



Mt. WAVERLEY CLUB BULLETIN

Volume 29, Number 46, 4 June 2014

IMMEDIATE PROGRAM

VENUE	SPEAKER / TOPIC	CHAIRPERSON
This Meeting: Wednesday 4 June 6pm for 6.30pm start		
LOC	Jenny Ravlic – Food Additives	Malcolm F
Next Meeting: Wednesday 11 June 6pm for 6.30pm start		
LOC	Elaine Upton – Enhanced Maternal & Child Health Service	Terry R

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 Cnr Atherton Rd and Hanover Sts Oakleigh.
2. Mount Waverley Market shifts are 7-11.00 shift 1 (x 2 pax) then 11-2pm shift 2 (x 1 pax). The Address is Hamilton Place Shopping Centre, Stephenson’s Road Mount Waverley.
3. Leighoak Club (LOC) is located at 1555 Dandenong Road Oakleigh.

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS

PLEASE CONFIRM YOUR MEETING ATTENDANCE EACH WEEK TO KEITH KENDRICK ON 0437940617. ADVICES OF LEAVE DATES WOULD ALSO BE APPRECIATED.

OUR FOOD DONATION BIN FOR MONASH WAVERLEY COMMUNITY INFORMATION & SUPPORT (MWCIS) WILL COMMENCE AGAIN 22 JAN 2014. PLEASE BRING A SMALL DONATION OF NON PERISHABLE FOOD FOR THE DONATION BIN WHICH WILL BE LOCATED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MEETING.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING CLUB/ROTARY EVENTS IS ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS BULLETIN. ROTARIANS PLEASE CHECK FOR YOUR MARKET/ROTARY PROJECT COMMITMENTS ON THIS PAGE AND MARK YOUR DIARIES ACCORDINGLY.



PRESIDENTS REPORT (for 4 June 2014)

For some time now I have been keen to have our club get more involved with activities and projects for Primary School students. Paul Power came up with a project to submit to the Australia Government Centenary Local Grants project involving a memorial walkway, which has previously been outlined to members. Linked to this is a writing competition for year six students – the theme being ANZAC. Last Monday Paul and I had the pleasure of presenting prizes to the winning students, and a separate report on this appears below.

Last Wednesday, we had planned to present a cheque to a representative from CPEC, but unfortunately had to cancel at the last moment due to unforeseen circumstances. The cheque represents proceeds from the Lord Mayor of Monash’s Charity Golf Day, and major organiser of this day, Ron Thorpe, advises me that the presentation will be rescheduled for later in the month. The club celebrated its 29th birthday on the evening. Beth in her absence sent via Ros a funny but difficult to describe YouTube download on the difference between men and women. Ros our creative programmer then came up with the idea that a few of our longer serving members share some Rotary based anecdotes from their time in the Club. Several were volunteering, but by the time Malcolm Clowes, Terry O’Brien and Ron Thorpe had finished, we were all in stitches and we were over time.

A piece of delicious cake sourced by Robyn, followed by a rousing but out of tune rendition of “Happy Birthday” rounded off the night.

It was Board meeting night, mainly dominated by cleaning up outstanding donations commitments and establishing a budget. The Minutes will be available very shortly.

Rhonda will be President this Wednesday and I will see you on 11th.

Until then
Terry

None this week

PHOTO’S FROM LAST WEEK



Happy Birthday RC Mount Waverley



Roger and Pete



Marilyn and Glen



Beverley



President Terry sans regalia



Club Photographer, Adrian – selfie?



Terry O



Malcolm F



Patrick entertaining with some anecdotes



Charter Member Terry O, doing the honours.

CONGRATULATIONS & CELEBRATIONS

4 June – 10 June:

Missed Ann G happy birthday for 1st June (apologies). Happy birthday to Gay T on 7th June. Happy wedding anniversary to Paul and Hazel on 10th June.

MEMBERS ANNOUNCEMENTS

Anzac Centenary Local Grants Programme
Year 6 Student writing competition

Members will be aware that our Club submitted a proposal for funding under the ANZAC Centenary Local Grants Programme which was announced by the Australian Government on 24 April 2013.

An important part of the proposal was a commitment by the club to sponsor a writing competition at year 6 level in our local primary schools. In the short time available this year, we arranged a competition with the year 6 students at Pinewood Primary School earlier this month.

The objective of this competition is to assist in educating students in this formative year about the importance of World War 1 for the battles won and lost and the heroism of those involved, but as a defining point in Australia's history, when Australian nationalism was first tested. The task for the students was to write a piece with an ANZAC theme. The style was flexible— an essay, a report, in narrative or drama form, and the Year 6 teaching staff formed the judging panel.

Last Monday 26th, Paul Power, who developed the proposal, and President Terry attended the school assembly to announce the winners of the competition and present prizes and certificates.

The standard was outstanding, as the two winning contributions reproduced below demonstrate.

Students and staff were most enthusiastic about the competition and are keen to be involved next year. It is our intention, subject to Board approval, to continue this competition for at least the four remaining years of the ANZAC Centenary Programme. The writing competition will be rolled out to other primary schools in the Mount Waverley area in 2015 and beyond.

The value of the competition as a vocational project was very obvious from the multicultural make-up of the students, reflecting the rapidly changing demographic of this area.

Here are the two winning entries

Gallipoli

"Come on, mates! All the training has led to this day! Now come on, let's storm this beach!" Captain Kard says as the troop boat opens up and the first hail of bullets rain in.

All around me the mates that I trained with crumple to their knees. To avoid being slaughtered, I jump over the side of the boat into the freezing water.

'Zip, zip.' The bullets shoot past my face.

The water starts to turn red as more ANZACs get killed. I raise my bayonet, but the gun isn't even loaded! This was supposed to be a surprise attack! The captains didn't want us to give our position away so they didn't load our guns. It wasn't meant to be like this!

Earlier.

"Come on, be a man!" My mate, David, says to me.

"Fine, I'll sign up.' I say as I enter myself into the Australian Imperial Force.

"Yes! The allies need young people like us to join the army. Also, the ladies like a man in a uniform."

I say goodbye to all my friends and family that didn't join the army and the next thing I know I'm on a big ship off to training.

"The boats were absolutely packed!

As I was waving to you I was forced to stand on top of the railing.

There are soldiers at every single corner, but people are saying that we are going to get a free holiday!"

- A letter sent to my family.

"Raise your guns in the air and jog on the spot" Our trainer shouts.

Every week I still send plenty of letters, but we are not allowed to reveal our location. When we wake up we would do our daily run followed by weights. Next would Sport and then Fitness-in-the-mud. Last would be a free session followed by sleep. Throughout the day we would be fed breakfast, lunch and dinner. It was all going great, we were representing our country and we were meeting mates. We were all happy... until we were sent to Gallipoli

Present.

Quickly, I bob my head out of the red water. I feel a crack in my helmet so I duck back down. I cannot see any shelter; all I see is ANZACs unsuccessfully trying to storm the beach. I swim up to the edge of the water and get my bayonet ready.

"Jack, look!" David yells over the sound of gunfire.

"What is it?" I reply.

David points and in the distance I see a miracle. A pine tree standing by itself.

The first thought that comes to my head is -

'Yes, we might survive!'

But the second thought is -

"Oh no, how are we going to get there?"

David tries to come up with some ideas but none of them would work. Suddenly, I see a piece of metal in front of my feet and an idea comes to me.

David I swim to what's left of the troop ship and sure enough, there are large chunks of metal, big enough to be shields! David and I put our shields up and start walking to the tree.

“Ting, ting, ting” the bullets sound as they smash against the metal. I start to think that the shields might start to break but, eventually, we make it to the shade of the trees. I put my shield down and take a short rest. I look over to the boats and I can still see ANZACs suffering.

“We have to save more ANZACs.” I say to David.

“What? We just got out of the gunfire you want us to run back in there?” He replies.

I stand up and pick up my shield.

“I’m going to save somebody with or without your help.”

I get my shield ready and I start to run over to an ANZAC hiding behind a boat.

“Come with me.”

Months Later.

It feels like years since we landed at Gallipoli. David agreed to help me help soldiers. Lots were saved, but a lot more were killed. David, the seriously injured soldiers and I stayed at the tree while the other ANZACs went to make other mini bases. The Turks seem to be a never ending army and that is why we are leaving tonight.

All over Gallipoli we have set up machines that hold water that will drip through string and fire guns. If the Turks found out that we were leaving they would sprint down the beach and it would be a bloodshed that we would not win. That is why the guns will keep firing so the Turks will still think that we are there. We all have a point to go to and we are leaving tonight.

“Keep it down” David whispers. All of the newly made boats have left except for one, my boat. As I climb into the boat, a shard of metal gets stuck in my leg.

“AWWWWWWWW!” I yell as I feel the blood trickling down my leg.

There is dead silence for one second and then we hear the Turks.

“Go, go, go!” David shouts as we push off the shore.

The Turks open fire, but they are too late, we are off the island.

We do the best that we can to mend the injured soldiers, but unfortunately we don’t have many supplies. We had to quickly leave so we couldn’t meet up with the other boats. I start to think that we are going to starve when I hear David say –

“Look, in the distance!”

I squint my eyes and I see a large boat coming towards us!

“You are a life saver mate!” I say to the captain of the boat as I shake his hand.

The captain tells his crew to prepare the food and the beds.

“Tell me your story” says the captain.

“We were some of the lucky few that survived at Gallipoli.”

I tell him my journey from Australia to Egypt to Gallipoli. When I’m finished he is astounded and tells me to have a rest. Before I fall asleep I ask him one last question.

“Where is your boat heading?”

“Home” He replies.

By Jack.

Sincerely, Bradley Baker

22nd December, 1914

I hate this place! I hate the food, I hate the smell, I hate the smell and I hate the rats. They crawl up to the dead and even the sleeping. It’s a nightmare! They’ll eat out your eyes and swallow your guts until there’s nothing left but scraps. Everyone is scared of them.

The ground is so muddy you can’t walk along it without falling over and badly hurting yourself.

There are plagues of bugs, frogs and goodness knows what else. I fell over 7 dead people just

walking towards the guns for today's chores. I will try hard to get some sleep surrounded by the thousands of fallen men.

23rd December, 1914

This morning I woke up to the horrible smell of rotten meat. During breakfast I watched men steal each other's food. How could they be so mean? I'm so hungry and I feel tired and sick. I just want to go home! I miss the peaceful outback cottage back in Australia, with its warm soup and comfy beds.

I was walking along the edge of the trenches, on my way to fix some of the broken fences when out of the blue I heard gun shots from the front line. There was shouting and screaming. My heart was beating faster and faster. Then..... a deathly silence. Tomorrow is Christmas Eve, at home there would have been turkey and pudding along with Christmas carols and silly dances. Not here though. No, on Christmas Eve we will still be fighting.

I have to work on the front line all day long shooting people with a rifle. I'm feeling nervous. My hands are shaking and my face is sweating. I'll be lucky if I'm alive to write in this diary tomorrow morning.

24th December, 1914

When I woke up at 5 am to go to the front line I was worried. I was going to be there for a while. I expected it to be extremely nerve racking and dangerous. What happened was definitely a surprise. I didn't know that I would come back with a lot more than a rifle. It was Christmas Eve and I was patrolling 'No Man's Land' when I saw a bunch of Turks walking towards me. My first instinct was to raise my gun but then I noticed they weren't armed. There was no cans of gas, no guns, no anything. As I lowered my weapon I realised my mates were doing the same. As I look around I saw an amazing sight. Hundreds of men were coming out of the trenches and on to this deadly field. Oh it was such a spectacular night. I ate German food, did Russian dances, watched French plays and played English games. I taught everybody how to sing waltzing Matilda. We exchanged toys, food, blankets and plenty more. We exchanged experiences and addresses. We wished each other a merry Christmas and thought of how much we missed our homes. Thanks to the magic of Christmas we soldiers were able to relax.

25th December, 1914

After last night's happiness we are now back to work. My chores this morning went on for hours. First I had to clean 70 odd weapons. Then I had to fix some fences, bury all the dead men, who had millions of beetles, worms and rats on them, and because it was raining my mates and I had to use a big hose to drain out all the muddy water. I am starting to really miss everything at home including the toads and the mozzies. A good friend of mine, Trent, gave himself up to the enemy last week when they found him hiding in a bush, spying on them. He only did it because he felt it would be a lot easier than living in this stinky, muddy, deadly place. Some people might call it hell but trust me that is a huge understatement!

26th December, 1914

I don't feel so good. I have been trying to find out what is causing it and I think I've found out. I fear I may have Trench Foot. Nurse Valencia told me that it is caused by the cold wet conditions of the trenches. Your feet will go numb, swell up and practically die. If I really do have this disease then in about a week, my feet will go black and fall off. I am going to write to my much loved family now. I'm so shaky and sore I doubt they will be able to read my writing. Oh well, at least they'll know I tried. If this is my last diary entry I just want to say, goodbye cruel world. Please stop this war for my fellow soldiers and their loved ones.

To my beloved family,

If this letter ever gets to you I just want to say I miss you all so much! I want to come home and see all your smiling faces staring back at me. Sadly I cannot as I am in no fit state to walk let alone travel back to Australia. You see I am unsure how long I have left in this world. I went to war to show you all how much I care for you. I was willing to fight so you and any future members of the Baker family could live in a safer and happier country. Have I ever told you how much I love you, my perfect family? I love little Jimmy, Susan, Peta and Anna because of their

great imagination and kind caring way. I love mother and father for raising me in such a peaceful manner. Of course I love grandma and pa for always trusting me with love. As I said before, I miss you and I know what ever happens I will always remember you. Oh darling Susan could you please look after my cat until he is no longer with us?

Goodbye and thank you!

Sincerely, Bradley Baker

Written by Neve



Paul and Terry with winners Neve, Jack and Runners up Mia and Casey

CALENDAR/PROGRAM

for addresses - please refer page 1 of this bulletin

LEGEND: Club Market Club Meeting Rotary/Club Project

Date	Venue	Time	Event (or Topic)	Chairperson
6 June	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Terry
8 June	Mount Waverley	7am-2pm	Mount Waverley Market	Malcolm F/Beth Michael/Phil
11 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Elaine Upton – Enhanced Maternal & Child Health Service	Terry R
13 June	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Pat
15 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	Paul/Michelle
18 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Social Nite	NA
20 June	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Ros
22 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	Lou/Andrew
25 June	LOC	6pm-8pm	Changeover	Terry R/Rhonda
27 June	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Adrian
29 June	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	Pat / Don
2 July	LOC	6pm-8pm	?	?
4 July	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Pat
6 July	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	?
9 July	LOC	6pm-8pm	?	?
11 July	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Don
13 July	Mt Waverley	7am-2pm	Mount Waverley Market	?
16 July	LOC	6pm-8pm	Social Nite	NA
18 July	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Phil
20 July	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	?
23 July	LOC	6pm-8pm	?	?
25 July	Pinewood Coles	9.30am-10am	MWCIS Coles Food Pickup	Ros
27 July	Oakleigh	6am-1pm	Oakleigh Market	?
30 July	LOC	6pm-8pm	?	?



A Thank-you photo from the kids at Together for Cambodia Orphanage/School.