



FLAT-OUT LIKE...

Being the last edition of the 1976/77 year, this is your Editors last chance to ADD to statis as a worthy contender for the "Paddle"-so just in case you don't get the point, let's start with the quote of the year:

" I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realise that what you heard, is not what I meant".

Like on of the better jokes of the year:

The bright young man admiring the statuesque blond in skin tight stretch pants " Tell me, how Do you get into those pants?.

She : "About four martinis".

And the most unlikely fine, copped by a Lizard caught without his badge, -

Kevin Campbell frolicking on Fijian Island met up with tourist Ehret who claimed the usual penalty. Seems the safest place for a Lizard is on Avalon Golf Course.

Well, not unusually, real gutter gossip is scarce, since so few of youse Lizards report those interesting goins-on with which normal Lizards go-on. So, your Editor has gravel rash again, crawling around snooping for snippets capable of improving your minds! Reminds me of an Irish joke.

Before proceeding with the mundane facts of last meeting and essential details of June meeting I would like you to know- How good it was to see life member George Russell out and about again after a recent heart attack. George, I am sure I speak for all your old Lizard mates and wish you a full recovery to your usual energetic happy self.

And a special collective cheerio to Mrs. Jock Ross, who has, unfortunately been hospitalised of late. Jock Please give our "kindest best wishes" to Bea - Hope she will be home and healthy soon.

Mary Thurston, so well known for her culinary skill, is still under Doctors orders, but with our very best wishes for restored health, will hopefully be active again soon.

So now to report on that classic Day, May 15th., President's Day. That was the day the Scots Mist was so heavy we almost got wet! Despite the poor visibility 19 tried and true Lizards arrived to compete for trophies. Four Lizators were also keen enough to join in the fun. One such visitor, Don Pitt, well known to Civic Club members, made the Capt./Handicappers Day by breaking his handicap - the only player to do so!

Anyhow, it was good to see how well organised our Lizards are, for coping with all things - even including the elements - and a good day was had by all present. The only non-golf result reported to date was how Capt./H'capper Dave found a cold in the head sufficient excuse to empty an O.P. rum bottle - should not need an excuse Dave.

On a day of low scoring Royle Jenkin won with 33 points off 12, just nosing out Alan Lewis who scored 32 off 8.

Presidents trophy, run as a "secret nine", was won by Fred Hansen, while Bill Smith made a worthy Bradman scoring 21 off 22.

Visitors trophy was won by Don Pitt who somehow produced 38 points off 21 - hate to think what Don would score when the sun was out!

Second visitor Col. Hansen scored 33 points off his 10 handicap.

Nearest the pin on 1st. was won by Bill Smith, on the 8th pin.

Mr. X (a skinner) nearest the line on 7th hole was won by Lori Laidlaw, nearest 3rd. hole on second shot one "F" Tardif.

Final meeting for this year, June 19th, is Tardif/Wotton Day when some lucky or unsuspecting Lizard will win a special prize. Nearest the pins will be on 1st. and 4th. holes. Second shot nearest 5th. hole will be entitled to a prize, as also will be the straightest drive on 7th. hole (nearest the rope to you).

Now finally, dont forget about our Annual General Meeting, to be held at the Manly Civic Club on Wednesday, 29th. June, at 6.30p.m. This is the night when we all get together to ensure the continuation of our unique club. We will need again, a lively, dedicated committee, to keep stimulating all us members to keep up regular attendance at meetings and help ensure the continuation of our club spirit. So be there - all 36 of you!

Your reluctant editor should now quietly had over his pen to your nominated successor. Before the ink runs out however, I would like to place on record my appreciation of the Presidents and Committee members whose efforts on our behalf I have enjoyed so much. Lizards committee meetings are very special occasions which I shall miss. But I trust many others among you will volunteer to join the action.

And in your kindness, do think about your new editor and offer him those newsy things you think will be of interest to all members. Any newspaper is only as good as its news content and with such a widely spread, variegated tribe of Lizards, no one editor person can know of all newsworthy events. So -----!

So, good golfing on June 19th - and thanks.

God Bless.

Ed.

P.S. The only decent informing Lizard from the Ed's point of view, has been that *!?! Capt. Handicapper - who at least wrote one letter each month - enough padding to fill at least half of each "Flat Out Like" edition. Thanks Dave.



"Must be that bloody Alan Lewis again"

"Yair....make a great baggageman with all those free kegs".

A LETTER FROM AN IRISH LIZARD'S MOTHER

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you get home - we have moved.

About your father - he has a lovely new job. He has 500 men under him - he cuts grass at the cemetery. There was a washing machine at the new house when we moved in but it hasn't been working too good. Last week I put in 14 shirts, pulled the chain, and haven't seen the shirts since.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning but I haven't found out whether it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you are an aunt or an uncle.

Your Uncle Patrick drowned last week in a vat of whisky in the Dublin Brewery. Some of his workmates tried to save him but he fought them off bravely. They cremated him and it took three days to put out the fire.

I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father went with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice this week, first for three days and then for four days. Monday was so windy one of the chickens laid the same egg four times. We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the last payment on your Grandmother's plot wasn't paid in seven days, up she comes.

Your loving Mother.

P.S. I was going to send you ten dollars but I had already sealed the envelope.