

GREETINGS, Lizards and Lizitors to our first meeting of the Seventies.

Your editor will not try to emulate Lennox Walker (who forecast heavy rain on Christmas Day) but I would to forecast that today will be a beautiful day. As we all know, it never rains on Lizards' Day. And when it does, you bloody fools still turn out, just to prove you're a wet lot of clots.

TODAY'S MEETING is for the Johnny Atkins trophy. There will be keen competition for this trophy because it is understood that it consists of a taxi ride to the Black Stump. (Make your own way home, of course). Naturally, the winner will be expected to pay normal mileage but John will not insist on any surcharges such as tips, Bridge toll etc. By the way, he'll be going by way of Roseville Bridge.

NEAREST THE PIN. Because it's the start of a new decade our President has resolved to be daring and venturesome. He has therefore declared that the nearest the pin will be the 1st and 17th.

<u>LAST MONTH.</u>	Winner..	Dave Treharne	48 pts.	off	40.
	2nd.	Bill Townsend	47	"	25
	3rd...	Ted Clare	45	"	27
<u>Visitors.</u>	1st...	Mike Hennessy	53	"	40
	2nd...	Ted Holliday	45	"	30

Nearest the Pins. 1st.. Ted Holliday 17th..Kev Elvy.
The Dave Treharne Bradman Trophy went to Lancy Try with 29 off 28.

You will recall that it was reported last month that D.T. loudly complained his handicap was too low, he hadn't played for so long. I wonder how loudly he complains today when he sees his new handicap. Mind you, I think he realises his handicap is going to nose-dive because my spies report that he and Ted Holliday were here last Sunday secretly practising.

Points of Interest New member, Jim Buchanan, on a handicap of 25 made the green on the long 7th from the tee. How long will he be on 25?

Young Mike Hennessy, as you can see above, made 53 points. He's obviously his father's son, bloody burglar. The Christmas airies were Lance Try and Kev Lawler. THE KING, FOR 3 TIMES IN A ROW, DIDN'T HAVE ANY !

A great joy for your Editor. He outdrove Pres Les three times. Mind you, he was playing like an airy goat.

The previous meeting, the caterer, Kev Lawler, was criticised strongly for not providing your Ed's favourite i.e. liverwurst. Last month he went to great pains to provide two tins and then the bloody idiot forgot to take a tin opener. Roll on, election day.

John F. Tilley greeted the visitors. What is so newsworthy is that he didn't use that word once.

That mad chemist at Brookvale decided to make his own fly repellent. On the 2nd tee he liberally applied it on his arms and then his face, almost blinding

himself and then generously told his co-players, "I won't offer you any yet. It's new. Wait until you see if me face drops off" After a while, my co-players voted it a huge success. They reckoned that it repelled all the flies off them on to me.

HEARD OVER CHRISTMAS.

1. Julie and Ted Clare, newly married, invited Tom and Rae Beer to dinner. Julie had cooked the chicken for too long and when Ted cut it, it fell to pieces, showing this lovely polythene bag of giblets in the middle. Anyway, the guests rather hesitatingly started to eat. Julie noticed that Tom was bravely chewing and chewing and then saw something sticking out of his mouth. She grabbed it and pulled out about 18 inches of string which obviously had tied up the bag of giblets. Julie was so mortified that she bought a French, an Italian and a Chinese cookery book. The trouble is that Julie can't read French, Italian or Chinese.
2. Went to Try's place Boxing Day. Jean Try apologised for not turning up at our place on Christmas Day. I said we were sorry too because those who came were a high class, snooty mob and I needed her there to bring them down to her common level. Jean thanked me (rather faintly, I thought).
3. This bloke, L.S., got home late one morning in a very happy frame of mind about in time to start off for work. His wife, M---l, told him his breakfast was in the oven.. roast beef, roast potatoes and very roast cabbage. L.S took one shuddersome look and decided not to break his fast.
4. It has been suggested that another apt name for C.McC. is "Motel". Full every week-end.

GOLF HINT. (With acknowledgements to Sam Snead)

"Keep your head down, eye on the ball, left arm straight, wrists flexible. Above all, relax, don't worry.. you'll have an airy anyway. HAPPY GOLFING MUGS.

STOP PRESS. In view of the apparent lack of interest, it has been decided that the tote will not be run today. Should you wish for the tote to continue, you'll be welcome to speak later in the day.

JIM HOWE

Editor.