

NARROWNECK LONGBOARD CLUB

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NEWSLETTER – OCTOBER 2008

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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	Gary Bax	Andrew Cottle	

**Next Club Contest: Sunday 9 November 2008 at
Narrowneck if the Indy stuff is gone or alternatively at
the Carpark opposite SeaWorld carpark. 7:00 start
Committee Meeting: Thursday 13 November 2008
At Candice's parents place,
10 Cameron Crt, Ashmore 7:00PM**

The Prez Report:

G'day fight fans.

Another good day for a comp at Sea World with contestable waves and nice weather. Everyone that turned up got some nice waves depending on what stage the tide was and if you caught a heat with the shore dump working. Some good rides were had by Skydiver and Wazza, Scott and Taipan from out the back with some juicy inside waves caught by the hardy few. James of the Patterson clan had one eventful heat with two great wipe-outs, the second one was absolutely superb and brought cheers from all corners, I think he will be losing sand from you know what for quite awhile. On the other side you had to feel for Mumbles what with going down to Evans Head and having his name called out in the board draw Saturday night and not being there on the night could not claim the prize, and then comp day cops a few dings in the first round, goes out in the second round and comes back in with three pieces

of board. Should have stayed in bed. The girls turned up for their day and as usual the barby was a treat cooked by chefs Skydiver and Angus and helpers. I am using Skydivers nickname as he keeps getting himself mixed up with Wayne P on the comp board.

Now the Xmas party is on soon and still \$5.00 a head - need numbers please and money so we sort out for caterers, also all perpetual trophies back next comp please.

All for now see you in the green room.

Normie Da Prez.

So much to write about, so little time.

Evans Head Invitational

A few of the NLC families headed down during the week for a sneak peek at the waves and to try to suss the joint out. In the past couple of Newsletters you may recall that I mentioned that Waz continually left Chloe's wetsuit at home. Well guess what? You got it, he did it again at Evans. And the water was as cold as a Mother-in-Law's kiss. But the forces of Karma were at play. Early in the week, Waz unfortunately left his steamer and towel hanging over his ground floor apartment balcony rail and some dirty, scummy, lowlife grub knocked them off during the night.

According to Senor Bax who has some local knowledge, things have a tendency to walk as there is no Police presence in the town. Funnily enough, Waz was also warning us that one of his contacts had said something similar.

I think they must have knocked off all Waz's undies as well, because he insisted on "going commando" all weekend.

Now Mr Beattie is a very caring, sharing type but Waz, there are some things that don't need to be shared or shown.

A couple of the crew who were a bit too keen to get to Evans in a hurry paid the price and as it was school holidays and a long weekend in NSW, it attracted double demerit points. Both Brick and Lothario copped fines and **SIX** points. Ouch.

NLC members had some reasonable results with Grunta scoring third in the Old Mal event and Philthy got sixth in the O55s. There was a big roll up with about 18 surfing members plus families. Gary Bax, Kevy K1, Migaloo, Skydiver, Waz, Da Prez and Mumbles all went hard, but apart from the odd wave here and there couldn't perform at their best in the very ordinary conditions. Apologies to those who made the semi-finals I can't recall who you were due to those brain cells being launched into the ocean outfall.

I do recall some poor hapless soul dropping in on Mumbles and got seriously penalised as he went from first place to fourth in the placings of the heats of the O55s.

Basically it was crap with Northerly winds, cold sloppy surf and brown water. While the conditions might have been the same for everyone in the heats, a little local knowledge certainly helped. Some of us (me) didn't even bother the judges with our efforts. I did however score the Wipeout of the Comp for falling three times on one wave. Unbelievable. One of my best.

And thanks very much to Byron Bay Longboards for the gift certificate.

Gaz and Kev were staying at the Bax seniors Retirement Village and playing Grope a Granny all weekend, the filthy swine. Old Gladys from Number 32 has a lot to answer for with those late night phone calls. And I don't care if she did promise to take her dentures out, there was no way that I was calling in for a cuppa. You boys are very naughty.

Airdy and I got our wires crossed about where to meet and at what time on Friday night which resulted in him being placed on a strict curfew for the rest of the weekend. Anyway Skydiver won a 9' high performance, channel hulled, diamond tailed, quad fin on Saturday night in the competitor's draw. Actually his was the sixth name called in the competitor's draw. None of the others were present to claim it. This included our very own Mumble Man whose name came out second, but unfortunately was firmly ensconced in his tent when his name was called. Skydiver has arranged for the board to be sold at Dukes on consignment and most generously is donating the funds to the Club.

On the Sunday we had a bit of a surfari to try and sniff out a wave anywhere along the coast. We looked from Broadwater to the Bombing Range and found nothing. Tragic.

Da Prez and numerous unnamed others repeatedly did their best to punish their livers and kill off the slower brain cells at the Bowls Club. Check the idiot grins in the photos. And I suspect that the number of glasses at the Bowlo may be slightly lower now than when certain Gold Coast kleptos arrived. And I am not allowed to mention the blonde sheila in the painted on jeans strutting her stuff on the dance floor. Or Migaloo's \$3 shirt.

On Saturday night in the camping grounds at Evans Head, the Thurlows had a chair thrown on their tent by some hooligans. They also had a young girl looking for solace in their tent fearing for her safety. Apparently the chair throwing was common place on Saturday night and numerous others were similarly assailed.

On the off chance that there might have been a wave, the Brick and I called in to Tallows at Byron on the way home on Monday arvo. After surfing in filthy onshore slop for three days, it was clean, green and offshore with A frame

peaks about hip-high all along the beach. A fine way to round out the weekend.

October Comp

What a day it was, we had it all. Dummy spits, drop ins, dings, wipe outs, broken boards and blood but not necessarily in that order. Actually, apart from the blood where Waz smacked me across the melon with a tent pole, all of the incidents revolved around one bloke who for the moment shall remain nameless.

James Patterson made a few fine bids for wipe out of the year with some excellent performances in the shore break. Acquired brain injuries are always a distinct possibility on days such as this and are very hard to explain, so best not tell your mother Little Patto.

Numerous blokes obviously thought that they could fly when they attempted to negotiate the shorey with Captain Chris spectacularly launching his McTavish into the stratosphere and Tony also flinging himself into a solid wall. Apparently Tony's nickname is Hilton – (don't ask me, I don't know how he came by it). Maybe he is related to or had relations with Paris? I hope so.

In the Juniors, who were the first heat into the water – Nick, Cody, Ellen and Jordan all scored some good waves. It looked at one stage like this crew would max out their wave count. Ellen Hayward refuses to let Father Philthy cramp her style and she paddled out further and caught more and longer waves than the grey haired Welshman.

There were about a dozen old farts floundering about but Barnacle Bob and the Prez shone on the day. Kevy managed to get drilled in pretty spectacular fashion. Seems he just picked up where he left off last month, much like some others who couldn't get a wave to save themselves.

In the first round of the old blokes, Hilton dropped in and dinged Mumbles board in a couple of spots. After a discussion, Hilton agreed to cover the costs of the repairs and Paul went off in search of some tape to cover up some relatively minor dings to the rail. Job done and roll on the second round.

Mumbles, as always the Hell Man, pulled into a succession of heavy sections and got suitably hammered by a few waves on the trot. He had just scored a pretty good wave through to the inside bank and was making his way back out across the sandbank when a slightly larger wave came through and he dived under it copping the full force of the wave on his board and **Hey Presto** - three short boards. What a pissar.

As he made his way up the beach with his three boards, the yahooping reached a crescendo rarely heard on that quiet section of beach. And all the pent up emotions overflowed. The assembled throng had to duck for cover from the resultant spray as Mumbles launched into an invective laden tirade

from 50 metres away. If you weren't there, ask somebody who was. They're easily recognisable by the singed eyebrows.

He said something like "growfy rohdo yer arses, yaplunking kapishnix. Mahinny borgo bloody interfargyl" That certainly put us in our place.

I'm just glad none of us were within hitting distance. By the time he had dragged his boards up to the deluxe NLC mobile Pavilion, he had marginally regained his composure. But only just.

Anyway, the three pieces were flung into the sand and he proceeded to collect his clothes and bits and shot through. As they say in the classics, "the dummy hit the dirt". Actually it hit the dirt with so much force it made a six metre wide crater.

The funny thing is he lobbed it on to Hilton and said to him that he had weakened it by banging it up earlier so he should fix it. Nice try Mumbles. What about all of the poundings that you gave it on the day and every other time that you rode it? I can understand Hilton paying for the previous ding repairs but certainly not to have it remade. That's a bit cheeky.

In the Open Section henceforth known as the "young fellas", Scotty Newman, Grunta, Coombsie, Waz, Migaloo, Taipan, Skiddo and Mr T all charged and managed to score some honker waves. This promises to be a real close run season.

In one heat Normie and Wayne managed to confuse the judges and themselves by wearing the same coloured rashie. No wonder the bloke in blue caught so many waves.

Angus has a new arsehole after his hernia operation went slightly awry. Back in the water soon but probably not quickly enough to shore up his position in the top ten. The Chief Tallier was being exceptionally coy about the rankings as we are getting close to the end of the season. Only one more round to be counted this year comrades. Apparently there are only a few points separating the entire top ten places.

Ladies day BBQ was excellent thanks to all who contributed and to Joanie, Sal, Melissa (Johnny T's lady) and Lucy T for turning up.

A few of us observed an amusing incident among the juniors as we participated in the BBQ. Nick Davies got up from his seat to get something and left his open can of Coke sitting in the holder in the arm of the chair. His mate Cody grabbed the nearest sauce bottle and shot big squirt of BBQ sauce into the open drink much to the amusement of Chloe. Fair dinkum, these two could barely contain themselves and of course, Nick came back and took a big pull on the drink with the expected result of Coke/sauce being spat out fairly quickly. And then Cody had the remnants of the can tipped over him.

Wish I had my movie camera running for that one. Classic.

I seem to recall the odd occasion where I ended up with the contents of the salt shaker being dumped on my meal as one of my friends had loosened the top. Ah, practical jokes. Gotta love 'em.

Tony Beattie and the lovely Karen fronted for the BBQ and Tony showed off the seven stitches in his scone where he got hit by his fin a few days earlier. Man, that had to hurt.

Brick lost a lens from the special sun glasses that he wears in the surf, so no more Fearless Fly look.

As a postscript to the shenanigans at the comp, Mr Thurlow sent me an SMS apologising for the hissy fit. No need for that old son. At the end of the day, lots of people break boards and cop a ribbing over it. The last few have included Mike Austin, Rhys Watson and Brad Holmes who didn't even manage to get his board in the water before it was run over by a 4WD.

OTHER CRAP. What's been doing around the beach? All the rubbish that's fit to print (and a fair bit that isn't).

It's essential that previous winners of the **perpetual trophies** bring them back at the next comp so that we can get them engraved. **The Christmas Party/Annual General Meeting/Presentation of Trophies** is on at the Ashmore Tavern on **Sunday 7 December**. Cost is only **\$5 per person**. Please let the Committee know if you are planning to come so we can arrange the catering. Loud shirts are essential.

Drouyn

Former Australian and World Champ Peter Drouyn wants to have a gender reassignment. When we last heard from Peter he was doing it pretty tough financially and was living in a caravan at Nerang but he is now sharing an apartment with his 92 year old father up at Labrador. He now wants to be known as ~~Freda Flatulence Cora Catabatic Florence Flutterblast Simone Sirocco~~ Westerly Windena and is hoping to emulate Marilyn Monroe. Westerly says that over the past 8 years the male hormones have drained from his body and have been replaced by female ones. He says he has had no hormone therapy, it is totally natural and hasn't been intentional, it's just happening.

Apparently Peter is **in the process of writing a book** and had a double page article in New Woman magazine. How appropriate. New Woman geddit? Oh, sometimes I amuse myself.

Actually I think it was New Idea, which is also appropriate. He also had a segment on TodayTonight which was pretty crook for those that happened to miss it. It wasn't very sympathetic at all. So next time you are sipping your

half strength soy lattes with a twist of lemon in Skinnydippers Café, go over and say hello.

Currently he is a cross dressing, pre-operation transgenderist also called a transvestite but be clear, there are no sexual connotations here. If he has the operation he will become a transsexual, if you think that is a bit confusing what must it have been like for him? SO LET'S DO THE TIME WARP AGAIN.

If he still fancies women will he be a lesbian? Oh, let's not go there. Actually I find this all a bit sad.

Taipan

No, this is not another cross dressing story. I supposedly wasn't allowed to mention Toovey's marriage to Brick's daughter, because of the fear that you blokes would all front up and drink the Sofitel dry. I tried to explain to Ella, the intended Bride and Linda, her mother (a) that nobody at the Club reads the Newsletter and (b) those that did, couldn't give a rat's arse and that you are a particularly apathetic bunch who wouldn't drive to Broadbeach just for free beers, but still some issues persist.

CLUB SURFING CALENDAR

Sunday 9 Nov	Regular club round 7:00 AM	At Narrowneck provided the Indy stuff has gone, if not it will be at SeaWorld. Stay tuned
Thursday 13 Nov	C'ttee meeting	Presidential Palace
Sun 7 December	The legendary NLC Ashmore Tavern Presentation of Trophies	I'm not sure I am ready
Sun 14 Dec	Regular club round 7:00 AM	At Narrowneck. First round of the 08/09 season

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