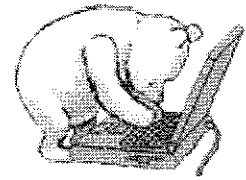


# Pooh Bear's News

August 2008

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## WELCOME TO THE WINTER EDITION

Not too much of significance on the Club front has happened since the April edition, but things are beginning to hot up with the forthcoming Annual General Meeting. The meeting is due on Sunday, 31 August at 10.00 a.m. and I have heard the whisper that a coup is on the cards that will see the existing tired old committee members swept from office, to be replaced with young and energetic junta who are positively bursting with new ideas and energy. I wouldn't miss this for quids. More later

Since the last edition we held the Annual Presentation Night and the 90th Anniversary Ball, both of which were very successful nights. Michelle Lowrey did a great job in organising the catering and generally managing the logistics for both events.

And another thing, Georgie and Nathan have had a baby. I know it's a girl but I don't know her name, but she's cute and I heard that she sleeps like a log. I've made a study of not knowing much about babies, but it sounds like the Wilsons have got a good one.

Our boat ramp is about to become a reality with construction contracts already let and work already commenced. Completion date should be before the end of September but I would suggest October 2008. Seeing will be believing, but let's hope for the best.

You know that Spring is in the air when you notice birds building their nests to hatch their baby chicks. Well, Steve and Skye Rose have certainly caught the spirit of Spring with the news that Skye is pregnant with their first baby. This is very exciting news for Steve & Skye and we wish them the very best. I overheard them discussing names and Errol and Rolina figured prominently in discussions. Errol Jones is an inspiration to Steve who hero worships the man. Speaking of Errol, I heard that he has been mesmerised by the weight lifting at the Olympics and Justine has had the devil's time wrestling the remote control from his vice-like grip. I have noticed significant changes in Errol's demeanour at the gym lately where he comes in covered in white powder. He fairly rips into his routines with lots of grunting the vigour of Hercules. In fact, watching Errol reminds me of the scene in the Rocky Horror show where one character, (I think he was referring to the physical attributes of Frankenfurter), in a high camp voice says:

"He does push-ups, sit-ups, clean jerks and a snatch, he's in goood shape but the wrong shape." Somewhat apt don't you think?

We are well represented with our local footy teams and Manly Sea Eagles have had a great season and look good things to make the finals despite the recent aberration against Souths. We wish the Sea Eagles the best of luck and we will be following them with interest over the coming weeks.

The mighty Warringah Rats are also doing great things despite losing a number of very good players through injury and transfer overseas. The Rats have a great bunch of emerging young talent and the best coach in the business in John McKee. Barring further injuries, and with the return of some of our injured players, the Rats will do some damage in the finals. In fact, the Captain of the Warringah First XV is Dan Raymond who is an architect engaged by South Curl Curl SLSC to redesign the internal configuration of our Club buildings.

Never to be outdone, Errol once told me that he had a promising coaching career, but I heard from a reliable source that he could not coach a choko vine over a dunny wall. A rather unkind observation which I am sure is not true. I have seen a choko vine growing over the wall of Errol's thunderbox.

### **Annual General Meeting**

The Annual General Meeting is always interesting and this year will be no exception. The word going around is that certain elements of the existing committee have hung around too long, much like our most recent former Prime Minister and his mates. I have also heard that these people have become quite arrogant and strut around like peacocks. Apparently they have lost touch with their roots, or are likely to if they hang around much longer.

I have also heard that there is such a strong push for new blood that these tired old men are quite likely to fall on their swords and slink away into obscurity before being pushed. I hope that I have got you interested enough to come along to the AGM on Sunday, 31 August 2008 at 10.00 a.m., and remember the old Labour Party maxim "vote early and vote often" and get the team you want.

### **Liquor Licence**

We finally have one and Bryn Russell is our licensee.

### **The Boat Ramp**

Construction has commenced on the new boat ramp and completion has been promised by the end of September. This will be another tick in the box for the Club and a great step forward. The ramp will run parallel to the existing pedestrian promenade for fifty metres heading South and will allow easy access to and from the beach for our IRB's and surf boats. We have been very patient and all good things come to those who wait.

### **Development Application**

We have engaged a young architect called Dan Raymond to prepare some suggested changes to the internal configuration of the Club buildings, which will make the buildings more functional. Dan has prepared some concept drawings which will be available for inspection at the AGM. Comments and suggestions will be welcomed.

Our consultant Town Planner, Gary Thomson, has seen Dan's concept drawings and he is confident that they will gain approval from Council and local residents.

**Lifeguards**

Council, in their wisdom, are pushing to dispense with lifeguards on the beach on weekends from this season. The beach will be managed by South Curl Curl patrols from the coming season. This is a cost-cutting measure by Council and it will place added responsibility on our patrols. Patrol Captains will be required to complete a Silver Medallion Beach Management Course. For further details, see Bryn, Charles or Kevin.

**Building Maintenance**

Council are also keen to pass the responsibility for the maintenance of Club buildings over to the respective Clubs. Negotiations are still under way. This may not be a bad thing for our club provided we are allowed to keep the proceeds from the commercial exploitation of the Club buildings.

**Gear Inspection**

The gear inspection for the coming season is scheduled for Sunday, 14 September 2008, probably at 10.00 a.m. Come down to the beach and lend Ray a hand.

**Nipper Registration**

Registration for Nippers will be on 14 September 2008 at the beach. Tell your friends, if you have any.

**Barry Farrell**

Fed up with unwanted intrusions on his privacy, Barry is about to vacate his Carrington Parade bolt-hole under Kevin & Liane's and move to private digs at nearby Brookvale where he will set up a sound studio. Sounds good Barry, but I suggest that you don't leave Dick Roberts your forwarding address.

**Dick Roberts**

Dick is a great Club member and is a regular at the beach most days. His great mate is John McIntosh, who you may know is a magistrate. Dick was telling me the other day, in confidence, about one of John's recent cases. Apparently, a well-known prostitute had claimed that she had been raped and when questioned by John concerning just when she first realised that she had been raped, he was startled by her answer ... "When the cheque bounced of course". Now this is probably an interesting legal point, which you may wish to run by Rob Newlinds when next you see him.

**John McIntosh**

When not dealing with miscreants, John is usually on holidays in Hawaii, or in Bali, or in Tahiti. The man must be exhausted with such a hectic schedule. No wonder he is counting the days until his retirement.

### **The 60 Club**

We welcome Rocket Jones to the 60 Club. His 60th was recently celebrated with friends and family at a local Greek restaurant where Errol and Rocket's mother made a nice couple. Rocket nearly fainted at the unwanted and unwarranted muse by one of the attendees.... "Imagine if Errol and Rocket's mum were to get married. Errol would become Rocket's step-dad." Enough said.

### **Errol**

What I like most about Errol is his sense of humour and his total absence of side, even if he is doing a doctorate in mediaeval fairy tales. Errol tolerates the fun that I make of him in this mag and I appreciate the fact that he does not hold a grudge. Errol is going through a bit of a late life crisis and he currently is undergoing a raft of medical checks. He recently asked Rocket and I if we wanted to view the video of his recent colonoscopy and he could not understand our total lack of interest and point blank refusal. Such a simple, uncomplicated fellow but definitely in need of therapy.

I also see that he is pushing hard for a gym superintendent's uniform ( you know, like the blokes in the toilets of hotels in Asia who hand out the towels) and I wouldn't be surprised if he is behind the push to sack the committee. The AGM could be interesting.

### **Charlie Kuhn**

As you may know, Charlie and Robin have moved up to Anna Bay in Port Stephens and they are very happy, although they miss Curly.

Charlie, Denzil and all of the senior brigade will be in attendance at the AGM and it will be a great time to catch up with them.

Despite Charlie moving away, he still pops down when he can to hang the historical photos in our hall where he done such a great job as curator for years.

### **Travel Broadens the Mind**

We have all heard this saying at one time or another, but I would like to add the rider that it also diminishes the bank balance, especially when you discover that everything that costs a dollar here costs a Euro in Europe and, as you know, there is about A\$1.60 to each Euro.

I did see a few interesting things and I met a couple of interesting people. For example, I met a fellow in a Dublin pub who told me that he was half Irish and half Scottish. I soon discovered that the Irish half of him liked to drink but the Scottish half of him did not like to pay for them. I also discovered that some of the famous mediaeval cities, such as Sienna, are not what they are cracked up to be, at least to me. Eagerly anticipating to finally see this legendary, beautiful walled city, I discovered that it was like walking around the back lanes of Redfern, except there was a wall around them. The countryside was beautiful but the town centre is rubbish.

To express my impressions of each country I visited in five words or less:-

Ireland:	Quaint. Lots of Eastern Europeans.
England/London:	Crowded. Funny cabs, bicycles.
France/Paris:	Elegant. Small cars, bikes, dog-poo.
Italy/Rome:	Old. Italians on scooters.
Trip highlight:	The trip home.

The Europeans certainly like their Smart Cars and scooters, which is totally understandable given that most of the old cities were designed for the horse and cart.

### Lyndal

Some times this publication can be serious and this is one occasion. Lyndal has been a bit crook lately and I am sure that you will join me in wishing her a speedy recovery.

### Jokes

I have exhausted my sources for printable news and now I am forced to resort to padding out this publication with a few jokes. I get sent millions of jokes and I have quite a few to choose from, but I do try to be sensitive to the readers of this mag – but seeing this is my last Pooh Bear I might just let rip.

Have you heard about the Grand Indian Lottery?  
You have? Bad luck.

Well, there was this lottery held in India and over 2 million tickets were sold. The draw was held in this cricket stadium in Mumbai and the place was packed with 200,000 screaming punters. The Master of Ceremonies called a hush to the crowd and you could hear a pin drop.

He drew out third prize and he announced the winner over the public address system – "The winner is Mohammed Gupta. Is he in the audience?". He certainly was and Mohammed forced his way through the crowd and climbed onto the stage. The MC announced the prize, "a waterfront home on the Bay of Bengal, a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce, and unlimited first class overseas travel". Mohammed was overjoyed at hearing what he had won, he thanked the MC and returned to his seat in the crowd a very excited man.

The MC once again called for a hush and there was silence as he drew out second prize. The winner was Ravi Singh from Calcutta who also just happened to be in the audience. After hearing the fabulous prizes awarded for third prize, Ravi bounded onto the stage with great anticipation. There was dead quiet when the MC announced second prize and he said "Ravi, you have won a cake". Ravi went red in the face and he nearly choked as he spluttered "What about third prize? The house, the car, the overseas travel?". The MC calmly replied "But Ravi, this cake was baked by Mrs Ghandi". Barely disguising his disappointment and his rage, Ravi spluttered "Fuck Mrs Ghandi". On hearing this response from Ravi, the MC offered the rebuke, "Ravi, you are a greedy man, now you are wanting first prize".

Moving right along .....

A quickie.....

.St Peter is at the Pearly Gates checking up on the people waiting to enter Heaven.  
.He asks the next fellow in line, "So, who are you, and what did you do on earth?"

.The fellow replies, "I'm Barack Hussain Obama, and I was the first black President of the United States of America."

.St Peter says, "The US.? A black President? You gotta be kidding me!..When did this happen?"

.And Obama says,.. "about 20 minutes ago"

Lets hope that this joke is not prophetic

Now for a "feel good" lawyer story:

The Salvation Army realised that they had never received a donation from the city's most successful lawyer. So a volunteer paid the lawyer a visit in his lavish offices.

The volunteer opened the meeting by saying, "Our research shows that even though your annual income is over two million dollars, you don't give one cent to charity. Wouldn't you like to give something back to your community through the Salvos ?"

The lawyer thinks for a minute and replies, "First, did your research also show that my mother is dying after a long, painful illness and she has huge medical bills that are far beyond her ability to pay? "

Greatly embarrassed, the Salvo volunteer mumbles, "Uh...no , I did not realise"

"Secondly", say the lawyer, "Did your research show that my brother, a disabled veteran, is blind and confined to a wheelchair and is quite unable to support his wife and six children? "

The stricken Salvo volunteer begins to stammer an apology, but is cut off again.

"Thirdly, did your research also show you that my sister's husband died in a dreadful car accident, leaving her penniless with a mortgage and three children, one of whom is disabled and another that has learning disabilities requiring an array of private tutors? "asked the lawyer.

The now humiliated Salvo volunteer, completely broken, says, "I am so sorry, I had no idea"

Finally, concluding the conversation, the lawyer says, "So...if I didn't give any money to them, what makes you think that I'd give any to you?"

And just to stay on lawyers for a moment longer.....

Question:What is the difference between a lawyer and a tick?

Answer: A tick drops off a corpse.

A funny story from Charlie Kuhn:

Wiremu, a New Zealander, was in Australia to watch the upcoming Bledisloe Cup and was not feeling well so he decided to see a doctor.

"Hey doc, I don't feel so good , ey?" says Wiremu.

The Doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had a long existing and advanced prostate condition and the only cure was testicular removal.

"No way Doc," replied Wiremu. "I'm getting a second opinion, ey?"

The second Aussie Doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him the testicular removal was the only cure.

Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment. He was devastated, but with the Bledisloe Cup match just around the corner, he found an expat Kiwi doctor and decided to get another opinion from someone he could trust.

The Kiwi Doctor examined him and said "Wiremu, Cuzzy bro, you have da prostate sukness da , ey?"

"Whats the cure thin Doc?" said Wiremu, hoping for a different answer.

"Wull, Wiremu," said the Kiwi Doctor. "wi're gonna huv to cut your balls off there bro"

"Phew, thunk God for thut"said Wiremu, "Those Aussie bastards wanted to take my test tickets off me!"

Poor old Kiwis are always copping it aren't they? When they are not flogging us in Test matches, that is. But I've got another short Kiwi joke.....

Question: What are the three hardest years in the life of a Kiwi?

Answer: The first school grade.

And there is more....a contribution from Charlie Longley:

Here are the top nine comments made by NBC sports commentators so far during the Summer Olympics that they would like to take back:

1. **Weightlifting commentator:** 'This is Gregorieva from Bulgaria. I saw her snatch this morning during her warm up and it was amazing.'
2. **Dressage commentator:** 'This is really a lovely horse and I speak from personal experience since I once mounted her mother.'
3. **Paul Hamm, Gymnast:** 'I owe a lot to my parents, especially my mother and father.'
4. **Boxing Analyst:** 'Sure there have been injuries, even some deaths in boxing, but none of them really that serious.'
5. **Softball announcer:** 'If history repeats itself, I should think we can expect the same thing again.'
6. **Basketball analyst:** 'He dribbles a lot and the opposition doesn't like it. In fact you can see it all over their faces.'
7. **At the rowing medal ceremony:** 'Ah, isn't that nice, the wife of the IOC president is hugging the cox of the British crew.'
8. **Soccer commentator:** 'Julian Dicks is everywhere. It's like they've got eleven Dicks on the field.'
9. **Tennis commentator:** 'One of the reasons Andy is playing so well is that, before the final round, his wife takes out his balls and kisses them... Oh my God, what have I just said?'

Its been lots of fun but all things must end.

See you on the beach.

CHEERS