



## Bulletin

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### WELCOME TO NEW MEMBER PETER DURAS



### NEXT MEETING - TUESDAY 15TH JULY 2014

Members are reminded the club is hosting a Ramadan Iftar Dinner on Tuesday 15th July, in lieu of the usual morning meeting. No meeting Tuesday morning.

- Location: The Australian Intercultural Society



### Upcoming Events

#### Board Meeting

RACV City Club

Jul 17, 2014

6:00 PM – 7:30 PM

#### Fundraising Dinner

Jul 26, 2014

7:00 PM – 11:00 PM

#### Camp Getaway Working Bee

Camp Getaway

Aug 01, 2014 at 6:00 PM –

Aug 03, 2014 at 2:30 PM

#### Board Meeting

RACV City Club

Aug 21, 2014

6:00 PM – 7:30 PM

#### Murder Mystery Dinner

Aug 22, 2014

7:00 PM – 11:00 PM

#### District Governor visit

RACV City Club

Aug 26, 2014

7:15 AM – 9:00 AM

### Speakers

- Offices, Level 1, 436 St Kilda Road. Melbourne.
- Time: 4.45pm for 5.15pm.

This meeting requires a prior booking.

## **OBITUARY - JOHN PRICE**

*Posted by Tom Callander*

We are saddened by the news that John Price passed away on Wednesday 2 July 2014. A number of our members attended his funeral service at Springvale Cemetery last Sunday, and personally conveyed our condolences to Cathy.

John joined our club in April 2013, and was an active and involved member, at meetings, projects and as a member of the International Service Committee. Many of us remember his induction reply to the club and his background job talk.

John was born in 1950, was educated at Scotch College, then went to The University of Melbourne to study engineering, residing at Ormond College. He also was keenly involved in performing and university revues. This was when he first met Cathy, although it was not until the 1980's that they got together and married.

He was a brilliant student. John went on to the UK to undertake his Doctoral studies. This led to a period with the British Nuclear Power Authority. He eventually returned to Australia, and took up positions with the SECV, particularly as an integrity systems engineer. He then went to Monash University, holding a professorial chair. He later set up his own consultancy. He became a sought-after expert witness including in respect of the Longford gas explosion in the early 1990's, the 2009 bush fire inquiries and even a taser gun inquiry in Queensland.

John certainly made a significant contribution, including at our club. We will miss him.



Jul 22, 2014

[Ed Pettitt](#)

*Rotary and Baylor College of Medicine in Africa*

Jul 29, 2014

[Cameron Sinclair, CEO RTSSV](#)

*The effect of road trauma and how one organisation is responding*

Aug 05, 2014

[Dr Ken Walker, Museum Victoria](#)

*The role of the 'citizen scientist' in caring for Australia's flora and fauna*

[View entire list](#)

## **Bulletin Editor**

[David JONES](#) (If you have any comments or questions, please contact the editor)

## **Sponsors**



John at a recent working bee.

Interested in being a sponsor?

[Download the website sponsorship guide](#)

### **MEETING 5th JULY -REPORT**

Chairman: Kevin Love; President for the day Tom Callander; Reporter Alan Seale

**Announcements:** Vice President Tom Callander reported that he attended the memorial Service for the late John Price. Tom recounted the amazing career John had enjoyed. We knew him for his humour and insightful questions and commentary. But John was an accomplished engineer having worked in the UK nuclear industry, been a professor at Monash University and a well credentialed expert witness, including in the Longford gas explosion inquiry. He will be missed.

**New Member Induction.** Vice President Tom had the pleasure of inducting 41 year Rotary member, Peter Duras who has transferred from RC Essendon now that he lives in the city. Peter will be a member of the Vocational Service Committee

**Director's report;** Greg Cuthbert, Fund Raising Director briefly described progress on the potential

CBD Farmer's Market, the Garden Tour now combined with RC Kew's Garden Design Fest and the fund raising dinners.

**Sergeant** Bernie challenged us with several not so tricky Rotary knowledge questions. Our performance was barely adequate!

We then enjoyed two interesting members' job talks both about very impressive business careers.

**Member behind the badge:** Rob Hines described that as a kid in the UK he liked pulling things apart to see how they worked. This interest drew him into electronics and then IT as a mainframe specialist with Burroughs.

In 1975 he married Tessa, a sports physiotherapist who still enjoys this profession. Tessa is also a keen golfer and sailor, something Rob has done too but not so much now. Tessa is also a keen quilter.

In 1986 Rob and Tess moved to Detroit where he was swept up into the disastrous merger of Burroughs and Sperry creating a smaller company called Unisys. Next stop was Wellington NZ with Unisys and then Sydney in 1991 to join the young Optus vision team in PayTV. Sadly the Foxtel victory in winning the NRL business spelled the death knoll for Optus Vision and it was folded into Optus which felt too much like Telstra according to Rob. He then took on the task of turning a money losing AWA around rescuing the Keno business. Rob then became CEO at Jupiter's Casino until 2004 when it was sold to Tabcorp.

Rob and Tessa then returned to the UK to look after ailing parents from 2005 to 2008. Upon returning to Australia Rob became the CEO of Racing Victoria, which he said was his toughest assignment yet. Retiring in 2012 Rob joined the Board of Sporting Chance, a charity working with children with cancer. He also chairs a network in the CEO's circle which proved to provide, though acquaintance with George Mackie, a link with Rotary – the CEO's Circle can raise funds and RCCMS can provide the delivery vehicle through service projects – watch this space!

**What's new in my profession:** Bruce Heron then took the podium to talk about "Survival to Revival" at McMillan Shakespeare where a near death experience showed the value of keeping an eye on the big picture. Bruce trained as an accountant starting his career at KPMG. He moved to Royal

Australian Finance growing it fivefold, going national from a WA base and surviving the '87 crash. He became the Finance Controller for the Tasmanian Government Development Authority and then joined Lease Plan starting up the Tasmanian business which was a virtual monopoly at the time. Promoted to run the Commercial operations for Lease Plan in Southern Australia, Bruce went back into finance and was moved to the Netherlands initially covering the Latin American business, but finally the Northern Europe and the Americas. Bruce said managing through the GFC was very challenging but played to his strengths in risk management. Bruce drove the securitisation of the lease portfolio and the refinancing of the business.

Having been overseas for 7 years family ties brought Bruce and his family back to Australia where he joined McMillan Shakespeare in the salary packaging business which had survived several tax reviews by several governments. Bruce oversaw MS pick up the GMAC business and branch out into other remuneration services. Bruce rebuilt the MS funding platform and improved credit practices. Then the KRudd bombshell hit, demand for car leasing packages fell 65% almost overnight, several competitors simply shut the door not to return. The business has since recovered and Bruce sees a long term future for novated leases, especially in lower paid service oriented employment. MS is growing its business in the UK but sees little opportunity in Asia due to the very different salary market.

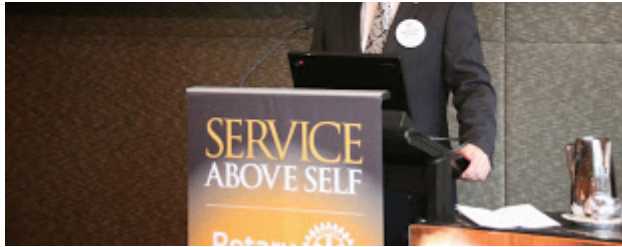
### **MEETING JULY 5, PHOTOS**



Rob  
Hines







"Member behind the badge".

Bruce Heron "What's new in my profession".

## **HOW TO GET THE WORD AROUND**

Even the humble editor of "***Bulletin***" has the same ailment of many editors –not enuf items contributed by members.

There is one exception - our member Tony Thomas a retired journalist and expert at getting the news, cobbling it together, attaching a photo and all about one minute before the deadline. Tony has contributed the following which may stir your journo nerve ends and maybe you'll have a go, starting with "***Bulletin***".

Here's a summary of recent successes including a TT item about our club member Justine Murphy hitting a treble – in publication terms.

Justine's ultra marathon escapade has featured in our own "***Bulletin***", D9800 "*Networker*" and now in the July issue of national magazine "*Rotary Down Under*". Now that's getting the word around.

The previous month, for example, our sister club Echuca-Moama similarly featured in our "***Bulletin***", "*Networker*", and "*Rotary Down Under*" because it was so remarkable that a small club of 22 members could run the huge steam rally. Earlier, RC of Balwyn got similar star treatment over its magnificent Sunday market, which raises more than \$750,000 for charity each year.

Tony remarks that Rotary publications are hungry for good stories. Such stories abound in every Rotary club but seldom see the light of day because Rotary people are by and large not media savvy. He has a speaking gig shortly at one of Melbourne's largest clubs and has high expectations that he'll pull off a news triple there too.

What about you having a go? Start with "***Bulletin***".

## **EMOTIONAL MAN**

*Posted by Tony THOMAS*

A Minor Mishap Puts My Sanity at Risk

It's not like cancer, divorce or losing my home in a bush fire. It's just that Air Berlin left my bag at Frankfurt, and I've arrived at Heathrow. One day my bag and I will surely meet again.

But on the personal inconvenience scale, a missing bag rates very high. It's as bad as a filling falling out, or crumpling a tail-light on the spouse's car, or barracking for St Kilda. No-one else cares about me and my bag. Wordsworth summed it up: "But oh! The difference to me!" Many book and movie plots involve suitcases full of cash or drugs that get swapped with yours containing shirts and undies, but we all know that's not real life.

This is real life:

I've reached Baggage Claim at Heathrow Terminal 5. It's 7.30pm on a Sunday and the terminal is no longer busy. I've been in taxis, airports and planes all day. My brain and body are sluggish. I'm worried about how to get to my budget hotel somewhere in Paddington before dark.

You know how it goes. Long wait....Hooray! The passengers' stuff trundles out from the black flappy curtain. Bags come in dribs and drabs and then cheerful clumps. The crowd steadily thins, while a small herd of bags just goes round and round.

I was rational man but now I'm emotional man. I feel hope. My bag won't be long now! Envy: look at that old bloke grabbing his sack of stuff. Great for him. Grrr. Rationality: Air Berlin MUST have transferred my bag; they had two hours at Frankfurt. Denial: Why me! No, not a second time on this trip! (Alitalia lost our bags at Naples for 18 hours). Regression: I so love my baggie-waggie. So soft and tied with a darling purple bow. Terror: the lost bag drama begins!

I droop at baggage collection far longer than makes sense, then slouch to Baggage Inquiries. A gent is officially sympathetic. What's my address? he asks. I rootle through scads of papers. Alexander Hotel, Paddington, I say. No, he says, where am I from? That's easy: Australia. No, where in Australia? Melbourne. No, Melbourne's a big place, he explains patiently, do you have an address in Melbourne? Oh, yes, I do...

After formalities and computer searching, twilight becomes night. He brightens and tells me my bag has been discovered in Frankfurt and will be at Heathrow tomorrow morning. Good, I say, keep it at Heathrow and I'll collect it in two days because I'm flying then to Utah. Fine, he says, just come straight to this desk and get it.

Only bother to read on if you can imagine yourself in my shoes, or to be exact, in my travel-worn and smelly sandals. At this stage, I wear a straw hat, a short-sleeved shirt, denim shorts originally from an op-shop, and a set of low-quality underwear. My school backpack contains stuff like tourist brochures, a baglet of electrical cords and a half-packet of cracker biscuits. I have planned a big day out in London's high spots tomorrow.

I am already impressed by the British know-how that located, if not produced, my bag. Days ago, I booked and paid for my Heathrow Connect train online and now I just need to punch a code in a machine at the platform to get my ticket. I have even done a virtual reality trip to the machine on my iPad. After some confusion, I find the actual platform and even find the actual machine, with ten minutes before the train goes. It only runs half-hourly and in my frazzled state I don't to miss it. The machine has a sign, "Out of Order". I rush about in all directions, not being hampered by a suitcase. I am told to climb various levels, take various tunnels, avoid Minotaurs and find the only human ticket office still open. Like an athlete, I achieve this feat, return and catch the train with a minute to spare.

My big day out in shorts and sandals is the National Gallery, the BP Portrait Prize at the National Portrait Gallery and an evening choral concert at St Martin's in the Fields. St. Martin's has a special sympathy for London's misfits - they sleep on the pews nightly - and I seem to be typecast as such. No-one looks at me oddly.

Next morning at Paddington, I am on the Heathrow Connect at 6.03am, primed to grab my bag at the terminal and with time for all the US-dictated security checks for an A380 to Los Angeles departing 9.40am. At Heathrow, I realise that my Baggage Inquiry counter is now inside the security area and inaccessible, but I follow a sign to Lost Property. The entry door is shut till 7am, though my baggage gent had sworn it was a 24-hour facility. At 7am I burst in, waving my lost-bag document. "You want Baggage Inquiries, not Lost Property," the man says.



"Go to the far end down there." Down there, security is really tight. I provide my documents and bag code, and they phone someone from Baggage Inquiries who is to become my minder and escort. My backpack fails the security check and is emptied to the last cracker biscuit. Any liquid at all must be isolated. A tube of blister ointment is the culprit.

By this time I fear the A380 boarding deadline. Bag Inquiry lady keys my code and frowns. I again become emotional man. This can't be happening to me! It is. There is no record of my bag reaching Heathrow. She brightens. "See if it's among last night's unsorted bags near Unit 11."

I find 50 luggage trolleys, each randomly stacked with bags, and jammed in several interlocked clumps. Of course, most bags are barely visible. I try to be methodical but speedy (not easy), dragging trolleys around and inspecting bottom layers. Another seeker is even more crazedly emotional than I. We literally climb over the clumps. Every bag in the world is here but my soft beauty with its purple sash, and his ordinary bag.

I now have less than an hour for my A380 check-in. I decide against re-directing my bag to the US. For sure, just as I get home to Melbourne, the bag will turn up at Salt Lake City. "Send it to Tullamarine", I tell bag lady. She promises better: it will go all the way to my home.

I expect to borrow enough cladding from my Utah friend to see me through there. But Size 11 shoes will be a problem for a globe-trotting Sandalista.

On the A380, I have murderous thoughts towards my travel agent for that tight connection she gave me in Frankfurt. But chatting to the friendly A380 hostie, she mentions that there was a baggage computer hiccup just at the time my bag went missing. All the BA hostie's had been warned, so none of them lost their bags. That hiccup probably created those 50 trolleys of lost luggage I had searched at Heathrow.

If fate so decrees, you too will lose your bags one day. "As flies to wanton boys are we to th' baggage computers, they kill us for their sport."

Update: Tony's bag is still missing. It took a vacation to Dusseldorf and refused to leave but is on its reluctant way to London.

