



Pooh Bear's News

June 2007

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WELCOME TO THE WINTER EDITION

What am I doing talking to you lot? This is winter, we have just endured a vicious storm, the surf is out of control and it's freezing. We should be well into our winter sports and the surf season should be becoming a distant memory for most of us. But for some of us, the business of the South Curl Curl Surf Life Saving Club grinds on regardless of the season.

No, there will be no beach patrols any time soon but for Lyndall and her Curly Sound Waves organising committee, things are hotting up.

Sound Waves will be staged on Sunday, 14 October, 2007 and there is much to be organised and Lyndall is just the woman for the job. This event is planned like a military operation and anyone who comes within the sight of Lyndall is likely to get conscripted for the cause.

Of course, if you do like to be involved, contact Lyndall and she will be only too pleased to accept your offer of help.

For those of you that are new to the Club, Curly Sound Waves is a biennial food and music festival that is held in the carpark between the rock pool and the Clubhouse. It is a huge event for the Club, it attracts many visitors and it is a great fund raiser. Weather permitting, this year should be the best yet. More news about Sound Waves can be found on the Curly Sound Waves 2007 flyer attached at the back.

Thanks to Nathan Perry (NR) we have sold one of our surf boats to Porthowan Surf Life Saving Club in the United Kingdom. Surf boat rowing is very popular with the surf clubs in the UK but boats and equipment are scarce. We sold the Tom Stacey together with a trailer, some oars and equipment and the proceeds of sale will go towards the purchase of a new boat from NR which has already been ordered.

We have also sold the Tony Cuneo to a consortium headed by Kevin Moffat. Last count there were seven members in Kev's group and there is probably going to be a bit of rowing training ahead for some of us. I understand that Kevin has volunteered himself as head sweep which should be interesting if not fun.

I have already told you that Ribs towed our boat over to Perth with Denzil as a passenger and Barry Farrell towed it back to Sydney with Charlie Kuhn as a passenger.

I attempted to obtain first hand reports of both trips but, for medical reasons, this was not possible. Charlie Kuhn, however, came through with his version of his trip with Barry which appears later.

Errol Jones is our very dedicated and proud gym supervisor, as you are aware, so you can imagine Errol's despair when he was recently informed that our women rowers have forsaken the gym for the Diggers gym. When the girls were frequent patrons of our gym Errol had taken to using deodorants and after shave in such quantities that it made your eyes water. But I am reliably informed that it was not Errol's toilet that disturbed the girls but it may have been his new three-quarter length lurex gym shorts that put them off. I find it difficult to describe how Errol scrubbed up in this apparel but he could be compared with the Barry Humphrey's character 'Les Pattison' who would frequently strut about on stage wearing lurex slacks with a bratworst sausage strapped to his inside thigh while salivating over the girls in the chorus line. Come to think of it, I am glad the girls don't come any more because Errol has discarded his lurex clobber for a more conservative look - the old footy shorts he wore in the under 18's which he still squeezes into.

It disturbs me that a member of the Club now known as Eddie Haskell (refer to the last edition for a clue to his real identity) has stooped to leaving disparaging and anonymous notes concerning two senior Club members pinned to the notice board in the gym.

The object of Eddie's defamatory and derogatory notes, that he thought would remain anonymous, were your correspondent and poor Errol. Now I am quite capable of defending myself against scurrilous and unfounded comments but poor Errol is not so resilient. I am unceasing in my efforts to boost Errol's self esteem and then this happens. Shame on your Eddie, how can you sleep?

ROCKS ON THE SAND NO MORE

I am happy to report that the Council have sifted all of the rocks out of the sand in front of the Clubhouse. The sand is now clear of rocks and stones and it will soon return to its former pristine condition. Many thanks to Bruce Lindsay, Clinton Rose and others from Warringah Council who were instrumental in this matter.

NEW CONCRETE RAMP

The construction of a new concrete ramp onto the beach has taken a step forward. The DA for the construction of the ramp has been approved and it is now likely to be constructed during the winter months of 2008. Another tick in the box.

NEWS ON OUR DA FOR IMPROVEMENTS TO CLUB BUILDINGS

We are still working on obtaining reports from various experts for the purposes of responding to a request for further information from Council in relation to our DA.

The DA has attracted plenty of interest from local residents, hence the request from Council to prepare a detailed report relating to the likely impact of our DA proposals on the views and amenities of neighbouring residents.

Having regard to our modest proposal, we remain confident that we will be able to satisfy the concerns of Council and the local residents.

The Club was constructed in the 1930's with some additions in the 1960's. This is 2007 and our DA is a timely attempt to gain approval from the local authorities to bring our facilities up to a standard enjoyed by our neighbouring clubs for many years.

IT IS A LONG WAY FROM PERTH TO SYDNEY

Charlie Kuhn has contributed the following account of his trip as a companion to Barry Farrell on their trip in a ute towing a surf boat from Perth to Sydney.

"We flew over on Friday, 22 March 2007. It was the most fantastic flight I've had. A clear day all the way, with Oz on display.

The Championships, well, I thought our girls had won. There is a need for an electronic finish line with screen, to fairly cope with the extremely tight racing, though I won't hold my breath for SLSA to make it happen. It took them 50 years to produce a "safety" belt, remember?

Monday, 25th and we prepared the van and trailer for the trip east, at Scarborough. We found that the right hand blinker wasn't working on the trailer.

Proceeded to Fremantle Maritime Museum, then headed south towards Busselton. Half way down that stretch, Barry said "Chicka, how far have we got to go?" and I said "Not far, we'll go shopping in Busselton".

Busselton is a nice, clean, quite boring place but we had a comfortable night there.

Next day we continued down through Margaret River, to Cape Leeuwin. A change had come over the weather, it had gone cold and windy, with rain. The Cape was interesting but miserable so I continued on driving through the forests to Pemberton to a room in the pub's motel.

Next day we visited the Tree Top Walk in the forest there, which was excellent, then on to Denmark, where Barry wanted to buy some wine, at Harewood Estate.

Barry was having a nice trip, but he must have been getting a bit bored, as I was driving along and he said "Chicka, did you know, I had colonoscopy recently, and it was, as you know, quiet unpleasant, and I said to the Doc 'could you write a note to Dicky Roberts saying that my head is not up there?' -- Dicky can be cruel you know!

Anyway we stayed at Albany that night which was virtually the end of the touristy sight-seeing bit, which had been curtailed somewhat due to the weather.

The next leg was Albany to Esperance and Barry got his hands on the wheel for a bit here, the first two hours of the 600k stretch in fairly ordinary grazing country. This is the stretch where Barry said "Chicka, do you mind if we play a bit of Mozart here?" and of course I said "OK, what does he sing?" But I put him on and it wasn't too bad. After that I got to play John Williamson (Hey, True Blue) etc. and Barry was nice enough to accept that. At least you can understand the words.

Anyway, it was here, where it was my turn to drive again, that we found that we're both great fans of Nat King Cole and Karen Carpenter.

We got to Esperance in the dark and found a caravan park and booked in, the owner used to row for Caves Beach.

Esperance is badly involved in an ecological disaster. Lead Carbonate is exported here using big bulk carrying ships which load up at the harbour facilities and it seems they are loaded with not much care, as the local people finally got sick of complaining and collected

4,000 dead birds and dumped them on Council's steps. Tests have also revealed that all the town's water tanks are affected.

Before we left, I had a look around the very bushy caravan park at 7.00 am and there were no birds. So we left.

Cruising along north, towards Horseman, Barry said "How far to go now, Chicka?" and I said "The best part is coming up" and on we cruised, coffee and fuel at Norseman, and onwards into the fantastic Nullabor, Balladonia, Caiguna, Madura Pass and down onto the long straight sandhill stretch to Eucla, which we reached about 7 pm, a 12 hour stretch. We shared a bit of the driving here.

The chief item of conversation on this leg, between two music buffs, was the domestic separation between Paul McCartney and Heather. The jokes were fairly prosthetic!

"Heather said 'He has been my crutch for so long, I'm stumped.'"

"She has been running around in circles" a friend said "She will need all the support she can get".

Also her battle with alcoholism, Macca couldn't handle it anymore, he'd come home and find her legless!

Finally, a poem by Sir Paul:-

"I lay upon a grassy bank, my hands were all aquiver

I slowly remove her suspender belt, and her leg fell in the river!"

Paul will find it difficult to find another woman who can fill her shoe!

We set off from Eucla, calling in at the cliff top viewing places where you can see a 300ft deep cross section of Australia, the cliff extends for 300 kms, with the Southern Ocean gnawing away at Oz.

On we went, and once, while Barry sneaked in a bit of driving, I slipped a CD in of Dvorak's New World Symphony, marvellously evocative stuff, but it only got one play.

Had a nice stay in Minitpa, and headed out east again, past Port Augusta and up onto the plateau and on to Broken Hill.

The next day was a big one, Broken Hill, through Willcania, to Cobar and turn north to Nyngan, then down through Dubbo to Molong. The trip was to be navigated to miss Willcania. It's a fuel stop only now, there is no accommodation anymore, the town is in almost total lockdown because of the Aborigines. Bumper was appalled.

A nice overnight at Molong and I took the wheel for the last time, for the trip down through Orange, Bathurst, Lithgow and up over the hill towards Kurrajong. I handed over to Bumper and he said "Chicka, we've got to get that blinker fixed up!" and I said "She'll be right mate, just don't do any right turns!" So he winged away and I navigated us down onto the 2/40 freeway and we came in through Mona Vale Rd and South Curly at 1.00 pm.

We both would like to thank Ribs for his confidence in letting us (me) drive his van, and the Club for the financial assistance to do the trip. It was my fourth trip across and it doesn't lose its appeal.

CHICKA KUHN"

Unfortunately, Barry Farrell is still undergoing therapy and he will be unable to provide his account of the trip and its effect on him until he recovers from the trauma of spending so much time in close quarters with Chicka. I will give you a tip - don't mention the trip in Barry's presence.

IT IS A LONGER GRIP FROM SYDNEY TO PERTH.....

At least it is when your travelling companion is Denzil.

After being couped up in a cabin with Denzil for seven days, Ribs disembarked from his ute in a dazed state. He had just endured 7 x 24 hours of continuous monologue from Denzil who never told the same story twice.

Denzil's monologues do not require an answer which is lucky because Ribs never got a chance to offer a comment in seven long days. I believe that Ribs is seeing the same therapist who is treating Barry and I hear the treatment calls for long period of silence.

Denzil's version of the trip will not be printed in this magazine for obvious reasons because it would need to be serialised. Rib's version will not be printed either because his therapist has warned me not to remind Ribs of the trip because it may cause a relapse and set him back months..

I hear that next year, plans are being made for Charlie and Denzil will travel together and Ribs and Barry are likely travelling companions. This arrangement should avoid a bit of stress for our travellers.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

You may have heard about the story how the name of the suburb 'Harbord' came about. In 1923 a letter from Warringah Council to the Post Master General's Department dated 17 August was written the following: "The Council has been requested by local bodies concerned to endeavour to have the name of Freshwater changed to Harbord.

As you are doubtless aware, Freshwater, although containing one of the safest beaches on the coast, has long fallen into disrepute on account of the people of doubtful and riotous character, who frequent the place in the summer time.

Although the place is gradually being cleaned up, thanks to the hearty co-operation between the police and the Council, it is thought that the stigma will always be attached to the name, Council, therefore, respectfully requests that your department will be so good as to change the name of the postal district from Freshwater to Harbord, the latter being the original name of the locality."

Well, the yuppies are at it again as evidenced by the recent failed attempt to have the name of the suburb and parts of Curl Curl changed back to Freshwater.

And this leads to another story which is also concerned with yuppies. I grew up in the local area and as a kid, I always felt the deepest sympathy for anyone at school who had the misfortune to live at Curl Curl, especially North Curl Curl. The local Council had commissioned a garbage tip on the sand dunes behind North Curly Beach and later another garbage tip was located where the present soccer fields and netball courts are at

John Fisher Park. The stench of the tip extended over most of North Curly and at time could be detected over at South Curly

I am sure that the toxic vapours that spread over much of North Curly caused brain damage to some residents which was borne out by the appearance and behaviour of many of the local residents of that time. Things have certainly changed in recent years, now Curly is infested with yuppies, most of them recent blow-ins. The advent of the yuppie migration to Curly is not entirely a bad thing, it's actually lifted the style and culture of the place and it has driven out most of the ferals. Some say that this explains why I moved up to Narrabeen, which still has a healthy population of ferals, thank goodness, especially around the shores of the lake where I now live. I plan to apply for membership of the 750 club in the near future and I dream of the day when I join my fellow members by the lake at 7.00 am sipping on long necks.

FELIX THE FELICITOUS

Talking about names, I have a new grandson and his name is Felix. It is a Latin name and it means happy as does the feminine counterpart of the name - Felice from which name Felicity is no doubt derived. Why am I telling you this? Because I can and I am very proud of the little champion. My kids were all members of the Club and no doubt Felix and his older brother Harper will follow in their footsteps. I can't wait.

FOOTY CORNER

Like most people in the area, I have always been a very keen supporter of the mighty Manly Sea Eagles who are currently enjoying a great season.

In the rugby code, however, I am firmly in the corner of the Warringah Rats who recently flogged the Manly Marlins (by one point). The only reason that Manly got so close was that they had three of our former players plus the assistant coach (who was also one of ours) - and the Rats felt sorry for them and let them catch up a little when the game was virtually over. You may think that I am a little one sided, but that is not true. There is more than one side to me and all sides reckon that the Rats will win the comp this year.

After the finish of the Shute Shield, I will follow the fortunes of the Northern Rays who will be coached by John McKee (current Rats coach) and will play out of the Blue Tongue Stadium at Gosford.

The Northern Rays will be the local team in the Australian Provincial Competition which is the new level of rugby introduced this year with a view to strengthening Australian Rugby. Get behind them, they will certainly be well coached by John McKee and his assistant, Lachlan Fear, who is well known to the members of the Club.

CLUB WEB SITE

Our web site is set to get an infusion of new energy. One of our nipper dads and a recent bronze graduate, Paul Jeffress, has volunteered to manage the site and you will be sure to see changes, probably for the better. Paul has an IT background as a network engineer with IBM. Paul is keen to make the web site a good communication medium for all sectors of the Club. I wish him the best of luck and he will get all of our support.

FAREWELL TO HARRY

Liane's grandfather, Harry, who reached the incredible age of 106, recently passed away. Liane was very devoted to her grandfather and she will no doubt miss him. By coincidence, one of Liane's dogs, also called Harry, also passed away. We feel for you Liane.

MATT ASHCROFT

Don't forget, Matt is getting married in September and you are all invited. You just have to get yourselves to London to attend the wedding. Ash is a champion bloke and we wish him every happiness.

RAY REES

Ray will be spending the next few weeks in his homeland of Wales. He will be attending an anniversary ceremony of his old surf club in Wales - Abernavan SLSC. He is worried though that he may not be understood in his homeland. He has been in Australia so long, he wonders if his Australian drawl will confuse his old countrymen. I suggest that there is no need for Ray to be concerned.

CHARLIE'S CHUCKLES

We have a few good jokes this edition but, unfortunately, none from Charlie. We will just have to make do, won't we?

What about this Irish Theme...

"In a Belfast pub comes Paddy Murphy,
looking like he'd just been run over by a train.
His arm is in a sling, his nose is broken,
his face is cut and bruised and he's walking with a limp.

"What happened to you?" asks Sean, the bartender.

"Jamie O'Conner and me had a fight," says Paddy.

"That little shit, O'Conner," says Sean, "He couldn't do that to you, he must have had something in his hand."

"That he did," says Paddy, "a shovel is what he had, and a terrible lickin' he gave me with it."

"Well," says Sean, "You should have defended yourself, didn't you have something in your hand?"

"That I did," said Paddy.

"Mrs. O'Conner's breast, and a thing of beauty it was, but useless in a fight."

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road.

A cop pulls him over.

"So," says the cop to the driver, "where have ya been?"

"Why, I've been to the pub of course," slurs the drunk.

"Well," says the cop, "it looks like you've had quite a few drinks this evening."

"I did all right," the drunk says with a smile.

"Did you know," says the cop, standing straight and folding his arms across his chest, "that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens," sighs the drunk.

"For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."

Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, when Tim Finnegan arrives at her door.

"Brenda, may I come in?" he asks.

"I've somethin' to tell ya."

"Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda." There was an accident down at the Guinness brewery...."

" Oh, God no!" cries Brenda. "Please don't tell me."

"I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry."

Finally, she looked up at Tim.

"How did it happen, Tim?"

"It was terrible, Brenda, He fell into a vat of Guinness Stout and drowned."

"Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me the truth, Tim. Did he at least go quickly?"

"Well, Brenda.....no. In fact, he got out three times to pee."

Mary Clancy goes up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday morning service, and she's in tears.

He says, "so what's bothering you, Mary my dear?"

She says, "Oh, Father, I've got terrible news. My husband passed away last night."

The priest says, "Oh, Mary, that's terrible. Tell me, Mary, did he have any last requests?"

She says, "That he did, Father."

The priest says, "What did he ask, Mary?"

She says, He said,
"Please Mary, put down that damn gun..."

A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing.

The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention but the drunk continues to sit there.

Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall.

The drunk mumbles, "ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either!"

A wife came home early and found her husband in their bedroom making love to a very attractive young woman. And was somewhat upset. "You are a disrespectful pig!" she cried. "How dare you do this to me - a faithful wife, the mother of your children! I'm leaving you. I want a divorce straight away!"

And Paddy (for it was he) replied "Hang on just a minute luv, so at least I can tell you what happened."

"Fine, go ahead", she sobbed, "but they'll be the last words you'll say to me!"

And Paddy began -

"Well, I was getting into the car to drive home and this young lady here asked me for a lift. She looked so down and out and defenceless that I took pity on her and let her into the car. I noticed that she was very thin, not well dressed and very dirty. She told me that she hadn't eaten for three days!

So, in my compassion, I brought her home and warmed up the enchiladas I made for you last night, the ones you wouldn't eat because you're afraid you'll put on weight. The poor thing devoured them in moments.

Since she needed a good clean-up I suggested a shower and while she was doing that I noticed her clothes were dirty and full of holes so I threw them away. Then, as she needed clothes, I gave her the designer jeans that you have had for a few years, but don't use because you say they are too tight.

I also gave her the underwear that was your anniversary present, which you don't use because I don't have good taste. I found the sexy blouse my sister gave you for Christmas that you don't use just to annoy her and I also donated those boots you bought at the expensive boutique and don't use because someone at work has a pair the same.

Here Paddy took a quick breath and continued:

"She was so grateful for my understanding and help and as I walked her to the door she turned to me with tears in her eyes and said:

"Please.... do you have anything else that your wife doesn't use?"

Here are 12 of the best double-entendres ever aired on British TV and radio.

1. Pat Glenn, weightlifting commentator - "And this is Gregoriava from Bulgaria. I saw her snatch this morning and it was amazing!"
2. New Zealand rugby Commentator - "Andrew Mehrtens loves it when Daryl Gibson comes inside of him."
3. Ted Walsh - Horse Racing Commentator - "This is really a lovely horse. I once rode her mother."
4. Harry Carpenter at the Oxford-Cambridge boat race 1977 - "Ah, isn't that nice. The wife of the Cambridge President is kissing the Cox of the Oxford crew."
5. US PGA Commentator - "One of the reasons Arnie (Arnold Palmer) is playing so well is that, before each tee shot, his wife takes out his balls and kisses themOh my god!! What have I just said??"
6. Carenza Lewis about finding food in the Middle Ages on 'time Team Live' said: "You'd eat beaver if you could get it."
7. A female news anchor who, the day after it was supposed to have snowed and didn't, turned to the weatherman and asked, "So Bob, where's the eight inches you promised me last night?" Not only did HE have to leave the set, but half the crew did too, because they were laughing so hard!
8. Steve Ryder covering the US masters: "Ballesteros felt much better today after a 69 yesterday."
9. Clair Frisby talking about a jumbo hot dog on Look North said: "There's nothing like a big hot sausage inside you on a cold night like this."
10. Mike Hallett discussing missed snooker shots on Sky Sports: "Stephen Hendry jumps on Steve Davis' misses every chance he gets."

11. Michael Buerk on watching Phillipa Forrester cuddle up to a male astronomer for warmth during BBC1's UK eclipse coverage remarked:
"They seem cold out there, they're rubbing each other and he's only come in his shorts."

12. Ken Brown commentating on golfer Nick Faldo and his caddie Fanny Sunneson lining-up shots at the Scottish Open:
"some weeks Nick likes to use Fanny, other weeks he prefers to do it by himself."

A Lesson in History

Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846.
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860.
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.

Both were particularly concerned with civil rights.
Both wives lost their children while living in the White House.

Both Presidents were shot on a Friday.
Both Presidents were shot in the head.

Now it gets really weird.

Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln.

Both were assassinated by Southerners.
Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson.

Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.
Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.
Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy, was born in 1939.

Both assassins were known by their three names.
Both names are composed of fifteen letters.

Now hang on to your seat

Lincoln was shot at the theatre named 'Ford'.
Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford'.

Lincoln was shot in a theatre and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse.
Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theatre.

Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials.

And here's the kicker...

A week before Lincoln was shot, he was in Monroe, Maryland.
A week before Kennedy was shot, he was in Marilyn Monroe.

GREENSLEEVES - GREENFINGERS

You may recall this old tune. It is a traditional English folk song and tune dating back to the late 16th Century. Legend has it that it was written by King Henry VIII for his lover and future consort Anne Boleyn.

Well, South Curl Curl SLSC has its own Greenfinger in Zulu Setree. While Zulu is not exactly King Henry VIII, it is strongly rumoured that Zulu's recent foray into gardening is inspired by the woman in his life, the lovely Lisa. Be that as it may, Zulu has done a great job greening SCCSLSC and he deserves the credit for the procurement and planting of all of the many salt resistant shrubs that have recently materialised around the Clubhouse. Once established, they will look great. All Zulu has to do now is to keep the water up to them and keep the rabbits at bay. Secateurs are now compulsory equipment on Zulu's patrols.

SNOW SEASON ACCOMMODATION

Two of our most popular Club members, Gaye and Rob Michael own a couple of apartments down in Jindabyne which they let for holidays during the ski season. Gaye suggested that I print the following:

"Ski season - brand new apartments in Jindabyne town centre. Great rates for South Curly members. See our website [www.ski.com.au/hotel 25](http://www.ski.com.au/hotel_25) for photos and rates - but we'll do better rates than published ones. Owned by Flea and Gaye. Also guaranteed to get you on the turps and off the mountain."

Over to you, they are nice apartments in a great location.

CRESCENT HEAD

No, we are not running a holiday letting agency but we do have access to two luxury brand new three bedroom duplex units right in Crescent close to the golf course, Country Club and the beach. They are called Beach Club 1 and 2 and the letting agent is Point Break Realty in Crescent. I do, however, know the owners of these properties quite well and if you are interested, a deal can be negotiated. Contact Martin if interested.

Crescent Head, for the uninitiated, is a great little country hamlet not far from Kempsey and it has a great mal wave that goes for miles. It is Baby Boomer paradise judging by the large numbers of pot bellied middle aged born again surfers parading round the place with their flabby muscles on full display looking absolutely pathetic.

SPONSORS

The Club is sponsored by some great local businesses that deserve our thanks and recognition.

They are:-

Harbord Beach Hotel
Harbord Diggers Club (Mounties)
Manly Aluminium Windows
The Allan Hall Partnership - Chartered Accountants
Bendigo Community Bank Harbord
Freshwater Financial Services
My Life
Wong & Mayes Chartered Accountants

A sincere thanks to these organisations without whose support, life at the Club would be difficult.



curly sound waves 2007

fun - food - wine - music

Well we are on our way towards another Curly Sound Waves and we can't wait! We have a great team working towards making this CSW the best yet but as usual we need you.

First item is - *Who has all the Curly Sound Waves shirts!* We know they're a sought-after fashion item but could you all please check your wardrobes and hand over any stray shirts!

HOW CAN YOU HELP??

Event Sponsorship - CSW is always looking for sponsors so if your company would like to take advantage of this great opportunity to promote their business and support South Curly, let us know. Sponsorship of \$500 will buy signage on one of the Food Stalls and a \$1,000 sponsorship package includes 2 VIP Deck tickets!

VIP Tickets - the VIP deck is, as you know, great value for money @ \$100 per ticket with all the seafood and grog you can manage in a three hour period—then just stroll down to the main stage in time for Craig Calhoun and the Brothers of Oz to strut their stuff! We need each member to try and sell 2 VIP Deck tickets. That's easier than having to sell books of raffle tickets isn't it! Contact Meagan Evans for more details (details below).

On the Day - put the date in your diary and be prepared to get involved on the day with this great event. We need help from setup to shut down—we'll be in touch closer to the event to pin you down for a job—not that it's work, enjoying the great view at Sth Curly, listening to some great music and serving the very supportive public!

Raffle Items - goods/services wanted to raffle in VIP area. This is a great money-spinner so if anyone has any contacts who would be willing to donate almost anything, it would be much appreciated.

Contacts Anyone? - If anyone has any access to (or contacts in the area of) laminating and colour/black & white photocopying for our promotional needs, please contact Lyndall (details below) or a contact for a talented local sand-sculptor who might be willing to come along and sculpt away as another bit of entertainment?

Curly Sound Waves Contacts:

General CSW
Lyndall Flemming
0414 264 099

VIP Deck
Meagan Evans
0410 4710 637

proudly presented by south curl curl surf life saving club