



K O O N G G A

Bulletin of the Rotary Club Of Ku-ring-gai Inc - Chartered 6th February 1959



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Rotary monthly theme: Membership & extension

Last week's guests & announcements

President Graham:

Welcomed Mahiar Mahjoub

Movie Evening:

'2015 Last Cab to Darwin' for **Wednesday 5th August** starring Michael Caton and Jackie Weaver. In partnership with the Roseville Cinema – we would love you to join us, and to promote one of our charities KYDS – Ku-ring-gai Youth Development Service. Tickets are \$20 Adults, Seniors \$13.50 an addition fee of \$1 is charged for online booking.

This week:

Angus Robertson re-inventing Australia

Polio—eradication Nigeria

This is the longest the country has ever gone without a case of polio and a critical step on the path toward a polio-free Africa. We've come a long way since the bleak years when the virus reached its peak. It was only a decade ago that polio struck 12,631 people in Africa- three quarters of all cases in the world.

Gary Keating

Gary grew up in Melbourne. B.Ec. from Monash during the heady days of the Vietnam War. Queen Scout. Worked for Dept. Trade in Canberra after graduation. Assigned to Minister's office Parliament House and worked for Frank Crean until the Whitlam Government was dismissed. Married Canberra girl Glenda who was working for Attorney General, Senator Lionel Murphy. Posted to Brussels 1977-1980 as First Secretary (Commercial) in the Australian Mission to the European Community. Just 9 Member States then. I filled in as Trade Commissioner for Belgium/Luxemburg for my final 12 months there. Preferred "hands on" trade to the frustrations of trade policy. Our first son was born in Brussels.



Back in Canberra, worked on trade issues before being recruited back to Melbourne by the Australian Wheat Board. Eventually GM International Marketing (which, of necessity, is where most Australian grain must go). Best job I ever had, but hard on Glenda with three young kids by now. I specialised in Middle East, main customers being Iraq, Iran, Egypt, Yemen and the Gulf. Wheat dominated our exports to these countries. Very sensitive politically but safer than now, except for the Iran-Iraq war. Australia was considered apolitical back then! No scandals with Canberra in those pre-privatisation days as Treasury was represented on our Board (huge borrowings to pay growers at harvest). Feet were also kept on the ground by our farmers, much of whose income depended on the vagaries of world crops, currencies, poli

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The club meets every Monday 6.30pm at Killara Golf Club, 556 Pacific Highway, Killara. Visitors welcome (Tel: 9498 2700). www.kuringgairotary.org.au 'Be a gift to the world' is the Rotary International President's theme for 2015-

Gary—continued
tics and markets. Grower Directors often accompanied us for major negotiations. Eventually the travel got too much and I took a job in Sydney in 1991 with US agri giant ConAgra. They bought much of the Elders agribusiness but I was just running a grain sourcing operation for their Swiss office. A rogue trader there spooked the US bosses so they terminated the operation. By then I was loathe to uproot the family again so I worked on contract to the NSW Government imparting commodity marketing perspectives to State Forests. Increasing environmental constraints meant that there was not much to market, at

Stan Glaser



least from native forests, so negotiation of the softwood supply to the proposed Visy pulpmill at Tumut was probably the highlight. Nevertheless I developed enormous respect for our professional foresters. Genuine environmentalists!

When not at work I am on the Technical Commission of Cycling NSW and officiate at club, State and national level. I ride a lot but rarely compete these days. Was an Olympic volunteer in 2000 for all the road events. Follow world and local soccer. Go Chelsea! Was born into the Essendon tribe, but understandably disillusioned with AFL.

We have boy, girl, boy and five grandchildren (the eldest still only four) and are lucky to be living close to all of them and to have time and health to enjoy them. Youngest son is currently returning from working in London and plans to marry next March.

I am still interested in politics and world affairs. Like the outdoors. We travel a fair bit and increasingly divide our time between Sydney and a 150 year old courthouse in the goldfields west of Bendigo. It's a hangover from our Melbourne days, and impractical, but Glenda would leave me before she would leave it! Also serves as a

reminder of simpler times and I like the link with rural Australia.

Stan's parents were migrants and he was the first of his family to go to university, where he studied economics and psychology.

He finished his degree and worked for a small market research company in North Sydney

In the mid '60s he went for a trip to England, with a first stop in Singapore, which was extraordinary, smelly ramshackle and totally invigorating. He fell in love with Asia. It was prior to Singaporean statehood and it was easy to drive to Malaysia. Malaysia was like a scene from a Somerset Maugham novel.

He got off the TV Fairstar in Naples and after a lazy few months in Europe and the middle east reached London where he camped on the floor with friends and slept next to a lady who eventually became his wife.

His first job in London was in the research department at the Beecham Group which, among other things, was a model of British society - particularly its class structure. There were 6 restaurants in the company and the allocated grade of restaurant depended on your position. Directors had a fleet of chauffeur driven black Jaguars at their disposal. He still has friends from Beechams. His next job was with an American run company where the culture was markedly different. However the salary was generous enough for him to afford a Mini Cooper.

Then back to Australia and a job with George Patterson, and his boss was Hugh Mackay. Stan and Hugh are still good friends.

After GP he moved to Anderson Analysis, which was one of the two companies in Australia measuring media audiences. While there he was asked to speak at a management course being run by the University of NSW, which led to a job offer at the university. Around this time he met a young psychologist at Macquarie University, Rob Hall. They also remain friends.

He and mate started a wine bar in Paddington which taught him that the customer experience is quite different from working on the other side of the bar.

During his sabbatical he went to the Stockholm School of Economics in Sweden and then Cranfield School of Management in England with his wife and 2 little girls.

He moved from UNSW to Macquarie Graduate School of Management where he was a Professor of Management, finally retiring from the Sydney Graduate School of Management

A Must Read EaglesRAPS

Dear Greg and Joy

First of all, I would like to apologise for taking so long to write this letter. I didn't want to rush it, so I kept putting it off till I had more time, but as we all know, "time" doesn't often come with "leftovers". It has now been so long that it is totally unacceptable on my part, and for that I apologise.

I am writing to thank the Rotary Club of Ku-ring-gai for all the assistance we have received over the years with a particular thank you for once again allocating Bobbin Head Cycle Classic funds to Eagles RAPS Inc. this

year. It would not be an exaggeration if I said we would not still be alive without your assistance.

As you know, we got the news that the Federal Government was no longer funding Youth Connections Australia-wide just after we received the money raised at the "Bobbo" in 2014. We had told you that we would use that money to re-build the kitchen in the youth centre. After a couple of months of lobbying State and Federal Governments to no avail, we made a management decision that it would not be ethical to spend that money on improvements to the youth centre if we were going to close so we kept it in the bank with the intent of returning it to Rotary, had we been forced to wind up.

We stopped enrolling new kids In September last year and we scaled down the programme. It wasn't until March this year that we started to see some cash flow hope when St George Foundation advised us that they were granting us close on \$50,000 for our education programme. At that point, we only had the 2014 "Bobbo" money and another \$404 in the bank, and we had all but given up hope. We then won the "Champion of the West" award for the community services category, which came with a further \$10,000 and a few other small grants applications were successful as well. Once we had been advised that the funds were now coming our way, we used the 2014 "Bobbo" money to keep us afloat until the grants were in the bank account. As you know, we also held a successful fund-raising evening in April, and from all the different avenues (including "Bobbo" 2015) we have now raised \$179,000, so far this year.

Without the help from Rotary, we would have been "dead in the water" in March, however, we are pleased to advise that the kitchen renovations are scheduled to happen during the next school holidays, and we are now well on the way to running at full capacity again, with enrolments quickly adding up, thanks to the "Bobbo" again this year.

We are not totally "out of the woods" yet, but we feel very confident that we will be able to secure the funds to get us through to the end of 2016, at which time we hope to have registered as an RTO, and hopefully will be able to tap into the State Government's ACE Provider funding for Community Colleges. There is still a lot of work and extra funds required to get there, but we now have a very active fund-raising board led by Dr Jim Taggart, we have our own promotional manager, The Brand Manager, who have donated a year's services to us to raise our profile and our funds, and we have our very own ambassador, Mark Winterbottom, who has adopted us as his official charity.

It's undoubtedly going to be a hard slog for a while yet. It costs around \$200,000 - \$250,000 per year to run the programme at full capacity but a lot is still happening on the fund-raising scene and referrals for new kids wanting to enrol in the programme are coming in again at a rate of 5 – 6 per week. The funds from 2015 "Bobbo" have enabled us to build our numbers again to approximately 60 kids at present and I believe the Federal Government will be releasing funds for youth education programmes in Western Sydney again by the end of the year.

As I have said, without the assistance of the four Rotary Clubs and the "Bobbo" we would not still be able to pro-

vide these services. On 13 July, 2015, we ran a BBQ at Doonside Festival and we were approached by many of our ex-students who are now working and leading productive lives. They gave us "thank-you's", hugs and kisses while they quietly slipped notes and coins into our donations box. It is so rewarding to see them now with their partners, children and successful lives and everybody at Rotary has played a part in their success, and in turning their lives around for the better.

We cannot thank you enough for the continued support that you have afforded not only us, but the young people of Western Sydney. It is very heartening for Marten and I to know that there are others out there who care about the kids and are willing to help them. The "Bobbo" is a huge event and we are aware that an event of that magnitude does not happen overnight. You all need to be congratulated on the many hours of labour you put in to making it such a marvellous and successful event. Please pass our thanks on to all concerned.

Thanks again. We will keep you informed of our progress

Kindest regards from both Marten and I.
Sally Wynd Service Manager

For Clarke Road School Do you shop at Woolworths?

Do you shop at Woolworths? They are running their "earn and learn" program again and Clarke Road School is collecting the stickers. Please ask for them when you shop and bring them to Rotary and give them to Joy Newling. Every little bit helps and Clarke Road School parents and staff are very appreciative of our support.

Brian Jessep—4 Way Test

Just some musings.

A magazine article stirred some research and.... Rotary International recently answered my query on the origin of the 4 Way Test. In brief it advised that Mr.H. Taylor, a Rotarian, suggested it and it was duly taken up in 1940.

An earlier google search turned up the story that the gentleman concerned wanted an ethical guide in his business and, after prayer, formulated the test.

Well, the Spector magazine early in this year – without referring to any modern usage – had a short piece on the questions posed by Aristotle in his pursuit of a guide to personal ethics. Thus we have (probably abridged significantly from the Greek):

Who could have guessed that the answer to the prayer was stated (alas in Greek) about 2,300 years ago?

(see also: Stanford Encyclopaedia of Philosophy – Aristotle's ethics).

Aristotle	Rotary
Legal?	Is it the truth?
Honourable?	Is it fair to all concerned?
Appropriately motivat-	Will it build good will and bet-
Advantageous?	Will it be beneficial to all concerned?

Presidents meeting—John Altken

President's Meeting 25/07/15

Notes

Club status

Neutral Bay handed in charter
Winston Hills merged with Hills Kellyville
Narrabeen and Pittwater merging

Membership

Report by Lindsay May
Development Grant of up to \$1000 (matching)
details available on web.
Check list of to do's on web – "Ask people" like
Tony does

Send a note to Gina for each new member, she will
write to the new member

District 2052. Last year inducted 259 however lost
269

Polio – good news as Koongga reports re countries
free of polio.

New polio problem – called Post Polio Syndrome
Over 40,000 past patients showing signs of pps.
Apparently nerve tacks breaking down.
District is asking for help to promote and is seek-
ing \$250 from each club. Polio Australia will run
seminars Club asked to organise venue.

Next district conference 11/12 March 2016 in Can-
berra

Fund raising opportunity – City to Surf looking for
volunteers and Fairfax is willing to pay \$75 for
each Rotarian

Reminder to use the Rotary theme "Be a gift to the
world"

Next meeting 3/10/15

District Governor Gina Growden visit

(Combined meeting with Rotary Club of Lindfield)

Each year the District Governor visits each club in the
District to learn how it's faring and what it's doing, to tell
the members about developments and plans at Rotary
International and District level and to discuss any issues
of concern. This is your best opportunity to get to know
the District Governor and to express your views to her
directly. Don't miss it!

We're delighted to report that [today] Nigeria has passed
one year with no new cases of the wild poliovirus.

The small solar panel that's lighting rural Africa



From Financial Review—**no Rotary involvement but
interesting**

Solar panels sit on the roof of a home powered by M-
Kopa solar technology in Ndela village, Machakos
county, in Kenya. **Bloomberg**

by **Sophie Mongalvy**

Erasmus Wambua no longer has an excuse for not do-
ing his homework.

In the past, the 18-year-old would have to find light
elsewhere when his family's off-grid home in the village
of Ndela, 80 kilometres east of then Kenyan capital, ran
out of paraffin. That's changed since his mother, Re-
becca, signed up with M-Kopa, a Nairobi-based provid-
er of solar-lighting systems.

The 35-year-old mother says she was paying 100 shil-
lings (\$1) a day for kerosine. Her daily expense has
since plunged to 42 shillings a day, she said. The lap-
top-sized solar panel and battery generates about 8
watts of energy, enough to run two LED light bulbs.

M-Kopa is using technology to make solar panels af-
fordable in a country where two out of three people
have no access to the grid. So far, about 230,000 peo-
ple have signed up with the company.

"The number goes up so quickly," says Julian Mitchell,
director of calls and credit operations at M-Kopa. "On a
typical day, we're selling something like 500 units."

Customers agree to pay for the solar panel with regular
instalments. M-Kopa then monitors payments that are
made using a mobile-phone money-transfer service. If
payments are missed, the panel is deactivated via the
SIM card. Once the panel is paid for, clients keep it.

As Rebecca spoke, Erasmus returned in the dusk from
fetching the family's four cows, went inside their small
home and switched on the light.

"It's helping us," Rebecca says. "When it's the night, my
children are able to read, to do their homework."



Stan Grant: I can tell you how Adam Goodes feels. Every Indigenous person has felt it

I have wondered for days if I should say anything about [Adam Goodes](#).

My inclination is to look for common ground, to be diplomatic. Some of the fault is with Adam. Maybe he's been unnecessarily provocative. Racism? Perhaps. Perhaps the crowds just don't like him.

Yes, I could make a case for all of that. But there are enough people making those arguments and all power to them.

Here's what I can do. I can tell you what it is like for us. I can tell you what Adam must be feeling, because I've felt it. Because every Indigenous person I know has felt it.

It may not be what you want to hear. Australians are proud of their tolerance yet can be perplexed when challenged on race, their response often defensive.

I may be overly sensitive. I may see insult where none is intended. Maybe my position of relative success and privilege today should have healed deep scars of racism and the pain of growing up Indigenous in Australia. The same could be said of Adam. And perhaps that is right.

But this is how Australia makes us feel. Estranged in the land of our ancestors, marooned by the tides of history on the fringes of one of the richest and demonstrably most peaceful, secure and cohesive nations on earth.

The "wealth for toil" we praise in our anthem has remained out of our reach. Our position at the bottom of every socio-economic indicator tragically belies the Australian economic miracle.

"Australians all let us rejoice" can ring hollow to us. Ours is more troubled patriotism. Our allegiance to Australia, our pride in this country undercut by the dark realities of our existence.

From childhood I often cringed against my race. To be Aboriginal was to be ashamed. Ashamed of our poverty. Ashamed of the second-hand clothes with the giveaway smell of mothballs and another boy's name on the shirt collar.

Ashamed of the way my mother and grandmother had to go to the Smith Family or Salvation Army for food vouchers. Ashamed of the onions and mince that made up too many meals.

We were ashamed of the bastardised wreckage of a cul-

ture that we clung to. This wasn't the Dreamtime. This was many dogs and broken glass.

Like the Goodes family, we moved constantly as my father chased work. But wherever we went we found our place always on the fringes. What semblance of pride we carried too easily laid low by a mocking glance or a schoolyard joke.

We were the blacks. So easily recognised not just by the colour of our skin but by the whiff of desperation and danger we cloaked ourselves in. What resentment we harboured, we too often turned on ourselves, played out in wild scrambling brawls from the playground to the showgrounds that sent the same message: stay away from the blacks.

There was humour and there was love and there was survival. And as I grew older I pieced together the truth that we didn't choose this. We are the detritus of the brutality of the Australian frontier.

As Australia welcomed waves of migrants and built a rich, diverse, tolerant society, we remained a reminder of what was lost, what was taken, what was destroyed to scaffold the building of this nation's prosperity.

We survived the "[smoothing of the dying pillow](#)" of extermination to end up on the bottom rung of the ladder of assimilation. Too many of us remain there still. Look to the statistics: the worst health, housing, education, the lowest life expectancy, highest infant mortality. An Indigenous youth has more chance of being locked up than educated.

To Adam's ears, the ears of so many Indigenous people, these boos are a howl of humiliation.

If good fortune or good genes means you are among the lucky few to find an escape route then you face a choice: to "go along to get along", mind your manners, count your blessings and hide in the comfort of the Australian dream; or to infuse your success with an indignation and a righteousness that will demand this country does not look away from its responsibilities and its history.

I found a path through education that led to journalism. A love of knowledge and an inquisitiveness that has shot me through with anger. A deeper understanding of history, of politics, of economics, leaving me resentful of our suffering.

I wrestle with that anger as the boy I was wrestled with his shame. I want to see the good in a society that defies the history of its treatment of my people.

It is the legacy of my grandfather who signed up to fight a war for a country that didn't recognise his humanity, let alone his citizenship. It is the lesson of the example of the lives of my mother and father, my uncles and aunties. Lives of decency and hard work and responsibility and rooted in our identity as Indigenous Australians.

When I was 16 I summoned the courage to speak to my class. As the only indigenous kid, the only Aboriginal person my schoolmates had met, I wanted to tell my family's story. My teacher was proud and encouraging. When class returned after lunch the words "be kind to abos" were scrawled across the blackboard.

The rejection, the humiliation, cut me to the core.

This is the journey too of Adam Goodes. A man whose physical gifts have set him above and given him a platform available to so few and whose courage demands that he use it to speak to us all.

Events in recent years have sent Adam on a quest to understand the history of his people, to challenge stereotypes and perceptions. I have spoken to him about this. I recognise in him the same quest I see in myself. It is a conversation I have had with so many of my Indigenous brothers and sisters.

This is rare air for anyone, let alone a footballer. He has faltered at times and the expression of his anger at our history and his pride in his identity has been challenging, if not divisive.

The events of 2013 when he called out a 13-year-old girl for a racial taunt opened a wound that has only deepened. To some the girl was unfairly vilified. Adam's war dance of this year challenged and scared some people. His talent, the way he plays the game, alienates others.

And now we have this, a crescendo of boos. The racial motivation of some giving succour to the variously defined hatred of others.

To Adam's ears, the ears of so many Indigenous people, these boos are a howl of humiliation. A howl that echoes across two centuries of invasion, dispossession and suffering. Others can parse their words and look for other explanations, but we see race and only race. How can we see anything else when race is what we have clung to even as it has been used as a reason to reject us.

I found refuge outside Australia. My many years working in Asia, the Middle East, Europe and Africa liberated me. Here were the problems of other peoples and other lands. Here I was an observer freed from the shackles of my own country's history.

I still wonder if it would be easier to leave again.

But people – like Adam Goodes, other Indigenous sportsmen and women who are standing with him, his non-Indigenous teammates and rivals who support him, and my non-Indigenous wife, my children and their friends of all colours and the people of goodwill who don't have the answers but want to keep asking questions of how we can all be better – maybe they all make it worth staying.