



Président :

ROTARY-CLUB DE PONTOISE-

BULLETIN D'INFORMATION N°

Jean-Claude MONTI

Période du 10 Janvier

au 16 Janvier 1990

Réunion du 16 Janvier 1990

Le Président ouvre la séance vers 20 h 10 minutes.

EXCUSES : M. MELE
P. GARANCE

PRESENCES
EXTERIEURES. P. BOURQUIN à Magny le 16/1
P. BOURQUIN à Cergy le 10/1

INVITES : A. SLATTER invité de J.C MONTI
G. VAUVILLON invité de J. WEBER

ANNONCES :

- Première femme rotarienne intronisée à Grenoble (Pas de commentaires).
- Rappel théâtre à Saint Germain Vendredi à 19 h 45.
- Les voeux de Michel TOURNOUX.
- Appel pour le Lundi 30 Janvier - Présence A. RICHARD qui nous fera un exposé sur le SAN - Les questions sont autorisées.

NOUVELLES DU CLUB D'ERDINGTON.

- Les 80 ans de Harold Mac HAFFIG entré en 1953.
- Pour la première fois de l'histoire de leur club ils ont une boursière Lucy REES. Celle-ci leur fait un exposé sur une année passée en Australie.
- La roue tourne : David BAHLEY accède à la place de 2ème Vice Président en raison du départ de David STEWART.
- Résumé de la conférence de District vu par un rotarien qui désire l'anonymat. (Copie au verso).

La séance est terminée à vingt et une heures.

X
106 District Conference 1989 - by H.G.Shortfellow

To be sung to the music of 'Hiawatha'.

By the shores of Riviera, by the bay that's known as Tor,
Stood the tent of Big Chief Thomas, travelled southward with his squaw. ?>
There she beat upon her Tom-Tom; came the message "Hello sailor,
Join us for a District pow-pow, led by D.G. Peter Taylor".
Came the tribes from out the Midlands, sixty-two were there in all,
Gathered they in dubious wigwams, every tribe obeyed the call.
Erdington was there in numbers, mighty warriors, quite a force,
In their tepees Kistor, Rainbow, wondering if they'd last the course.
Friday night was tribal dancing, never was their such a sight,
Rotarians were rotating, hardly knowing left from right.
Rum and vermouth, gin and whisky; not surprising these libations,
All contrived to keep them frisky, fortified their mad gyrations.
Saturday in sober mood, to the mighty convocation,
Big Chief Thomas led his brood to recieve an incantation.
From the Great Chief o'er the water, came the theme he will employ,
"Tell each Rotary son and daughter, ROTARY YOU MUST ENJOY."
In the evening came the faithful to the tepee of Chief Tom;
Twenty bodies there assembled, all the tribe from Erdington.
Never was a scene so frightful, mighty warriors bowed their heads,
Had the semblance of an orgy, twenty bods in just three beds.
Tribal dances then continued, faster beat the tribal drum.
Am I fit to enjoy Rotary? Is this the shape of things to come?
Sunday breakfast was Ribena; met the men from G.S.E.
(Found a rhyme for Argentina) - poet's licence - woe is me.
Further rhymes I must abandon, no time now for further talk,
Medicine-Man I must dis-Spence with, likewise Big Chief Tom-a-Hawk.
Final speeches, pulses quicken, for the end is nearly nigh. ?>
Was that Edwina or a chicken strutted 'cross the mid-day sky?
Close the conference, end the pow-pow, though I have declaimed at length,
I shall be back for the next one, if I can but find the strength. ?>

Editor's note.

At the author's request, this masterpiece is unsigned, although we are sure that the cloak of anonymity will not hide him for long. For your future delight, we have commissioned him to report on next year's District Assembly - to be written in the style of 'Eskimo Nell'.

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