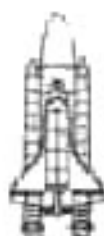
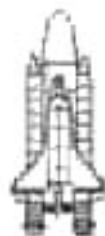




THE BLASTOFF



Rotary Club of Space Center
 Rotary District 5890
 Monday - 11:45
 Nassau Bay Hilton Hotel & Marina



November 13, 2000

Pub. 2000 2001
Simply Thrive



In our Club -
In our Community -
In our World -

ROTARY 2000 - 2001

SPACE CENTER

President Dave Baldwin
dbaldwin@teaguecorybank.com

President-Elect Suzi Howe
suzihowe@academicplanet.com

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Clay.Fulcher@SW.Boston.com

Treasurer Laura Hale
lhale14@juno.com

Sgt. at Arms Olive Murphy-Riker
olivecpa@aol.netcom.com

Past President Bill Geisler
wbgisler@ghg.net

Parliamentarian Billy Smith
billysmith59@aol.com

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

President
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DISTRICT 5890
Governor

Charlie Clemmons
CClemmons@Procominc.com

District Governor Nominee
Dennis Adams
DAdams@pendigy.net

Asst. District Governor
George Yeiter
gyeiter@yetter.com

Today's Agenda

- 11:45 am Buffet luncheon begins
- 12:15 pm Call to order
 Song for today Jerry Bourgeois
 Prayers Ann Fulcher - John Wilcox
 Invocation and Pledge of Allegiance
 Introductions of Guest and Visiting Rotarians
 Four Way Test
 Announcements
- 12:30 pm Program Chair Dick Gregg, III
 Program Owen Morris & Vince Lasovsky
 The Black Sheep Squadron

Upcoming Rotary Programs / Socials

- Rotary Club of Space Center
- Nov 26 Planned Parenthood
 - Nov 27 Bay Area Arts
 - Dec 4 Bill Farmer - Gamblers Anonymous
 - Dec 11 MADD
 - Dec 18 Houston Holocaust Museum
 - Dec 15 Holiday Party / LYC
 - Dec 25 Christmas Day
- Rotary District 5890
- Nov 17 All Club Meeting / JW Marriott
 - Rotary District 5890 for 2001
 - Feb 9 - 11 Rotary Expansion in Busman/Nassau Bay Hilton
 - Feb TBE Rodeo Night
 - May 5 - 6 District Conference / Cancun



Printing courtesy of

**Barrios
Technology**

"Where innovation and education meet"

Blastoff Editor: Sheila Self

The Rotary Club of Space Center
Welcomes Our
Visiting Business & Guests!

Welcome!

Proposed Member:

Cindy Kennedy
Judge Lonie Ditta
Stephanie Greer
Betty Guisto

Proposed By:

Mary Alys Cherry
Mary Alys Cherry
Marc Schneider
Pauline Small

🎵 Today's Song 🎵

Let There Be Peace On Earth

Let there be peace on earth, and let it begin with you
Let there be peace on earth; a peace that was meant to be
 With God as our Father, brothers all are we
Let me walk with my brother in perfect harmony
Let peace begin with me, let this be the truest one
With every breath I take, let this be my solemn vow
 To take each moment and live each moment
 in peace eternally.
Let there be peace on earth, and let it begin with me.

My Buddy

Nights are long since you went away,
I think about you all through the day
My buddy, My buddy, No buddy quite so true

A Season of Giving



Some Thanksgiving Tidbits

Who Gets The Wishbone?

If you believe your wish will come true when you win the break in a wishbone contest, then you're following in the footsteps of civilizations dating back to the Etruscans, 122 B.C. And — it started with a hen, not a turkey.

In those days, when a man wanted an egg he waited for the hen to announce the coming of her product. This made the animal mystical in that it could tell the future — and that led to what became known as the "hen oracles"

If you lived back then, and wanted to receive an answer to an important question from these oracles, you would draw a circle on the ground and divide it into the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Grains of corn were placed in each section, and the cock or hen was led into the circle and then set free. It was believed that the fowl would spell out words or symbols by picking up kernels of corn from the different sections. For example, the first letter of a future husband's name would be the first kernel of corn picked. After writing the message, the fowl was sacrificed to a special deity and its collarbone was hung out to dry.

Then, you'd get to make a wish on the bone. Then two other people got a chance to make a wish by snapping the dried bone at the same way we do now, with each one pulling on an end. The person with the larger end of the bone got the wish — and it became known as a "lucky break."

The Romans brought the wishbone tradition with them when they conquered England, and that's how we got it.

Who will win the wishbone in your family this Thanksgiving?

* According to "Knock On Wood."

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First Community
Bank

Advertising Information

The Board will continue to place ads for those interested in advertising their business. The business card size ads will run each week and cost \$200.00 for six months. All funds raised from ads will go directly to our club service activities and thus be a tribute to our various community and international charitable projects. Please contact Maria if you are interested in placing an ad for the next six months.

Space Center
TIRE AUTO

Quality Auto Service & Good Value

281-286-TIRE

No Printing Fee

No Set-Up Fee

All funds collected for ads go directly to
our club service committees!

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1100 MIDCO EGRESS DRIVE
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77059
TEL: 281-483-4411
FAX: 281-483-4411

MARC H. SCHNEIDER

MARIE SCHNEIDER, CLU, CRIS JOHN TODD, CLU, CRIS

Rotary Club of Space Center Holiday Party

Time: 7:30 pm - 11:30 pm
When: Friday, December 13
Where: Lakewood Yacht Club
Price: \$40.00 per person

This is a great time for all of our members including Rotarian fellowship with family and friends. Seabrook & Harrisburg Rotary Dinner and dancing - featuring the Kurland Street Band

Please RSVP by Dec 8 with **Bill Taylor** at 281-488-2737

Raffle Drawing—\$10.00 each

By: **Earl Baum**

7 days in the Caribbean for two aboard Holland America's luxurious cruise ship. A \$10 gift to the Rotary Foundation will cover the drawing for two aboard America's Holland ships during the period June 2001 through May 2002. Economy seating from Houston is included (some restrictions apply.) The winner is responsible for all taxes due. Drawing to be held May 2, 2001.

Tickets for the drawing are for one Rotary District \$890. If the winning ticket is drawn from our club, the Rotarian who bought the ticket, the Rotarian who sold the ticket, and the Presiding Club President each win the cruise.

Contributions are tax deductible and contributions go toward achieving a Paul Harris Fellow.

Please contact
Earl Baum for
tickets and more
info.



Three Wishes

Again this year the Rotary Club of Space Center - Endowment Fund is sponsoring children who are in the Harris County Child Protective Services (CPS) with their three Christmas wishes. Space Center Rotary purchases bicycles, helmets and pads for many of these children.

If you would like to participate in this program please contact **Vic Marts** at 281-474-7914.

The bicycles are for children up to 17 years who are in special homes and institutions. Remember, these children are not in CPS for things they have done, but for neglect and abuse done to them. Without help from people like us, many of these children would receive little, or nothing, for Christmas.

Contributions of \$50.00 or more are greatly appreciated!!

Committee Members Needed

Shrimporée

Chairs: Earl Maudlin & Sheila Self

Shrimporée Meetings are:

5:00

JSC Federal Credit Union

Mon Nov. 13

Mon Dec. 11

Vocational Excellence Award Outstanding Business Person

Chair: Adena Loston

Rotary National Award for Space Achievement (RNASA)

Chair: Clay Fulcher

Banquet is March 2, 2001

Meetings are:

5:30

Hilton

Every 4th Thursday (Nov. 30)

Ski Condo

FYI

Angel Fire, New Mexico

3 Bedroom, 3 bath fully equipped
with a beautiful mountain view.

\$150 per night (regularly \$240)

\$75.00 per night (summer rate)

For more information please contact
Olive Murphy-Riker at 281-488-5650

Clear Lake Chamber of Commerce Luncheon Wednesday, November 15

Ramada Inn

11:30 - 1:30

McCoy McLemore, Media Director
Houston 2012 Foundation

"Bring the Olympic Games to Houston"

\$12.00

RSVP 281-488-1676

Wednesday, May 24

Arranged to go on a reconnaissance and training mission this afternoon along the southeast coast of New Guinea. To intelligence but for details; see L-00. There are to be four planes—no instructions on targets.

I get my check and equipment, check code and radio signals, set radio key plane—first cartridge this morn. We are off at 1:30 and join up at 4:00 on the field. Charge our guns and take up combat formation as soon as we are over the water. The New Guinea coast is clear—no enough low clouds to bother.

We fly along the coast at 2,000 or 3,000 feet at first, looking for signs of new Japanese activity. Then down 200 or 300 feet above the jungle, zooming up mountainsides, clearing the areas on top by less than our wing span, diving steeply down into the valley beyond, always just over the tree tops, watching for targets ahead or the telltale streaks of tracer from the ground.

We cut inland to avoid a Japanese airstrip whose strong L-shaped positions have been reported. "There are no targets in this vicinity worth the risk." There is a bridge below—collapsed a few days back—hit squarely by a 500-pounder from a Corsair. A great gap shows at one end of the structure. Several Japanese are working on it; a fold way is an attempt to make repairs. We come on them too suddenly to shoot and we pass like a flash. "A-4's got them on the way back" (over the radio).

More notes over the next hour, zooming up now and then for a few seconds to get a better look around, and then down again before there is time for someone to train a gun on us. Out to the coastline—some Corsairs are racing over the water. I am the closest one to land. The trees part, a streak of green, the beach a band of yellow on my left. It is a point a mile or two in the water, on a

small standing. It moves toward shore. It is a (1) m.

All Japanese—no friendly natives on New Guinea—everything is a target—no restrictions—shoot whatever you see. I line up my sight. A cycle takes ten seconds and two spread. At 1,000 yards my 4-caliber's are deadly. I know just where they strike. I cannot miss.

Now he is on the water, but he does not run. The beach is wide. He cannot duck. In cover of the area. He is close to my sight. My finger tightens on the trigger. A touch and he will crumple on the coral sand.

But he decides to run. He strides across the beach. Each step carries dignity and—savage in its timing. He is not an ordinary man. The shot is too easy. His bearing, his stride, his dignity—there is something in them that has been a bond between us. His life is worth more than the promise of a trigger. I do not want to see him crumple on the beach. I release the trigger.

I ease back on the stick. He reaches the tree line, merges with the streak of green on my left. I am glad I have not killed him. I could never have forgotten him. Nothing on the beach. I will always remember his figure striding over the sand, the fearless dignity



Left to right, Flamingo, Lindbergh and Snow

of his steps. I had his life taken to a medic's which I gave it to him, and thank God that I did. I shall never know who he was—Japanese. But I realize that the life was unknown stranger—probably enemy—is worth a thousand times more to me than his death. I believe I never quite have forgiven myself for not shooting him—asked, courageous, fearless, yet so unmistakably human.

There is no more time to think about it. We turn inland again, skimming the peaks of a volcanic plateau and down more mountainsides. There is an occasional peak in our sight—out of range, they do not shoot. We are over hills and ridges. There will be no antiaircraft here. We climb for altitude—10,000 feet. We have reached the heart of our patrol.

We circle and turn back. We are stable on the way home. The first fire is started. I watch on my right—bright orange caution light. I am in front of me. A plane above the target. Tracers from the plane are right. The range is too long. I take out a thick roof among the palms. There now. I press the trigger. A stream of yellow dots—over my plane. Red balls of fire streak from the ground around us. The air around it was clear. Now

Corsair Formation



The beach is on my left—another plantation ahead. We are strung-out abreast, all four of us. We zoom up to get a better view of our target. It will be a converging attack—must keep the other planes in sight—just the kind of place where collisions occur.

I throttle back slightly to let my partner gain the lead. (Ed Fleesterc) In range; I am in line with a row of huts. No sign of life on the ground. Never is around these villages. They have been strafed before—probably take cover as soon as they hear the sound of an airplane engine. I sight on the nearest hut, let my fire rake the entire row as I pull the stick back slowly. My tracers cross with those of the other planes. The village is a cloud of dust. My partner is too close to my line of fire, 300 yards ahead. I stop shooting. He crosses over and pulls up. I have time for a short burst—pick a building beyond the village. I am well clear of the other two Corsairs—no danger of hitting them. Dust—splinters—just time to pull up over the palm tops—must be careful not to hold the dive too long.

We skim up a mountainside and push over the top of the ridge. Heavy antiaircraft positions lie on the peak ahead according to intelligence reports. We hoped to surprise some target on the far side of the mountain but find none. We turn toward the sea before reaching the antiaircraft emplacements. Our second section has dropped behind. One of the pilots reports his carburetor air-temperature warning light on. We throttle down and circle around until his engine cools—too far at sea for the shore batteries.

Back over the jungle; up a few hundred feet for observation. Down low to close in on some plantation. A group of buildings ahead along the shore. Two places are already pouring tracers into them. I am pointed at an angle. I bank quickly to

position—forgetting my plane—tracers stretching to their mark. There is no need to be upright in the air—it is the sight that matters. Soon one forgets the plane; it follows the mind's desire as unconsciously as the hand.

The low wing almost cuts the palm leaves as I pull the stick back to recover. Another group of buildings ahead. I take two on my side and pour a burst into each of them. Tracers from the other planes are streaming on my right. (Vince Lipovsky and Hank Boney) Over the jungle—turning—low—up a hillside, angling toward the summit. The second section reports that one of my buildings is on fire—an incendiary went home. I glance back—too low—too far away—I see nothing.

A dozen black dots streak past my wing. Antiaircraft? No, of course not, ridiculous; only small birds at 300 miles an hour. What must they think of our intrusion of their jungle, these roaring monsters brushing over their tree tops? I am within twenty feet of the caves, but I cannot see them. They pass too fast.

We are at the end of New Ireland. We set our course eastward toward Green Island, sixty miles away—a fifteen-minute flight at cruising speed. The island is in sight. We safety our guns and switches. Close in for a parade formation over the landing strip—ten feet, wing up to wing tip—obedient to the right. The leader peels off. I wait three seconds and follow. Then the Corsairs of the second section.

Cow! Flaps open—propeller, high rpm. Oil and intercooler flaps open. I move all the levers into their proper position. Here is the runway end. I unlock the tail wheel and turn off onto the taxi strip. In and out past

ment ahead. The crew chief stands cut in front, both hands in the air, waving me on into the revetment. Blow the tail around into position. Mixture—idle cutoff. Fuel off. The propeller slows down and stops. Switches off. Radio off. Gyros on. Reset the tabs for the next pilot. The planes in line shape. No, I don't purge the wing tanks. Yes, the guns were fired. I unstrap my safety belt and sign the report sheet on the plane. The crew swarms over it. In half an hour it will be ready for another flight.

- Lindbergh flew under the alias Jones that day because he was a Civilian.
- Special thanks to David Taylor, Vince Lipovsky, & Cowan Moore for the presentation to honor our Veteran's.

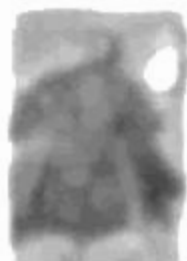
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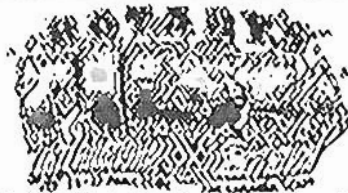


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The Rotary as Four Way Test

Of the things we think, say or do:

1. Is it the TRUTH?
2. Is it FAIR to all concerned?
3. Will it build GOODWILL and better FRIENDSHIPS?
4. Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned?



Make-Up Locations

Monday - noon	
Anglican	A. J. Geo. Boyd Dist. 1147
College Area	University Club
Tuesday - noon	
Chadwick School	San Juan Plaza
Hawthorn	Spady's & Son
LaPorte	St. John's Episcopal Church
Trinidad	Galveston County Club
River Oaks	John Club
Texas City	Norfolk Hotel
Wednesday - noon	
Daytown	Green Lake Country Club
Deer Park	Country & Family Center
Wheeler	Methodist Church
Wichita Falls	Village on the Park
San Antonio	Waynes County Club
Thursday - noon	
Alton	Wentwood Inn
Chilmark/Roby	Roby Plaza
Houston	10 Layers of Heaven 1331 West Oaks Lane
Lubbock	Harwood Inn
Large City	Trinity's Texas Club
Southwest (Dallas)	Lawrence Park Club
Friday - noon	
Frederick	St. Ignace Methodist Church
W. Galveston City	Lamar & Robby Inn

NOTE

Rotary forms, checks, and other correspondence to club

secretary, treasurer, or president

should be mailed to:

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Houston, Texas 77258

Rotary District 5890 web site:

<http://www.rotary5890.org>

District Governor's newsletter:

<http://www.rotary5890.org/news>



Thank you for your inputs &/or comments! THE ROTARY OFFICE inputs are due each Wednesday.

Editor: Sheila Self

Work Phone: (281) 230-1911

Home Phone: (281) 313-9333

Fax: (281) 230-1901

sheila.self@barton.com

Mail to:

1321 S. Nassau Bay Drive

Nassau Bay, TX 77058

David's Trevelyan, Inc.
2525 Bay Area Blvd. Suite 300
Houston, TX 77058

Article from John's column in The Starfall is reprinted in other sections.

Rotary Club of Space Center - Directors

Club Service A: J. J. Fox
(Rotary Magazine, Golf, RR)
foxj@earthlink.net

Club Service B: Sheila Self
(Chadwick Programs,
San Antonio, Telephone)
SheilaSelf@earthlink.net

Club Service C: Marilyn Muss)
(Membership Development,
San Antonio, Chairperson,
New Leads, Membership)
marmuss@earthlink.net

Club Service D: Mike Blackworth
(Club History, Communications &
Dynamics, Newsletter, Rotary Info)
mblackw@earthlink.net

Other

Dr. Springsteen Church: Earl Maudsby & Sheila Self
SCLC Retirement: Bob Wren
SCLC Care: Clay Dichter
Parkman/Reston: Missy Smith

Volunteer Service - Dr. Christa Sun
(Expertise in Education & Law,
Career Dev., Vocational Development)
christasun@earthlink.net

Community Service 1
Mare Schepeler
(Lawrence Rotarist, Youth Activities)
mars@earthlink.net

Community Service 2
Jim McDonald
(Community Service, Health &
Fitness, MASH info Tech
Scholarship, Senior Citizens)
jmcdonald@earthlink.net

International Service A
Greg Morley
(Rotary & SCLC Foundation,
World Friendship,
Ambassadors) gregmorley@earthlink.net

International Service B - Dick Kridder
(OSI Activities, JAT)
Youth Exchange, World Health)
dick.kridder@earthlink.net