

ROTARY CLUB OF COROWA



PRESIDENT: PAUL MOWLAM

WEEKLY BULLETIN

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LAST MEETING – Axel's Final Presentation.

Axel arrived here from Nancy, France on 17/7/2011 and will leave on 7/7/2012. His first host family was the Laws where he demonstrated his French cooking. It didn't always turn out as expected. He then learnt about Aussie BBQ's at the Carrington's. His favourite animals are roos, koalas, crocs and spiders. The highlights of his stay were the weekends at Dookie, climbing the Sydney Harbour bridge, fishing and surfing lessons at Ocean Grove and the 6 day trip to Sydney – Canberra – Batemans Bay. Going to the Australian Open tennis and the District Conference was amazing and awesome. Likes – Tim Tams, Pies and rowing. He intends to keep rowing when he returns home. He has taken 8579 photos so far. We wish him all the best for the future.



Axel and Poobah Paul.

International Toast and Rotary Information

Neil continued with last week's interesting information on the formation of Rotary in Russia and some of the politics involved not only in Russia, but also within R.I. itself. We toasted the Rotary Club of Irkutsk, a city with a population of 640,000 and boasting 22,000 single girls looking for a husband. The history of Rotary in Russia is well worth looking-up on the net for anyone with a few minutes to spare (and the girls too).

Announcements

- The BBQ at Safeway made \$157
- Race gates **Monday 9th July**

Attendance

88%. 2 birthdays, Neil 47th? and Alan we think about 75?

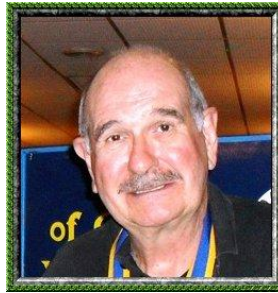
Raffles

1. Margaret
2. Gary – 8 spades



CHANGEOVER JOBS

	28/6/2012	5/7/2012
Programme	Changeover	TBA
Chairman	Gary	
Treasurer	John	
Rotary Grace	Narelle	
Object of Rotary	Gail	
Toast to R.I.	Neil	
Sergeants help	Wal	



Time takes its toll



..... so easy

Calling in sick to work makes me uncomfortable. No matter how legitimate my excuse, I always get the feeling that my boss thinks I'm lying.

On one recent occasion, I had a valid reason but lied anyway, because the truth was just too darned humiliating. I simply mentioned that I had sustained a head injury, and I hoped I would feel up to coming in the next day. By then, I reasoned, I could think up a doozy to explain the bandage on the top of my head. The accident occurred mainly because I had given in to my wife's wishes to adopt a cute little kitty. Initially, the new acquisition was no problem.

Then one morning, I was taking my shower after breakfast when I heard my wife, Deb, call out to me from the kitchen. "Honey! The garbage disposal is dead again. Please come reset it." "You know where the button is," I protested through the shower pitter-patter and steam. "Reset it yourself!" "But I'm scared!" she persisted. "What if it starts going and sucks me in?"

There was a meaningful pause and then, "C'mon, it'll only take you a second."

So out I came, dripping wet and butt naked, hoping that my silent outraged nudity would make a statement about how I perceived her behaviour as extremely cowardly.

Sighing loudly, I squatted down and stuck my head under the sink to find the button. It is the last action I remember performing.

It struck without warning, and without any respect to my circumstances. No, it wasn't the hexed disposal, drawing me into its gnashing metal teeth. It was our new kitty, who discovered the fascinating dangling objects she spied hanging between my legs. She had been poised around the corner and stalked me as I reached under the sink. And, at the precise moment when I was most vulnerable, she leapt at the toys I unwittingly offered and snagged them with her needle-like claws. I lost all rational thought to control orderly bodily movements, blindly rising at a violent rate of speed, with the full weight of a kitten hanging from my masculine region.

Wild animals are sometimes faced with a "fight or flight" syndrome. Men, in this predicament, choose only the "flight" option. I know this from experience. I was fleeing straight up into the air when the sink and cabinet bluntly and forcefully impeded my ascent. The impact knocked me out cold. When I awoke, my wife and the paramedics stood over me.

Now there are not many things in this life worse than finding oneself lying on the kitchen floor butt naked in front of a group of "been-there, done-that" paramedics.

Even worse, having been fully briefed by my wife, the paramedics were all snorting loudly as they tried to conduct their work, all the while trying to suppress their hysterical laughter.....and not succeeding.

Somehow I lived through it all. A few days later I finally made it back in to the office, where colleagues tried to coax an explanation out of me about my head injury. I kept silent, claiming it was too painful to talk about, which it was.

"What's the matter?" They all asked, "Cat got your tongue?" If they only knew!

Why is it that only the women laugh at this?

An old German Shepherd starts chasing rabbits and before long, discovers that he's lost. Wandering about, he notices a panther heading rapidly in his direction with the intention of having lunch.

The old German Shepherd thinks, "Oh, oh! I'm in deep shit now!"
Noticing some bones on the ground close by, he immediately settles down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the panther is about to leap, the old German Shepherd exclaims loudly, "Boy, that was one delicious panther! I wonder, if there are any more around here?"
Hearing this, the young panther halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks away into the trees.

"Whew!," says the panther, "That was close! That old German Shepherd nearly had me!"

Meanwhile, a squirrel who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the panther.. So, off he goes.

The squirrel soon catches up with the panther, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the panther.

The young panther is furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here, squirrel, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine!"

Now, the old German Shepherd sees the panther coming with the squirrel on his back and thinks, "What am I going to do now?," but instead of running, the dog sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old German Shepherd says....

"Where's that squirrel? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another panther!"

Moral of this story...

Don't mess with the old dogs... Age and skill will always overcome youth and treachery!

Bullshit and brilliance only come with age and experience.

If you don't send this to five 'old' friends right away, there will be five fewer people laughing in the world.

Of course, I am in no way insinuating that you are old, just 'youthfully challenged'.

You did notice the size of the print, didn't you?

Q. Why did the blonde keep an empty milk jug in the fridge?

A. In case someone wanted black coffee.

Q. What is black and blue and found in a ditch?

A. A man who told too many blonde jokes.

The last one . . . that's it . . . done . . . finished. . . . no more.