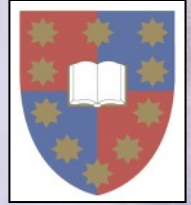




# IN · SITU · POSUIT

The monthly  
• newsletter •  
of the Public  
Schools' Club



August • 2017

## Music and poetry enliven the Club

Visiting musician and actress Georgiana Pinwill entertained Club members and guests on 7th July, as she played a fine selection of music on her splendid antique Swedish violin, that included *Moreton Bay*, *Skye Boat Song* and *Danny Boy*.

One of the senior members of the Club, Nick Canny, then gave a recitation of *Tangmalangaloo* written by John O'Brien (1878-1952), which is excerpted ruthlessly as follows:

*The bishop sat in lordly state and purple cap sublime,  
And galvanized the old bush church at Confirmation time ...  
The bishop summed the youngsters up, as bishops only can;  
He cast a searching glance around, then fixed upon his man ...  
"Come, tell me, boy," his lordship said in crushing tones severe,  
"Come, tell me why is Christmas Day the greatest of the year?"  
... The ready answer bared a fact no bishop ever knew -  
"It's the day before the races out at Tangmalangaloo". [1921]*

## Christmas in July shuns Bastille Day

The Public Schools' Club 'Christmas in July' on 14th July 2017 coincided with Bastille Day - that we dutifully did not honour! The point was made that Bastille Day was part of the French Revolution - with all its problems including glorifying man.

Dinner guests learned that the Eiffel Tower commemorates the French Revolution, and noted that the well-known writer Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893) despised that construction. The story is told that he dined there for lunch regularly - as it was the only place in Paris where he could not see the tower!

*I left Paris and even France because of the Eiffel Tower. Not only is it visible from every point in the city, but it is to be found everywhere, replicated in every known material, exhibited in every shop window, an unavoidable and tormenting nightmare.*

That was followed by a spirited reading of *A Bush Christening* written by 'Banjo' Paterson (1864-1941) that ends as follows:

*As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub  
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,  
The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head  
That was labelled "Maginnis's Whisky!"  
Now Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,  
And the one thing he hates more than sin is  
To be asked by the folk who have heard of the joke,  
How he came to be christened "Maginnis"!*



*... I wonder what will be thought of our generation if, in some future riot, we do not unbolt this tall, skinny pyramid of iron ladders, this giant and disgraceful skeleton with a base that seems made to support a formidable monument of Cyclops and which aborts into the thin, ridiculous profile of a factory chimney. - G. de Maupassant, *La Vie Errante* (1922).*



## Giving Lawson the last word

The Christmas in July dinner concluded as members and guests pondered the horrors of subsisting on plum pudding, as described by the great Australian writer Henry Lawson:

### *Henry Lawson on plum pudding* [excerpted]

*And speaking of plum pudding, I consider it one of the most barbarous institutions of the British. It is a childish, silly, savage superstition; it must have been a savage inspiration, looking at it all round - but then it isn't so long since the British were savages. I got a letter last year from a mate of mine in Western Australia - prospecting the awful desert. ...*

*He and his mates were camped ... with some three or four hundred miles - mostly sand and dust - between them and the nearest grocer's shop. They ordered a case of mixed canned provisions from Perth to reach them about Christmas.*

*"Three tins of plum pudding. Never mind, we'll manage to scoff some of it between us. You're in luck's way this trip, Jack, and no mistake."*

*He looked harder still at the fourth can; then he read the labels on the other tins again to see if he'd made a mistake.*

*The storekeeper had sent them an unbroken case of canned plum pudding ....*

*The kangaroos disappeared about this time and my friend tells me that he and his mates had to live for a fortnight on canned plum pudding.*

*They tried it cold and they tried it boiled, they tried it baked, they had it fried, and they had it toasted, they had it for breakfast, dinner and tea. They had nothing else to think, or talk, or argue and quarrel about; and they dreamed about it every night, my friend says. It wasn't a joke - it gave them the nightmare and day-horrors.*

*They didn't believe in plum pudding - there are a good many British institutions that bushmen don't believe in - but the cook was a new chum, and he said he'd go home to his mother if he didn't have plum pudding for Christmas, so they ordered a can for him.*

*... The storekeeper packed the case ... and it went per rail, per coach, per camel, and the last stage per boot, and reached my friends' camp on Christmas Eve, to their great joy. My friend broke the case open by the light of the camp-fire.*

*"Here, Jack!" he said, tossing out a can, "here's your plum pudding."*

*He held the next can in his hand a moment longer and read the label twice.*

*"Why! he's sent two," he said, "and I'm sure I only ordered one."*

*... He held the next can close to the fire and blinked at it hard.*

*They tried it with salt. They picked as many of the raisins out as they could and boiled it with salt kangaroo. They tried to make Yorkshire pudding out of it ....*



Henry Lawson (1867-1922)

*My friend was experimenting and trying to discover a simple process for separating the ingredients of plum pudding when a fresh supply of provisions came along. He says he was never so sick of anything in his life, and he has had occasion to be sick of a good many things.*

*The new-chum jackeroo is still alive, but he won't ever eat plum pudding any more, he says. It cured him of home-sickness ....*

- *The Ghosts of Many Christmases*, [1902]

## A tale of four wineries

We greatly appreciated sampling premium wine produced by our Club members from four wineries, on Thursday 20th July. The "Meet your Maker" wine-tasting featured producers from four prestigious Southern Vales wineries: Geoff Hardy, Genders McLaren Park, Morgan Simpson and 90 Mile Wines. Convenor Keith Gustavsson, who is also the Club Treasurer, enlivened the evening by quoting various famous writers:

*Wine is bottled poetry* - Robert Louis Stephenson (1850-1894);

*Wine is a constant proof that God loves us, and loves to see us happy* - Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790);

*Give me coffee to change the things I can, and a glass of wine to accept those I cannot* - Anonymous.



Treasurer Keith Gustavsson