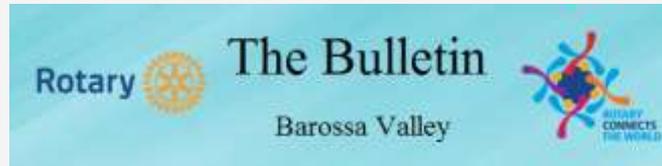


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Bulletin header-date



**2019-20 Issue 48 Meetings Suspended
4 June 2020**

The news journal of the *Barossa Valley Rotary Club*

Club Information

Meetings Suspended due to Coronavirus.

The Clubhouse

45 Macdonnell St

Tanunda, SA 5352

Australia

Phone: 0418 856 569

[Send Email to Club](#)

[District Site](#)

[Venue Map](#)

Bulletin Widget

World President: Mark Daniel Maloney
District Governor: Jane Owens
Club President: Keith Millington
Club Secretary: Sandie Simons



**The Four-Way Test
of the things we Think, Say or Do.**

- 1. Is it the TRUTH?**
- 2. Is it FAIR to all concerned?**
- 3. Will it build GOODWILL & BETTER friendships?**
- 4. Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned?**

Invocation:

Oh lord and giver of all good, we praise thee for our daily food.
May Rotary Friends and Rotary ways help us to serve thee all our
days.

**No Meetings due to COVID-19 restrictions,
PLEASE REMEMBER TO ADVISE MARIE ROTHE OF
APOLOGIES (MEMBERS) AND ATTENDANCES
(FRIENDS/PARTNERS) EACH WEEK (Mob: 0411 524 156)**

Hi Rotarians,

Well the weather is coming in cold so what better way to spend a half hour than settling down with a cuppa (or something), putting your feet up in front of the fire and reading this rather lengthy but always entertaining bulletin. Although invited to edit Bill's story, I thought if he'd taken the trouble to write it so beautifully, who am I to muck around with it? I'm sure you will all enjoy his story along with David West's contributions to "I Did Not Know That!"

Roxane Canning (Bulletin Editor)

Presidents Message

There have been some developments in the Board for next year 2020/21. After a lot of discussions, we decided that I would stay on as President until at least December and then we will look at getting a new President, with Sue Graetz indicating a willingness to serve if required. The following year 2021/22 will have Lisa Akeroyd as President and Bill Simons as President-Elect. These changes became necessary due to the much higher workload put on Lisa by Coronavirus legislation and an increase in her business activities that have taken up all her time. In these situations, earning a living comes first, family comes second and Rotary comes third and so we have done the best we can to look after both Lisa and our Rotary club.

With some of the Coronavirus restrictions being relaxed it is opening up possibilities of having meetings the old fashioned way, but unfortunately, the regulations are still too strict for us to have a full meeting. Several suggestions have been made and

the Board will be looking at all possibilities and we will reinstate meetings as soon as we can legally do it.

I have sent out an update request for our database. We must keep the information accurate as this is used to maintain our correct records that are used by the District to generate the annual invoice, and is also required so that we can maintain accurate membership records. If anyone has a problem with the update, please call me and I will help you to get the records in order.

Keith Millington
President

An Extraordinary Life

Bill (William) Simons

"Keith asked me to give a brief profile of my life up to now, so here goes, the profile of one who grew up on the western side of the city.

I came into this world, went to primary school, then to technical high school, got an apprenticeship, married, had a baby, went into sales and marketing, built a house, re-married, built another house, then retired.

Thank you.

Any questions?

Now, being serious ...

I really did come into this world - on 17th May 1943, the first son of Alan and Peggy Simons, and first grandson for both sets of grandparents. Hence the name William, being the first name of grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

For the first two years I was horribly spoiled by all the family, being the only boy in my generation.

Then disaster struck ... my brother Peter came along and the war began!

We were poor Mum's nightmare, we fought from the time we woke up to the time we went to bed.

As we got older, things improved.

After a few early years in Torrensville and Kongorong, near Mount Gambier, we moved to Seaton and I started my education at Seaton Primary School.

Mum didn't drive and worked full time at Phillips Electrical at Hendon, so I caught the bus with my friends to and from school.

Dad bought land adjacent to Phillips, and built a service station and workshop, and we lived next door until Dad finished building a house at the front of the block.

Our playground was the upper reaches of Port Adelaide – no West Lakes then, just sandhills.

Mostly riding our bikes, we

- explored the dunes around Estcourt House
- shot rabbits with an air rifle
- messed around in the local pug holes
- stood on our bicycles to watch football over the fence – Go the Magpies!
- roamed Port Adelaide and Semaphore
- jumped off the rigging of the ketches in the Port Canal
- learned to swim in the Port Canal – held by rope at the end of a pole.

Sometimes we rode into the city to swim in the Torrens weir. Peter and I belonged to Albert Park Boy Scouts, learning how to tie knots and sew buttons, and flag semaphore – a bit of which, was useful later in life.

Uncle Clem, ex Army, had all daughters, so Peter and I were taken spotlighting in the Riverland and taught to shoot with his rifle and pistol, sometimes kangaroos but mostly rabbits, which we then had to skin.

Dad hated guns so this didn't put Uncle Clem in Dad's good books, but we loved it.

My meagre pocket money later in Primary School, was earned by starting up the compressor, taking out the oil bottles, serving petrol, driveway service, cleaning spark plugs and engine parts, re-facing engine valves, and honing engine block cylinders. Saturday afternoons Mum and I cleaned out the lube bay.

After Primary, I attended a very exclusive Boys' School, following in the footsteps of one of this Club's Past Presidents.

John Semmler was a few years ahead of me at Croydon Boys Tech.

I had good teachers, especially in sheet metal and woodworking, and I won prizes at the Royal Adelaide Show for my letter box and wrought iron coffee table.

I still have the table, but the letter box went missing from Mum and Dad's house – I don't think I blew it up.

However I did make a pistol at home. It was a wooden handle with a galvanised tube filled with paper and a ball bearing, blocked at one end, leaving a hole small enough for a penny bomb wick.

When the penny bomb was lit, the ball bearing shot out, with enough power to go through both sides of a 44 gallon drum.

Transport to and from Tech was bike and train.

Breakfast – a potato fritter and a cigarette - were purchased with Lunch money from the shop near school, so at lunch time, it was on the bike to Grandma's house at West Croydon for a free lunch – and more money for cigarettes.

Geography excursion to Mount Gambier – in trouble again.

A group of us nicked off after tea for a milkshake and a smoke.

On the way back, we met up with two teachers – none of us passed geography that term. Lesson learned.

During the school years, there wasn't much opportunity to get involved with sports, as Dad worked 24/7 and Mum couldn't drive, so bike was my only means of transport.

I did play lacrosse for Port Adelaide based at Woodville – no protective gear in those days, so I often received injuries to ears and knuckles.

In my teens, I participated in activities at St George's Church of England at Alberton, including Church of England Boys Society, leading the choir and as an altar boy, which meant riding my bike to church three times each Sunday.

I also had the privilege of singing for a special service at St Peter's Cathedral, in a choir conducted by a leading choir master out from England.

Involvement with Church didn't stop me getting into more trouble –

getting dobbed in to Mum by cousin John for smoking, leading the choir with painted fingernails courtesy of John's girlfriend,

and running away after landing a half brick on my brother's head while helping to build extensions to the Church.

After four years of Tech school, I was granted a fitting and turning apprenticeship, at Marine and Harbours at the Dockyard in Port Adelaide.

I was very proud of my working outfit of safety boots, blue combination overalls and blue shirt.

The first few weeks were spent in the tool store, being inducted into the mystical world of tradesmen – for example, being asked for a left handed screwdriver.

Luckily having worked with Dad for years before, I knew there was no such thing.

It wasn't long – just a few weeks – before I was in trouble again. The dockyard had a one hundred ton floating crane and the temptation was too great.

I thought it would be a good idea to climb to the top of the jib. It was a long way up, with no safety harness – or permission.

Little did I know the Chief Engineer was watching me from his office, through binoculars.

Dad was working there also, and was duly summonsed to be asked "Is that YOUR son up there?"

On my descent, I also was summonsed to the Chief Engineer's office, and in front of Dad was given a stern reprimand and sent back to the workshop.

My apprenticeship was interesting, educational and most rewarding, due to the variety.

I also spent valuable time learning about the work done by electricians, motor mechanics, plumbers, boilermakers and riggers, and in the foundry.

Highlights of my apprenticeship include being sent to pack the stern gland on a pilot launch – limited help, just basic instructions "Work it out for yourself and don't sink the launch".

I machined a large adapter plate for a crane from drawings, and was told to stamp my initials into it, as I might be the one to install it later, and would need to know who to blame if it didn't fit.

Of course that day came, and thankfully it did fit. Sweating over it might have helped!

I replaced the white metal bearings and piston rings of a large steam powered bucket dredge which was built in Holland in the

late 1800's – I also was skinny enough to fit through the manhole and work in the confined space amongst the boiler tubes to re-fit the cover plates.

With the help of a labourer but no plans, I had to replace the bearings and seals in a large German built gear box, sketching and stamping each part to enable re-assembly.

I was promoted to Second Engineer on one of the steam dredges, firing up my love for steam and the unfulfilled dream of going to sea as a Marine Engineer.

While forgotten for twelve months in the mechanical drafting office, I drew up plans from the Engineer's design for an adjustable grain chute, to be fitted to the end of a conveyor belt to regulate the flow of grain being loaded into the ship's hull.

Of course we had no computers or even calculators in those days, just the technical drawing board, slide and scale rules, paper and pencils.

When they finally realised I was still in the drafting office and I was returned to the workshop to complete my apprenticeship, I used my own drawings to manufacture the chute.

Fortunately it worked OK.

After completing the three years of compulsory trade school, I took up the offer of a fourth year which covered advanced gear cutting, heat treatment and design engineering.

I thoroughly enjoyed my apprenticeship, thanks to the good tradesmen and fantastic teachers.

While still an apprentice, I married Marilyn and while we were still living with Mum and Dad, our lovely daughter Vicki was born. I injured my eye while working on a crane in the backblocks of Port Adelaide, and although it was a struggle financially, we had great support from both families and co-workers at the Dockyard. The compensation from my eye injury enabled us to buy a block of land at Findon and build our own home.

Vicki started playing netball and I was the taxi driver.

Then Vicki discovered horses, thanks to her cousin, requiring regular trips between Findon and Reynella for riding lessons.

We owned two horses during Vicki's involvement in hunting and show jumping, which prompted me to design and build a horse float.

I was a very proud Dad when, after matriculation, Vicki started part-time work at Marine and Harbours in the archives, then was offered a full time job in the hydrographic surveying department. Following studies, Vicki became the first female marine surveyor in Marine and Harbours.

After my apprenticeship I worked in purchasing and sales at Atkins Engineering Supplies in Hindmarsh. Atkins became Sellers Atkins, industrial and hardware suppliers, and my career continued through various roles including Warehouse Manager, Sales Manager and Branch Manager, including establishing a branch at Lonsdale.

On weekends I sailed with my two cousins, on a heavyweight Sharpie in the Port River, then we built a lightweight Sharpie and sailed from Largs Bay. We also crewed on a friend's 35 foot cruising yacht.

In 1986 I met Sandie, who started working at Sellers Atkins as Managing Director's PA, and we married on Mum's birthday, 18th March 1990.

Most weekends in football season, we went with friends to watch Port Adelaide play, and I became involved in the Vice President's Coterie and Club 96, which was a group raising funds to get a team into the AFL.

In the meantime, Sellers Atkins went through take overs by Campbells, and then BBC Hardware.

These take overs were extremely stressful, particularly the last one, when I had to retrench about 150 people, some of whom I had worked and socialised with for twenty plus years.

In 1996, not long after moving to BBC Richmond, it was my turn to be re-trenched. It was quite a shock not having a company car and a mobile phone!

And I had to find another job.

I worked for Nu-Steel Homes as a sales consultant for a while but soon decided it wasn't for me.

In that same year, we bought the Corvette and joined the Corvette Club of South Australia. We had a great time with the Club on long weekends away, shorter cruises, and at national Conventions. We still maintain some valuable friendships made through the Club.

After leaving Nu-Steel I moved to Packers at Norwood to manage the installers for a few years, then to Gliderol for ten years.

In the late 1990's, we decided to leave our unit at Tennyson and found an acre of land at Lyndoch. We built our home and moved in December 2002.

At the end of 2010, I retired and early in 2011, I started volunteering at Barossa Bushgardens.

Not long after, Mum passed away, so the Bushgardens was a peaceful retreat.

I helped Bill Riley, an electrician who also volunteered at the Bushgardens, to install the electrical wiring of the new Volunteers Centre, which saved thousands of dollars.

In September 2016, after 15 months on the waiting list, we joined Probus.

In February 2018, Sandie and I joined this Rotary Club, thanks to our good friend Bryce.

Both these Clubs have given us more friendships and a busy social life.

The other thing I love about Rotary though, is that it presents opportunities to help other people, both locally and globally, with a group of like-minded people.

So thanks everyone, for making this phase of my life another enjoyable time."

Gentle Reminder

At tonight's Board meeting, the Board requests that Club Members contribute \$20 per month to the Rotary Club of Barossa Valley, during the time that we are unable to conduct our usual weekly meetings.

This would approximate the contribution of \$5 per attendee per meeting towards Club projects and activities which usually is included in the dinner meeting payment of \$25 per member.

The Club needs to ensure that we have adequate funds to support existing projects, as well as any which might occur in the future as a result of the impacts of COVID-19.

Payments can be made to the Club bank account, details as below.

BankSA BSB 105-024

Rotary Club of Barossa Valley account number 033 200 940

Reference should be your surname followed by the word 'Donation'

**From Don Farley - Info re Clothing Bins
(Leaving this info in FYI)**

The Great Revival Shop will re-open on 1/6/20. As advised, the clothing bin roster will re-commence on 11/6/20 to 25/6/20 to start with; John Little at Angaston, Peter Thomas at Nuriootpa and Bill Simons at Tanunda.

We propose to unlock the clothing bin lids only 2 days before, i.e. 9/6/20, WE WON'T ADVERTISE THESE TIMES! We anticipate a deluge of stuff, hope it won't swamp us. The Barossa is pretty good at word of mouth for letting people know.

By that time J.J. Richards will be ready to take the rubbish away, and Statewide Cleaning Cloths will be ready to take the white bags away.

Both the Tanunda and Truro sorting teams will be willing and ready by then.

By the following non-meeting 5/6/20 I hope to have the next Rotary year's bin roster ready to email to everyone.

"I did not know that!"

My First Jobs- David West

(The long-awaited missive!)

I grew up in a friendly neighbourhood in Gawler with a few guys who were older than me and probably a bad influence as well. (taught me to smoke and drink at a young age)
One of these guys was John who had a plumb job after school working on Fridays and Saturday mornings in the Men's Hairdressing Salon taking the money and selling cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, razor blades, gifts and the like. John left and got

an apprenticeship and his job was offered to Peter who lived opposite to us. I used to call in to talk to Peter occasionally and I had my haircut there as well. In December 1965, Peter was involved in a serious car accident and the Boss offered the job to me. I was 13 and a half.

I would leave school on Fridays and race home to get dressed up in shirt and tie and ride my bike up to the shop. On Saturdays it was 7.30 -11.30 and I earned 10 shillings for this. I was earning the big bucks back in 1965.

During the next couple of years working in the shop, some significant changes occurred. On the 14th February 1966 Australia moved to decimal currency. I had to learn quickly. I remember going over to the Bank and getting shiny rolls of coins in the new denominations. Our till was a wooden draw divided in two so I decided to put the old currency to the left and the shiny new currency to the right. I learnt quickly but most of the old people were afraid and so I found myself in an educative role. I had trouble convincing them that they would get 12 particular items if they gave me a shilling but only 10 if they gave me 10 cents. Benson and Hedges were 2 shillings at the time and Turf Cork 10's were only a shilling. Haircuts were between 5 shillings and 7 shillings and regulated throughout the State by the Hairdressers Board.

Another significant event was the introduction of STD dialling. One day we would lift up the phone and ask the operator for 'Adelaide 1467' and the next day we had to dial about 7 digits to get through to the same person direct. This was scary. This was one transition that the Boss had problems with and for a long time got me to dial for him.

Next door to us was a Retravision store which was the main place in town to buy records. I remember one day a 19 year old plumber from Melbourne was visiting and gave an impromptu rendition of 'Sadie the Cleaning Lady' Johnny Farnham's manager was a Gawler boy Daryl Sambell and he was also the boyfriend of Bev Harrel at the time.

At that time in the 60's, our clients were of all ages and origins. I really enjoyed striking up conversations with the old guys in their 70's, 80's and 90's who were born in the 1800's and loved regaling stories about how things were back then. I was captivated at these stories and how they had transformed to the current day.

A little later, I remember going across the road to the Radio Rentals window to watch man's first steps on the moon.

I continued to play football for Gawler Central and a friend and supporter of the club would pick me up at 11.30 on Saturdays and drive me to the game with me getting changed in the back seat. The games started at 11.45 and we had many hairy rides as I recall. The furthest trip was Gawler to Hamley Bridge and we were only a few minutes late. I jumped out of the car and ran straight onto the field.

I attended Gawler High and loved it. I was generally the first to arrive and the last to leave. I could be found on the sports oval at these times, kicking the football, using the high jump or long jump facilities or training for my pet event, the mile.

As a student, I had a goal of 75% and as long as I reached this target, I was guilt free on the sports field. I represented the school in football, cricket and athletics and blitzed the fields on sports days.

In my Leaving year (year 11) I had been appointed a Prefect, was heavily into athletics and deeply in love with my Maths teacher who I had for 10 lessons a week. (Heaven) I had no particular career ambition but probably would have finished up as a teacher in the sports area.

In April that year, aged 15 years 9 months the Boss asked me to consider becoming an apprentice hairdresser. I thought about it and said yes providing that I could stay till the end of the next week which was sports day. I had put in too much work to not compete in that day. I won all my events .

The vacancy came about because his former apprentice and heir apparent had become terminally ill with cancer at just 23 years of age. He was a really nice guy and I was never going to live up to his standard in the eyes of the Boss. I began on \$11.80 a week rising to \$15.00 after 6 months.

So at 15, I became apprenticed and I had just turned 19 when the Boss had a giant heart attack and the family asked me to take the money and keys and open the shop on the next morning.

Welcome to the School of hard Knocks.

I ran the business, doing the work of 2 people until the Boss got back on his feet after many months and this was followed by another one. All of this time I was working countless hours a week for the award rate of \$48 week.

The Boss didn't survive the third attack and at just 21 years of age, I bought the business from the estate and trained an apprentice and lasted another 5 years, finally relinquishing it at 26. By then, I was married to Valerie and we had built our first house at Lyndoch.

The business had been in operation since 1884 and I was only the 4th owner, something that I was most conscious and proud of.

Attendance Report

Total Club Members Attending

Total Friends Attending

Partners Attending

Visiting Rotarians

Guests Attending

Apologies/Leave of absence

Coronavirus Bulletin Board

The Club meetings provided lots of Fellowship, allowing everybody to catch up with what everybody else had been doing. In an attempt to keep some of that fellowship going, I ask members to submit information, anecdotes, gossip or jokes so that we can use the Bulletin to keep in touch with each other.

Nothing submitted

Birthdays

None

Anniversaries

None

Duty Roster

Duty Roster		
	Non-meeting No.49 Venue: Meetings cancelled 11 June 2020	Non-meeting No.50 Venue: Meetings cancelled 18 June 2020
Invocation		
Loyal Toast		
Sergeant		
Rotary Info.		
Chairpersons		
Speaker		
Subject		
Bulletin	Roxane Canning	Roxane Canning
Setting Up		
Cashiers	Marie Rothe Bev Stephenson	Marie Rothe Bev Stephenson
Clothing Bins Angaston Nuriootpa Tanunda	11 June - 25 June John Little Peter Thomas Bill Simons	11 June - 25 June John Little Peter Thomas Bill Simons

"Thousands of candles can be lighted from a single candle. Happiness never decreases by being shared.": Gautama Buddha



This email was sent to Marie-Louise Lees by Roxane Canning
Rotary Club of Barossa Valley | PO Box 251 | Tanunda | SA | 5352

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