic or endothermic?

One student wrote the following:

First we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving.

I think we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell it will not leave. So no souls are leaving.

As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Most of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there are many religions, and since people do not belong to more than one, we can project that all souls go to Hell.

With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in hell to increase exponentially. Now, assuming that a soul has a finite volume, we look at the rate of change of the volume of Hell, because Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately to the number of souls added. This gives two possibilities:

- if Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter, then the temperature and pressure will increase until all Hell breaks loose
- if Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase in the number of souls, then the temperature and pressure will drop until hell freezes over.

So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Teresa during my Freshman year, that 'it will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you', and take into account the fact that I slept with her last night, then option 2 must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over.

The corollary of this theory is that, since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is therefore extinct, leaving only Heaven and thereby proving the existence of a divine being, which explains why, last night, Teresa kept shouting "Oh my God!"

The student got an **A**

Great truths that little children have learned:

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats. 2) When your Mom is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair. 3) If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person. 4) Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato. 5) You can't trust dogs to watch your food. 6) Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair. 7) Never hold a Dust-Buster and a cat at the same time. 8) You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk. 9) Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2) Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives I can get. 3) When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there. 4) You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster. 5) It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions. 6) Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician. 7) Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone. |
|---|---|

Great truths about growing old

- 1) Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional.

The four stages of life

- 1) You believe in Santa Claus.
- 2) You don't believe in Santa Claus.
- 3) You are Santa Claus.
- 4) You look like Santa Claus

With thanks to Graham Tribe—one of many!

Note that the Carol Service this year will be held on Saturday 20th December at 730, with supper in the