



Website: www.rotarybbay.org.au

Four Way Test of the things we think, say or do:

Is it the **TRUTH**?

Is it **FAIR** to all concerned?

Will it build **GOODWILL** and **BETTER FRIENDSHIPS**?

Will it be **BENEFICIAL** to all concerned?



3 May 2018

It is always great to hear a success story in our Youth Exchange Program and Sam Hanlon is just that! She spoke with great enthusiasm about her year in Denmark, her excitement at seeing snow and the laugh she had when she first arrived at the airport and got into the driver's seat instead of the passengers seat!



She spoke about her three great host families in Denmark and how it was difficult to leave them and the dog after the year. As we know, Sam is a good soccer player and after joining the local girls' soccer team, they made the semi-finals for the first

time thanks to the "Killer Kangaroo"! She enjoyed sailing in the Tall Ships Races 2017 travelling from Denmark to Sweden and onto Finland. The first priority on arrival was a hot shower. There were 30 YE students from Australia in Denmark in 2017 so it was a great achievement to receive the Award of the Most Outstanding Student of 2017. There is no doubt that the year was a life-changing experience for Sam and it was her attitude of saying "yes" to every opportunity which came her way that endeared her to the hosts and their families.



3 May 2018 (Meeting 2876)

(Warren Sharpe is unable to make this week's meeting so will be rescheduled)

Program: Social Night

Invocation & Toast: Garry Gray

International Toast: Alan Russell

10 May 2018 (Meeting 2877)

MOTHERS DAY FUN NIGHT- PARTNERS NIGHT
– THANK YOU LADIES FOR YOUR PHOTOS



MOTHERS DAY FUN NIGHT-
PARTNERS NIGHT
– THANK YOU LADIES FOR YOUR PHOTOS

Invocation & Toast: Chris Watson

17 May 2018 (Meeting 2878)

Program: Charmaine Quade, Commander AFP (retired)

Invocation & Toast: John Harper

Introduction & Thanks: Robbie Law

24 May 2018 (Meeting 2879)

Program: Club Assembly – Planning 2018-2019 Year

Invocation & Toast: Bronwyn Geppart

Introduction & Thanks: Alan Russell

BREAKFAST CLUB

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS- returning.....

Tuesday 08/05/18 – George, Hugh

Wednesday 09/05/18– Maureen & Friends

Friday 11/05/18 – David A

Tuesday 15/05/18 – Vere, Margaret Quigley

Wednesday 16/05/18- Bronwyn, Pam

Thursday 17/05/18– Maureen Law & Friends

Friday 18/05/18 – David A

FOR THE DIARY

5- 6 May 2018 –District Assembly – BB High School

13 May 2018 – Mother's Day Classic – Corrigans

Beach – See Pres. Maureen if you can help

24 May 2018 – Club Assembly

23-27 June 2018 – Rotary International Convention,

Toronto, Canada - riconvention.org.

5-7 October 2018 –District 9710 Conference - Cooma



Thank You to Peter Wood, who laid the Rotary wreath on our behalf at the Honour Stone on Anzac Day. It was a moving service on a beautiful day to remember those who gave the ultimate sacrifice for our freedom. There is a thought provoking poem on page 3 of the Bulletin.

KEEP THE DATE FREE

Club Assembly – 24th May 2018

Pres. Elect Alan Russell will chair a Club Assembly to discuss plans for the 2018-19 Year. Alan spoke about our Club being at a crossroads so it is in everyone's interest to be at this important meeting!



2018 Polio Case Breakdown by Country (Green Numbers are 2017 Totals)

Endemic Countries –

1 Pakistan (2017-8),

7 Afghanistan (2017-14)

0 Nigeria (2017-0)



District Training Assembly

The District Assembly will be held in Batemans Bay this year on the 5th & 6th May at the High School. Please advise Pres. Maureen of attendance. Bookings for the Dinner on the Saturday evening can be made on the District web site www.rotaryd9710.org.au The Agenda for the weekend can be downloaded. We require help setting up the chairs and tables on the Saturday morning at 10am. Batemans Bay Rotary will be catering afternoon tea on Saturday and morning tea on Sunday plus we are providing a BBQ lunch on Sunday. If you can help in anyway with catering and serving please advise Maureen or Pam.

DOOR TEAMS

May: Alan Russell (D), George Browning, Valerie Brandenburg, Maureen Law

June: Bruce Gruber (D) Jill Gruber, Peter Kable, John Haslem

ROTARY VAN ROSTER

CORRIGANS BEACH MARKETS

(7.30am-1pm)

**Means buy the ice and 2L lite milk*

Note: Swaps or exchanges should only be made with members who are on the roster

20th May **J. Harper, M. Manning, A. Powell
Tow D. Ashford

17th June ** P. Kable, B Geppart, C. Watson
Tow B. Clarke

MARKET MANAGEMENT ROSTER

SUNDAY 20 MAY

Market Manager –Garry Gray

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Bruce Clarke, Ivan Ryrie

Market Assistants – Vere Gray, Nicole McDonald

Market Signs: David Ashford

SUNDAY 17 JUNE

Market Manager –Garry Gray

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Bruce Clarke, Garry Gray

Market Assistants – Vere Gray, Nicole McDonald

Market Signs: Neil Simpson

SUNDAY 15 JULY

Market Manager –Garry Gray

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Neil Simpson, Garry Gray

Market Assistants – Vere Gray, Brian Jones

Market Signs: Hugh Scott

SUNDAY 19 AUGUST

Market Manager –Neil Simpson

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Neil Simpson, Peter Kable

Market Assistants – Jeff Thorpe, Brian Jones

Market Signs: David Ashford

SUNDAY 16 SEPTEMBER

Market Manager –Neil Simpson (Admin) Nicole McDonald

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Bruce Clarke, Garry Gray

Market Assistants – Vere Gray, Garry Gray

Market Signs: Hugh Scott

SUNDAY 30 SEPTEMBER (EXTRA MARKET)

Market Manager –Neil Simpson (Admin) Bruce Clarke

Site Markers (Sat 3pm): - Bruce Clarke, Neil Simpson

Market Assistants – Jeff Thorpe, Brian Jones

We meet at the Soldiers Club on Thursday evening 6 for 6.30pm. Apologies & guests to Pam Thorpe 0418871685

jeffandpam76@gmail.com by
Wednesday lunchtime

THE ANZAC ON THE WALL

I wandered thru a country town, 'cos I had some time to spare,
And went into an antique shop to see what was in there.
Old Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, but hidden by it all,
A photo of a soldier boy – an Anzac on the Wall.

'The Anzac have a name?' I asked. The old man answered 'No'.
The ones who could have told me mate, have passed on long ago.
The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,
The photo was unwanted junk bought from a clearance sale.

'I asked around', the old man said, 'but no-one knows his face,
He's been on that wall twenty years... Deserves a better place.
For some-one must have loved him, so it seems a shame somehow.'
I nodded in agreement and then said, 'I'll take him now.'

My nameless digger's photo, well it was a sorry sight
A cracked glass pane and a broken frame – I had to make it right
To prise the photo from its frame I took care just in case,
Cause only sticky paper held the cardboard back in place.

I peeled away the faded screed and much to my surprise,
Two letters and a telegram appeared before my eyes
The first reveals my Anzac's name, and regiment of course
John Mathew Francis Stuart – of Australia's own Light Horse.

This letter written from the front... My interest now was keen
This note was dated August seventh 1917
'Dear Mum, I'm at Khalasa Springs not far from the Red Sea
They say it's in the Bible – looks like a Billabong to me.

'My Kathy wrote I'm in her prayers... she's still my bride to be
I just can't wait to see you both, you're all the world to me.
And Mum you'll soon meet Bluey, last month they shipped him out
I told him to call on you when he's up and about.'

'That bluey is a larrikin, and we all thought it funny
He lobbed a Turkish hand grenade into the CO's dunny.
I told you how he dragged me wounded, in from no man's land
He stopped the bleeding, closed the wound, with only his bare hand.'

'Then he copped it at the front from some stray shrapnel blast
It was my turn to drag him in and I thought he wouldn't last.
He woke up in hospital, and nearly lost his mind
Cause out there on the battlefield he'd left one leg behind.'

I wonder who rides Billy, I heard the pub burnt down
I'll always love you and please say hooroo to all in town'.
The second letter I could see, was in a lady's hand
An answer to her soldier son there in a foreign land.

Her copperplate was perfect, the pages neat and clean
It bore the date, November 3rd 1917.
'T'was hard enough to lose your Dad, without you at the war
I'd hoped you would be home by now – each day I miss you more'

'Your Kathy calls around a lot since you have been away
To share with me her hopes and dreams about your wedding day.
And Bluey has arrived – and what a godsend he has been
We talked and laughed for days about the things you've done and seen'

'He really is a comfort, and works hard around the farm,
I read the same hope in his eyes that you won't come to harm.
McConnell's kids rode Billy, but suddenly that changed.
We had a violent lightning storm, and it was really strange.'

'Last Wednesday, just on midnight, not a single cloud in sight,
It raged for several minutes, it gave us all a fright.
It really spooked your Billy – and he screamed and bucked and reared
And then he rushed the sliprail fence, which by a foot he cleared'

'They brought him back next afternoon, but something's changed I fear
It's like the day you brought him home, for no one can get near.
Remember when you caught him with his black and flowing mane?
Now Horse breakers fear the beast that only you can tame,'

'That's why we need you home son' – then the flow of ink went dry-
This letter was unfinished, and I couldn't work out why.
Until I started reading, the letter number three
A yellow telegram delivered news of tragedy,

Her son killed in action – oh – what pain that must have been
The same date as her letter – 3rd November 1917
This letter which was never sent, became then one of three
She sealed behind the photo's face – the face she longed to see.

And John's home town's old timers – children when he went to war
Would say no greater cattleman had left the town before.
They knew his widowed mother well – and with respect did tell
How when she lost her only boy she lost her mind as well.

She could not face the awful truth, to strangers she would speak
'My Johnny's at the war you know, he's coming home next week.'
They all remembered Bluey he stayed on to the end.
A younger man with wooden leg became her closest friend.

And he would go and find her when she wandered old and weak
And always softly say 'yes dear – John will be home next week.'
Then when she died Bluey moved on, to Queensland some did say.
I tried to find out where he went, but don't know to this day.

And Kathy never wed – a lonely spinster some found odd.
She wouldn't set foot in a church – she'd turned her back on God.
John's mother left no Will I learned on my detective trail.
This explains my photo's journey, of that clearance sale.

So I continued digging, cause I wanted to know more.
I found John's name with thousands, in the records of the war.
His last ride proved his courage – a ride you will acclaim
The Light Horse Charge at Beersheba of everlasting fame.

That last day in October, back in 1917
At 4pm our brave boys fell – that sad fact I did glean.
That's when John's life was sacrificed, the record's crystal clear
But 4pm in Beersheba is midnight over here.....

So as John's gallant spirit rose to cross the great divide,
Were lightning bolts back home, a signal from the other side?
Is that why Billy bolted and went racing as in pain?
Because he'd never feel his master on his back again?

Was it coincidental? same time – same day – same date?
Some proof of numerology, or just a quirk of fate?
I think it's more than that you know, as I've heard wiser men,
Acknowledge there are many things that go beyond our ken

Where craggy peaks guard secrets 'neath dark skies torn asunder,
Where hoof-beats are companions to the rolling waves of thunder
Where lightning cracks like 303's and ricochets again
Where howling moaning gusts of wind sound just like dying men.

Some Mountain cattlemen have sworn on lonely alpine track,
They've glimpsed a huge black stallion – Light Horseman on his back.
Yes Sceptics say, it's swirling clouds just forming apparitions
Oh no, my friend you can't dismiss all this as superstition.

The desert of Beersheba – or windswept Aussie range,
John Stuart rides on forever there – Now I don't find that strange.
Now some gaze upon this photo, and they often question me
And I tell them a small white lie, and say he's family.

'You must be proud of him.' they say – I tell them, one and all,
That's why he takes – the pride of place – my Anzac on the Wall.

By Jm Brown

