

Editorial

The Last Resort

In the middle of the sparkling blue Caribbean Sea there's a string of enchanting small islands called the British Virgin Islands (BVI to those in the know), so tiny they're hard to locate on any map, even with a large-scale format, and easily mistaken for some fly-dirt on the atlas page. Tourist brochures refer to the British Virgin Islands as 'the world's best kept secret' and having experienced their gentle charm on several idyllic visits, I think that's a fair description. Warm turquoise waters, gleaming white sandy beaches, abundant fish and bird life, friendly locals, year-round sunshine, terrific snorkeling, plenty of gin and rum: what's not to like?

Off one of these tiny BVI islands there's an even tinier island - a 'cay', in local parlance - called Bellamy Cay, partly encircled by a coral reef and only approachable by rowing boat or rubber dinghy, with just one small, whitewashed building on it: The Last Resort pub and restaurant.

We first discovered The Last Resort one evening in 2001 during our first, exploratory visit to the BVI on board our friend's newly acquired catamaran, for which we were the hastily recruited and spectacularly incompetent scratch crew. That evening the five of us hardy adventurers got dressed up in our smartest vacation gear - clean T-shirts and white drawstring pants, carrying our tackies so they wouldn't get wet during the rough dinghy ride - and headed off in our rubber ducky across the water towards the small outcrop of land in the middle of the wide bay: Bellamy Cay.

Having carefully maneuvered our dinghy around the fragile coral surrounding the Cay, we tied up alongside the rough wooden deck and were soon ensconced at our table in the cozy pub with a round of strawberry daiquiris on order. An interesting feature of the interior decor had us a bit puzzled: a large, ornately framed oval hole cut out in the middle of the side door, full of fresh air - literally, since it was entirely open to the elements - and serving no apparent purpose. We wondered what it was supposed to be.

Some while later, amidst all the background buzz and laughter, a loud bellowing noise suddenly filled the air, bringing all the lively chatter to an abrupt halt, a harsh braying sound - Eee Aw, Eee Aw - as though a donkey had just walked into the room. Next thing there were bursts of astonished laughter as guests noticed a large grey donkey who had poked his head into the restaurant through the mysterious hole in the door and was now peering disapprovingly around the room and braying his displeasure. Our host explained that this was Humphrey, the family's rather indulged pet donkey, who had come to demand his supper. Several handfuls of carrots and much patting later, Humphrey trundled off again to his paddock, apparently mollified for the time being.

WYNPRESS

The Rotary Club of
Wynberg



Vol: 71 No. 1
4th July, 2019

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July in Rotary

Start of new officers' year of service

**Wynberg Rotary meet every Thursday,
6 for 6.30pm,
Palm House, Wynberg.**

For more information about our club, like us
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Wynbergrotary.org.za



Next we were introduced to our two friendly waitresses - one blonde, one dark-haired - both young and gorgeous, both with slim and beautiful bodies but for the fact that each of them was then eight months pregnant, and both named Jessica: Blonde Jessica and Brunette Jessica, just to avoid confusion. Soon the two fecund Jessicas were plying us with an array of tempting local dishes and making sure we were happily well fed all evening.

Midway through dinner our congenial host seats himself on a barstool in the center of the room and, picking up his guitar, starts crooning some soulful ballads. After a few gentle songs he remarks that he could do with some support up there at the mic, so he sets down his guitar and starts shouting for some assistants: 'Hey, Bruno! Zachary! Where are you? Sadie! Domingo! I need you up here!' and the next thing a whole ragged troupe of assorted scruffy dogs, definitely not chosen for their good looks, come bounding in from all sides of the room and cluster excitedly at his feet, looking up at him expectantly. And then, as he takes up the next song - a mournful, tremulous cowboy song, full of tears and broken promises and heartbreak - the hounds all start howling and wailing along, their necks outstretched and their noses raised to the ceiling, as they yelp and whine in anguish at their poor master's misery, producing the most wonderfully doleful and discordant musical chorus the hysterical guests had ever endured. Country music will never sound the same again.

At midnight we five wend our unsteady way back to our bobbing dinghy, reminding ourselves to tack carefully around the precious coral reef, and then set off across the dark bay to our waiting yacht, twinkling in the distance. Our throats are hoarse from singing and laughing, our smart white drawstring pants are splattered from the salty seawater sloshing about in the dinghy and our tackies are sodden, but our spirits are soaring.

You can look up The Last Resort on Google Earth: there it still stands, the sprawling white building in the middle of Bellamy Cay, surrounded by that absurdly turquoise Caribbean water. And in the small patch of open land alongside the building you may even be able to make out a tiny pale dot, about the size of a donkey. That's our friend Humphrey: we met him once on a magical evening in the Caribbean, so very long ago.

By Bev Bird



Minutes: 27th June 2019

Compiled by Hugh Maunder

Attendance

11 Members present – 47.8%.
Guests, Colin, Michelle and Val.

Fellowship

Marlene's birthday on 29th June.

From the President's chair

Karen, who stood in for Keela, wished all A Warm Wynberg Welcome and thanked them for coming on such a cold rainy night.

Slots

Justin reminded members of the coming "Quiz Night" on the 27 August. He gave out leaflets and asked members to distribute them as widely as possible.
He reported that "Adventures in Citizenship" had been a great success.
Justin finished his duty as "Interact District Chairman" at the end of the Rotary Year.

Guest Speaker

Hugh showed some photographs of the last month of his world cruise: Most photos from **India and the Far East** were of magnificent temples and many varied statues depicting Buddha. The largest of which was a reclining Buddha 30m long.
His photo showed how low in the water the **Maldives Islands** are and he said that, if the ocean rises a further 2 metres, they will all be flooded.
In **Egypt** he visited Luxor and The Valley of the Kings. The Karnak Temple in **Luxor** is known for being one of the greatest places of worship in Egyptian history. The scale of the Temple surpasses any other Temple complex in the entire ancient world.
The Valley of the Kings is also known as the City of the Dead. This whole complex was built over a period of 1,300 years and includes several of the finest examples of ancient Egyptian design and architecture.
The red city of **Petra**, in Jordan, with its carved rock faces was "lost" in among ancient canyons for 1,000 years and is now one of the modern seven wonders of the world.
The Suez Canal is one of the world's most heavily used shipping lanes. The canal extends 193km and was built, by hand, using just shovels and baskets.
The most prominent building in **Jerusalem** is the '**Dome of the Rock**', with its gold dome, and was built in the late 7th century. It is the oldest extant Islamic monument. It contains a **rock**, believe to be on which **Abraham** prepared to sacrifice Isaac and is sacred to both Muslims and Jews.
Hugh explained how geographically important **Malta** had been, for thousands of years, because it is mid-way across the Mediterranean between North Africa and Europe.
Karen introduced Hugh and Val thanked him.

Swindle

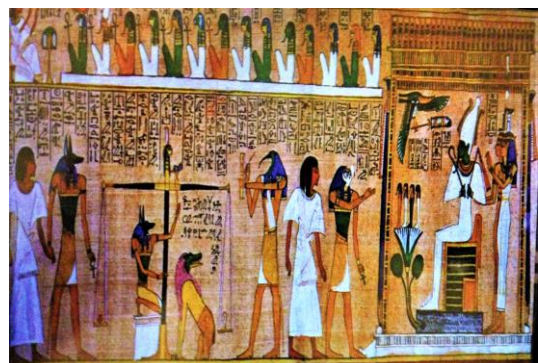
With R1400 in the kitty, Hugh's name was drawn, but he could only find the 7 of spades and not the queen (Ah shame!).
Val won the attendance prize of R25.

President's 'Rotarian of the Week'

In the absence of the President, this was not awarded.



Luxor



Valley of the Kings

Duty Roster	July			
	4	11	18	25
Sergeant	Jackson	Overbosch	Todd	Barnard
Wynpress Editorial	Dietrich	Cleveland	Edwards	Gowdy
Wynpress Minutes	Thomas	Edwards	Cleveland	Maunder
Door Duty	Maunder	Jackson	O'Driscoll	Overbosch
Grace	Thomas	White	Barnard	Bayes
Loyal Toast	Todd	Thomas	White	Barnard
International Toast	Bayes	Bird	Cleveland	Dietrich
Speaker Intro and Thanks				Edwards
Entertainment for the month	Overbosch, O'Driscoll Edwards, Schreiber			

Dates To Diarise	
4 July	It will be a surprise....!!
11 July	'67 Blankets' will talk about their work
18 July	TBA
25 July	James Edwards will tell us all about 'Geo-cacheing'
1 August	Club meeting

SWIMMING IN THE SEA COMPLETELY CHANGES THE MICROBES ON YOUR SKIN

Marisa Nielsen at the University of California, Irvine, and her colleagues found the normal bacteria that make up the skin microbiome were almost completely washed off ocean swimmers in California. The team took samples from nine volunteers at Huntington Beach before swimming and then after they had air-dried, with more samples taken 6 hours and 24 hours later. After swimming, the people were covered in ocean bacteria, including potential pathogens in the *Vibrio* genus of bacteria, which were detected on all the volunteers. In some cases, the concentrations of the ocean bugs were 10 times the levels found in the water. So should we stop swimming in the sea? No, says Nielsen. "What I recommend is a post-swim shower." The presence of these different bacteria on the skin isn't automatically a bad thing and isn't going to cause a problem in healthy people, she says. But what was surprising was the huge difference in microbiome before and after swimming in the sea.

Adam Vaughan – 'New Scientist'

Tailpiece: Angels, as described by children

I only know the names of two angels, Hark and Harold.

-Gregory, age 5

Everybody's got it all wrong.

Angels don't wear halos anymore. I forget why, but scientists are working on it.

-Olive, age 9

It's not easy to become an angel! First, you die.

Then you go to Heaven, and then there's still the flight training to go through.

And then you got to agree to wear those angel clothes.

-Matthew, age 9

Angels work for God and watch over kids when God has to go do something else.

-Mitchell, age 7

My guardian angel helps me with math, but he's not much good for science.

-Henry, age 8

Angels don't eat, but they drink milk from Holy Cows!!!

-Jack, age 6

Angels talk all the way while they're flying you up to heaven.

The main subject is where you went wrong before you got dead.

-Daniel, age 9

When an angel gets mad, he takes a deep breath and counts to ten.

And when he lets out his breath again, somewhere there's a tornado.

-Reagan, age 10

Angels have a lot to do and they keep very busy.

If you lose a tooth, an angel comes in through your window and leaves money under your pillow.

Then when it gets cold, angels go south for the winter.

-Sara, age 6

Angels live in cloud houses made by God and his Son, who's a very good carpenter.

-Jared, age 8

All angels are girls because they gotta wear dresses and boys didn't go for it.

-Antonio, age 9

My angel is my grandma who died last year.

She got a big head start on helping me while she was still down here on earth.

-Ashley, age 9

Some of the angels are in charge of helping heal sick animals and pets.

And if they don't make the animals get better, they help the child get over it.

-Vicki, age 8