



May 2021 Newsletter
Magazine Section

*Friendship, Fellowship and
Fun*

May Day /Labour Day

The history of Labour Day in Australia spans over a century. It is an important annual event that remembers those who struggled and succeeded to ensure decent and fair working conditions in Australia. During the mid to late 1800s the working day was long and arduous, where some employees would work up to 12 hours a day, six days a week.

Many Australians saw the need for better working conditions and in the 1850s there was a strong push for this. On April 21, 1856, stonemasons at the University of Melbourne marched to Parliament House to push for an eight-hour working day. An agreement with employers for a 48-hour week was eventually reached and Australian workers welcomed the new eight-hour day. A victory march was held on May 12 that year and each year after that. In 1856 the new work regulations were recognized in New South Wales,

followed by Queensland in 1858 and South Australia in 1873.

In 1874, Tasmania joined the other states, which were colonies at the time, in adopting the shorter eight-hour working day. In 1879 the Victorian Government made one further step towards better conditions for employees by proclaiming a paid public holiday that year. In light of the labour movement's successful push for an eight-hour day, a large May Day meeting was held in Melbourne in 1890. On May 1 that year a local newspaper made reference to that day as May Day.

Symbols

The number eight has often been spotted on many union buildings in Australia to symbolize an eight-hour working day. For example, the Eight-Hour monument featuring a golden globe bearing the 888 symbol was erected in Spring Street in Melbourne in 1903.

Renowned Australian writer and poet Henry Lawson (1867-1922) wrote a poem "Freedom on the Wallaby" to mark one of the largest May Day/Labour Day demonstrations in Queensland in 1891 where it was reported that cheers were made for "the eight-hour day". There have been other songs and poems that refer to the theme behind this holiday and the efforts of the labour movement in modern times such as "The Eight-Hour Day" by John Warner, calling for Australians to stand up united and maintain their rights to an eight-hour work day.

The Chinese Garden

The Chinese garden is a landscape garden style which has evolved over three thousand years. It includes both the vast gardens of the Chinese emperors and members of the imperial family, built for pleasure and to impress, and the more intimate gardens created by scholars, poets, former government officials, soldiers and merchants, made for reflection and escape from the outside world. They create an idealized miniature landscape, which is meant to express the harmony that should exist between man and nature

A typical Chinese garden is enclosed by walls and includes one or more ponds, rock works, trees and flowers, and an assortment of halls and pavilions within the garden, connected by winding paths and zig-zag galleries. By moving from structure to structure, visitors can view a series of carefully composed scenes, unrolling like a scroll of landscape paintings.

A Chinese garden was not meant to be seen all at once; the plan of a classical Chinese garden presented the visitor with a series of perfectly composed and framed glimpses of scenery; a view of a pond, or of a rock, or a grove of bamboo, a blossoming tree, or a view of a distant mountain peak or a pagoda.

The 16th-century Chinese writer and philosopher Ji Cheng instructed garden

builders to "hide the vulgar and the common as far as the eye can see and include the excellent and the splendid".

Water



A pond or lake is the central element of a Chinese garden. The main buildings are usually placed beside it, and pavilions surround the lake to see it from different points of view. The garden usually has a pond for lotus flowers, with a special pavilion for viewing them. There are usually goldfish in the pond, with pavilions over the water for viewing them.

The lake or pond has an important symbolic role in the garden. Water represents lightness and communication and carried the food of life on its journey through the valleys and plains. It also is the complement to the mountain, the other central element of the garden, and represents dreams and the infinity of spaces.

The shape of the garden pond often hides the edges of the pond from viewers on the other side, giving the illusion that the pond goes on to infinity. The softness of the water contrasts with the solidity of the rocks. The water reflects the sky, and therefore is constantly changing, but even a gentle wind can soften or erase the reflections.

Small gardens have a single lake, with a rock garden, plants and structures around its edge. Middle-sized gardens will have a single lake with one or more streams coming into the lake, with bridges crossing the streams, or a single long lake divided into two bodies of water by a narrow channel crossed by a bridge. In a very large garden the principal feature of the garden is the large lake with islands, symbolizing the isles of the immortals. Streams come into the lake, forming additional scenes. Numerous structures give different views of the water including, perhaps, a stone boat, a covered bridge, and several pavilions by the side of or over the water.

Some gardens created the impression of lakes by places smooth areas of white sand, bordered by rocks, in courtyards. In the moonlight these looked like real lakes. This style of 'dry garden' was later imported into Japan and transformed into the zen garden.

The streams in the Chinese garden always follow a winding course and are hidden from time to time by rocks or vegetation. A French Jesuit missionary, Father Attiret, who was a painter in the service of the Qianlong Emperor from 1738 to 1768, described one garden he saw:

"The canals are not like those in our country bordered with finely cut stone, but very rustic and lined with pieces of rock, some coming forward, some retreating. which are placed so artistically that you would think it was a work of nature."

Page 3 Girl - Cherry

Jindabyne – We did have a good time!!



The long white building facing onto the water in the middle of this photo is where our group stayed while in Jindabyne.

POEM BY KEVIN RADFORD
LIFE OF RILEY TOUR

Life of Riley the brochure said
John thought that would be grand
All the folk who could be lead
Please put up your hand

Day one and forty three of us
Set off with Philip our driver
Travelling in his fancy bus
Till we stopped for a reviver

Day two we met Justine our guide
She took us to Cooma Jail
None of us were locked inside
We had lunch in Berridale

On the way to Old Dalgety
After a sandwich for me and you
We spot a local identity
We see Dorothy the emu.

Day three we visit a farm for trout
We enjoyed a guided tour
The guide left us in little doubt
He loved his fish for sure

A short drive up the Alpine Way
We stopped at Charlottes Pass
We're having a BBQ lunch today
So, we must get back fast.

Day four we visit a distillery
Wild Brumby is its name
The tastings flowed so willingly
They were glad we came

After lunch by the Thredbo River
We went up in the Thredbo chair
It would almost make you shiver
The wind blew cold up there

Day five we called at The Hydro
Centre
To learn more about the Scheme
We had a really good presenter
To educate our team

Moving on to Adaminaby town
Then on to Eucumbene Dam Wall
Standing at the base looking at the
crown
One can feel quite small

Now we have enjoyed the Life of
Riley
At the Jindabyne Lake Hotel
Our good times due almost entirely
To Justine our Guide and to Phil as
well

Now we're heading home today
Our trip is drawing to a close
Just two stops along the way
To our final stop, Belrose.

Pumpkin and Coconut Soup

(This soup was served to us one night at dinner when we were staying in our Jindabyne hotel)

Ingredients

- 1 large butternut pumpkin
- 1 270ml tin of coconut cream
- ¼ cup fresh coriander leaves
(To taste - less if you are not keen on coriander)
- Black pepper (optional)

Method

- Cut pumpkin into large chunks, remove seeds and bake pumpkin in oven for 2 hours at 180C.
- Remove skin from pumpkin pieces
- Mix pumpkin, coconut cream and coriander together in a blender
- Add a little water if soup is too thick
- Add pepper (optional) and garnish with extra coriander leaves.

Thai Pumpkin Soup

Add one tablespoon of red curry paste to above recipe.

Prince Philip Quotes

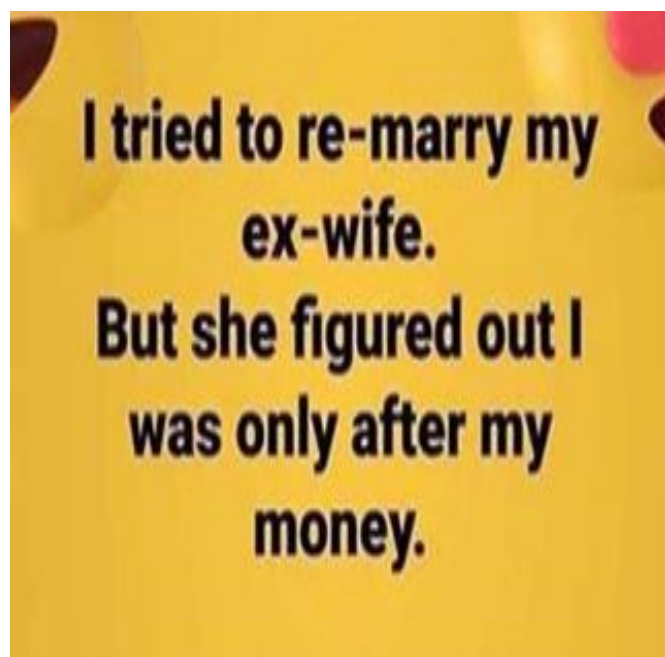
1. Commenting on Fergie and Andrews house in 1986: "It looks like a tart's bedroom"
2. Approaching his 90th birthday: "Bits are beginning to drop off."
3. At a dinner party in 2004: "Bugger the table plan, give me my dinner!"
4. At the Scottish Women's Institute in 1961: "British women can't cook"
5. At Duke of Edinburgh Awards scheme in 2006. "Young people are the same as they always were. Just as ignorant."
6. On a visit to Canada in 1969: "I declare this thing open, whatever it is."
7. Talking about his equestrian-inclined daughter, Princess Anne: "If it doesn't fart or eat hay, she isn't interested."
8. To a Scottish driving instructor in 1999: "How do you keep the natives off the booze long enough to pass the test?"

9. Concluding a tour of Australia and New Zealand in 1968: "As so often happens, I discover that it would have been better to keep my mouth shut."

10. During the 1981 recession. "Everybody was saying we must have more leisure. Now they are complaining they are unemployed."

11. In Australia when asked to stroke a koala. "Oh no, I might catch some ghastly disease."

12. Question put to an Australian Aborigine during a visit: "Still throwing spears?".



Sowing the Seeds of the World's Rubber Industry

(With thanks to Cherry Robinson)

Natural rubber comes from latex, a white substance produced by many plants. Scoring the bark of these trees (tapping) causes the latex (sap) to flow out like a sticky milk.

Until the late 19th Century the majority of the world's rubber came from Central and South America where the latex-yielding trees grew wild, *Castilla elastica* in Central America and *Hevea brasiliensis* in the rain forests of Amazonia. Some latex-producing trees could be found in the wilds of India, *Ficus elastica* for example, but this was found not to have a latex that could be used commercially.

Local people long knew the useful properties of Caoutchouc, as the rubber tree was called. Amazonian Indians used it to waterproof clothing and dwellings against the drenching downpours of the rainforest while the Aztecs used latex from such plants as *Castilla elastica* to create balls for their ritual ball games.

Untreated rubber does not travel very well as it becomes sticky in hot weather and brittle when cold. This limited its usefulness to the Western world until 1839 when Charles Goodyear discovered that by mixing sulphur and lead into rubber and

heating it, it produced a material that stayed dry and flexible even at high and low temperatures. The process became known as vulcanisation after Vulcan, the god of fire.



Soon rubber was being used to make everything from beds containing hot water to help the Welsh miners with hypothermia to elasticising fabrics and insulating undersea cables. By 1860, the price of rubber had reached an all-time high, approaching that of silver.

Seeking to avoid having to rely on South America for supplies of rubber, the British Government hatched a plan

for generating its own supplies of the most valuable rubber yielding species, *Hevea brasiliensis*. The plan was to acquire seeds from South America and set up plantations in the colonies with suitable climates. The Government offered to pay one of Joseph Hooker's contacts, Henry Alexander Wickham, £10 for every one thousand seeds he could obtain of *Hevea brasiliensis* and send to England (to Kew).

He set out in 1876 and a note in the Kew archives dated 7 July 1886 tells of his success. "70,000 seeds of *Hevea brasiliensis* were received from Mr H A Wickham on June 15. They were all sown the following day and a few germinated four days later. About 2,700 have been potted on, not quite 4%. This may be considered the total number of plants as very few will germinate after this date. Many hundreds are 15 inches high and are in a vigorous, healthy state."

An earlier attempt to grow rubber trees in the Calcutta Botanical Gardens had failed because the climate was unsuitable so Hooker sent the plants to Ceylon (Sri Lanka). He dispatched 2,000 *Hevea brasiliensis* and 32 *Castilla elastica* to Dr H K Thwaites at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Peradeniya. They were planted out and were soon thriving. In due course some were transferred to the Henerarathgoda Botanical Gardens and latex tapping experiments began. By 1892 one specimen had grown to a circumference of almost two metres and had yielded 3.25kg of dry rubber in five years.

Hooker also sent plants to Singapore, Jamaica, Monserrate, Queensland and Cameroon.

The 22 seedlings he sent to Singapore gave rise to 1200 seedlings. These plants were inherited by Henry Ridley when he took over the gardens in Singapore in 1888. Ridley found he could tap the plants every day and they would always produce the same amount of latex.

In 1907 when a vulcanising plant opened in Singapore to make tyres, some of the Botanical Garden's rubber was used to make the first tyres from cultivated rubber. Convinced that the demand for bicycle tyres and other goods would soon outstrip wild supply, Ridley filled the pockets of visiting dignitaries with seeds to plant around their houses

By 1930, 1.2 million hectares of the Malay peninsula had come under rubber cultivation. The total world production of rubber that year was 821,815 tonnes, most of which came from the Malay peninsula. The next biggest share of 240,000 tonnes was from the Dutch East Indies with Sri Lanka producing 62,000 tonnes. Brazil only produced 17,137 tonnes.

Today, much of the rubber that is still produced naturally rather than synthetically has its roots in the 22 seedlings that were grown from the Amazonian stock that Kew sent to Singapore in 1877



Crabby Old Man

(With thanks to Robyn Wood)

What do you see nurses?
...What do you see?
What are you thinking
...when you're looking at me?
A crabby old man
...not very wise
Uncertain of habit
...with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food
...and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice
..."I do wish you'd try!"
Who seems not to notice
...the things that you do
And forever is losing
...a sock or a shoe?

Who, resisting or not
...lets you do as you will
With bathing and feeding
...the long day to fill?

Is that what you're thinking?
...Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse
...you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am
...as I sit here so still
As I do your bidding
...as I eat at your will
I'm a small child of ten
...with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters
...who love one another

A young boy of sixteen
...with wings on his feet.
Dreaming that soon now
...a lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at twenty
...My heart gives a leap
Remembering, the vows
...that I promised to keep.

At twenty five now
...I have young of my own,
Who need me to guide
...and a secure happy home
A man of thirty
...My young now grown fast,
Bound to each other
...with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons
...have grown and are gone,
But my woman's beside me
...to see I don't mourn.
At fifty, once more, babies play
 'round my knee
Again, we know children
...my loved one and me

Dark days are upon me
...my wife is now dead.
I look to the future
...shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing
...young of their own
And I think of the years
...and the love that I've known

I'm now an old man
...and nature is cruel
Tis jest to make old age
...look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles
...grace and vigour depart,
There is now a stone
...where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass
...a young guy still dwells,
And now and again
...my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys
...I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living
...life over again.

I think of the years all too few
...gone too fast
And accept the stark fact
...that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people
...open and see
Not a crabby old man
...Look closer...see ME.

*The best and most beautiful things in
this world can't be seen or touched.
They must be felt by the heart.
Remember this poem when you next
meet an older person who you might
brush aside without looking at the
young soul within...we will all, one day,
be there too!*

Handbells In The Snow Country - April 2021

A week prior to our trip to Jindabyne, I was asked to bring along the handbells for a possible piece of entertainment on one of our free nights at the hotel. On the Thursday night after dinner, out came the bells and the search for a private room was sought. Hotels can be very noisy and not the place to entertain in private.

A suitable room was found and so we all settled down to a 30 minute or so presentation by our resident campanologist. After giving a lot of thought as to what I would present in the limited time allocated, I thought I would play some pieces that our Probus group had not heard before.

As some of you may know, I entertain to lots of different groups, the most popular are to other Probus Clubs as guest speaker and I use up the full hour allocated to entertain, play handbells and handchimes as well as telling some rather, "out of the ordinary" stories. The topic I speak on is, "The History of Handbells In Australia Supported By Handbell Playing." Over the years, I have travelled within the Sydney Metro area as far as Emu Plains and Narellan as well as many more local Sydney Probus Clubs. The ladies V.I.E.W. clubs have also been very interested in my presentations. During the Covid lockdowns last year, I had just about all

of my proposed presentations cancelled and it is only now, in this new year, that clubs are re-booking me for this year.

Back to our Jindabyne trip and presentation. To me, it appeared that the audience of our 43 Probus members enjoyed the handbells with a lot of fun had by all. To give you an idea of the pieces I played they were; "Anchors Away", "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon", "Ghost Riders In The Sky", "Sanctuary of The Heart", "Oh Mio Babbino Caro" (from the opera "Gianna Schicca" by Puccini), "The Nun's Chorus" (from the operetta "Cassanova"), "The Holy City", "Skater's Waltz" and "Grenada". These pieces were supported by some interesting stories. Time did not allow for a more detailed talk on handbell history but maybe, at some future time, I could give our own club a full presentation. I will leave that decision up to our committee and Guest Speaker co-ordinator.

I would also like to take this opportunity to invite anyone who would like me to give a presentation to their organisation, retirement village etc., to please feel free to give me a call.

Phil Allan
Resident Campanologist.

To view handbell choirs on YouTube: www.youtube.com.au then type in "Hallelujah Handel 4K BPMC Handbell Choir" (this runs for 4.09 minutes) Alternatively, simply type in "Handbell Choirs" and this will give you dozens to choose from.

The Man From Snowy River *Banjo Paterson*

There was movement at the station, for
the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got
away,
And had joined the wild bush horses - he
was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the
fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the
stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead
overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where
the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle
with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile
when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as
snow;
But few could ride beside him when his
blood was fairly up-
He would go wherever horse and man
could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down
to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while
the saddle girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the
plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small
and weedy beast,
He was something like a racehorse
undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony - three parts
thoroughbred at least -
And such as are by mountain horsemen
prized.

He was hard and tough and wiry - just
the sort that won't say die -
There was courage in his quick
impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in
his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his
head.

But so slight and weedy, one would
doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will
never do
For a long and tiring gallop-lad, you'd
better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as
you."
So he waited sad and wistful - only
Clancy stood his friend -
"I think we ought to let him come," he
said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's
wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain
bred."

"He hails from Snowy River, up by
Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and
twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight
from the flint stones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good
enough.
And the Snowy River riders on the
mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills
between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I
first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I
seen."

So he went - they found the horses by
the big mimosa clump -
They raced away towards the mountain's
brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys,
go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.

And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try
and wheel them to the right.
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the
spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep
the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those
hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them - he was
racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take
their place,
And he raced his stockhorse past them,
and he made the ranges ring
With stockwhip, as he met them face to
face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he
swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain
full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip
with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they
flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where
the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes,
and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled
overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild
horses held their sway,
Were mountain ash and kurrajong grew
wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We
may bid the mob good day,
No man can hold them down the other
side."

When they reached the mountain's
summit, even Clancy took a pull,
It well might make the boldest hold their
breath,
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the
hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was
death.

But the man from Snowy River let the
pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and
gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain
like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in
very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the
pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timbers in his
stride,
And the man from Snowy River never
shifted in his seat -
It was grand to see that mountain
horseman ride.
Through the stringybarks and saplings,
on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he
went;
And he never drew the bridle till he
landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they
climbed the further hill
And the watchers on the mountain
standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he
was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in
pursuit.

Then they lost him for a moment, where
two mountain gullies met
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild
horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their
heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their
sides were white with foam.
He followed like a bloodhound in their
track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then
he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them
back.

But his hardy mountain pony he could
scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from
the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and
his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-
clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on
high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the
white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around The Overflow the
reed beds sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are
wide,
The man from Snowy River is a
household word today,
And the stockmen tell the story of his
ride.

A man's about to go into the pub when he's
stopped by a nun.

'Do not go ahead into that den of iniquity,' she
shouts at him.

'Oh, come on,' said the man. 'Let me buy you
a drink. If you had just the one, to have the
experience at least once.'

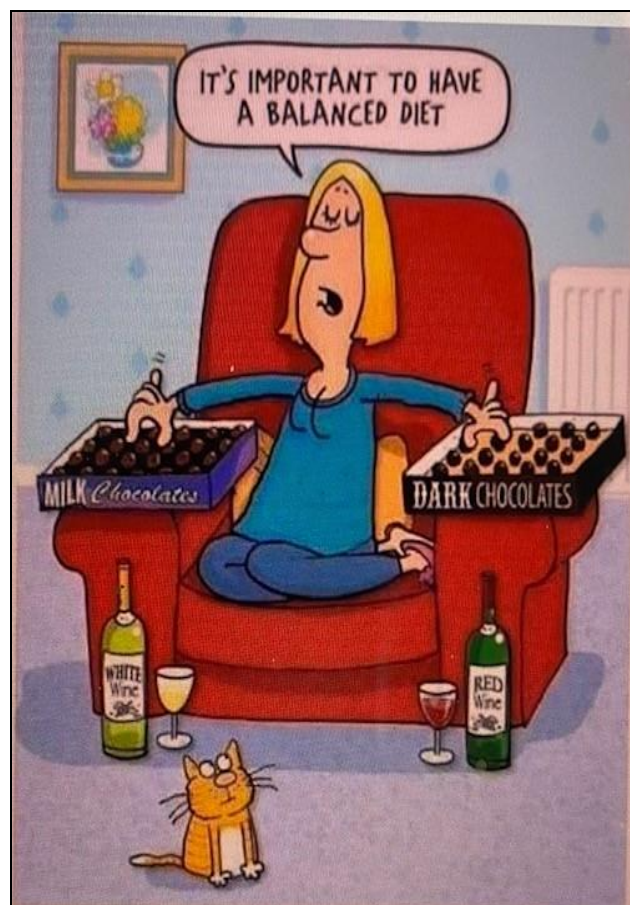
'Oh, OK, if you insist,' said the nun. 'But I
believe it's a wicked thing. If you must get me
a drink, I will stay outside.'

'They don't allow glasses outside,' said the
man.

'You can put the drink in this cup,' the nun
said, handing over her paper cup, adding, 'I
will try some gin if you insist.'

So the man goes in the pub and says to the
barman, 'Can I have a gin but would you mind
putting it in this cup?'

And the barman said, 'Is that bloody nun out
there again?'



Newsletter

Please email me items of interest,
recipes, adverts or personal notices
you would like included in next month's
newsletter.

Many thanks to those who have
submitted articles/cartoons/jokes for
this newsletter.

Email:

Jennifer_mary_jones@hotmail.com

Mobile: 0405 310 537

Jenny Jones - Newsletter Editor

Insults

Truly great wordsmiths seem to have disappeared unfortunately, so here is your opportunity to enjoy some classics from the past.

A member of Parliament to Disraeli: "Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease."

"That depends, Sir, " said Disraeli, "whether I embrace your policies or your mistress."

"He had delusions of adequacy."
Walter Kerr

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire."
Winston Churchill

"I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure."
Clarence Darrow

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary."
William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway)

"Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it."
Moses Hadas

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it."
Mark Twain

"He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends."
Oscar Wilde

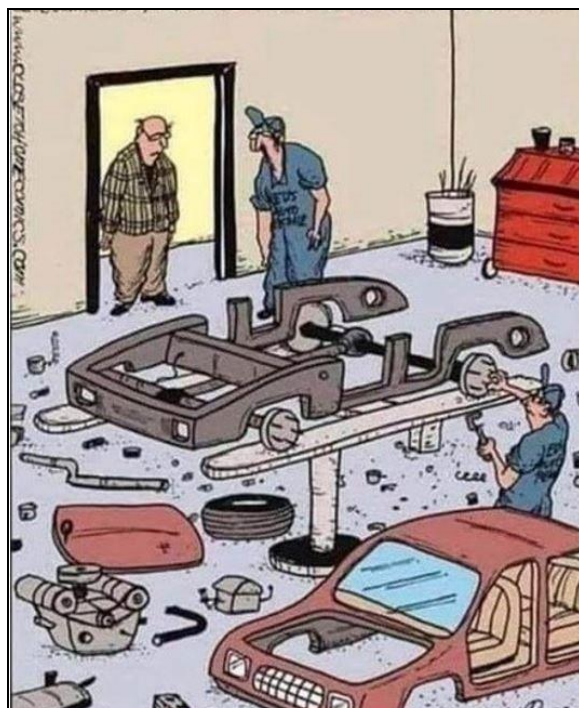
"I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend, if you have one. "
George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill

"Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second... if there is one."
Winston Churchill, in response

"I feel so miserable without you; it's almost like having you here."
Stephen Bishop

"He is a self-made man and worships his creator."
John Bright

"I've just learned about his illness. Let's hope it's nothing trivial."
Irvin S. Cobb



We found the noise, it was just a marble in the Ashtray

Buy/Swap/Sell/Share

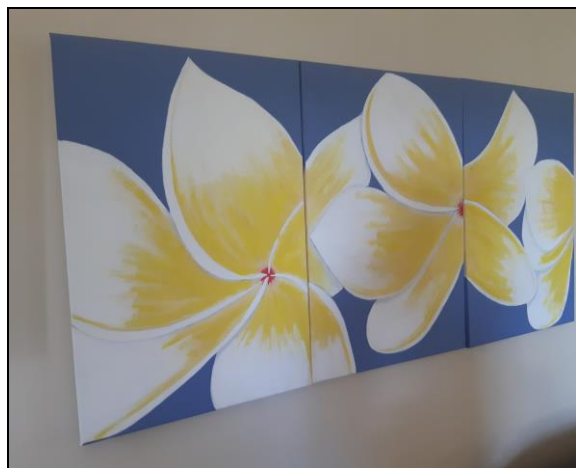
FOR SALE

Abstract frangipani painting
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Contact Judee Radford

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ROTARY CLUB OF BELROSE – GARAGE SALE

Belrose Rotary Club will be holding a
Charity Garage Sale on **Saturday 22
May and Sunday 23 May 2021 at 11
Morgan Road, Belrose 2085 opening
at 8 am**

Any queries please contact:

Chris Wood (0424 243 457)

Or chriswood4@hotmail.com

All proceeds will be donated to Bear
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place that is dedicated to caring for
children with life-limiting conditions and
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