

Greetings to all Lizards and to their guests.

Today will be stinking hot and sticky - a day to sort out the men and boys. What class are you in Big Jack?

The event for today is Life Members Day - Lance Try & George Russell.

We all welcome George's return after so long an absence.

I cannot say how the winners will be decided because I cannot read their cunning little devious minds.

LAST MONTH'S RESULTS

Bill Smith's Trophy (the most two points per hole)

1st	Bill Townsend (14)	A bottle of Scotch
2nd	Paul Hennessey (12)	A bottle of Champagne

<u>Lizards</u>	1st	Bill Smith	40 off 22	on C.B. from
	2nd	Bill Townsend	40 off 18	

<u>Visitors</u>	1st	Fred Goozee	35 off 14
	2nd	P. Brown	32 off 36

Longest Drive Alis Campbell

<u>N. P's</u>	1st	Marty Plim
	17th	Lazy Summers

Bradman Ross Jenkin 8 points off 30

I cornered Ross in the Club a short while ago and questioned him at length. The replies I got led me to believe that his father had told Ross to play dead in preparation for Father-Son Day.

How low can a bloke get (you notice I don't say man) when he tries to lower his son to his own depraved depths.

So Fred, in your handicapping for next meeting, don't give way to your usual Suckership.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

- (1) After last month's game I wandered back to the Civic. There were P & B playing one of the machines. I went over to say hello and also to kiss B, who is most cuddlesome.

While we were talking, B asked me if I would like some information about P which I could print.

I said, yes of course.

B confided to me, such confidence will not be abused:

Flat Out Like for FEBRUARY 1974

"That bottle of Champagne P won today will probably make me the Oldest Mum in the Shire - I hope."

Now I can't work out for the life of me whether the I hope bit pertains to the Oldest Mum bit, or whether it meant in the sense of "Goodie Goodie it might be on again tonight."

P has rather over-aged.

Now P can only be described as being bloody skinny. His wife B is similarly beautifully slim.

It will be interesting to observe as time goes by, a straight vertical line become a straight vertical line which has swallowed a very large pumpkin.

You will notice that I've gone to great lengths not to identify the couple in question.

And couple is the word.

This is because it will also be interesting to observe all the nosy old Chooks eyeing each other up and down to see what is which.

- (2) A Graffiti I intend to write on the walls of all suitable places.

Royle Jenkin is a bloody great CLOT
What else to call him I know not WHAT
Except to say he's a bloody big TWIT
Indeed he is a bloody big NIT
You may think that I'm being Insulting
But after all he's so bloody REVOLTING!!!

- (3) You all know that the Americans have their Water Gate Affair.

But did you know that we have our own -

WATER BED AFFAIR

Recently because Bill Reid was returning to the U.S. he sold his water bed to Semaphore Fred.

Last Sunday S F decided to erect this monstrosity.

With a hose he started to fill the Thing (it holds 400 galls of water).

When it was full S F noticed there was a pin-sized leak.

He raced down to the local garage and got a self-vulcanizing patch.

He put a match to the patch and then stuck the patch over the pinhole.

The fabric melted and what was a pinhole leak developed into a hole about one inch across.

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There was a frantic showing of telephone books and things under the bed to raise the hole above water-level.

S F then raced over to Bass Hill (Liverpool way) to buy some bike tyre patches.

He finally got the Thing repaired.

Then for some inexplicable reason known only to S F's peculiar mind, he decided to empty out the water so that he could put more water in.

He yanked at the rubber stopper which was in a metal collar attached to the fabric.

Out came the stopper - and the metal collar.

Again the frantic pushing under of telephone books and things.

Again another successful patching job, but with no inlet or outlet for water. He's not sure whether he's got too much water or too little, because the Thing is heaped up in the middle and slopes down to the sides. It also goes slish-slosh whenever he moves, which you may think is quite often.

Anyway he decided to have an early night after his day's exertions. He likes to sleep with a minimum clothing because he likes his skin to breathe.

He and Elaine go to bed, and got colder & colder & colder.

S F had overlooked the fact that it takes the electric element at least 2 days to heat 400 galls of water to an acceptable temperature.

He winds up putting on thick socks, trousers, shirt, pullover, cardigan and overcoat and a woollen nightcap.

Elaine also puts on extra clothing.

He is puzzled why Elaine is not over-keen on the Thing. In fact she calls it the Bloody Thing.

I would love to be present, probably about 3 a.m. when one or both patches give up and S F suddenly wakes, swimming for his life.

Your Kindly Editor