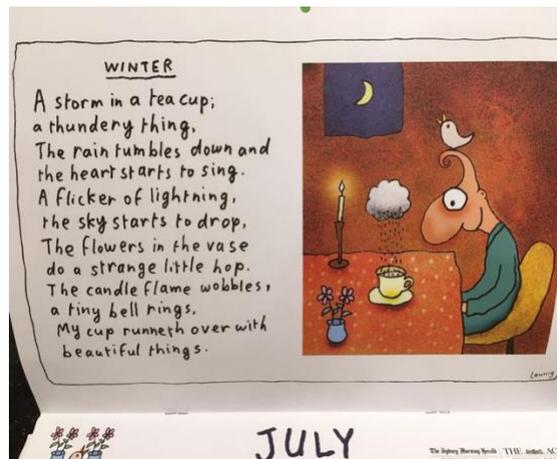




Magical Music Moments

Alchemy Chorus COVID Newsletter #12

2 July 2020



Michael Leunig calendar 2020

From the Committee

Welcome to our twelfth edition of Magical Musical Moments – our ‘virtual’ get together. We’re going very gently and cautiously, moving toward the new norm. Gathering with our numbers still can’t happen but we stay positive.

Magical Music Moment

Mid -summer 2019, Svolvaer, Norway





At about this time last year, we were in Svolveer, a port town in the beautiful Lofoten Islands archipelago, in the far north of Norway.

It was a brilliant Saturday morning for a stroll into town and as we approached the commercial centre, we noticed people in (pretty casual) uniforms and carrying musical instruments, heading toward the port. Looked like a concert was going to happen. We followed and came out in the town square; cafes were open, tourists were milling around the souvenir stalls. And yes, an outdoor brass band concert was about to begin.

Then the 'stars' arrived, a young woman in white lace, a man with a white shirt and bow tie and a very fancy man with the official mayoral necklace. A 'small, private wedding'! with lots of strangers to wish the couple well. The mayor said a few words to the couple, the bride said 'Ja', the groom said 'Ja' and that was that!

There was a last-minute ice-cream to be finished before the bands struck up, everybody cheered, phones captured the scene and the bands played on. It was a magical music moment.

Trish

Member in the Spotlight...it has to be 2 of the Virtues

Uncle Keith and the first airmail

'Mention in Kerrie's Kwiz a while back that Cootamundra was for many years the terminal of the airmail route from London reminds me that my uncle, Keith Virtue, collected the first airmail consignment that arrived in Australia from England. Flying a New England Airways plane he picked up the mail at Narromine and flew it to Sydney just before Christmas in 1934. The Sydney postmaster, S J Brown, realised how absurd it was that the mail would arrive in Cootamundra at 1.30pm and sit there until the 7.30pm train left, arriving in Sydney next morning. That was to be the usual plan.

So, he arranged for Keith to fly to Narromine, collect the mail there from Butler Air Transport (which did the Brisbane-Narromine leg) and take it straight to Sydney.

A newsreel cameraman who travelled to Narromine with Keith to record the historic mail arrival wrote of the night flight to Sydney: "Virtue's casual efficiency impressed us. Now and then he would flash on his torch and throw it on to each motor to check his gauges. His silent concentration, the sudden light, the moving, bulky shadows created an atmosphere of peculiar eeriness. The landing was perfect. You could have stood a glass of water anywhere in the plane and not have spilt a drop."

This was the only time the mail was sensibly flown right to Sydney instead of being taken off a plane and put on a train'.



Time for song # **42** [Those Magnificent Men....](#)

Now for **A SANGUINE STORY**

'I recently had a short stay in The Canberra Hospital (three nights compared with Brian's much longer hospital stay) and I want to tell you about my departure from the hospital, which was much more spectacular than anything else that happened while I was there. Well, except perhaps for the old lady falling out of bed just opposite me in the ward, shortly after having hip surgery. She hit the floor with an enormous crash, amplified by the sounds of falling machinery.

She began calling loudly for help, adding to the general clamour, and a young fellow - possibly a grandson - said, "Just stay there and I'll get help". I felt that this comment was entirely superfluous because the possibility that she could do anything else but stay there was extremely remote.

But to get back to my departure. After treatment (with what our daughter Emma described as industrial quantities of antibiotics, and a short surgical procedure) for a blocked and infected tear duct and associated abscess, a doctor tried unsuccessfully at 4am on the last day to put a cannula in my right arm because the left was becoming extremely painful by then, having conveyed the industrial

quantities of antibiotics into me). A nurse had a go and he succeeded.

When I was leaving, another nurse removed the cannula. The problem was, of course, that there were two punctures in my arm. She applied a cover to the unbleeding hole left by the doctor's unsuccessful efforts, not noticing (because my shirt cuff was covering it) that there was another hole.

Down I went to the back entrance near Emergency where a security man pointed out that considerable quantities of blood were running down my arm, my shirt sleeve was soaked, and blood was dripping off my fingers into the plastic bag of clothes I was carrying. He put me in a wheelchair and rushed me back to Emergency where a kind nurse covered up the venting hole and cleaned me up as best she could.



"I was looking a lot better by this stage".
Barrie

After this tale here's an appropriate song to share at **#40**, with these gutsy lyrics: [He's fought in many a fray and fought and won](#)

Out and about

Can you pick the location of this pic? and what happened? (Answer below)

Swing along, sing and smile with [The Andrews Sisters](#) at the hyperlink.



recently snapped by Trish

Tom's Time Travels



1913



2013

Answer to (MMM issue#11): **Where is it?**
Travels with Tom



Mount Connor is a mountain located in the southwest corner of the Northern Territory of Australia, 75 kilometres (47 mi) southeast of Lake Amadeus, in the locality of Petermann and within the Curtin Springs cattle station in Pitjantjatjara country. It is close to the site of the Kungkarangkalpa (Seven Sisters) Dreaming. Its height reaches 859 metres (2,818 ft) above sea level and 300 metres (984 ft) above ground level.

This is the view from the road from Alice Springs to Uluru.

And the bridge is...

One of the historic wooden trestle bridges in Victoria, at Hospital Creek near Nowa Nowa and on the East Gippsland Rail Trail. Just one of the victims of our terrible summer of fire.

Message from Nolette

Alphabetic advice for you:

A B C Avoid Boring Company.
D E F Don't Entertain Fools.
G H I Go for High Ideas.
J K L M Just Keep a friend Like ME.
M N O P Never Overlook the Poor 'n suffering.
Q R S Quit Reacting to Silly remarks.
T U V Tune Urself for ur Victory.
W X Y Z We Xpect You to **Zoom** ahead in life.

An appropriate song to finish off Term 2
from Vera Lynn

[Now is the Hour](#)

Don't forget your contributions; send (almost) anything to Trish at this address:
alchemychorus@gmail.com