

Bright young thing 'leads' the way

Last Thursday night's meeting was great for a number of reasons, but at the top of this list was the awarding of a Competent Leader award to everybody's favourite Toastmaster, Wendy Nielsen. Wendy was most gracious in accepting her award and showed us in speaking to her club, just how far she has come. Wendy also offered some poignant words, in saying "most people don't realise that you don't have to do all the assignments in the manual to get this award" - she was of course referring to the Competent Leadership manual.

Other meeting highlights included Lyndal Eager in her first meeting as Chairman I, a sophisticated and challenging Table Topics sessions by Demian Coorey, some classic cross-cultural comedy by Suben Subenthiran, and an array of fantastic speeches, headlined by visiting Toastmaster and World Championship entrant Greg Kennedy.

As Chairman II, John Bright felt the pointy end of Karma—as a habitual business-session antagonist, a few members took the opportunity 'bring it home' to John. Despite attacks mounted by Elizabeth Wilson (motion of dissent), Ron Marriot (general disruption) and others, John handled his just-desserts very well and showed that his development as a Chairman has continued to improve.



Newly-minted Competent Leader Wendy Nielsen, with President David Griffiths



Off to the International Championship next month with our full support and best wishes—Greg Kenney, with evaluator Elizabeth Wilson

DON'T FORGET!

- **9 September—Meeting Procedure Workshop**
Contact Robyn Peck
email : robyn70@optusnet.com.au
phone: 0408444572

Tall tale of ten table topics

Table Topic Master Demian Coorey led us on a wild ride last Thursday night with a very innovative Table Topics session. He introduced by explaining that we were going to build a story—a story with *technical integrity*. This story would have a plot, a subplot, a central character, an antagonist, and a climax. It was our job, as Table Topic participants, to take the element or task assigned to us by Demian and contribute to the overall story. The exercise went surprisingly well—the contributions were recorded, and have now been re-formed into a complete story by Demian himself.

The task of writing this story was originally awarded to John Taylor—we have it however on good authority, that by the time the session was over, Demian was so excited by the story elements that he 'took the job back'.

See Page 3 for the completed story—and congratulations to the participants who showed that with some Toastmasters skills, a good story is always at your fingertips.

Postcard from Speechcraft

Ian Lipski

Dear Parramatta Toastmasters,

Week 1 of Speechcraft was sensational!

Parramatta Toastmasters Club President David Griffiths welcomed the Speechcrafters with an inspirational Official Welcome.

The Speechcrafters introduced themselves via a round robin. We have a great mix of Speechcrafters (a class of 14 Speechcrafters) each with specific reasons for wishing to become more confident in public speaking.

Alicia Denis introduced the Speechcrafters to "Impromptu Speaking and Table Topics" through an educational session. The Speechcrafters were asked Table Topic questions which they answered admirably. The Two Table Topics sessions were run by Alicia Denis and Lyndal Eager as the Table Topics Masters ably assisted by evaluators Ron Marriott, Wendy Nielsen, John Nichols and Ingrid Hoppe.

Sam Ekinci took the Speechcrafters through an Educational workshop on "Preparing an Ice Breaker". At the conclusion of this educational, in what seemed like no time at all, the Speechcrafters were preparing their Ice Breaker speeches to present in the 2nd half.

After the break the Speechcrafters presented their Ice Breaker speeches in two sessions under the encouraging guidance of Toastmasters Sam Ekinci and David Griffiths. Each Ice Breaker speech was competently assessed by evaluators - Alicia Denis, David Griffiths, Ingrid Hoppe, John Nichols, Lyndal Eager, Wendy Nielsen, Ron Marriott and Sam Ekinci.

Chairman Peter Steinhour expertly kept the meeting moving along at a brisk pace and provided the Speechcrafters with their Ums & Ahs. Raj Velu timed the assignments to perfection and advised the Speechcrafters of their assignment timings.

My thank you to all the Toastmasters who prepared for and assisted to produce a fantastic team effort in running Week 1 of Speechcraft.

Week 2 of Speechcraft (Tuesday 27th July) will see the Speechcrafters delivering a prepared speech "Be In Earnest" and learning the art of evaluation - not to be missed!

To participate and help in running the Speechcraft course please email or phone the Speechcraft coordinator.

Best regards,

Ian Lipski

Speechcraft Co-ordinator



Doing the *good work*—Speechcraft Co-ordinator Ian Lipski

DON'T FORGET!

- **31 July—Tom Woods 50th Birthday Celebration**
- **August 19 — Humorous Speech Contest Register as contestant now email: vpe@parramattatm.org.au**

Rhyming verse not so square

Ferdie Oosterhoff

Have you got a 4 minutes worth of material in your head for tomorrow nights 5-7 minute speech? Are you looking to add a humorous touch? Are you trying to add gravity to a serious or sombre speech? Some rhyming verse might be just the thing.

Rhyming verse is language with a 'hint' of the musical. With rhyming words, we deliver a message whilst tapping into the part of the human psyche that responds to music - what this means is that we can get more value for some simple words than we would if they were delivered without rhyme. A lot of people don't believe they have the ability to write rhyme, and many have come to this conclusion without even trying. It is surprisingly easy, especially with a rhyming dictionary!

Here are two popular online rhyming dictionaries:

- <http://www.rhymezone.com/>
- <http://www.rhymer.com/>

We had a meeting last September that was also a celebration of Parramatta's 43rd birthday, the meeting called for a little 'occasion', and it seemed the perfect opportunity for a little verse. Here's the little ditty I put together with my trusty friend rhymezone.com:

oh vocal chords that lay asleep
through years of stony silence

through years of being obsolete
and me practicing avoidance

oh vocal chords i didn't think
you really gave a damn
you let me down so many times
my lips looked like a clam

but then one day I came across
a funny bunch of folks
they stood up straight
and wore clean shirts
but they listened to my jokes

week in, week out
i'd stand in front
of this not-so-motley crowd
remembering to stand up straight
still my hands and speak up loud

oh vocal chords
i'm finding you
are not so without use
i'm learning fast to speak up for myself
and sometimes even hurl abuse

this crowd of which I speak
are a fine and helpful crew
they are called Parramatta Toastmasters
and they've just turned 42.....plus 1.....which is 43.

On a winter's night, a traveler...

Demian Coorey

(from Page 1—the Table Topics inspired masterpiece)

"Tickets. Tickets. Votre Billet, Madame? Merci."

The door opened. "Tickets."

"Sir, could you check this man's ticket. I'm sure there has been a monumental error."

The attendant was young, but had walked this corridor long enough to have little sympathy for stowaways, and even less for the British.

"What is your name, Sir?"

"Name is Willem, but for long time I am call Moose."

"Where are you headed, Mr Willem?"

"I go to Toronto."

"Ha! The train's not going to *To-Run-To*. For God's sake, the man's a barbarian."

"Please Ronan. He has done nothing to you." Clare pitied the bearish man whose boots feared washday more than the snows of winter; but even to her, the situation looked unlikely.

"May I see your ticket, Sir?" He turned the ticket over, twice, then again. "Do you have papers?"

"No, I have ticket. Why I need papers?"

"Sometimes we are required to check, but the ticket is in order. If there's nothing else I'll move on."

"He's asking us for food, for Heaven's sake!"

"If there is nothing else I'll move on."

The door closed and Moose lit his pipe, filling the cabin with a cloud of phosphor and indifference.

"I'm intrigued, my good man. Who did you steal that ticket from?"

"Did not steal. Was sent by relative. He say he won in contest, so could give me trip to family home. Never been to you country. Is cold as mine. Was expecting warmer."

"My heavens, he thinks it's our country. Can't you tell we're —" "Ronan, please!"

"You like the cave man, do you? You know you have to marry him by next month, or it's old maid's school for you."

"Ronan!"

"What's your name? Willem did you say? There it is, Clare, Wild Bill. I say, Bill, I wouldn't trust her. She'll break your heart. No such thing as a man that's good enough for her." Ronan sensed his growing agitation, and knew only to continue, to play his thin sliver of power like a child with a captive dog.

"Oh, did you want some food? Here, boy, follow it out the window. And now, I think I should take myself to the dining car and buy some more. Would you excuse me? There's a fellow."

The door opened. The door closed.

"Forgive my cousin, sir. He is spoilt. I don't think he would even survive in your country."

"No, he would end up in bottom of well."

"Where are you from?"

"Northern country"

"Germany?"

"No, more north."

"May I ask why you haven't eaten?"

"Relative send me boat and train ticket, but not food ticket. I have not eaten two days."

"Oh, I am sorry."

Clare, like all the Windsor bloodline of Manchester and York, saw hunger daily, though only fleeting, only ever only while being whisked through fetid streets. But when hunger sits still it has time to search your soul.

They had lived for two centuries under the self belief of privilege that was never earned and so was never in doubt, but in truth, the shifting sands of the new capitalism had eroded their wealth and influence to a few symbolic vestiges in Lancashire, and though never openly acknowledged, much of their income was now soiled by commerce, and worse, derived from industry in the New World.

It was common social judgment that the day Elizabeth Windsor married a newly rich Canadian, the Windsor bloodline from the north had reached its end. Clare, their only surviving child, remained in England despite withering prospects of acceptable marriage. In a generational transition between two worlds, she was not yet new blood and no longer old; neither was she so endowed that an eligible man might be swayed beyond proper consideration.

"It is all right, Miss. It is good I meet you."

"Willem, I'm sure if you ask at the Dining car, they will spare you some bread."

"I thank you, Miss."

The stranger stood, and Clare saw he was far smaller than the huge coat that hung around him. As he passed Ronan in the corridor, the door slammed.

"I thought you were bringing food back."
 "Actually no. I just paid the waitress to make sure she doesn't give any scraps to the animals."
 "Ronan, you are cruel beyond all reason."
 "And I don't want him bringing his filthy swill in here."
 Clare stood, and let the slamming door close her tirade. As she reached the Dining Car, she stopped.
 "I'm sorry, Sir, I'm not allowed to give you any bread. It's more than my job is worth to get caught, I hate to say it."
 "Please, Miss, I want bread only. Is long time before Toronto."
 "Sir I just can't"
 Clare stepped forward, her hands out. "Then you can give it to me. I'm with the Windsors."
 "Yes ma'am, I shall, thank you. I don't like to say no to anyone who asks. I feel just downright awful, but thank you. 'Sakes, you are a mercy come just at the right time."
 "And some venison, if you would"
 "And some venison, yes ma'am, yes ma'am."
 "Come Willem, we can sit at this table."
 But Willem didn't move. His eyes followed the waitress through the door. He turned to Clare. "Is picture of relative. In that room is picture of relative."
 "Willem, please sit down. What do you mean, it's a picture of a relative?"
 "Girl goes into room, I see picture of relative on wall. I show you."
 "Willem, that's not possible."
 "Miss, it is relative. He send money to orphanage, and visit many times when he help with new railway in Russia. I ask to come to his home, but he has not enough of money, so he say he try to win ticket in contest."
 "I didn't know you were from an orphanage."

Yes, since baby. No father anywhere, and mother died at birth. If not for uncle from Canada, for sure I would not live. When he write and tell me he finally win contest, I dance as happiest man in whole world."
 "Willem, I've never heard of these contests, but I can say without doubt that this man is not your uncle."
 "No Miss, there is no mistake. I know uncle Georg - I recognise finger missing."
 Clare's breathing paused, the corners of her mouth twitched. Fragments that never seemed relevant suddenly connected: the time in Russia that was rarely spoken about, the strange window ornaments, and the big books, all those big train books with writing that looked upside down.
 "Willem, that's my father. That is George Huntington."
 "My Uncle Georg is your father?"
 "He can't be your uncle. My father was an only child."
 Willem who was only ever known as Moose, looked at the back of his ticket, at the writing in the wounded hand of the man who kept visiting long after the Tsar's work on the new Russian railway had ended. "He wrote, make sure you take seat in cabin D next to window. View is good."
 "I've not seen my Father since mother died in June. Then from nowhere he sends us tickets and tells us he has important family business. We thought he wanted to pass control of the company to Ronan. Only now..."
 "Control of company, Miss?"
 Clare stood and walked into the Dining Car office. The young Russian followed, and saw clearly the hard faced portrait of the only human that had ever loved him, his father, the founder of the Great Huntington Railway.

*** THE END ***

Parramatta Toastmasters - Club 2274

Meeting Details

Parramatta Toastmasters meet fortnightly on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month, in the Linden Room of the Parramatta RSL.
 6pm for a 6:30pm start
 Dinner is available during the meeting
 Guests and visitors are always welcome

Enquiries / Correspondence

Snail-mail: PO Box 623 PARRAMATTA NSW 2124 Australia
 Email: info@parramattatm.org.au

Speechcraft Spot

Do you suffer from human-kind's most common fear?

Looking to advance yourself professionally or personally?

Do you enjoy sharing ideas and meeting new people?

**Start the ball rolling - come to a meeting or enroll in a Speechcraft course!
 Enquiries at speechcraft@parramattatm.org.au**