

ROTARY CLUB OF COROWA



PRESIDENT: PAUL MOWLAM

WEEKLY BULLETIN

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Last Meeting – Capt. Ash Lenard from the ADF Parachute Training School told of the training being carried out in Corowa for a 9 week period. The School is based at Nowra, and is carrying out some of its work in Corowa due to the generally good weather conditions and low airspace usage. The Training School has a staff of 80, made up of approx. 30 riggers and the rest instructors. Static line jumping and free fall are being taught in Corowa with jumps from 2,500' to 25,000', with some jumps being made at night at up to 20 km from the landing zone at the airport. Approximately 90 people are being fed and bedded in Corowa. The aircraft being used is a CASA 212 operated by Military Support Services, a civilian company under contract to the ADF.

Captain Ashley Lenard and President Paul



International Toast. Narelle proposed a toast to the International Rotary Club of Turku, Finland. Turku International Rotary Club is a dynamic, young club with 27 members from different cultures and backgrounds. Being an English-language Club it provides an opportunity for foreigners living in the Turku area to participate in the valuable work of Rotary International.

Announcements.

- Graham - Preparations for Ride to Conference progressing well. Donations needed.
- Margaret – Dookie – returning exchange students told of their experiences. Positive.
- Next meeting BBQ at Rotunda. **Bring a salad and own drinks.**
- Scatter week 26th Feb – 2nd Mar.

Rotary Information. Pod - February – ***World Understanding Month*** – focuses our attention on international understanding, goodwill, and peace. By supporting our Foundation and participating in its programs, we find many ways to achieve those goals.



From the fines

Ken and Don had to pay for Trish's Shopping. (Ian's food, shame Ian – feel guilty)

Attendance.

84% with no birthdays.

Albury-Wodonga cancer carers accommodation.

Lions, Lionel Gillman and Lyn Fredricks addressed the club re. the above. Altogether, \$2.5 M is required with \$1.3 M received so far. The Corowa Lions have made a substantial donation and will be holding a public information night on 28th March.

Two splendidly attired Lions, Lyn and Lionel at our meeting.

Q: How come French people only ever eat one egg?

A: One egg is un oeuf. (one of the printable jokes from a Lions web site)

APOLOGIES/GUESTS TO DON 60330423 - 0418 745007 – dburrowes@dragnet.com.au

	23/2/2012	1/3/2012	8/3/2012
Programme	BBQ at Rowers Park	SCATTER WEEK	Post mortem on scatter week
Chairman			Alan
Treasurer	Howard	no	David T.
Rotary Grace		meeting	John
Loyal Toast	Bring salad	here	Howard
Intl. Toast	own drinks	so	David P.
Rotary Info.		don't	Noreen
Sergeants help		go	Margaret

Quick thinking.

An elderly man in outback OZ owned many acres of land. He had a large dam in the back paddock. It was ideally shaped for swimming, so he fixed it up with picnic tables, BBQ and some apple and peach trees. One evening, the old farmer decided to go down to the dam, and look it over. He grabbed a five-gallon bucket to bring back some fruit. As he neared the pond, he heard voices, shouting, laughing and giggling. As he came closer, he saw it was a bus load of young women, skinny-dipping in his pond. He made the women aware of his presence and they all went to the deep end. One of the women shouted to him, 'we're not coming out until you leave!'

The old man frowned, 'I didn't come down here to watch you ladies swim naked or make you get out of the dam naked.' Holding the bucket up he said, 'I'm here to feed the crocodile'
We old blokes can still think fast when necessary.

Scary!

Bob Hill and his new wife Betty were vacationing in Europe.....as it happens, near Transylvania. They were driving in a rental car along a rather deserted highway. It was late and raining very hard. Bob could barely see the road in front of the car. Suddenly, the car skids out of control! Bob attempts to control the car, but to no avail! The car swerves and smashes into a tree. Moments later, Bob shakes his head to clear the fog. Dazed, he looks over at the passenger seat and sees his wife unconscious, with her head bleeding! Despite the rain and unfamiliar countryside, Bob knows he has to get her medical assistance. Bob carefully picks his wife up and begins trudging down the road. After a short while, he sees a light. He head towards the light, which is coming from a large, old house. He approaches the door and knocks. A minute passes. A small, hunched man opens the door. Bob immediately blurts, "Hello, my name is Bob Hill, and this is my wife Betty. We've been in a terrible accident, and my wife has been seriously hurt. Can I please use your phone?" "I'm sorry," replied the hunchback, "but we don't have a phone. My master is a doctor; come in, and I will get him!" Bob brings his wife in. An older man comes down the stairs. "I'm afraid my assistant may have misled you. I am not a medical doctor; I am a scientist.. However, it is many miles to the nearest clinic, and I have had a basic medical training. I will see what I can do. Igor, bring them down to the laboratory." With that, Igor picks up Betty and carries her downstairs, with Bob following closely.. Igor places Betty on a table in the lab. Bob collapses from exhaustion and his own injuries, so Igor places Bob on an adjoining table. After a brief examination, Igor's master looks worried."This is serious, Igor. Prepare a transfusion." Igor and his master work feverishly, but to no avail. Bob and Betty Hill are no more. The Hills' deaths upset Igor's master greatly. Warily, he climbs the steps to his conservatory, which houses his grand piano- for it is here that he has always found solace. He begins to play, and a stirring, almost haunting melody fills the house. Meanwhile, Igor is still in the lab tidying up. His eyes catch movement, and he notices the fingers on Betty's hand twitch, keeping time to the haunting piano music. Stunned, he watches as Bob's arm begins to rise, marking the beat! He is further amazed as Betty and Bob both sit up straight! Unable to contain himself, he dashes up the stairs to the conservatory. He bursts in and shouts to his master:
"Master, Master!.....The Hills are alive with the sound of music!"

(someone must have got this from the back of a Corn Flakes packet . . . please no more)