

# NARROWNECK LONGBOARD CLUB

PO Box 4017 Ashmore Plaza Qld 4214

E-MAIL ADDRESS: [wstevens33@optusnet.com.au](mailto:wstevens33@optusnet.com.au)

NEWSLETTER ADDRESS: [Paul.Ascough@citec.com.au](mailto:Paul.Ascough@citec.com.au)

## NEWSLETTER – SEPTEMBER 2008

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Club President:	Norm Tomlinson 0412 590 357	55971662
Vice President:	Warren Beattie 0411 228 529	55947420
Contest Director:	Greg Aird 0421 811 223	55313616
Treasurer:	Joan Tomlinson	55971662
Newsletter:	Paul Ascough	0417 742632
Talliers:	Joan/Sid/Lisa Aird/Grunta	
Gear Stewards:	Kevin O'Connell	0408 733598
Nosh Boss:	Tony Beattie	
Committee:	Wayne Patterson Tony Beattie	Wayne Stevens

**Next Club Contest: Sunday 11 October 2009**

at **SEAWORLD 6:30 start**

**OLD MAL AND LADIES DAY**

**Committee Meeting: Thursday 15 October 2009**

**Norm's Place**

**10 Cameron Court, Ashmore 7:00pm**

**All welcome.**

## The Prez Report:

G'day fight fans,

What a comp the last one was, nice juicy break with picking the right waves the name of the game. The swell was around waist high with a few bigger ones sneaking through and were breaking on the bank in about 2 inches of water, if you didn't get it right look out. Broken boards were expected but what we got was a broken head. Poor ole Sid copped a beaut fin gash to the

head that required 6 stitches, in his words he feels like a true blue now he has spilt blood surfing with his mates, good onya Sid. There were some ripper rides had by quite a few with some superior wipe outs and I'm told a rip snorter tube by the young Mr Dostal.

On a different note the Yacht Club do seemed to have been enjoyed by all who turned up for a bit of a chin wag in relaxing company, a big thank you to Tony Sentinella for getting it all organised.

On a more serious note the AGM/Xmas party is not far off and I am getting members in a mind frame of nominations or a hands up for positions with the club. Now Paulie who has done a great job as editor, needs a break so if you can read and write have a think about taking on the job. Also the Prez position is up for grabs, I think some new blood and some different thoughts on things can only help out the club. Remember no one will be left in the lurch if you decide to put your hands up for these positions as we are only a phone call or email away for help or advice.

Back to basics, remember next comp is opposite Sea World due to race track and also bring the ladies along for ladies day.

All for now see you in that green room

Norm Da Prez.

## **Mud, blood and mayhem at NN**

What a day, perfectly offshore and absolutely grinding 3' with the occasional one sneaking up to 4 foot. There was a promise of guaranteed carnage as the break was churning sand on the banks due to the early low tide. If you were a betting man it would have been short odds that boards or bodies would be damaged. The noise of the breaking waves was more akin to waves in the six foot category and discretion was the order of the day. If you went early, there was a good chance of the whole break shutting down for 50 metres in either direction and copping more than a handful of sand up the freckle and in your ears. Best to sit a little wide and try for a late take off, not easy to do when the peak is shifting over a 30 metre area though.

If there wasn't enough to contend with in the water, there was a very friendly Canadian woman writhing about on the beach which was pretty distracting for the young blokes. The old blokes were more concerned with actually trying to see her and sucking in their bellies as they walked past. Thought we didn't notice, didn't ya Brick? Yer navel just about hit your backbone as you breathed in. I could tell from where I was sitting, she wanted you.

Typically, Mumbles went over the falls and just so he wouldn't feel too bad about it, in a moment of true sportsmanship the Contest Director from Hell, Greg Aird thought he should follow suit. Outstanding efforts boys.

Philthy Phil, Da Prez, Mike Austin, Kevy K1 and Bob Mc Neill all surfed particularly smoothly and Mumbles charged every close-out he could find. All of these old fools managed to keep the judges amused and attracted some reasonable scores. Thurlow – don't phone me. I didn't see any of your waves and I don't care if you did get shackled for ten seconds on a double overhead wave and spat out the end, I still didn't see it. Neither did the judges! Call Cottle or Airy, they live to hear this sort of stuff.

Sid got six stitches in his melon so he can now claim to be true blue, having spilt blood on Australian soil. So Sid, you will need to tell us all about your tiresome escapades with Southport's fabulous hospitals when next we meet.

I hear the crowds and the severe lack of interest from the surgical staff at both public and private hospitals leave something to be desired on Sunday mornings.

In another upsetting moment on the day, Mumbles broke his 20 year old leg rope. Mate, I reckon you should take it down to the surf museum at Currumbin. If that's not a collector's item I don't know what is. And think of the punishment it has copped over the years. If you don't give it to the museum, at least send it back to the maker and tell them you want a new one as the quality was obviously poor due to it having given up the ghost after a mere two decades.

I happened to be taking a well deserved break (trying to get the sand out of my wettie) during my second heat and was chatting to the up and coming documentary maker, Jimbo Aird who was filming from the outer edge of the sandbank when Dan Dostal took off on what had to be the wave of the day. He took off on the wrong side of the peak and jammed an absolute screamer of a bottom turn around the section and lined up the barrel from 20 metres back, on a wave that was curved like it was wrapping around a reef. Weight forward and he slotted in for several seconds straight at Jimbo and I.

Well, we just stood there looking at each other and started whooping and jumping up and down along with the assembled throng in and around the judges tent that we could hear from 200 metres away.

It was only then that Jimbo and I both looked at each other and simultaneously went " Oh, the video." Bugger, sorry Dan. Could you do it again perhaps? Needless to say, Dan won that heat by quite some margin.

What's going on with the Majestic Migaloo? The former Club Champion got done over in his second round by a 14 year old and an old wood duck who only catches one wave per heat. I reckon it must be his board. Or the TimTams.

**Hold the phone!!!** The word is that Andy has traded in his superb Wayne Deane and bought a Joel Tudor Tufflite. That's got to help. Hasn't it? How many boards have you bought and sold this year Migaloo? It was also very pleasing to hear that you let a few of the crew know when you were leaving

the BBQ this month too Andre'. Manners matter and it didn't take all that long to say goodbye to all did it? Your mother would be proud.

As is so often reported in this Newsletter, we are not competing for sheep stations at the end of the year, but I can reveal that the prizes this year will include a Million Dollars, a block of flats in Coolangatta, a small land holding at South Tweed, three of Andy's old surfboards and the eternal gratitude of a local government councillor. And that's just the first prize.

Before going into details about the second prize, I need to check on Gordon Nuttall's availability for the next few years.

But I digress. I was going to have a chop at the Taipan for checking the scores every month, as he is inclined to do, but this month the jolly old (unnamed) talliers actually made a mistake with Toovey's second round score. You useless flock of tits. Of all the players you had to choose from to muck up the scores, you had to pick the Taipan. You blokes know that he will be undertaking a monthly audit of the scores and tally sheets and this time it seems that he was justified in doing it.

Some might call this an unfortunate mistake, but I reckon it is a conspiracy to keep the hirsute little fella out of the major awards!!!

I think Little Pat and Lochie cooked up the barbie (but I could be mistaken) as I was desperately trying to avoid the post competition dramas and gum flapping by the usual bunch of oxygen thieves. I don't like to have my perceptions of what has just occurred in the water sullied by clowns trying to justify their scores and this is why I invariably have no idea what has happened and have to make up the garbage you are reading.

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

The Club's best wishes go to Helen Austin (and to Mike) as she battles against that most insidious disease, cancer.

OK, don't forget the October comp is at SeaWorld due to the roads being messed up for the Grand Prix . Meet at the car park opposite the SeaWorld entrance at **6:30**.

Also it is **Ladies Day and the Old Mal round**, so bring along the old mals and your wives and/or girlfriends. I bet you thought I was going to say "old molls", well I wouldn't be game for fear of offending some of the delicate petals. I don't mean the wives or girlfriends, I am referring to their precious husbands.

I hear that some of the crew have been wandering far afield and that there was a mid-week mini NLC convention at Cabarita few weeks back with Donger, Waz and Airdy sharing the spoils.

The Club's condolences to Neale on the recent passing of his dad.

Now moving on to the Club's social event at the Southport Yacht Club last Saturday evening. Thanks to Tony Sentinella for arranging the function and to all of those who turned up and made it a memorable night. In my case, I am glad I had my camera there as the photos have helped me to piece together the shenanigans, as my memory of the night is a bit dim. I expect that several others found themselves in a similar predicament.

Anyway, the ladies looked fabulous, the blokes looked hunky, most people behaved themselves but we all had a good time and at the end of the day, that is what the Club is all about.

As you will have read in the Prez's report, both he and I are vacating our positions.

From my perspective, it has been very enjoyable chronicling the antics that you mob get up to but I figure that someone else might like to have a crack at it and present a different, perhaps less cynical perspective. My brain probably resembles a Swiss cheese from the various self inflicted punishments it has been dealt over the years, so I always had something to blame it on. It takes about an hour each month and as you may have worked out, it can be embellished a bit. Also, there is an exemption from being sued for libel or defamation so you can get away with writing just about anything. You may have also noticed that.

So at the AGM, please nominate for these roles.

### **FOR SALE**

Joel Tudor Tufflite (hardly used) and one chubby husband (well used). Both going cheap, will sell separately. Husband has obsession with Tim Tams and buying new surfboards.

Please call Michelle on 0423 601 417.

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