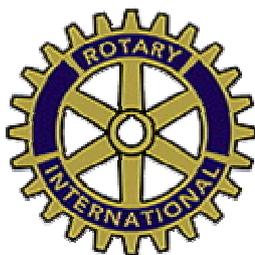


THE ROTARY CLUB OF  
MOUNT WAVERLEY Inc.

WEEKLY BULLETIN



DISTRICT 9810  
VICTORIA - AUSTRALIA



## Mt. WAVERLEY CLUB BULLETIN

Volume 32, Number 41, 10 May 2017

### IMMEDIATE PROGRAMME

VENUE	SPEAKER / TOPIC	CHAIRPERSON / GREETER
This meeting: Wednesday 10 May 6pm for 6.30pm start		
LOC	Craig Hased, Mindfulness	Loretta / TBA
Next meeting: Wednesday 17 May 6pm for 6.30pm start		
LOC	Social Night	NA

### IMPORTANT ADDRESSES & CLUB INFORMATION

Club Postal Address: P.O. BOX 295 GLEN WAVERLEY 3150

Web Address: <http://mountwaverleyrotary.org/>

FACEBOOK ADDRESS: <http://www.facebook.com/mountwaverleyrotary>

Bulletin Copy Deadline: **5.00 PM.** Sunday to Glen Watkins.

Other Important Addresses:

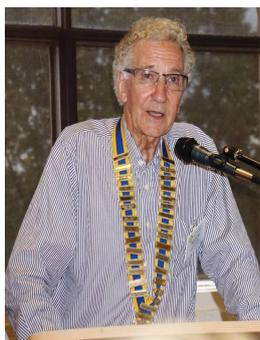
1. Oakleigh Market shifts are **6am-10.30am** and **9.30am till 1pm**. The address is Corner Atherton Rd and Hanover Sts Oakleigh.
2. Mount Waverley Market shifts are **7am-1pm** (permanently Charlie/Beth) with closing **shift 1-2pm** (x 2 person assisted by Charlie). The address is Hamilton Place Shopping Centre, 283 Stephenson's Road Mt Waverley.
3. Leighoak Club (LOC) is located at 1555 Dandenong Road Oakleigh. We meet upstairs unless otherwise indicated.

### ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS

PLEASE CONFIRM YOUR MEETING ATTENDANCE TO FIONA CLEARY 0410605233 AND BULLETIN EDITOR WOULD ALSO APPRECIATE ADVICES OF LEAVE DATES.

**OUR FOOD DONATION BIN FOR MONASH WAVERLEY COMMUNITY INFORMATION & SUPPORT (MWCIS) IS AN IMPORTANT LOCAL COMMUNITY PROJECT FOR THE CLUB. PLEASE BRING TO ROTARY MEETINGS A SMALL DONATION OF NON PERISHABLE FOOD FOR THE DONATION BIN, WHICH IS LOCATED IN THE FRONT CORNER OF THE MEETING ROOM.**

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING CLUB/ROTARY EVENTS IS IN THIS BULLETIN. ROTARIANS PLEASE CHECK YOUR MARKET/ROTARY PROJECT COMMITMENTS ON THIS PAGE AND MARK YOUR DIARIES ACCORDINGLY. IF YOU CAN'T MEET DESIGNATED COMMITMENT FOR THE MARKETS OR FOR MEETING CHAIR THEN PLEASE ADVISE ANDREW (FOR MARKETS) AND TERRY OR ROS (FOR CHAIRPERSON/GREETER).



#### Presidents Report for 10 May 2017

Wednesday 3rd. May we had many members partners come to our normal meeting, and the reason was that Adrian Clifford was showing and talking about his trip to Macchu Picchu and Iguasa Falls and it was also a Birthday party for Ros Clowes who had made 3 score years and 10. Fiona organized the meal and the wine freely flowed so the night was very pleasant. This weekend is the start of the Model United Nations Assembly at Parliament House and I guess it will be a huge success with the Students who are participating, our only worry now is that this may be the last year at Parliament House as the cost to hire the building and a \$10,000 fee for security is getting way beyond the amount that clubs can afford. Next week Craig Hased is coming to talk to us about Mindfulness. I hope most of you are keeping warm in this very cold Autumn and enjoy yourselves those who are heading North for a few weeks.  
Cheers, Keith.

# PHOTOS (compliments Adrian)



A sea of red



Show me the money



You, you, you.....



Marilyn and Marian



Jan and Keith



Geoff L-S, Don and Gay



The fines police – we've got you now Adrian!



Sean



Terry and Glen



Adrian, presenting



on his topic



Wishing he was there!



Woman in red – 70 years young

## **CONGRATULATIONS & CELEBRATIONS**

(Week of 10/5-16/5): None this week.

### **MEMBERS ANNOUNCEMENTS**

#### **YOUTH SERVICES – ANZAC WRITING COMPETITION**

Email is from teacher at Pinewood PS following presentation of ANZAC writing competition awards.

Cheers

Geoff

Hi Geoff,

I owe you a huge apology for not getting these to you sooner. Below is a good copy of all the writing pieces and a photo of the group.

Troy Hartigan

Pinewood PS.

Dear Diary,

I'm devastated and shocked. My parents were telling me about World War One which started in 1914. People died and sacrificed their lives because of their country, when it was destroyed by Austria and Turkey. It looked disgusting, scary and silent. The bedrooms had a lot of bugs and dust; shower rooms were empty and the water was dirty. Food was inedible and people got sick from eating it. In order to survive, they had no choice but to eat what they were given or what they had found. Armies from Central Powers and Allied Powers were evil and by listening to this, I had felt very sorry for those people in World War One. According to my mum, World War One was a major conflict which fought between 1914 and 1918. The main members of the Allied Powers were Britain, France and Russia and the main members of the Central Powers were Bulgaria, Germany, Austria- Hungary and the Ottoman Empire. Yeah, I know, it was pretty interesting listening to these countries who fought, mostly in Europe along two fronts: the western front and the eastern front. It is interesting how the main reason for all of this to start was because of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand's assassination. Everything happened in just a few years and the major battles were fought by using trench warfare along the western front. The armies hardly moved at all and they just bombed and shot each other from across the trenches. My mum also told me that the war had ended on the 11th of November, 1918, because both sides had agreed to. What really shocked me was when more than 65 million men had fought in this war, and it had officially ended between Germany and the Allied with the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. Ninety percent of the 65 million soldiers were either injured or killed. Having this discussion with my mum made me realise how brave men were during war by sacrificing their lives and how thankful I am to be where I am now.

Time to sleep, Good Night,

Alan

Life of a nurse during the ANZAC days

Silhouettes of men could be seen in the distance. Two stretch- bearers walked gravely along and placed the unfortunate soldier who was in a spasm of excruciating pain in front of me. I knelt down and examined the damaged body of my patient. 'Shrapnel?' I questioned the stretcher-bearers grimly. They bowed their heads silently in unison. 'Only that deadly Ottoman shrapnel could inflict such harm', I murmured. Hurriedly, the pulse of the now limp body was checked, with sorrowful news. Tears pricked in the corners of my eyes as I scrutinised the lifeless body, belonging to a scrawny boy, most likely no more than sixteen years of age. I realised with a pang that I must become accustomed to deaths, as, so far, there have been four or five deaths every night that I have had to endure. It was unbearable to watch my surroundings. The soldiers' sorrow was felt in me to the very depths of my heart. In the wards, the ANZACs had a look of distress depicted upon their faces; the one I could decipher. I knew that they were fondly thinking of their family: parents, partners, children and relatives, wondering how they were faring back in Australia.

In fact, watching the soldiers go through these emotional hardships turned my mind to my own family. I loved them dearly; my partner, who is a soldier here, and my children. I would always stand weeping in a corner of the hospital, hoping my oldest daughter was caring for her younger siblings like I would. I would also inspect every countenance of every wounded soldier, wishing with all my might that none of them were my partner's. But it was good to help our country; the one that we live on. I could imagine meeting my children again, I do every night. I would run over to them, and embrace them, possessed by choked, shuddering sobs of pure joy.

I could clearly remember when we first landed. Many, many soldiers were wounded by the landing, and we had gotten straight to the dressing of wounds. I myself had seventy two patients, and was incapable of finishing duty until two in the morning.

Our attire consisted of a white cap that covered our hair. We also wore a collared white dress that reached down to our ankles, that was often accompanied with a brown cardigan or apron. Our socks were white and frilly, and our shoes were black and flat- heeled.

We worked in humble drab hospital tents which were made of canvas. Aisles of beds were topped with bedraggled white sheets, and most of the time, a lump; the body of a wounded soldier. There were strips of black carpet in between each aisle of beds.

Every night, we would have two wards each to look after, and on average, two hundred and fifty patients.

Sometimes, there are as many as seventy- two operations made in a single day.

Our life was simple. We hardly slept, working around the clock, but it wasn't much of a bother for me. I dare say that our lives were healthy, doing our share of work, but sleeping just enough to keep ourselves together. We survived on beans, potatoes and soup, which always had the same flavour, and had only scraped that taste from many a time in the frying pan. The food, though, was quickly becoming scarce. It was a lovely experience on some nights, with the overwhelming sound of the booming cannon and the splendid stars, and sometimes a magnificent moon. Then again, on the nights when we stayed in the homes of nearby civilians, we barely slept a wink, as the gunfire was so nearby that it shook the houses.

We merely had our own tents inhabited by tables to eat our food on and desks to write our letters upon. There were also bedrooms with beds with a metal bedstead and white covers. They were made by us at all times. Our nightwear was a baggy, white nightgown to smother onto our frightfully thin frames. Rarely, we had a paper to read before trying at fitful slumber. During the winter, the horrible, windy nights sent a tent or two to collapse; it happened almost every day. Water was very short, so we had a sponge bath, but even that became rare. We always had burrs in our hair, so I cut mine short, as did many other girls.

I always looked forward to our letters on mail day. Our letters were melancholy, as, of course, we were shrouded in much more sorrow and misery than any average women.

Christmas was a cheerful occasion. The boys would hang their socks, and I'd sneak around and fill them with toys and sweets. A few saw me, and became confused that Father Christmas should wear a gown and cap.

As days passed, the rank smell of death was placed ever more thickly in the air. All we really could do was to give them food, and dress their wounds. A good many passed away. The deaths were more torturous to bear witness to. The shudder of pain, the last, forced sigh, it was enough to drive anyone mad. However, our lives may have been tragic, but they were somehow inspiring.

Anon

Kenneth's Diary. By Zoe Matheson

28/7/1914

Today we landed at the battlefields. I was shaking uncontrollably as we approached the enemy. My first thoughts were what have I gotten myself into as I ran though the freezing water onto the sand. Lots of my fellow men didn't make it to the trenches. I was excited when I left but now the tables have turned and reality has set in. I'm actually going to fight for my country's rights. I am trying to act like the tough soldier 'I'm meant to be.'

I miss Mother, Father and Matthew so very much. War is a very confronting place to be and I want to go home. I especially miss Mother and I just want to nestle into one of her warm hugs. I hope my family are all doing okay and aren't worried too much, even though I barely handled the traumatic day that just passed.

My job of trench digging is very physically demanding as I am using a shovel and my pack is extremely heavy, this makes it a slow process and so by the end of the day I'm all worn out. Trench digging is one of the hardest jobs physically but I am so glad I don't have to work in the front line as I do not think I could bring myself mentally to harm another person.

The living conditions are very dirty and unhygienic. There are rats crawling everywhere! Lots of people are dying from not only being shot but from diseases. It's scary at night as we have no overhead protection from the elements and often i'm stuck in a dugout huddled up on the side of a trench. Where we sleep is so small that we have to sleep sitting upright and it is so uncomfortable.

I have met lots of new people today and have made some great friends. Tim died today and I couldn't believe it. I can't imagine what his family will go through when they find out. They will be devastated! It makes me wonder whether I'm going to make it out of here alive myself. Later tonight after dinner John and I are going to have a little memorial for him to rest in peace.

The food is horrible and we have to eat these biscuits called Anzac Tile that are as hard as concrete. Most days I get some cheese, onion, jam and tea, but occasionally we get some Bulley Beef which is the highlight of our day. I am starving for some more nutritious food to keep me going and I miss my Mother's cooking so much. I would give anything for Mother's famous bangers and mash.

Kenneth

29/7/1914

Today I woke up and felt miserable. Last night I had awful nightmares. I was extremely shaken up. I used to think life was tough back at home but it's nothing compared to the last couple of days and I now appreciate how good my life has been. I am not enjoying this experience but it is one I will always remember. Anyway, enough about the bad things.

I met some new people today as their jobs changed and they will now be working in the trenches with me. I enjoy this because I get to teach them the tricks of the trade. I'm also happy because Jackson got moved onto the battlefields. I never liked Jackson as he was always bossing me around in the trenches. Tomorrow I won't have time to write my diary as I am working a day and night shift. Kenneth.

31/7/1914

Yesterday was the hardest day yet. I was so tired when I finished my shift. It was worth it though as a lot more trenches have been dug and we are now slightly safer.. I know I haven't been here for very long but I cannot wait to receive a letter from my parents.

Last night I was so tired that I could not be bothered to purify my water. I then felt quite sick in the stomach. I now realise how important clean water is and have learnt my lesson. My muscles have become stronger and my job is not so tough anymore.

Kenneth

By Zoe Matheson

The Battle of Romani: By Hiba

The sky was cloaked in black, only revealing light where the stars were placed. The darkness showed not only the shadows of the many soldiers beneath, ready to sacrifice themselves for their country, but their mood of sorrow just as much. Their minds focused on everything surrounding them but their hearts felt truly with their families, no matter how many millions of miles apart they were. Among the other soldiers was one bony, middle-aged man. Nothing set him apart from the rest, his face just as stern although not as roughly chiseled and his body aching in each and every joint. He had smooth skin and blue eyes, not those of a killer's. Though a little shorter than the rest, he stood tall and with pride. Just like everyone else, he stood for his country.

Tears trickled down his cheek quietly and an instant feeling of regret suddenly filled him from the inside as if he was taken over by the burst of emotion. He was to fight against his brother, Justin, not knowing who would win. So many families... so many people... and so many wars. Instantly, the sadness of the situation hit him almost as hard as it would've been if a bullet were to rip a hole in him. What was he to do? In his hand, he held a small crumpled envelope. On the back it read, 'To Marcus, From your dearest brother, Justin' in poorly written handwriting, obviously rushed.

Marcus' eyes were at the brim of tears. He reached inside cautiously as to not be overthrown by the emotional destruction of the contents. Inside the envelope there was little to see other than a piece of paper, one quite thick. It had a clear picture of his brother wearing a comical plain shirt and ridiculously baggy trousers. Next to Justin was him, Marcus, wearing a plain outfit, sensibly standing to one side. Would it not have been better if he had received nothing from his brother? Nothing that would make him so emotional? He started crying as he got ready for the battle of Romani. If they succeeded, they would be remembered as heroes of their country... but was it worth it to lose one's brother to win? He reached inside further to see a small strip of paper, rolled up carefully and loosely tightened with a ribbon. It read:

Although we fight for different sides, you will always be on my team.

He lay down, feeling a throbbing sensation on his back. Carefully putting the envelope aside, he climbed on his sheets as if they would protect him from reality. He tossed over to lay on his back and stared intently at the picture. Those words wouldn't stop echoing in his head. It's true that we fight for different sides, he thought, but I won't just fight for my country... I'll fight for him.

With a sigh, he lay under his blanket and kept his head covered. Warily, he prepared himself...even if he had no idea of what was to come...

Pain scattered the battlefields like a virus, infecting almost every soldier standing in sight. The British Empire was victorious so far, yet Marcus could feel no ecstatic feeling. He tossed around from places he could hide... hide and search. No matter how hard he tried, he could not fight without thinking about Justin. His small, defined face, his crooked nose and his scent of fresh treats at a bakery. Every single bit about him rushed through Marcus' mind, leaving no detail unnoticed as he ran through the fields with speed. Still he could not see him. Bullets shot viciously above his head. Fortunately, he ducked and rolled, seeing no one other than Justin a few metres away... being shot. A malevolent face was shooting at him, brutally turning around as if it was nothing. A massacre was spreading through the fields but somehow he could see nothing but Justin's face. His heart sank to the depths of the ocean, further if possible, as he watched his brother fall to the ground.

"JUSTIN!" he screamed as he ran over, pushing everyone in his side and receiving angry faces in the process. Still, everyone wouldn't stop their shooting, continuing to cause bloodshed. Marcus sat near Justin as he took his last breath. "We may fight for different sides," Justin croaked shedding a tear, "but you are forever on my team... except now... we know which side will be remembered..."

Marcus got up, a numb feeling controlling his body. His heart felt like a void of darkness with no meaning. It felt as if his heart had been made for no other purpose than being shattered. He pushed every soldier he could, no regard to whether they were on his team or not. He moved through the battlefield before a soldier furiously pulled him down, away from the war happening behind them. They sheltered beneath a huge tilted rock, careful to dodge everything in their way.

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?" The soldier yelled even if Marcus was still drowning in his own tears. "M-my brother..." Marcus stuttered. He sighed, fighting a tear. "Had it ever occurred to you that we have families too?"

Lest We Forget

## ANZAC Writing piece by Zoe P

It has been around 65 years since I last had been asked about those horrifying days on the battle fields, for it was a very traumatic time of my long life. However, I have once again decided to talk about the war.

After England had asked for Australia to be sent to Turkey, many people were happy to fight. I had been one of them. They sent us away to Cairo in Egypt and we trained there very hard for four months. We were ready.

Everyone jumped off from the boat into the freezing, cold water. I was patriotic, so was everyone around me. We all wanted to have the glory back at home and just to be safe again. We swam to the shore, and walked up the beach of Gallipoli around Ari Burnu point, loading our rifles ready to fire. Yet we did not know that that was exactly what the Turkish were doing further up ahead. I was absolutely terrified, but I had my best friend Christopher running beside me, and the thought of him sharing this cataclysmic path ahead, suddenly didn't seem that bad anymore.

A few weeks passed since we first landed at the beach, and many more people had died. The Turkish diggers were really strong and fast, but we never got scared, and we managed to kill many of their side. Whenever we got the chance to stop fighting however, we all shared the discouraging feeling of dread that we would never go back to our families, and never have a proper future. Christopher seemed the only person not to be fussed about dying. He said that it didn't matter if we made it through or not, it matters that we try to.

We moved on again, and when we were fighting, I stumbled and fell over in clear view of the Turkish. I scrambled up, terrified. A bullet flew out of someone's rifle in the bushes, straight at my chest. Christopher realised what would happen, and he flung himself in front of me, sacrificing his own life to save mine. As if in slow motion, I saw the bullet pierce through his thick chest and heard his agonising cry of pain as he collapsed. Christopher was gone.

Gone forever. I cried out and flung my body over his, shielding it from further harm, sobbing hysterically. My whole world lost its sound. The previously tumultuous atmosphere became still and silent, as though the whole world was watching my sobbing. Somebody grabbed me and pulled me out of the way of more bullets. But I didn't care. I struggled against him, but he was too strong. 'Don't!' The man holding me had said. 'Please! Don't Mathew!' It was James. 'There is nothing you can do!' His voice broke.

Even now, I still look back to the day we lost Christopher, and tears come to my eyes. But though I know he has left our world, he is not forgotten. He is still with all of the people he loved. He will never truly be gone. He is the reason I'm alive now. I fought for him. I made sure he did not die in vain. I made him alive within me. Wherever I went, he went with me. Christopher Johnson was, like many, many others, killed, trying to defend his country.

Lest We Forget.



Ed: "Wow".

**YOUTH SERVICE – MODEL UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY (extra President update)**

Sunday Margot, Robyn myself and Margot’s friend Gen attended the Model United Nations Assembly and watched as 1 of our 4 teams won the Best Student Resolution award. Well done AVILA who represented LEBANON and SWEDEN much to the joy of Teacher Christine who watched them perform all day. The Governors Encouragement award went to Spain from Forest Hill, Best in Competition Sri Lanka RC Oakleigh, Best Costume Brazil RC Mont Albert & Surry Hills, Runners Up South Africa RC Mont Albert & Surry Hills, Winning Team Sri Lanka RC Oakleigh, who will now go to Canberra to compete. Well done to all teams and to our hard working Rotary Members involved in this Program.



**CALENDAR/PROGRAMME**

*If you are aware that the nominated chairperson will not be available please let the bulletin editor know asap. For venue addresses - please refer page 1 of this bulletin.*

**LEGEND:** █ Club Market █ Club Meeting █ Rotary/Club Project

<b>Date</b>	<b>Venue</b>	<b>Time</b>	<b>Event (or Topic)</b>	<b>Chairperson &amp; Greeter</b>
12 May	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Malcolm</b>
14 May	Mt Waverley	7am-2pm	Mt Waverley Market	Beth-Roger-Terry-Adrian/Michael
17 May	LOC Bistro	6pm-8pm	Social Night	NA
19 May	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>David B</b>
21 May	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	Sean/Ron
24 May	LOC	6pm-8pm	Club 32nd Birthday. Mayor Rebecca Paterson	Keith/tba
26 May	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Philip</b>
28 May	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	?/Philip
31 May	LOC	6pm-8pm	Geoff Taylor - On horseback for 2 years	Terry R/tba
2 June	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Terry</b>
4 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	tba/tba
7 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Prof Tom Spurling – History of Polymer Bank Notes	Glen/tba
9 June	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Paul</b>
11 June	Mt Waverley	7am-2pm	Mt Waverley Market	tba/tba
14 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Club Information Night	Geoff L-S/tba
16 June	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Geoff L-S</b>
18 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	tba/tba
21 June	LOC Bistro	6pm-8pm	Social Night	NA
23 June	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Adrian</b>
25 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	tba/tba
28 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Changeover	Keith-Geoff L-S/tba
30 June	Pinewood Coles	9-9.15am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	<b>Philip</b>