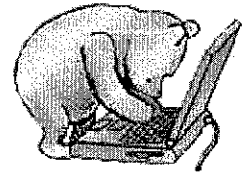




Pooh Bear's News

February 2008

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WELCOME TO THE SUMMER EDITION

What's that you say? What Summer? This would have to have been the wettest and most miserable Christmas/Summer period in recent memory. I feel as though I have been robbed and deprived of my God given share of sunshine and swimming beneath clear skies and brilliant sunshine. I may be permanently scarred as a consequence. When you see Kevin Moffat surfing in a full wetsuit in February you start to think about climbing on the 'climate change' bandwagon. May be summer will be deferred until June. I just hope that the farmers of Australia will finally stop whinging about everything and everyone and especially their certain financial ruin through lack of rain. It isn't our fault that their produce depends on water. They should know by now that Australia is a dry country and you need to grow produce that does not require water. What's wrong with the humble cactus for a crop or crossing a cow with a camel to breed an animal that does not need a lot of water? You might need a step ladder to milk the beasts but that would only be a minor impediment.

But farming and whinging have long gone hand in hand as exemplified by P.J. Hartigan (John O'Brien if you prefer) in his ode to whinging farmers - 'Sand Hanrahan'.

I'll give you a little taste to leave you in no doubt

....."It's lookin' crook", said Daniel Croke,
"Bedad, it's cruke, me lad,
For never since the banks went broke
Has seasons been so bad."

"It's dry, all right", said young O'Neil
With which astute remark
He squatted down upon his heel
And chewed a piece of bark.

And so around the chorus ran
"It's keeping dry, no doubt"
"We'll all be rooned", said Hanrahan,
"Before the year is out."

"The crops are done; ye'll have your work
To save one bag of grain,
From here way out to Back-o'-Bourke
They're singin out for rain."

Of course, when the rain finally came it was a deluge which prompted the following verse:

"It pelted, pelted all day long,
A-singing at its work,
Till every heart took up the song
Way out to Back-o'-Bourke.

And every creek a banker ran,
And dams filled over top;
"We'll all be rooned," said Hanrahan
"If this rain doesn't stop."

Nothing makes them happy.

I didn't intend to launch into the farmers. I put this out of character, bad attitude down to a lack of sunshine, so please forgive me. Unlike our whinging, never satisfied country cousins, I will deal with the cards I'm dealt and get on with it.

There is a fair bit to cover in this edition but have no fear, I will keep it brief (a word that does not exist in Errol's dictionary).

- The combined 60th birthday celebration for Darren, Kevin and Dick was an excellent night with a great crowd in attendance, Dicky struggled a bit on the night because of a nasty fall from a rock ledge on Lord Howe Island. Dicky was fairly badly bruised and I was very sympathetic until I heard that he was sunbaking in the nude reading a girly magazine at the time the rock ledge beneath him gave way and he fell crashing to earth beside an unsuspecting family picnic group who, upon seeing Dicky in all his glory, instead of rushing to his aid, ran screaming from the scene. I believe that Dick barely escaped prosecution for obscene behaviour and is now not welcome at Lord Howe
- Our Ocean Swim event was called off due to wild ocean conditions which was a shame. We are looking at changing the date of the event to an April timeslot when the seas are more predictably calmer. There will be no event this year.
- Chicka Kuhn, purveyor of tasteless jokes, has left Manly Warringah for the Port Stephens region, however, he will still honour his patrol obligations at South Curly.
- Curly Surf Boat crews excelled at the recent Branch Carnival held at Newport:
 - First Place
 - Open Women's - Rib's crew
 - Men's Reserve Crew
 - 140 years Men's Masters Crew
 - 180 years Men's Masters Crew
 - Second Place
 - Open Men's
 - Fourth Place
 - Open Worman's - Gus' crew

Our boats also did very well at the ASRL Australian Championships at Stockton with the open women's crew taking gold in the final and the open men's finishing in the top 16 crews - Gus' women's crew finished in the top 20. A fantastic effort by all competitors.

- Coinciding with the departure of Chicka Kuhn from Manly Warringah, Barry Farrell has finally emerged from his self imposed exile as a consequence of the mental abominations that he suffered at the hands of Chicka during their close confinement in the cabin of the vehicle they co-drove from Perth to Sydney last April. After lengthy

- sessions with his psychiatrist over this past year, Barry decided to withdraw from Society (and more particularly, to avoid Chicka) until he regained his strength. I know that the readers of this magazine are highly sensitive to the misfortunes of others and I beg you not to make mention of Chicka in earshot of Barry.
- Speaking of misfortunes, Dicky Roberts has reached previously unheard of levels of absurdity judging by the moronic dribble coming out of his mouth lately, masquerading as humour. More on this later.
- The month of February to Stephen Rose can be compared to the Ramadan period of the Islamic Calendar during which period Stephen lives on love alone and a shrine is erected in his matrimonial home dedicated to Aphrodite, the Greek Goddess of Love.

Stephen has never attended a Club Committee meeting held during the month of February and I sincerely doubt that he is capable of any productive work during this period. If I was his employer, I would insist on him taking his annual leave during February of each year.

- My reference to the Attention Deficit Syndrome disorder in the last edition hit a few raw nerves judging by the reaction that it drew. I always thought that the alleged disorder was a convenient label that parents used to rationalise why "little Johnny or Mary" were such low achievers at school.. This "disorder" is a great dinner party topic and some charlatans actually make a lucrative living administering treatment to these unwitting 'patients'. It can be compared to the lawyer who identifies a problem that does not exist and then charges a fee for solving it. Come to think of it, this is true of most lawyers.
- I have to be careful expressing my opinions on ADD because I have actually received a threat of impending legal action from a society of morons who call themselves "The Australian Deficit Syndrome Association Anonimous(sic) (ADSAA)" A letter purporting to be written by the legal representative of this association of fools is reproduced later in this publication under the heading of Crank Corner which has been especially created to allow assorted crackpots and morons an opportunity to express their views, however stupid they may be. This is a democratic publication which caters for all, even those with a challenged IQ.
- There has been a significant amount mentioned in the popular media lately concerning the word SORRY. As you will be aware, this concept relates to the mistreatment of our Aboriginal brothers and sisters over the period of white settlement. Let's face it, the Aboriginals would have been far better off if white settlement of the country never occurred. They were perfectly happy without us. Be that as it may, this has got me thinking that maybe I too should express my sorrow for what some may interpret as the mistreatment of certain members of the South Curl Curl SLSC in the pages of this publication over the last couple of years. I now realise that these poor pathetic souls are incapable of comprehending the deleterious affect that their asinine behavior has on their fellow club members. If its good enough for Kev, its good enough for me: I AM TRULY SORRY for the (unintended) pain and suffering that my innocent observations and truthful commentaries relating to these gentlemen may have caused to them and their loved ones. In my defense, I thought that my alleged jibes were so subtle that they would go unnoticed, I am sure that neither Dicky nor Errol would have guessed in their wildest dreams that I may have been making fun of them. They are so self absorbed that they would not notice if they were on fire.

- A new regime at the Club will be installed at the next AGM following the intended retirement of Charles Longley, Stephen Rose and your correspondent. Unlike the deluded John Howard, we are capable of recognizing the need for an injection of new blood and enthusiasm into the management of this Club and at the next AGM we will be looking for a new President, a new Treasurer and a new Secretary. We will remain on the Finance Committee and the Building Committee to ensure a smooth transition so don't be shy, put your hand up.

DICKY ROBERTS

Never let Dicky in on a piece of sensitive and personal information because he will attempt to exploit it ruthlessly to cause you the maximum embarrassment. The actual truth of the story is usually an innocent victim and Dicky will twist it to "make a fool for knaves"

He will bray like a jackass at his own sick humour as he sets about his relentless mission of embarrassing his poor victim. It is almost a pathological condition which, I am reliably informed from a medical acquaintance, is induced by an overdose of sugar which exists in bucket loads in the copious quantities of Tim Tams consumed by Dicky at every opportunity. Judging by Dicky's ever increasing girth and his recent accumulation of chins, he has been feasting on Tim Tams "with his ears back." I have also been informed that he has renewed his subscription to Sumo News.

His social decorum also leaves much to be desired. For example, he recently attended an Australia Day function as the guest of a close acquaintance where the dress code was described on the invitation as "typical Australian clobber". Dicky duly arrived at the function attired in a pair of thongs, a pair of board shorts and an apron. Nothing else and he remained in that condition for the duration. This is a true story because I was an unfortunate witness. You can imagine the shame and embarrassment this episode caused his hosts.

MARY PETERSON

Mary who? you say. Mary was the attractive red head hanging from Barry's arm at the recent triple 60th birthday party for Darren, Kevin and Dicky. I am sure that Barry intends to see a lot more of Mary which means that we will see a lot more of her at the Club in the future. Welcome to South Curl Curl SLSC, Mary. The only person who will not be happy to see Mary will be Dicky because Barry will be sure to restrict his visiting hours when Mary is in town.

Incidentally, Mary teaches art and she will probably do portraits on request although Dicky's request for Mary to capture him on canvass in the nude has been flatly refused. Thankfully, she does have standards.

NIPPERS

About 70 competitors from the Club competed at the recent branch carnival with distinction. The Club is making its presence felt at all carnivals thanks to the tireless work of the various age managers under Chairman Darrin. We hope that a good number of these kids filter up to the senior club in the years to come.

BARRY FARRELL

As part of the therapy prescribed for Barry by his psychiatrist, Barry has recorded his interpretation of his epic journey with Chicka from Perth to Sydney last April and it is reproduced below:

"Surf Life Saving-West Coast to East Coast

If you have already been to Western Australia then you will know of its beauty, excitement and distance from Curl Curl. If you are a younger member of the Club reading this, a wonderful goal to set would be in having a go as a Curly competitor in future Australian Titles...Beach Sprint?Board?Swim? any one of these.

To see the Australian Surf Life Saving National Titles staged so far from the East Coast with so much craft and so many competitors (approx 6000) made me feel I was really at the "Big One". The transportation exercise alone was an eye opener.

I should at this stage tell you of my role in the W.A.Championships. Basically I along with Charlie Kuhn accepted the opportunity and responsibility to return our boat in its A1 condition. I am pleased to say that we experienced not one problem in achieving this Scarborough to Curly adventure. Charlie was a very good navigator, working out by map research our daily distance and time on the road. We shared the driving this way-Chicka two hours on, Chicka two days off. ' I think it was fair'. Apart from comments I have heard, which were mere speculation, we did make it home friends. We shared a common love of music which gnawed away each day at our great distance home. The music at times was to me like Panadol Forte to a migraine

I was quite keen to put this article in 'Pooh Bear' at this time when I felt the new summer season, current Club members and recently joined may get some insight from my notes. However I do apologise for the obviously unacceptable timing for Chicka, Charles and Martin (no surnames used in case of legal comeback) for the additional wrinkles the agonising wait for this article has caused. Their constant, dare I say badgering, sent me to the toilet more than once. God! At times they made Dick Roberts look like a social drought.

Not to waste a moment of the opportunity the Club gave me, I wanted to see as many events as possible. To name some of these : Beach Sprints, Flags,Swim,Relays,Boards,Ski etc etc. I found it really exciting and thought how good it would be to see Curly caps in some of these events.

The Boats: My biggest and lasting impression was our crews, as regular members don't see the training that goes into the placing of themselves into the National starting line as medal seekers. Heat after heat, after heat, body strain, guts, grit and incredible spirit. They strained their muscles and I strained my voice. Getting knocked out, gaining a place, coming close, winning; our crews gave us all of the above. So much from such a small club, they knew we were there.

Now as an older member whose goose bumps have subsided I want to dig deeper to see what I can do better. Thank you so much to the Committee for the opportunity to go, and thanks to my co-driver for getting us home safe.

Love Curly"

The discerning reader will detect the effects of the medication prescribed for Barry in his story. It is almost like Barry has described his experience through a dream induced by electric shock therapy. Well done Barry, in the circumstances.

CRANK CORNER

This publication draws comments from various cranks and rat-bags from time to time and I have reproduced, word for word, a letter, allegedly written by some bogus organization referred to as ADSAA, hereunder:

"From The Attention Deficit Syndrome Association Anonimous(ADSAA)
To Martin Thompson Esq
Ref: Your commentary in the Club Newsletter, under the by-line of your ridiculous alias, or nom de plume.

We, in the Association, are deeply offended at your cavalier treatment of our significant societal handicap. Our inability to deal with multi syllable words is not a laughing matter, and your all too familiar readiness to subject us to the ridicule of our peers by way of your baberous and uncivilised reposte and jocularly is so deeply offensive to us, struggling to overcome our handicap, and take our rightful and legitimate place in society, that, as Hon. Secretary pro tem of the Assoc and its self help sub groups, i.e. the Tai Chi Swimmers Confederation, The Old Boat Owners and Sunday Afternoon Rowers Collective and the Mid- Morning Tea Takers Co-operative, I am duty bound to advise you of the charges being drawn up under the very extensive and detailed State Anti- Discrimination laws and the Summons, impending, to show cause in the Central District Criminal Courts, Liverpool Street Sydney, why you should not be subject to the appropriate penalties, to the full measure of the law.

I suggest you seek legal representation.

Yours,
David Buckner
Solicitor and Legal Council for ADSAA "

By its tortured construction and laughable spelling, this letter was clearly written by someone who rarely paid attention to his lessons while at school (which surely was not long) and I suspect the writer to be a fraud attempting to legitimise his inane and incoherent ramblings by attempting to impersonate David Buckner who I know to be a person of culture and education. I urge the author of this letter to remain anonymous otherwise he will be at risk of legal action from David if this blatant attempt of impersonation was ever brought to his attention.

DRUG DEALER?

I have often heard it said, with great authority, that the sight of sandshoes suspended from overhead power lines, is a certain sign of the close proximity of a dealer in illicit drugs. If I was in the market for illicit drugs, I would be heartened by this revelation but I would be at a loss to discover the means of identifying and making contact with the dealer unless, of course, there is a clue in the sandshoes which will remain undetected by me, who never has and never will be in the market for drugs.

Out of curiosity, I often look out for such alleged clues of evil doing and, to my surprise, I recently noticed a pair of soiled gym shoes suspended from the power lines adjacent to the Club gym. I had also noticed that Errol was sporting a pair of new gym shoes and I got to

wondering. I would never suggest that Errol would stoop to deal in illicit drugs but I have often wondered about the contents of the leather bag that is rarely far from Errol's side in the gym and the stream of suspicious looking characters who often pop into the gym to have a quiet chat with Errol, especially one big guy with a moustache.

I am not one to spread unfounded rumours but on one occasion, I thought that I overheard the mention of steroids during one of these clandestine whispering sessions between Errol and one of his dodgy looking but pumped up visitors to the gym. I could be wrong, but Errol does have the look of once being a body builder and those types are notorious for their misuse of steroids. I must keep a closer watch.

CHARLIES CHUCKLES

Nothing came in from Charlie this month so I had to dig deep into my joke archive for these offerings. I hope you get a laugh:

The Catholic Heart Attack

A man suffered a serious heart attack and had open heart bypass surgery. He awakened from the surgery to find himself in the care of nuns at a Catholic hospital. As he was recovering, a nun asked him questions regarding how he would like to pay for his treatment.

She asked if he had health insurance. He replied in a raspy voice, " No health insurance."

The nun asked if he had money in the bank. He replied, " No money in the bank."

The nun asked, " Do you have a relative who could help you?" He said, " I only have a spinster sister, who is a nun."

The nun became agitated and announced loudly, " Nuns are not spinsters! Nuns are married to God."

The patient replied, " In that case, send the bill to my brother-in-law."

Confessions of a Hooker

A couple were lying in bed together on the morning of their tenth wedding anniversary when the wife says, " Darling, as this is such a special occasion, I think that it is time I made a confession.

Before we were married, I was a hooker for eight years."

The husband ponders for a moment and then looks into his wife's eyes and says, " My love, you have been the perfect wife for ten years, I cannot hold your past against you, in fact maybe you could show me a few tricks of the trade and spice up our sex life a bit?"

She replied, "I don't think you understand, my name was Brian and I used to play for Manly."

Something To Eat Dear?

A woman asks her husband, " Would you like some bacon and eggs; a slice of toast and maybe some grapefruit and coffee?"

He declines. " Thanks for asking, but I am not hungry right now. It's this Viagra," he says, " its really taken the edge off my appetite".

At lunchtime she asked him if he would like something, " A bowl of soup, homemade muffins, or a cheese sandwich? "

He declines, " The Viagra," he says, " really trashes my desire for food."

Come dinnertime, she asks if he wants something to eat. " Would you like a juicy rib-eye steak and a scrumptious apple pie? Or maybe a rotisserie chicken or a tasty stir fry? "

He declines again. " No," he says "it's got to be the Viagra. I'm still not hungry."

"Well," she says, " would you mind letting me up? I'm starving."

GIVE ERROL A SOUCER OF MILK

I was at the gym this morning, trying my best to ignore Errol rabbiting on about how messy the gym was when he arrived at 5am but he told me a story that caught my attention about Rocket. Even if it is not true, it is mildly funny. Apparently Rocket recently took his infant son to the doctor for treatment for a sore throat. The doctor enquired about the age of the child and Rocket duly advised the doctor that he was four years old. The doctor then replied to the child "Isn't it nice of your grandfather to bring you to the doctor?" Errol, in his never ending quest to ridicule my good friend Rocket, thought that this was hilarious but I am not so sure.

CONTINUING D.A. SAGA

Contrary to popular belief, our DA has not gone away. It is set down to be discussed at the next scheduled Independent Hearing Assessment Panel (IHAP) meeting due early March. Apparently the hearing will provide all parties with an opportunity to express their concerns and views concerning our application. After the meeting, the IHAP members will make a recommendation to Council. We remain optimistic of success but we will need all of the support that we can get. The hearing is open and we intend to be there to answer any detractors. The more Club members present the better.

90th ANNIVERSARY BALL

Tickets are now available from Michelle Lowery for this event which is scheduled for Saturday, 10th May 2008 to be held at the Manly Private Golf Club in Baigowlah Road. Tickets are \$85 per head and \$65 for juniors and pensioners which will be good news for Errol.

It will be a great night. Get in early to ensure you entry.

SPONSORS

We gratefully acknowledge the support of our sponsors and especially, Sean, John and Trish from the Harbord (Freshwater?) Beach Hotel; The Directors and staff at the Bendigo Community Bank Harbord (Freshwater?); Andrew and the Directors of the Harbord (Freshwater?) Diggers Club; Ribs and Gus from Manly Aluminium Windows and the many other that generously support our Club.

Cheers

