

**THE
WOOLLAHRA
COLLEAGUES
RUGBY
UNION
FOOTBALL
CLUB**



**ANNUAL REPORT
1974**

WOOLLAHRA COLLEAGUES RUGBY UNION

FOOTBALL CLUB

1974 Office Bearers

PATRON: His Worship the Mayor of Woollahra, Alderman
M. K. F. Bray.

PRESIDENT: Eddie Radford.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: A. Ball, Esq.; J. Barraclough, Esq.; G. Berry,
Esq.; J. V. Bunce, Esq.; J. Corlis, Esq.; C.
Diggle, Esq.; D. Grosse, Esq.; W. Harvey, Esq.;
H. Lomens, Esq.; K. McMathie, Esq.; D. Mathews,
Esq.; C. Messenger, Esq.; G. Moray, Esq.; A.
Murchison, Esq.; C. Noice, Esq.; M. Norburn,
Esq.; C. O'Dea, Esq.; G. Osborne, Esq.; F.
Storch, Esq.; C. Vandervoord, Esq.; C. Dörner,
Esq.

CLUB CAPTAIN: Mike Fitzgerald.

SECRETARY: Wal Nagan.

TREASURER: Phil Mirabelli.

CLUB-HOUSE MANAGER: Brad Wiedersehn.

CATERING MANAGER: Geoff Robbins.

REGISTRAR: Dave Ingham.

COMMITTEE: Dick Brown, Bob Caldwell, Dave Ingham, Geoff
Robbins, Sandy Ross, Chris White.

LIFE MEMBERS: A. Ball, J. Barraclough, M.L.A., J. Corlis, P.
Nerman, D. Higgins, K. McLean, C. Messenger,
C. Noice, G. Osborne, E. Radford,
T. Jackson, R. McCuaig.

DELEGATES TO M.S.D.R.U.: Bob Caldwell, Ron Harriden.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I think it is reasonable to say 1974 will and can be regarded as a milestone for Colleagues. It is the first year of our new licence agreement with Woollahra Council in which we have use of the ground all year round.

The pre-season Rugby tour to New Zealand was something that has been talked about for many years, but at last a reality and hopefully just the beginning of such ventures.

Your club promoted and ran a Seven-a-Side Competition for School-boys, to my knowledge the first such competition in Sydney.

We all know the results on the field this year, and I believe we are witnessing a changing atmosphere in Sub-District Rugby. The challenge to be top club or even the winning of a single premiership is becoming more intense.

Off the field, formal social functions were a little more restricted, through most enjoyable and successful. However the impromptu evenings more than compensated and I feel have a great effect in building club spirit which should be evident in the results next season.

Your committee this year was one of the best in my long association with Colleagues, ever to promote and work at new ideas and methods.

My congratulations to all trophy winners and I look forward to a better and brighter 1975.

Gentlemen I commend the Annual Report for your attention.

EDWARD RADFORD.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

This is Colleagues forty-first year in the M.S.D.R.U., which is itself just 10 years older.

There is a feeling within the club that all is not well. The average age is seemingly creeping up and although we are winning games, we are not winning trophies. Whilst I think it good that we watch carefully for signs of a decline, I believe we should consider some facts.

I am sure the rugby is being enjoyed as much as ever, which is as it should be. Most importantly, in the five seasons since 1970, the number of clubs and teams in sub-district rugby has gone up nearly 50 per cent:—

1970	56 clubs	fielded	123 teams
1971	60 clubs	fielded	130 teams
1972	71 clubs	fielded	148 teams
1973	76 clubs	fielded	162 teams
1974	78 clubs	fielded	178 teams

So the job is harder. And sub-district standards are not to be scoffed at. Representatives team chosen from this admittedly enormous number somewhat haphazardly beat both combined Second Division and Queensland sub-district (who had beaten Qld. 2nd Div.).

Colleagues and Lindfield continue to be the only clubs fielding five teams, which may be a disadvantage rather than the opposite. Our membership is still strong, although more youth, on the field and the committee, would be welcome.

We have not always had the privilege of full correspondence from the M.S.D.R.U. and this has made it difficult for our delegates to that body. We would welcome tighter administration from this body.

I have to note the failure of a number of Colleagues players to be well attired, particularly with reference to the M.S.D.R.U. competition rules:—

Each player shall be responsible to ensure that its players appear in proper uniform which shall consist of jersey (with sleeves to the elbow) of the club colours, pants to the knees, boots or shoes with whole hose.

A fine of up to \$2 may be levied for each breach.

Registration forms, always slow in coming, are sometimes worth waiting for. John Messenger lists experience as "Scots Prep. First XV," John Noice "Junior Teams 1948-73," Harvey Welman claims "Years," Dave Ingham states bluntly "Vast," Tony Glynn modestly notes "Versatile but associated with speed," whilst Sandy Ross coyly omits his birth date.

The committee worked well with ideas and various projects—the work load was spread evenly and willingly; attendances are detailed elsewhere. One thing that will hinder the club's continuing prosperity both on and off the field is a continuity of officials, coaches, the committee and office bearers rely on the skill and available time of enthusiastic supporters who if young can, through long service be a lynch-pin between different generations. I hope that we can encourage that sort of interest and talent. If so, Colleagues will continue to provide top class camaraderie to its members and opposition for other clubs.

Attendance at 11 committee meetings was as follows:—

R. Brown (4 possible)	2	R. Caldwell	8
E. Radford	9	G. Robbins	11
M. Fitzgerald	8	S. Ingham	8
P. Mirabelli	8	S. Ross	11
W. Hagon	11	C. White	9
B. Wiedersehn	11	N. Glynn (7 possible)	7

W. HAGON, Hon. Secretary

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

This year saw moderate success on the playing fields at Colleagues with the results of the various teams being catalogued in other sections of this report. Five teams were fielded by the club and a new idea was adopted with the fifth team that being that a core of older players appeared regularly and were joined by developing players who it is intended will move into the higher grades, promoted as a result of their own merit or as vacancies appear in the course of the season. The club demonstrated a considerable strength in depth resulting in the four top teams reaching the semi-finals in their respective divisions but much to my disappointment no team reached the grand finals.

Socially the club prospered, the trip to New Zealand was a success and coming at the beginning of the season it served to work a sense of unity and spirit into the club which remained all season. This was witnessed by the attendance both after training and each game at post mortum sessions and members of other clubs acknowledged that the Colleagues appeared a club of friends as well as footballers.

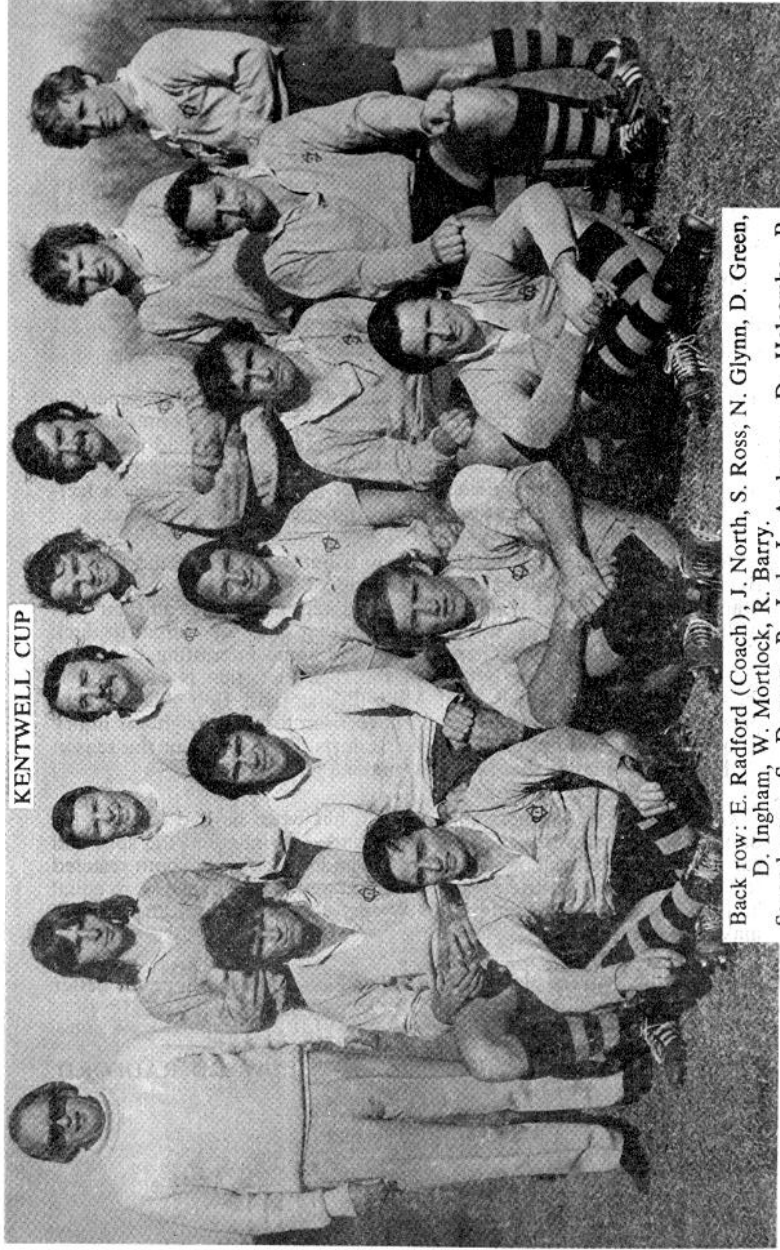
It is to be hoped that now the club has use of the grounds for the full year that the dislocation experienced at the end of each football season will not be present. The clubhouse is open on Thursday night during the summer and a number of functions will be held by the cricket club. It is hoped that members will take advantage of this.

It will be noted elsewhere in this report that financially the club is in a sound position and this is a replication of the energy and application of the committee and the sound response shown by the members. I commend to your attention the work of the committee which ensured the smooth running of the club and the success of its function and I thank them for their efforts.

The annual ball was a particular success and resulted in neither legal action or the attendance of the police and the club is welcome to return next year, a very rare combination indeed. Culturally we had a film society showing and as one member's wife remarked that after her husband had seen that film she didn't open her mouth. I thank you for your support during the year.

M. J. FITZGERALD, Club Captain.

KENTWELL CUP



Back row: E. Radford (Coach), J. North, S. Ross, N. Glynn, D. Green, D. Ingham, W. Mortlock, R. Barry.
Second row: S. Duncan, P. Jud, J. Anderson, D. Holcombe, B. Wiedersehn.

Front row: P. Kinsella, G. Rundle, R. Alegna.

KENTWELL CUP REPORT

Season 1974 was one of mixed fortunes. We started the season full of hope and particularly those players who had been on the pre season tour showed the benefit immediately. The decision was taken to attempt to play the bright open running game which is enjoyable to player and spectator alike, and then came the rain.

We really were not as well equipped or mentally attuned for the many hard slogging games that followed. Nevertheless the Kentwell team with the exception of one or two games always gave a good account and I believe our opponents have lost no respect for Colleagues Rugby.

The year for me, and probably the players, was tinged with some disappointment for the number of games that were closely contested and not won. Once again the problem of training attendance had a marked effect on performances and also inability to kick goals lost several matches. Whilst I make the above remarks I don't wish to leave a feeling of gloom, for in the most part much enjoyment was experienced.

Within the team I should like to pay tribute to some of the friendly rivalries that go such a long way in building a "team" Stan Duncan and Brad Wiedersehn always kept each other on their toes with little comments like "where were you that time" or "forgot to duck eh!" John Anderson and Glen Turner had some interesting tussles to see who could get to the bottom of the ruck first, that is of course if they couldn't get the ball free. Mike Pilcher and Bob Alagna kept pressure on each other which could have risen to great heights if injury to both players had not curtailed their efforts. So throughout the season we had a feeling going that helped to make a good side.

Glen Turner was a most able captain, but when he had to leave for South Australia towards the end, John Anderson inherited the spot and carried on in great fashion. Bill Mortlock and "Ando" were both selected for Combined Sub-District, John Anderson and Stan Duncan were equal best and fairest just beating Brad Wiedersehn by a nose, and we did make the semi-finals.

My thanks to every player for an enjoyable season and hope for better things to come.

EDWARD RADFORD.



BURKE CUP

Back row: W. Hagon, C. Cottman, N. White, D. Alman, J. Wright,
P. Cannon, H. Welman, A. Williams, P. Mirabelli (coach), I. Edwards.
Second row: C. White, M. Pelly, M. Fitzgerald, D. Adams, J. Bunc.
Front row: M. Clifford, J. Notice, R. Brown.

WHIDDON CUP REPORT, 1974

Gentlemen — If we are to measure a successful season by only looking at the rate of games won to those lost, then 1974 for The Whiddon Cup was indeed a very unsuccessful season, football wise.

If, however by playing football to the best of our ability, week after week, on most occasions with a team comprising anything up to seven alterations from that originally selected, due to last minute withdrawals from higher sides, and then being defeated only by 3-0 in the dying seconds of the South Side Final and also managing to hold the eventual premiers, Kings Old Boys to 0-6 (2 Pen. Goals) then I think all concerned can look back on 1974 with a great deal of satisfaction.

The season began successfully with three consecutive victories and then, due to the reasons above, we started a downhill trend which really never quite righted itself as the season progressed. However when we were able to field somewhere near our best side some magnificent victories resulted. Lindfield & St. Patricks Old Boys in the second round spring readily to mind.

As well we must also take into consideration the great team spirit that was generated among the teams regular players. For us to have gone down fighting the way we did in that final, must surely have thrust the criticisms back down the throats of those members of the club who offered them continuously during the season. I know it gave me a great deal of personal satisfaction to know that we were the side to eventually lose either semi or Final by the smallest margin of any team in the club.

The Whiddon Cup was more than capably led by two captains during the season and my personal thanks go to Neil Glynn in the early stages and John Messenger who took over on Neil's departure for overseas.

Sandy Ross, Bruce Donald, Tim Radford and John Stubbs, after his late start to the season were the strength around which the pack was formed and these players supported by Bob Cameron, Andy Alsop, David Gooch, Pete Bailey and two hookers during the year, Gary Connerly and Doug Kirkwood provided an even percentage of set play ball to our backs.

The back line although not individually brilliant were more than effective in attack and the small number of tries scored against us through the backs is proof enough of their strong defence.

Mike Welster, Geoff Robins, Bayne Kelly and Mark Avery all enjoyed good seasons and it was a credit to them for the number of times they were able to get our wingers away for try scoring opportunities. Mike Caspers proved to be our eventual match winner, and his 2 tries in the Semi-Final victory against Newington Old Boys were the equal to any team tries, that the writer has witnessed, for many seasons.



JUDD CUP
Back row: J. Theodore, F. Milhall, J. White, B. Pollock, D. Gooch, K. Davidson, A. Clifford (captain).
Second row: C. Gosselin, L. Folland, B. McFadzean, R. Caldwell (coach), O. Dashwood, J. Nitchen.
Front row: R. Cain, B. Diggie, M. Daley.

Ken Walker, upon his promotion, proved to be a very solid full back, and I know the other members of the side felt very confident with him as custodian. Ken also turned out to be an excellent goal-kicker and I feel sure that had he been able to kick throughout the whole season on a regular basis he would have walked away with the point scoring awards for the club.

Unfortunately, for us, it has been the case throughout the club for the past couple of seasons. That although the spirits were willing, the old legs were unable to travel quickly enough around the paddock, to ensure us an equal share of second phase ball, so necessary for winning rugby.

I do not mean this as a criticism of the individual but as a warning to the club in general. If we are to remain a power in Sub-District, it is obvious to those prepared to accept the fact, that we will need to adopt a more professional outlook. By this I mean we should begin pre-season training earlier in the year and look very closely at Tuesday training as well as Thursday's.

In conclusion I would like to congratulate Jim Radford on winning the Whiddon Cup best and fairest award and also a special mention to Sandy Ross, narrowly beaten for this award.

On behalf of the Whiddon Cup of 1974 I would also like to congratulate both John Noice and Don James for achieving their 200 games for the club during the past season.

My thanks to all those players who appeared in Whiddon Cup during the season and I feel we can look to 1975 with confidence.

R. Harriden, Coach

JUDD CUP REPORT

1974 provided a slight variation in the practice of promoting players from Richardson Cup to Judd Cup. This year the coach was promoted! After coaching and playing some enjoyable games for the Richardson Cup (e.g. Sydney High Old Boys), coaching of Judd Cup was undertaken.

The following represents a quick recollection of some of the games that I can remember. First round games: Petersham—good win, forwards played well; Briars—another good win (good score, too)—John North, Matt Daley, Kevin Holt, Nick White, Peter Ball played well; Newington—a hard won game—Don James, Tony Clifford, Peter Anderson, Barry Pollock, Ken Davidson, Chris Gosselin played well, especially P.A. who scored a winning try. Knox—one of the few fine days we had this year, damn hot, too!—A good win with some good tries scored. Little doubt that it was the biggest pack of forwards the Juddies fielded all year with Dave Tovey, Phil Basche, Dave Finlay and Bazza Pollock. Lane Cove—probably one of the wettest games of football—Chris Gosselin, Dave Finlay and Peter Bailey were exceptional in the back row. Although the opposition were somewhat out-classed the final score was only a few points to nil. St. Ives—they (fortunately for them) lost their way. An informal game of 8-a-side saw a very keen Colleagues side score eight tries in approximately twenty minutes.

Hunters Hill, Kings and Lindfield proved to be hard, tough forward encounters and in each case we lost by a small margin. St. Patricks proved to be a far better organised and co-ordinated team than us and won rather comfortably against a somewhat makeshift team (lot of potential but no fitness).

Second round games against Briars and Newington resulted in good wins. Against Bondi a draw was probably the only result for a very dull game. The result, however, should have provided us with enough incentive to beat Bondi in the semi-final.

Well, that's the story; Bondi beat us 4-0 in the semi then went on to win the grand final. It could well have been us.

Now for a little bit of controversy—Colleagues over the past two or three years have invented more excuses for losing than a barn full of bull s - - t. Personally, I don't like losing and next year I'd like to see everyone do their best to stuff these excuses down the throats of every bloody team that beat us this year.

Before concluding this report, I mention the names of those who played the majority of games in the Judd Cup—Tony Clifford, "Bazza" Pollock, "Tubes" Kirkwood, "Biggles" Diggle, "Ollie" Dashwood, Ken Davidson, Dave Gooch, Chris Gosselin, Barry McFaddean, "Screws" Connibear, Don James, Steve Tolland, Matt Daley, Bob Cameron, Geoff Robbins Fred Mulhall, John Hitchen, Kevin Holt and finally a special vote of thanks to our honorary referee—Geoff Batchelor.

R. CALDWELL

RICHARDSON CUP

If the criteria of a successful season is the number of games won, then the season was not a success. However, this was not adopted as the method of determining the measure of success. By the standards of enjoyment and satisfaction the season was a good one and if in the coming season some wins can be added, then so much the better.

It was most satisfying to watch and play with such a blending of youth and maturity (in some cases almost geriatric maturity) and one hopes that the former gleaned some knowledge from the latter. This knowledge, so eloquently expounded by the "old men" on a Thursday evening might not have been very much in evidence by them on the following Saturday, but that was merely the problem of the body not being able to following the dictates of the mind.

With next season ahead of us, Geoff Hughes, David Tovey and the like are itching to get started, and there has been a suggestion that "mini bikes" be provided to enable them to attend the rucks more frequently—Tovey suggested "sedan chairs" but this did not seem to find much favour for obvious reasons.

To the players who were with us this year—"Thanks," see you next season.

CHARLES A. VANDERVORD

CRICKET REPORT

Once again Colleagues are playing cricket. With the club now having year-round control of Wollahra Park, it was decided to re-enter the City and Suburban Cricket Association competition.

A full programme of matches has been arranged, each to be played on the turf wicket at the club's ground on Saturday afternoons. To date three games have been complete—on each occasion Colleagues winning. The second game against Mosman Vets was an absorbing game. Chasing 85 runs, Colleagues were 3 for 0 (three no-balls) and then 6 for 9. Thanks to the leniency of the opposing side, our tailenders staged a remarkable fight-back and we eventually scored 90 runs. G. C. Whelan has been bowling well and has taken 10 wickets for some 40 runs.

The club is open for refreshments on Saturday afternoons and the players would appreciate the support of club members. Players to date have been:—

Rob McShane	Bob Caldwell (The Claw)
Michael Fitzgerald	Ed Radford
Gil Whelan	Brad Wiershen
John North	Sandy Ross
Nick White	Phil Mirabelli
Steve Tolland	Andy Williams
Chris White	Peter Ball
Dave Pilcher	Tony Clifford
Dave Ingham	

GAMES REPORT

Gamarras Hoosin, Hoosin Sharpie had arrived, cooked his lasagna, and was organising his first game of darts for the evening. There was a great deal of interest in the darts, killer being the favourite game. This had the charm of rewarding treachery and bad faith and demonstrating that it is not always the guys in the white hats who finish in front. The perfect example of this is the number of times Glen Turner, that super nasty player would win. Nick White entered his first game with ablase of glory knocking out sharpie in the first five darts but couldn't keep up the early pace. The various tactics adopted by the players gave the game its delight Steamboat delighted in knocking out anyone regardless of alliances while Geoff Robbins concentrated on appearing innocuous and harmless avoiding the making of enemies until the end game arrived.

All players standard tactic was to be no where near Sharpie as he invariably would chop the sword from every other players.

Dave Ingham played steadily all year and attributes his success to his practice of sexual abstinence on the night before the game. E. Radford never showed early brilliance but demonstrated that like the tortoise sure and steady wins the race especially when playing the hair John North.

The highlight of any game however came when the Wede could be coaxed into parting with his money and playing, Wede threw equally well with either foot and slightly worse with his hands, great was everyones delight at ripping money off him, the clubs sharpest dresser.

Towards the end of the year it was rumoured that Colleagues had a pool and Will Mortlock and Geoff Rundle on turning up with their water wings were only mildly disappointed to find it as a pool table.

A pot black competition was organised and Doug Kirkwood, the first prize being a weekend away with a Canberra nurse, the second, two weekends away with a Canberra nurse and the third won by Ron Harriden a date with a grey nurse.

In conclusion may I exhort you all that it matters little who wins but how you PLAY THE GAME.

M. FITZGERALD.

HAERE MAI COLLEAGUES TRIP TO N.Z., MARCH, 1974

Colleagues, are we friends everyone
Partial to football, partial to fun.
You may bring your friends, my lad
Bring them one and same
But you won't beat the boys of the
Light blue hue who made the Colleagues name.

That was written a long time ago, but it still holds true as the 16 members of the N.Z. touring party will readily testify. And who were the 16 brave men that sallied forth like knights to the crusades and came back like the young Indian brave that roped the grizzly bear? They were (not necessarily in order of notoriety) Eddie Radford — coach and all-time card loser, Glen Turner, John Anderson, John Sharp—the Living Lie, Doug Kirkwood—who broke all records in the Stanley Isles for liquid laughs, Brue Diggle—well known Sydney pianist and breakaway, Geoff Robbins, or "Pincy" to some, Michael Caspers—alias "Ghost," "Canoes," "Armand a leg" or just plain old "Put it in," Willie "Petal" Mantlock, Tony Woinarski, Dan James—"Just call me Super, fella's," Brad Wredersehn—the team weed, Michael Pilcher, referred to as "Doc" and our team stalker, Steve Toland, John Hitchen and one other—a Welshman who shall remain nameless—"Cynach-y-bont" to you where ever you be, Taf.

A trip of 10 days described in detail would take much more room than is available in this report. Rather I should like to state the playing record, make some observations in the standard of play and success of the tour and close with hopefully a number of amusing incidents.

In all, we played three games proper—the first against Grafton, an Auckland Senior C team, which we won 6-4. The second against Mid-Northern, a North Auckland Senior A team, when we lost 57-10, and the third against Ponsonby Reserves, an Auckland Senior A Reserve side—we lost 38-6 (I think).

In general, we were outclassed and found little opportunity to enjoy the Rugby because of this. But the team as a whole tried hard and certainly the trip improved greatly the prowess of some of the touring members. In particular, I think John Anderson, Brad Wiedersehn, Mick Pilcher, Steve Toland and Bruce Diggle benefitted.

If we learnt anything, and we had lots to learn, it was that the style of play required to win games has changed. Undoubtedly, 15-man running, backing up, fast football is what it is all about today, and this is the style to adopt to match others who already practice it, e.g. Petersham. In the main a number of lessons were learnt, not least by Brad Wiedersehn, who thought this lesson caper was time to practise for his helicopter pilot's licence.

The tour as a whole can certainly be counted as a success, if success means a good time at a reasonable price. I hasten to add that young iovelies were few and far between, and generally shared at that. However, we drank copiously, sang lustily, played atrociously (at times, any way) and masturbated vigorously. We wish we could have taken a stronger party, but the lessons learnt on this, our pilot tour overseas, undoubtedly stand us in good stead for future planned trips to destinations further afield.

I turn now to some of the funnier episodes.

In the beginning God said, "let there be light," but he really must have forgotten to allow any to fall on Sharpie, who kicked the tour off to a good start by losing his duty-free purchases and wandering round Auckland Airport calling everyone in sight a "poofter."

This after the usual last-minute arrivals at Mascot and the non-arrival of Sean Connery on stilts. Eventually, however, we piled into our two mini buses and headed for our hotel. The DeBretts, in company with some members of the Grafton Club. Then, like most trips, it was into the grog. To some "Paradise Regained," to others (and the majority) a vague mixture of seawater and Handy Andy, or so it seemed.

A heavy night which also witnessed the late—2 a.m.—arrival of Tony Woinarski was followed by an early morning run, at which our fearless leader chundered gloriously. Then the game—we won 6-4—and more grog. During the game Bruce Diggle, arriving at a line out puffing like an old "K" Class steam locomotive, was greeted by an equally puffing Grafton player who made the timely comment "have some for me." A good time was had by all in the Grafton clubs which heard all the usual ditties and was remarkable if only by the disappearance of Bruce Diggle with a former Grafton Rugby player with a difference, and Doc Pilcher's streak. What a mean.

Then off to North Auckland. Here we got walloped on the Monday by Mid-Northern, whose line up included All Blacks Sid Goring and Joe Morgan, together with Brian Comg and assorted other North Auckland representatives. Once again, however, we won something—the boat races, the singing and the hearts of two dick head reporters who thought we were Mid-Northern, a touring Australian team.

Off to the Bay of Islands on the Tuesday for two welcome and relaxing days of golf, fishing and sightseeing, and of course drinking. Anyone for fish? For many this time was perhaps the highlight of our trip.

On the Thursday we returned to Auckland, just in time for another game of sorts against Grafton, played 10-aside (injury, grog and lack of inclination had taken their toll by this time) in the dark.

We stayed for the rest of our trip in the Great Northern—a rambling, dinghy old pub with a "poofters" bar (Sharpie had a ball) and the weirdest collection of housemaids this side of the Black Stump. Friday was a day of leisure which as per normal turned into a day of drinking and a night of revelry at a women's basketball association dance. On the whole (no pun intended) mostly everyone contented themselves with the cheap grog, but some of the more adventurous and drunken entertained the ladies. On the way back one bus load decided to pay compliments at a distance to a number of our Pacific Island friends and were rewarded by being chased by a newspaper honesty box. Luckily no members of the law were about because the traffic lights were red!

We were greeted at the hotel by a broken front door and a pantomime in the rooms. Mick Caspers just about to "put it in" seen drop-kicking a horse down the aisle, Bruce Diggle having satisfied his lust attempting to get Sharpie away, Clem Turner with his "head in the corner" and once again the non-arrival of Sean Connery on stilts. Throughout all the trip I should add vast sums of money were changing hands at the never ending game of "In between," but anyone with bets on the mayhem that night would have collected handsomely.

Saturday a new day, another hiding at football and a night—a night of, well, you name it, it happened. Most everyone after a few snorts at the Ponsonby Club went to a cocktail party put on in our honour by some friends of Tom Millner's wife—our erstwhile hostess. A thoroughly delightful and gay evening was enjoyed by those who made it—one bus got lost after running out of petrol—watching amongst other things the race of the "Norwegian Racing Sardines" in their bid to avoid turning into pumpkins at midnight. Some were saying afterwards that "Tuber" didn't really know when he was on to a good thing.

Sunday arrives and after collecting a couple of "pumpkin heads" from the night before and a few heart starters at the Grafton Clubshed we head for the airport and home—once again without Sharpie who has gone to tie up a few ends. We get away without mishap and arrive back in Sydney a lot worse for wear. Ed Radford who has aged three score years plus ten looks positively relieved and the crowd sigh to see Michael welcome back into the family with open arms. If only they knew. Geoff Robbins looks positively ecstatic.

Yes, a good trip on reflection and our thanks here go to all those people in New Zealand who made our trip possible, in particular the Grafton Club and Mr. Tom Miller.

In closing let us hope that we can, as planned, make Europe next time up. The effort is well worthwhile.

HAERE RA

GUNDAROO TOUR

My goodness. I wonder how many wives/mistresses/de factos read these reports. For them, the official story:—

A number of faithful club members, some of whom had to be inveigled into doing their duty for the club rather than stay home and mow the lawns, set off in all good sobriety for a weekend social against Canberra Royals. This was to be combined with a trip to a quaint historical pub in a town nearby—we lost.

Officially this is The End. Members please turn over.

A number of the club's tour professionals, plus some reluctant new members (bloody Nick White and John North at this stage of the season were reluctant! Ha) gathered at the clubhouse at a horrible hour on a good day to be leaving Sydney (it was, like Glenn Turner before training, pissing down) to have a brown breakfast.

Several helpings were had, the bus left late and some missed it but got there before us (I'll explain later).

Our fearless leader, Shiny Mike Fitzgerald, had lots of something in coffee as did our Glynn. He stayed awake, Shiny went to sleep. He was then decorated to look something like a London busker and Dirty Vicky Dicky Brown took the first of a controversial(?) series of pictures. Tony Glynn kept talking of powdered pussy but nobody could find a cat anywhere on the bus.

David Caspers with no kit and an "I'm a now playing members" badge, kept drinking like somebody who knew he wasn't going to run around in the near future, do frightful things to his digestion and finally cry Ruth at the feet of the half-back. Such thoughts seemed to fall lightly, if at all, on the mind of his quiet, retiring brother, Mike the Ghost.

The trip had been offered with, amongst other recreational benefits, the promise of twenty or so desperates from a Canberra institution joining us at the Gundaroo pub. Some scoffed, others threatened; none believed, although they wanted to. The bus driver (an honest gentleman) said his boss, Mr. Ron Murray, had the wherewithal to make such arrangements and that we were to be at the hospital at 7.30. As the darling little Canobs (one with an engagement ring!) obediently trooped out, the bus exploded. Friends of up to twenty years standing, sitting side by side for four hours up to 15 seconds earlier, suddenly leapt to their feet, found two empty seats (one for themselves, one for the Vict. guest) and bowed nearly to the floor to every girl who passed.

With lighter hearts (the blood was coursing around very swiftly at this stage) they sang and bullshitted the rest of the way to Gundaroo. Dress was option. Some came in trousers and some came in shorts. The next morning (this isn't pornography, you know) those of high moral standing (they dipped out while others were dipping it in) told imaginative lies about who did what to who.

I mentioned however that some people missed the bus. One was a business acquaintance (it fails me to try and imagine what sort of business) of David Alman's, a Frenchman called Patrick. Coming back from Gundaroo, Patrick was tired and so he slept. And he slept beside what one could describe as a loin-stirring, damp-gusseted, box-tosser (apologies, Barry Mackenzie).

A more alert touring member (remember that, it's apt) was doing some chatting up from the arm on the aisle. You have all heard stories, dear members, about somebody you know who, on having a grope, encountered hilly topography instead of plains country. However, few have encountered an opponent's hand! Bloody Patrick. Even an experienced hooker (and heaven only knows, what they have seen and heard) found this unusual.

The next morning, at pay up and piss off time at the motel, the owner was still confused. Bet he was worse next afternoon when he tried the keys! He was very rude.

The next disaster area was Canberra airport, Monday night of a skiing long weekend. Terminals overcrowded, planes late, staff harrassed, pink and white fluffy snow bunnies plum tuckered out. Colleagues arrived like a compact cyclone Tracy and were about as welcome. Space was cleared for Nick White to re-roll his swag, tie it up with string, attach a freight label and hand it to an incredulous clerk. Cover was provided (but not needed) for The Ghost to borrow permanently the entire stock of bread rolls and offer them in a munificent Robin Hood gesture to anybody nearby. This included a couple of furry hoops he thought he might spear (it was dark enough) before we got on the plane.

As the lounge bounced to songs it hadn't previously heard. Promptly on call, Peter Ball strode up to the opposition airline and waved to us from the ground. The tarmac lost its virginity when another esteemed hooker realised he had passed the gents and had steps to climb. The Ansett heavy didn't know who to grab, said hooker who was giving it a quick shake, The Ghost (never seen anybody more conspicuous in my whole life) who on a cloudless evening had purloined and was using illegally, Ansett property, to whit, one umbrella, or Ron Harriden, paralytic with mirth on the aircraft steps and effectively blocking the entry of good paying customers.

Everything went O.K. then except that there was no grog (bet Gough gets some). John North, starting to blend in, threatened a drink or a stink (in the form of a streak). Nick White was observant enough to note that the oxygen/escape hatch pantomime neglected to advise on the containment of technicolor yawns in brown paper bags. He made up for this omission to the great edification of the very grateful passengers. Peter Ball arrived later than the others.

—"I LAUGHED TILL IT HURT"

1974 SEASON TROPHY WINNERS

Honour Cap: Brad Wiedersehn.

Club Captain: Mike Fitzgerald
(In honour of Sgt. Morris Solomon.)

100 Games: John Bunce, Bob Caldwell, Bob Cameron, Ian Edwards, Mike Fitzgerald, Tony Glynn, Chris White, Brad Wiedersehn, Sandy Ross.

200 Games: Don James, John Noice.

Most Improved Player (H. H. Barraclough Trophy): John Wright.

Leading Point Scorer (The Jack and Julie Barratt Shield): Dave Ingham.

Leading Try Scorer (The Bruce Chanter Shield): John Wright.

Team Scoring the Most Tries (The Challenge Transport Trophy): Burke.

Oldest and Boldest (J. W. Bunce "For Valour" Trophy): Don James.

Colleagues' Best and Fairest Players (The Edward Radford Trophy)—
Overall: John Anderson, Stan Duncan.
(Won 1973 by I. Edwards.)

Kentwell: John Anderson, Stan Duncan.
(The Peter Jackson Taylor Memorial Trophy.)

Burke: Dick Brown, John Bulsee.
(Vic Herman Cup.)

Whiddon: Tim Radford
(Leslie Murchison Memorial Cup).

Judd: Tony Clifford, Don James
(K. H. McCathie Cup).

Richardson: John Hitchen, David Tovey
(The Storch Cup).

Team Captains:

Kentwell: John Anderson, Glenn Turner
(Philip Pring Memorial Cup).

Burke: Mike Fitzgerald.
(Barraclough Cup).

Whiddon: John Messenger.
(The Higgins Cup).

Judd: Tony Clifford
(J. M. Lamens).

Richardson: Charles Vandervord.
(McLean Cup).

RESULTS FOR SEASON 1974

KENTWELL CUP

SOUTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.	NORTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.
Petersham	30	328	125	Hunters Hill	23	189	128
St. Patricks O. B.	18	172	175	St. Ives	21	250	142
Colleagues	14	189	188	Lane Cove	20	169	121
Bondi L. S.	12	131	224	Lindfield	20	206	176
Briars	6	97	228	Knox O. B.	17	147	160
Newington O. B.	5	118	217	Kings O. B.	6	111	214

BURKE CUP

SOUTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.	NORTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.
Colleagues	23	229	107	St. Ives	28	179	60
Petersham	19	107	89	Kings O. B.	26	172	89
Bondi L. S.	16	124	148	Lindfield	24	233	99
Briars	10	109	148	Hunter's Hill	17	148	148
St. Patricks O.B.	10	97	182	Lane Cove	10	78	152
Newington O. B.	4	85	215	Knox O. B.	5	87	198

WHIDDON CUP

SOUTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.	NORTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.
Bondi L. S.	20	138	73	Briars	12	119	138
Newington O. B.	19	152	73	St. Patricks O. B.	9	69	188
Colleagues	16	159	113	Petersham	6	74	209
Kings O. B.	31	210	32	Lindfield	19	157	105
St. Ives	25	184	66	Lane Cove	9	67	165
Hunter's Hill	22	147	98	Knox O. B.	4	73	294

JUDD CUP

SOUTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.	NORTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.
St. Patricks O. B.	29	185	51	Lindfield	25	136	66
Colleagues	21	124	57	Kings O. B.	22	167	77
Bondi L. S.	13	92	98	Hunter's Hill	21	115	89
Newington O. B.	11	104	132	Lane Cove	14	69	86
Briars	10	80	148	St. Ives	12	121	127
Petersham	5	35	184	Knox O. B.	9	48	152

RICHARDSON CUP

SOUTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.	NORTH HARBOUR	P.	F.	A.
S.H.O.B.	26	115	53	N'hurst O. B.	30	155	38
Tobians	26	66	62	C. B. O. B.	21	88	57
Smithfield	21	66	60	Balmain T. C.	20	162	96
Colleagues	8	10	115	Leprechauns	20	73	58
BYe S. U. R. Withdrawal				Lindfield	10	24	188
BYE				BYE			

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP, 1974 — BRUCE GRAHAM SHIELD

This is the shield we have won 13 times in 20 years.

St. Ives	632	Cammeray/North	184
Lindfield	606	Bank N.S.W.	172
Hunter's Hill	582	Gordon	164
Smithfield	574	Newport	136
C. B. O. B.	552	Normanhurst O. B.	120
Kings O. B.	542	South Sydney O.B.	120
Petersham	508	Bondi Boys	116
Colleagues	504	Oatley	116
Forest	446	Armenians	112
St. Patricks O. B.	430	Northern Subs.	112
Bondi L. S.	420	Bronte L. S.	104
Lane Cove	390	Scots O. B.	100
Eastwood	376	Northmead	100
Tobians	372	Balgowlah R.S.L.	88
Manly L. S.	358	Narrabeen	88
North Steyne	358	Chatswood	86
Sydney H. O. B.	356	Merrylands	84
Old Waverlians	354	Coogee Jnr.	84
South Carlton/C	352	North S. O. B.	84
A.M.P.	346	St. Aloysius	84
Shore O. B.	314	Balmain T. C.	80
C. B. C.	296	Leprechauns	80
Punchbowl O. B.	296	Balgowlah	80
St. Leos O. B.	282	Harbord	80
Knox O. B.	270	Seven Hills	72
St. Augustines	268	S. W. Y. C.	72
Blacktown O. B.	264	Wanderers	64
Blue Mts.	264	Hills	60
Briars	252	Greystanes	48
Old Ignations	246	A.N.Z. Bank	48
Newington O. B.	240	Asquith O. B.	44
Maccabi	236	Chevalier O. B.	44
Barker O. B.	232	Killara	40
Haberfield	218	St. Marys	40
Collaroy P.	214	Old Sydrians	36
Oakhill O. S.	214	Rockdale	24
St. Josephs O. B.	194	Navy	16
Reserve Bank	184	Kuringai	8

Kentwell: Semi vs. St. Patricks O.B., lost 28-6.

Final vs. Bondi L.S., lost 18-11.

Whiddon: Semi-final vs. Newington O.B., won 11-9.

Final vs. Bondi L.S., lost 3-0.

Judd: Semi-final vs. Bondi L.S., lost 9-0.

The Kentwell Cup was won by Petersham.

The Burke Cup by Lindfield.

The Whiddon Cup by Kings O.B.

The Judd Cup by Bondi L.S.

The Richardson Cup by Normanhurst O.B.

The Bruce Graham Shield for the Club Championship by St. Ives.

Our congratulations to all these clubs.

1974 RESULTS

Opposition team	Judd		Whiddon		Burke		Kentwell	
	F.	A.	F.	A.	F.	A.	F.	A.
St. Patricks	7	12	10	3	13	6	21	7
Petersham	13	0	16	7	7	4	7	20
Bondi	15	4	4	3	10	10	4	18
Briars	15	0	3	7	11	0	8	3
Newington	7	0	0	15	10	21	25	12
Knox O.B.	13	0	14	3	18	16	6	7
Lane Cove	8	0	0	3	10	0	0	4
St. Ives	—	—	6	10	0	3	6	11
Hunters Hill	3	4	3	6	44	0	4	13
Kings O.B.	7	12	0	6	6	13	17	14
Lindfield	4	6	12	3	3	13	8	30
St. Patricks	0	13	28	0	22	12	4	15
Bondi	0	0	9	16	29	0	29	9
Petersham	—	—	33	4	8	3	13	17
Briars	20	3	17	4	20	0	20	4
Newington O.B.	12	0	6	18	18	6	17	3