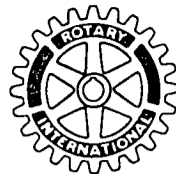




NEWS BULLETIN FOR THE SPACE CENTER ROTARY CLUB

(Near the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center)
P.O. Box 58862 (Nassau Bay) Houston, Texas 77258



DISTRICT 589

BLASTOFF!

Rotary International President, CARLOS CANSECO (1984-1985)
Rotary Theme...."Discover A New World Of Service"

DISTRICT 589 GOVERNOR.....JOE HOLLINGSWORTH
 CLUB PRESIDENT.....CHARLES HARTMAN
 President-elect-V/P.....Bob Wren
 Treasurer.....Jim McNatt
 Secretary.....Jim Hargrove
 Sgt. at Arms.....Sam Calanni
 Historian.....Walt Wicker
 Bulletin Editor.....Allan DuPont

DIRECTORS:
 Lon Clement. Billy Smith
 Chas. Hardwick John Watson
 Cap Landolt Bill Weseman
 Don Robison Walt Wicker
 Aaron Schein Past Pres. Bill Webb
 P.D.G. Floyd Boze (Ex-Officio)

DATE DECEMBER 17 19 84

PROGRAMS:

MONDAY DEC 24TH BECAUSE THESE TWO DATES OCCUR THE DAY BEFORE THE TWO BIG HOLIDAYS OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR, THE BOARD APPROVED THEM AS TOTALLY BEING FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS. THEY WILL BE CONDUCTED WITHOUT THE USUAL LUNCHEON PROGRAMS. HOWEVER, **AND** **MONDAY DEC 31ST** THERE WILL BE A SELECTION OF WINE WITH MINI-SNACKS AT EACH TABLE. A SMALL PER-PERSON TAB WILL BE CHARGED. TABLE HOPPING FOR GOOD FELLOWSHIP WILL BE ENCOURAGED AND IT IS HOPED THAT WE WILL HAVE VISITING ROTARIANS AND GUESTS TO CELEBRATE WITH US

**LET'S WELCOME THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT
AND THE NEW YEAR!!!!!!**

NEW CLUB OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS, elected on this December 17th will take office on JULY 1, 1985 - the beginning of our new Rotary Year. BOB WREN will be our new President, having been elected President-Elect last year. The following three directors will step down when their terms end on June 30th, 1985: CAP LANDOLT, BILL WESEMAN and WALT WICKER. CHARLES HARTMAN becomes a Past President and Associate Member of the Board.

IN SYMPATHY:.....MRS. RUTH MATTHEWS, mother of our member, MARVIN MATTHEWS, passed away on November 14th at the age of 80 following a lengthy illness. Funeral services were held on November 16th at the Clear Lake United Methodist Church in Clear Lake City, with burial in the Grand View Memorial Park in Pasadena. It was in November of last year that Marvin lost his father, Floyd. The departure of both his parents within the space of one year is most sorrowful we know. To Marvin and all members of his family, our membership joins in expressions of sympathy.

A first grader ran into the classroom and told the teacher, "Two boys are fighting on the playground, and I think the one on the bottom wants to see you."

It all started around the turn of the century, when some scientists were experimenting with the cross-breeding of plants. One day they crossed a hyacinth with spreading faxus and they got a creeping, virulent, evil growth that now infests the whole land: hyataxus.

MAGAZINES NEEDED.....for patient rooms and lobby at ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL (Nassau Bay). Leave at Information Desk or bring to Rotary Meeting and give to HAL NEELY and he will personally deliver them to hospital for us. Patients in hospital all enjoy good reading material so a mixture of brand magazines will be appreciated.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE FOLLOWING ROTARIANS

CHENG HOOI	DEC 18
CURTIS REDMAN	20
JIM BARROTT	30
PAUL DAVIS	31



"This baby was owned by a little old lady who never handled numbers above five digits."

Show me a man who is a good loser and I'll show you a man who is playing golf with his boss.

Merry Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
 And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
 "Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
 So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With the sleighful of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
 And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face, and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
 And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;



A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"