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**ROTARY MONTH
JULY MONTH TRADITIONALLY HAS NO
THEME. IT IS GIVEN OVER TO THE NEW
PRESIDENT TO SETTLE IN
GO KAREN GO**

**ENGAGE
ROTARY**



**CHANGE
LIVES**

EDITORIAL

FIREBALL

by Bev Bird

On Tuesday 25 June we had our first experience of a fire in our house. Terrifying. It felt like it lasted for ages. In reality it was probably over in a matter of minutes.

At eight o'clock, just as we were about to start preparing supper, all the lights in the house went out. It had been raining hard all day and this presumably caused the electricity black-out in our neighbourhood. So there we were, with all the supper ingredients laid out before us along the counter, in total darkness and with no electricity for cooking. We quickly set up candles all over the kitchen and Colin began hauling out various little gas cookers and lamps which he keeps for camping. He got quite excited, saying he was going to see how inventive he could be and whether he could manage to produce a full-blown dinner under camping conditions. He was having fun.

He started setting up a line of little cookers with boiling pots of water all along the counter top. As he was fitting a new gas canister onto the last of the cookers it quickly became evident that he had not managed, in the semi-darkness, to properly align the gas valve with the appliance fitting and in the process had accidentally punctured the gas cylinder. From where I was, around the corner of the kitchen, I could hear the gas hissing as it sprayed out of the canister. I looked around to where Colin was standing and saw him desperately trying to force the cylinder valve into the appliance, to stop the spray of gas.

Neither of us fully realized the extent of the danger we were facing at that moment. Reviewing it afterwards, in the cool light of common sense, we could see, of course, that at that point we were in the midst of a disaster-in-the-making, the air now being full of (invisible) flammable gas whilst the kitchen was festooned with rows of lighted candles. An absolute no-brainer.

Suddenly the air all around the gas canister, which Colin was still battling to fit into the appliance, exploded into a massive fireball, ignited by the nearby candles. In an instant Colin was surrounded by a wall of fire, reaching from floor to ceiling, beyond which we could not see. He threw down the burning cylinder and ran towards me to escape the flames. As we both ran around the corner of the kitchen into the scullery I looked behind me and saw that Colin's whole back was on fire, with yet more flames further behind him. He looked like the images you sometimes see on television or in newspapers, with the caption 'Man on Fire'. A terrifying spectacle.

I yelled, 'A blanket! We need to wrap you in a blanket!', and all that occupied my mind was that I would not be able to get back through the flames to reach a blanket or carpet to extinguish his flames. For an instant my mind was filled with the thought that this would be the night that Colin died. It had not yet occurred to me that we were both potentially trapped by the fire.

My feet were burning and without thinking I literally jumped right out of my shoes: I found them lying on the floor some time later. Meanwhile Colin had leapt up onto the scullery window-ledge and was trying to slide the window open, shouting to me that we must both jump out of the window. Of course: that was the obvious solution which had not yet entered my mind.

As we were about to do so we realized that the gas canister must have run dry because, as quickly as the inferno had started, it had mercifully come to an end. All of the flames had instantly begun to die down, including those surrounding Colin; the kitchen was free of fire, and we were left gasping at what we had just experienced. Colin had a burnt hand, charred clothes and scorched eyebrows, but was otherwise fine.

As we walked gingerly back into the kitchen we found Monty, our Number One dog who is always at our feet no matter what we are doing, crouched on the floor, his face and much of his body scorched. He had no whiskers and much of his hair was crispy and charred.

The dogs! - in the panic we had not had a moment to even consider what was happening to the poor dogs all this while. On closer inspection it seemed that what had been burnt was only Monty's hair -not his skin, thank goodness- and it seemed that our other dog, Roxy, was unhurt. But this inspection was all carried out by dim candle-light and we needed to take them to the Vet to be certain.

I packed a bag of frozen peas over my burnt feet as we drove the long distance, first to the all-night Vet to confirm all of the above regarding the dogs and thereafter to the all-night Chemist to get burn-packs for us humans. Once home again, it became evident that Colin had actually hurt his leg quite badly as he'd jumped up to the window-ledge to escape. He had a long, bloody gash and a big fat haematoma running all the way down the length of his left shin.

Given what could have happened and what terrible consequences could have resulted, we know we got off extremely lightly. Much of our salvation lay in the fact that all of our clothing happened to be made from wool and cotton, granting us an amazingly protective shield against the flames; had we been wearing synthetics, the outcome could have been frighteningly different. In the end, Monty suffered burnt eyelids and smelled like a little charred ball of fur, and we humans endured some painful war wounds, but we are still seriously thanking all those lucky stars for being on our side throughout all of this.

MEETING OF 11 July 2013

ATTENDANCE

Membership:	24
Present:	15
Make Ups:	2
Apologies:	8
Attendance:	77%

John Vivian noticed that when Rotarians are asked to do the International Toast (being unprepared, because they had forgotten that it was their turn!), they invariably home in on a disaster zone and toast the nearest Rotary Club to it. Well, he was going to carry on with this 'tradition' and asked us all to raise our glasses to the Rotary Club of Southsea, UK in memory of the disaster which befell them exactly 78 years ago. We dutifully toasted Southsea and RI; and it turned out, after some prompting that the disaster was that John was born there 78 years ago!!

Pres. Karen welcomed all to the meeting, and especially:

Visitors: Keela O'Driscoll (welcome back!), Justin Schonegevel, Simisha Pather (welcome back too!). Speakers: Lizelle van Wyk and Charlene van Niekerk of CT Society for the Blind.

NB Official visit by DG Vyv Deacon on 8 August. Full turn-out please; and we will also be hosting the Rotary Club of Kromboom on that evening.

oOo

Attendance to Biffy 082 468 7504 or aecon.e@mweb.co.za.

Please remember you are encouraged to invite guests to our meetings. Who knows, it may result in them enjoying the 'vibe' and joining Rotary Wynberg!

SLOTS

Jackie: She and Ken attended the first meeting of the Retreat Rotaract Club on Wednesday 10 July, and it was agreed that they should be invited to attend our next meeting.

Biffy: Reminder about Christmas in July at her home on Saturday 27 July. NB phone to confirm.

Pam: Victoria Hospital needs help with painting a corridor and two bathrooms on 27 July, starting at 08.30. See also full details in Biffy's email to Club members on 13 July.

GUEST SPEAKERS

Lizelle van Wyk started her career as a social worker during 1982 and after some illustrious achievements, she received the award for "South Africa's Most Influential Woman of the Year in Business and Government welfare and related services" in 2010. In Sept. 2012 she was appointed CEO of the Cape Town Society for the Blind. In her presentation she was assisted by Charlene van Niekerk, who has been with the Society for the past 15 years and knows its history very well.

It was started in 1929 as the Cape Town Civilian Blind Society, and only changed its name to the present Cape Town Society for the Blind in 1994, "to create sustainable wellness". In 2014 they will celebrate their 85th year in existence.

Although originally and still primarily associated with cane weaving, the objective is to provide skills which will lead to life skills, formal employment and ability to start a business.

Funding is a constant challenge and they now have a coffee shop, started in 2010, and a conference venue for hire. They look for sponsorship to support various events; and 'Gifts of Love', by which members of the public may bequeath lump sums to the Society. A partnership with Rotary would be a big plus!

There will be an 'Open Day' on 31 August, and we were all invited to attend. Their address is 45 Salt River Road. (See also full details in Biffy's email to Club members of 11 July).

Lizelle was introduced by Biffy and thanked by String.

PROGRAMME

July 2013	Committee: van Wyk, Gowdy, Overbosch, Todd, Murphy, Klotz-Gleave
18 July	Neda O'Donovan, Literacy coordinator Bottom-up NGO
25 July	Board Meeting
27 July	Christmas in July
August 2013	Committee: Knight, Bredenkamp, Cleveland, Munday, Orsmond, van Eeden
1 August	JK Nickell (and wife Kat), Ambassadorial scholar from Dallas, Texas
8 August	Visit by DG Vyv Deacon
9-11 August	Rotaract Conference at Langebaan
15 August	Lesley Gittings, Canadian Ambassadorial scholar on HIV/Aids and Malawi
22 August	Board Meeting
29 August	Social

DUTY ROSTER

DUTY	18 July	1 August	8 August	15 August	29 August
Sergeant	Van Wyk	Schreiber	Barnard	TBA	SOCIAL
Attendance Officer	Danckwerts	Danckwerts	Danckwerts	Danckwerts	
Wynpress Editorial	Bredenkamp	Gowdy	Hovstad	Howard	
Minutes for Wynpress	Danckwerts	Wetmore	Cleveland	Danckwerts	
Compilation of Wynpress	Cleveland	Danckwerts	Wetmore	Cleveland	
Door Duty	Bird	Bredenkamp	Gowdy	Hovstad	
Grace	Barnard	Bird	Bredenkamp	Gowdy	
Loyal Toast	James	Barnard	Bird	Bredenkamp	
International Toast	Williams	Danckwerts	Barnard	Bird	
Speaker Introduction	Wetmore	TBA	Van Eeden	TBA	
Speaker Thanks	Todd	TBA	Van Wyk	Vivian	

JACKPOT

The new Jackpot card to draw is 3♥, and the kitty started off with R815.

Roche sent the 6 of diamonds to an early demise, and Biffy won the consolation R20.

PRESIDENT'S QUOTES:

"The only thing worse than being blind is having sight but no vision." – *Helen Keller*

"There is no better way to thank God for your sight than by giving a helping hand." – *Helen Keller*

"Kindness is a language that the deaf can hear and the blind can see." – *Mark Twain*

"Just because a man lacks the use of his eyes doesn't mean he lacks vision." – *Stevie Wonder*

TAILPIECE

BRIDEGROOM

The Bridegroom is the lucky chap who gets to spend months and months working out seating plans and menus and a thousand other vitally important details, which, come the big day, nobody even notices anyway (or none of the male guests do, at any rate). All in all, being the bridegroom is a thankless business. In fact the only interesting thing about the whole mad event is how the word 'bridegroom' came about in the first place.

The Old English word for a man marrying his sweetheart is *brydguma*, which literally means 'bride man'. However over the years the word *guma*, meaning 'man' has become confused with the word 'groom', which meant 'manservant' – which is largely what the poor chap has become anyway.

"I now pronounce you bride and manservant." (That sounds about right, doesn't it?)