



THORN LIE WESTERN AUSTRALIA

PO Box 84, THORN LIE WA 6988

Meeting: 6.00 pm for 6.30 pm Tuesday at the Gosnells Golf Club,
Warton Road Thornlie –

Apologies to MIKE RASPA 0401 697 704 by noon Monday

Pres. Chris Ralph (W) 9224 7042 (H) 9493 1948
 Pres Elect. Mike Raspa (W) 9388 8999 (H) 9452 0158
 Secretary. Bernie O’Dea (W) 9212 9313 (H) 9459 7295

2005 – 2006

20th December 2005

<http://www.thornlie-rotary.com>

Next Meeting	Sashless sergeant Ken introduced President Christine who was in the
<i>3rd January</i>	Christmas spirit and dressed accordingly in a red jacket and Santa hat.
Attendance	President Chris welcomed all members to the Alfresco meeting on
Doug Parker	the terraced area of the Golf Club overlooking the greens.
Lew Pritchard	Peace on earth and goodwill toward all men was practiced but no song
Fellowship	sung by our “talented” group.
Mike Raspa	Members were then invited to enjoy the barbecue which had been
Property	prepared by the Golf Club staff.
Colin Ralph	President Elect Mike with a myopic look on his face and arms
Ron Sloan	outstretched proceeded to read the club duties for the next meeting to
Chairman	be held on the 3 rd January 2006.
John Stockbridge	THERE IS NO CLUB MEETING ON 27TH. DECEMBER.
Response	John Stockbridge with his usual flair entertained the members with
Geoff Wiltshire	a fairy tale relating to people that we all recognised. Hans Christian
Bring-N-Buy	Andersen, move over to make room for the next great teller of tall tales.
8th January	Lloyd then conducted a raffle to distribute the surplus money from the
Andy & Wren	Hyatt Christmas lunch in the form of four bottles of wine and the winners
Hopper	were: Beth Sloan- Lorraine Archibald - Kay Hinwood - Lorraine Wiltshire
Ray & Lois Smith	President Chris wished everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy
Lloyd Dungey	New Year and then closed the meeting.
Bulletin Editor	The bulletin editor wishes you all Peace and Happiness for
Ian Archibald	Christmas and the New Year.
This	
Coming	
Weeks	
Guest	
Speaker	Ian Archibald – European Travels, 2005

Cinderfella

A Rotary Christmas Tale

In true pantomime tradition, most of the female parts in this story are played by males. The idea of a Rotary Christmas Story is of course to see how many puns, bad jokes and offensive remarks about Rotarians can be squeezed into one story. If you have not been mentioned in this tale – feel grateful.

Once upon a time, in a great big house in the far off Village of Crestwood in the great City of Rotary, lived a Father, whose real name was Joseph, but who everyone called Albert, because that's how they thought he referred to himself. Little did they realize that it was a particular part of his anatomy that he liked to speak to and encourage, especially in his twilight years. For some strange reason he also gave it the royal title of Prince.

The Mother's name was Frankie and she was a delightful lady who had a habit of keeping all the house keys on her belt which is why everyone called her Frankie Keys.

Now, this happily married couple had a most delightful son eventually named after his Fathers favourite place in the whole house. Lew was in his early twenties and as his parents were so wealthy, he had never had to work for a living. When he was still in his mothers womb, the doctors had predicted that he would be a girl and so his parents had picked out the name Nancy for him and had already had all his belongings tagged and his furniture engraved. What a shock when he was born and they realised they had a son. Of course, what could they do? They couldn't re-tag everything, so they simply added the word "boy" to the end so that everyone would know that their beloved Nancy Boy was all man.

As you can realise, this caused Lew some consternation during his formative years and is possibly what led him to really have a fondness for Fairy lights, pale pink shirts and paperclips. Eventually he convinced his father Albert to rename him and so in a very formal ceremony wearing a beautiful off white gown that his mother Frankie had dragged out of a box they were sending to India, Nancy Boy was rechristened Lew.

It wasn't long after this that Frankie confessed to feeling ill and pretty soon she took to her bed. Albert was beside himself. He was hopeless, couldn't cook, couldn't iron his own clothes, just moped around all day looking down and talking to the "other" Albert about how unfortunate he was.

One sad day, Frankie called her son into her room. "Nancy Boy, come here she said". "Lew, Mother, my name's Lew" the boy muttered as he rushed into her room. "My time has come my son." Frankie sighed, and with that she quietly slipped away. "Father, Father" shouted Lew, "Something's wrong with Mother". Albert came into the room, took one look and said, "Bugger, now I'll have to find a replacement", and he went off to get a fist full of fivers.

"No Father, Mother's just pining" said Lew comfortingly. "Pining, she's not pining!" Said Albert. "She's passed on! She is no more! She has ceased to be! She's expired and gone to meet her maker! She's a stiff! Bereft of life, she rests in peace! Her metabolic processes are now history! She's off the twig! She's kicked the bucket. She's shuffled off her mortal coil, run down the curtain and joined the bleedin' choir invisible!!

“Are you trying to tell me that Mother has gone to meet her maker?” asked Lew despondently. “Give that man a cigar” said Albert and straight away got on the internet and googled “Widows R Us” to get a replacement.

After two weeks of hectic internet correspondence, Albert announced that he was getting remarried to someone who had described herself as 5’ 8”, with a willowy figure, good sense of humour who liked long walks on the beach.

What he got was Mrs Ronnie Bradborn, a plain looking divorcee with unfortunate facial hair, no money and two misshapen sons who she doted on.

So Ronnie and her two sons came to live in Albert’s house and then proceeded to make life for Lew extremely uncomfortable.

Lew’s first problem was trying to understand what Ronnie was talking about as she would start a conversation and then totally drift off the subject and start talking about something else all together. Ronnie of course would complain loudly that Lew just wasn’t making the effort to get to know her properly and started giving him all the menial household chores to do.

Lew’s new step brothers were possibly worse than their Mother. The eldest, Michael, also known as Raspa because of the strange guttural way he had of talking, and his constant pretensions that his family were from some old Italian dynasty. The younger brother Duggie, was also quite strange in his own way, spoke with a slight lisp and claimed to have some sort of special relationship with wooden floorboards. The thing that both brothers had in common was their love of dressing up in fineries and of having a continuing competition to see who could wear the biggest and most prominent codpiece.

They constantly goaded poor old Lew, a sensitive soul who wouldn’t dream of speaking his mind in front of a gathering of his peers and who, even if he thought such things, would never suggest that the founding fathers of the great city of Rotary should look at some new and better ways of running the city.

Instead he said nothing and in order to get away from his brothers jibes, spent more and more time in the Kitchen with what were now his only friends, a fat old cat and four strange mice. “Get in that kitchen by the fire where you belong.” His brothers goaded him. “Listen here Fella” they shouted you’re so dirty we can’t possibly call you Lew any more, we’ll call you Cinderfella”. And so it was from that day forward, Lew became known as Cinderfella. Of course Lew figured anything was better than Nancy Boy.

Colin was a strange name for a cat, particularly one who was severely overweight. Colin always wore this strange grin like he knew some dark secret that on-one else was aware of. Not too many people realised however, that Colin’s grin was caused by his attempts over the years – and eventual success of feeding himself when no-one was around by being able to rip the top off a can of cat food and then up-end the can and swallow the contents whole. In his frenzy for food however, he continually cut himself, so that his mouth now almost reached from ear to ear and gave him his permanent grin.

Colin’s best mates were Ian, Bevan, Lloyd and Bernie, four of the strangest mice you would ever wish to meet. Ian Mouse was forever talking about travelling to foreign countries and making incessant plans to make illegal moonshine. Bevan Mouse was a bright and breezy fellow who

everyone liked. Unfortunately Bevan had a morbid fixation with the dead and was never without his tape measure and selection of suitable songs for the dearly departed.

Lloyd Mouse fancied himself as a bit of a sportsman and tried several times to join in with the local Crestwood Village cricket team. Unfortunately, Lloyd forgot what damage a cricket ball can do to a little mouse, especially when a cricket protector seems more like a house. Bernie Mouse had a fidgety way about him and despite not wearing any other clothes, for some reason insisted on wearing the brightest pair of little socks he could find.

The other thing that was amazing about all these creatures was that they could talk to Cinderfella. This shows just what a strange boy he was in that he didn't find this unusual at all.

"I hear that King Phil and Queen Colin (Yes, I know it's a strange name for a Queen) are throwing a Royal Ball at Christmas especially for Princess Christine." Said Colin the Cat "It appears that the Princess can't make up her mind about who she should be marrying, so Phil and Colin have decided to hold a Royal Ball and have invited all the eligible bachelors in Rotary City to attend and have instructed the Princess that she has to select a groom from one of the attendees."

"Oh wow!" said Lew, "I would love to go, but I really don't have anything to wear. I only have one plain dark blue suit in that old fashioned government style and my codpiece is in bad need of repair" he moaned.

"Cheer-up" squeaked the mice in unison, "We'll keep you company if you can't go to the ball." "Thank you my little friends" cried Lew. "You know I love you in my own way." "Not nice if it involves wrapping tape" muttered Colin through a mouthful of pasta.

"Cinderfella! Cinderfella!" Came the shouts from upstairs. "What do they want now?" said Lew as he trudged towards his step brothers rooms. "We have to get ready for the ball" said Raspa "and we need you to go out and get all the things we need for dinner tomorrow night because we have to spend all our time getting ready for the ball tonight."

"But that means that I won't have time to get ready" exclaimed Lew. "Get ready his brothers cried. Where did you think you were going?" "Why to the ball of course." Said Lew. "You at the ball." Laughed Douggie. "Even the ugly bloke that runs the Farmers Federation stands a better chance of going to the ball than you do."

And with that both of the wicked brothers indicated with a thrust of their codpieces where they thought Lew should go. Lew ran downstairs in tears. "They won't let me go to the ball Colin" he cried. "And I'm supposed to do what about this exactly" grumbled Colin "I'm a cat remember" he said whilst wiping the froth from his mouth that had gathered from the foaming Guinness he was drinking.

"Ah well," said Lew, resigning himself to his fate, "I guess I'd better get this shopping done. Now what did they want for dinner tomorrow? Oh, I remember, Pumpkin soup."

And with that Lew put on his best pair of overalls, tied his worn out old cod-piece around his waist and went off to the market.

"Tony's Fantastic Fruit and Veg", the enormous sign proclaimed. "This looks like the place"

thought Lew as he wandered inside. Standing on a box in the middle of the shop stood the most outrageous looking person that Lew had ever seen. A very shiny grey suit combined with a dark blue shirt that was unbuttoned to the waist, the most dangerous looking pointed codpiece, slicked back hair and white shoes to match. "Come on now ladies and gents" the man shouted into one of those portable megaphones hanging around his neck, "No-one beats Tony on price or value. What can I do for you young man?" He bellowed at Lew.

"I just need a pumpkin" stammered Lew. "Just a pumpkin, there's no such thing as just a pumpkin in Tony James Fruit and Veg." and with that he slapped his hands together and almost screamed into the megaphone "Have I got a deal for you."

"Now a pumpkin would normally be \$5 but today if you pay \$6.50 Tony will throw in this genuine set of Taiwanese steak knives" Lew stammered again "But I only want a pumpkin thanks." "OK then" said Tony, "for \$5.50 you get the pumpkin and the lucky bamboo plant in its own ceramic dish." "I'd just like the pumpkin please", said Lew a little more loudly this time.

"OK, OK, you're killing me here" yelled Tony. "How about the Pumpkin and a bag of magic beans for only \$5.25?" "If you don't sell me the pumpkin right now, I'm going to start reading the Great Rotary Charter and keep going until I get my way" threatened Lew. "Alright, alright you win" said Tony and handed over the pumpkin.

Later, on arriving home, Lew was really upset to find that his stepmother and his two brothers had already gone to the Princesses ball. Throwing himself into the corner of the kitchen, he put his head between his hands and let out the most lamentable wail, which sounded a lot like the one heard in the halls of the public service when one of them finds out that his promotion doesn't come with an office and a view.

Well, the strangest thing started to happen next; a stream of mist slowly bubbled from the broom in the corner of the room and swirled around and around until it had solidified into a strange looking man. He was wearing a really old policeman's hat that hadn't been used for some time, a bright pink shirt, a black pair of king gee shorts, a small leather pouch tied around his waist, big brown workman boots and a cod piece that sparkled and shimmered in the candlelight.

"Who are you?" asked Lew, shielding his eyes from the dazzling codpiece. "Why I am Kenny, your fairy godfather" said the apparition. "Well, I can see that you're a fairy," said Lew, never taking his eyes off the codpiece which was now glowing in a variety of rainbow colours. "Don't be pertinent boy, I said I'm your fairy godfather and I'm here to get you to the ball."

"Oh my goodness" squealed Lew, jumping up and down and clapping his hands together with delight, "but I can't go looking like this and how am I to get there?" he asked.

"Just you leave that to Kenny" the fairy said and with that put his hand swiftly into his pouch and threw a handful of fairy dust over Lew. There was a flash of lightning and a sound like thunder and when all the smoke had cleared, Lew had been transformed. He was wearing a deep purple three button suit, with a cerise shirt and purple bow tie. He had a black fedora hat and the smartest pair of silver patent leather, Cuban heeled shoes you could ever wish for. Of course, no well dressed gentleman could go out not wearing his codpiece and Lew's was spectacular in silver to match his shoes and with not one bit of droop in it at all.

"I could just cry" said Lew looking at himself in the mirror. "Never mind that" said Kenny, "go and

fetch me that pumpkin. Lew duly retrieved the pumpkin and Kenny then threw another handful of dust over the pumpkin, Colin the cat and Ian, Bevan, Lloyd and Bernie the four mice who were all nearby.

In the clearing smoke this time stood a magnificent coach, with the mice who had been magically transformed into four white horses (although one was still wearing multi-coloured socks) and a coachman, all in liveried red who was formally Colin the cat. "What the hell is going on?" yelled Colin the coachman, "I don't want to be driving; I'm an organiser not a do-er." "Sorry about that" said Kenny the Fairy Godfather grimacing at Lew, I can only change appearances, the attitudes remain the same.

"Now, off with you to the ball!" shouted Kenny as he bundled Lew into the coach. "Don't forget that everything changes back at midnight" he warned. "I won't forget" said Lew "and thank you fairy Godfather". With that the coach and horses thundered off into the night.

At the castle, the ball was in full swing. Ronny Sloan and his Band of Renown were blowing up a storm and among the assembled guests were Mother Ronnie, Raspa and Douggie, all waiting for the Royal family to arrive.

Behind the Royal thrones, in the secret entry to the hall the royal family were waiting for the right moment to make their entrance. King Phil was a jovial fellow who loved to travel in his gypsy caravan, his wife Colin was English by birth and had been brought to Rotary to marry the King. She seemed to have a permanent sun tan no matter what time of year it was and was always jabbering on about some football team that had something to do with chickens.

The beautiful princess Christine, was looking her most delightful in one of those deep green ball gowns that was held together front and back with double sided tape. She had been freshly waxed for the event and was feeling her most elegant. She did have some misgivings however. "If you think I'm going to marry any one of those deadheads out there, then you two are off your trolleys" Princess Chris stamped her elegant foot and pouted endearingly.

"You will do as you are told" said Queen Colin. "One of these young men will be your husband tonight". The Queen insisted. With that, the trumpets blared and the Royal family made there Royal way into the main ballroom.

The crowd gasped at the sheer loveliness of the Princess and all the eligible young men rushed forward to get a better look. This of course caused a great clatter as dozens of codpieces collided. "Peasants" muttered the Princess under her breath.

Just at that moment, Lew's carriage pulled up and as he stepped out, by some magical occurrence, Ron Sloan and his band of Renown suddenly struck up I'm Too Sexy by Right Said Fred. Lew sashayed down the centre of the ballroom, his feet keeping time with the music and his codpiece swaying enticingly from side to side.

The crowd drew back from this hunk of manhood and the Princess took one look and fell madly in love. They almost ran to each other's arms and spent the whole night dancing. Raspa and Douggie had this niggling feeling that they knew this boy from somewhere, but they couldn't quite put their finger on it.

The night wore on and the couple danced as close as a couple could get when one of them is

wearing a big silver codpiece. Then the clock started to strike twelve. "Oh no" said Lew, "I have to go". "Go," said Princess Chris "Don't be silly, I want to find out what's behind that codpiece yet". "No I must go" cried Lew and with that he ran for the door and leapt down the steps towards the coach. Unfortunately he didn't quite make it and by the time the Princess arrived she found a pumpkin, four white mice (one wearing bright socks) and a fat old cat chewing contentedly on a silver patent leather shoe.

Grabbing the shoe and the Colin the Cat, who strangely enough, didn't seem to mind being clutched to this woman's breast, the Princess burst into tears and then chucked a major hissy fit until King Phil agreed to search for the boy by going to every house in Rotary until they found the person who fitted the shoe?

The next morning the two nasty step brothers came downstairs and commenced teasing poor old Lew about the ball and how lovely it was. "Don't you tell me about a lovely ball" screamed stepmother Ronnie, "you two didn't even get the Princess to notice you".

So for the next few days, Lew's routine went back to normal, scrubbing floors, washing dishes, gardening and cleaning out codpieces. When all of a sudden one day, there was a knock at the door. As usual the two brothers rushed out to find a very grand looking page boy carrying Colin the Cat and a Silver patent leather shoe. Behind him stepping out of the carriage was a very tired looking Princess Christine.

"Good morning Sirs and Madam" said the pageboy, "my name is Mitchell and I am pageboy to her royal highness Princess Christine who has vowed that she will marry the man whose foot fits this." With that he held up the shoe and the cat and proceeded to sing "Pardon me boy, is that the cat who chewed your new shoe?" "Sorry about that" Mitchell said as the brothers grimaced and their Mother stood open mouthed, "But we have been doing this for three days now and it's getting boring."

"Get on with it" yelled Christine standing next to the coach. Mitchell marched into the house and put the cat on the floor. He immediately settled down near the fireplace purring contentedly. "He looks right at home, doesn't he?" said Mitchell. "OK, first foot please." Raspa thrust his foot forward, and try as he might, he just could not get his big fat foot into the slim fitting shoe. "My turn, My turn," said Douggie as he slipped his foot into the shoe. In it went. "Look it fits it fits" he said dancing around the room with glee. Unfortunately he tripped over Colin the cat and the shoe flew off. "No this is too big for your feet" said Mitchell.

"There's another boy here" said a voice and Colin the Cat grinned his contented grin. "Who said that?" asked Mitchell "Do you have another boy here" "No" chorused the family. "What's going on" shouted the Princess, stamping her cute feet again. "The magic voice said there's another boy here majesty and this family are denying it" answered Mitchell. "Well they'd better produce him or there'll be hell to pay – I always get what I want – and I want what was in that big silver codpiece" the Princess thundered.

"There's only Cinderfella" said Ronnie the Stepmother, her chin bristling with annoyance. "Bring him up then" demanded Mitchell.

Lew came up from the Kitchen and Colin the cat leapt into his arms, well he leapt, but because he was so fat he only just made it past Lew's knees. "Colin" said Lew, "where have you been? You haven't been wasting your time at those markets again have you, dragging home more

rubbish.” Colin just grinned.

“Just try on this shoe, please” said Mitchell. As Lew put on the shoe there was enough magic left in it to transform him back into his outfit he wore to the ball. “There’s my codpiece” yelled Princess Chris, a strange hoarseness now in her voice and she leapt into Lew’s arms.

“What is going on?” screamed Ronnie, “this is our houseboy”. “Well he’s about to become my husband” said Princess Chris “and I’d stay in his good books if I were you as he might want some revenge for the way he’s been treated.”

So, Lew scooped up Colin the cat, and asked the Princess if she had seen four mice around. He was a little upset when Chris told him that the pumpkin had rolled over on top of them and all that was left were two multi coloured socks.

Months later, Lew and Chris were married and lived in the Palace, Stepmother Ronnie was made to go back to school and get a proper education. Raspa and Douggie were put to work devising rosters for the myriad numbers of tasks that always needed to be done in the great city of Rotary (although Mitchell the Pageboy had taken quite a shine to Douggie) and Colin the cat became Royal Gatherer of Useless Items.

As for Prince Lew and Princess Christine, did they live happily ever after? Well. Sort of – once Lew had got used to Christine’s constant demands on his silver codpiece.

The End

23-Dec	Watts's		Anniversary
25-Dec	O'Dea	Maureen	Birthday
7 Jan	R & M Evans		Anniversary
19 th Jan	Winterbourn	Barry	Birthday
29-Jan	Flynn's		Anniversary
31-Jan	Baskerville	Bevan	Birthday
3-Feb	Keays	Frank	Birthday
5 th Feb	Hinwood	Kay	Birthday
5 Feb	James	Tony	Birthday
9-Feb	Archibald	Lorraine	Birthday

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND YOUR
FAMILIES AND A TRULY GREAT 2006**