



Rotary Club of Nanaimo OCEANSIDE

Tradewinds

Volume 10 No.15 Wednesday, June 20, 2007

Jun 20th Report

Chairing the Meeting: Bob Butler. So I don't quite know what I am talking about – disregards last weeks entry here (hey I'm new here), how long do you think I'll be able to pull that off? Bob (and John) are still officially at the Helm till July 1st, when we enter Wally's World for the next year, and if Installation is to give us a glimpse into the future, this is going to be a weird year...

Kevin led us in O' Canada

Visiting Rotarians – None

Guests: Bev Hilton - I think that she should be the member, and Roy (the person in brackets), she definitely shows up to more meetings... Thanks Bev!!

Presentation by Dr. Chris Fraser

Dr. Chris Fraser (not wearing a Speedo™) gave an insightful talk on his experience working with HIV Patients. He also talked about his upcoming trip to Northern Tanzania where he hopes to educate, and provide treatment to an area that has approximately 2 million HIV infected people with only 6,000 getting treatment. Chris started his medical career in Vancouver working with the disadvantaged who had little information or access to treatment when it came to living with HIV. There has been a dramatic increased access to HIV medication mainly due to the efforts of the World Health Organization over the past 3-5 years. As part of the Canada/Africa Community Health Alliance, Dr Fraser and his Family will be moving to Northern Tanzania to set up a training, education and treatment centre aimed at stabilizing the spread of HIV. Dr. Fraser added he is approaching this with an old African Proverb that states "The best time to plant a tree is 20 years ago, but the next best time is right now"

Sergeant at Arms –Joanne got things started by giving away the newly instituted 'FINE-DEFLECTOR' which was won by coin toss and collected by Leslie Lorenz, who made use of it at least three times. Joanne then fined all without name tags (come on people you know she does this, I saw many tags sitting on the table waiting for a date with their owners... it's your own fault really), for being late (thanks for showing up Les), and for a few other infractions, most of which were pure fabrications I'm sure. Happy/Sad bucks were put in the pot adding to Joanne's take. On the first day the fine deflector was used, it was deflected back to Joanne, who mumbled something about having to "change the rules on *that*" Sore loser...

50/50 – Les had his number picked but couldn't pick the 10 of hearts.

Meeting was adjourned a little late (all the Sergeant's fault I was told by Bob). Fellowship followed at the Earl's on the patio.

Upcoming Agendas

A Club business meeting is scheduled for the June 27th meeting (I was wrong in last week's Tradewinds – at least I admit it when I'm wrong...)



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*"Either you're wearing fish-scented cologne,
or you just got back from a fishing trip.
Either way, I'd appreciate it if you left the
building."*

Jokes of the week – fishing themed (tis' the season)

Why fishing is better than making love

When you go fishing and you catch something, that's good.
If you're making love and you catch something, that's bad.
Fish don't compare you to other fishermen neither.
And don't want to know how many other fish you caught.
In fishing you lie about the one that got away.
In loving you lie about the one you caught.
You can catch and release a fish. You don't have to lie, and promise to still be friends after you let it go.
You don't necessarily have to change your line to keep catching fish.
You can catch a fish on a 20-cent frozen squid.
If you want to catch a woman you're talking dinner and a movie minimum.
Fish don't mind if you fall asleep in the middle of fishing.

Gone Fishing

An Irish priest loved to fly fish, it was an obsession of his. So far this year the weather had been so bad that he hadn't had a chance to get his beloved waders on and his favorite flies out of their box. Strangely though, every Sunday the weather had been good, but of course Sunday is the day he has to go to work.
The weather forecast was good again for the coming Sunday so he called a fellow priest claiming to have lost his voice and be in bed with the flu. He asked him to take over his sermon.
The fly fishing priest drove fifty miles to a river near the coast so that no one would recognize him. An angel up in Heaven was keeping watch and saw what the priest was doing. He told God who agreed that he would do something about it.
With the first cast of his line a huge fish mouth gulped down the fly. For over an hour the priest ran up and down the river bank fighting the fish. At the end when he finally landed the monster size fish it turned out to be a world record Salmon.
Confused the angel asked God, "Why did you let him catch that huge fish? I thought you were going to teach him a lesson."
God replied "I did. Who do you think he's going to tell?"