

the laybacker



February Pointscore

The President's opening address -

Welcome old members and new members to our first pointscore for the year. We had it all, great surf, sunshine, heaps of smiles, and it was great to see the ladies having fun in their heat.

Our membership for the year is closed due to the increased membership. Don't forget to get your 2 dollars in at the start of the day which helps us give you brekkie and lunch and a possible win of a raffle prize.

Lets hope we can do it all again next month, the bar has been set high!!

To support our sponsor - Towradgi Bowlo, the last Friday night of the month everybody is welcome, husbands, wives, girlfriends, nothing booked, just turn up.

Lake Tabourie weekend has been booked for Friday 20th and 21st of May. This is a great weekend away for all members, DON'T miss it!!

See you next month, normal pointscore March 6th (no Club Championships, this will be held later in the year – TBA)

Layback and enjoy every wave!

Youngy



inside

THE FEBRUARY POINTSORE

THE MARCH POINTSORE

Installment 1 of:
*Confessions of a
Wollongong Gremmie
Growing up in the '60's*

australianlongboarding.com
for comps

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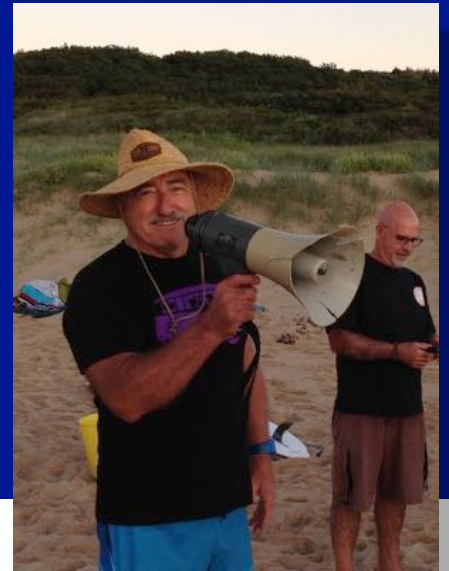




March Pointscore



pic by Greg Scott



pic by Greg Scott

A fun day. Lots of competitors. Lots of good waves all pointscore. Tyse's coffee, bacon and egg roll for brekkie. Sausages and steaks and a drink for lunch.

Words and pics by Grea Nichol

Thanks to all members for helping with setting up. Andrew Wilson and Mal Robbo for doing the entries and heat draws. New President Youngy for his pre-pointscore talk and welcome to new members. Baz and others in the tallying tent and for everyone who did their rounds of judging. Thanks to Mark (the butcher) for the food and effort on the barbie and to Mick Steward our gear steward with the gear trailer.





pics by Andrew Wilson



pics by Greg Nichol





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Thank You to Sponsor Dave Byrne

Postscript

Confessions of a Wollongong Gremmie Growing up in the '60's (installment 1)

Confessions of a Wollongong Gremmie Growing up in the '60's

English Thesaurus

gremlin: jinx, bug, malfunction, blip

gremlin or gremmie: young or teenage surfer of the 1960's era. Changed to growmet in the late 1970's

femlin: female version of the 1960's gremlin





I reckon the fuse was lit while catching a few waves on my rubber surf-o-plane at Corrimal Beach in 1962. I'd heard the news that our very own Midget Farrelly won the Makaha Surfboard Riding Invitational in Hawaii that year; so the poster of Bud Browne's surf movie 'Gun Ho', screening at Corrimal lifesaver's clubhouse, really captivated my imagination.

With sandy feet and a beach towel wrapped around my head like an Arabian sheik's turban, I dawdled home that summer's day and dreamt of riding my very own surfboard. The beach had been my playground for as long as I could remember so, to me, it was the next step.

The Movie Poster that Started it All

I began my secondary education at Corrimal High School in January the following year. Just as my body was going through some pretty major changes, high school opened up a whole new world of music, fashion and girls, girls, girls.

Midget's success in Hawaii coincided with the new surf beat music that was hitting the airwaves. It gripped young Aussies everywhere who were quickly swept up by surf-mania, including me.

Black-dressed Bodgies with greased-back hair became virtual outcasts overnight as bleached-blond hair, t-shirts and thongs emerged as the 'in' fashion of a new brigade of surf crazed converts. Rivalry was fierce between the two teenage groups and, although Wollongong was pretty tame, clashes were common on the beaches of Sydney. If you were hitting puberty at the time, as I was, you pledged an allegiance to either the Rockers or the Surfies.

Ward "Pally" Austin, Sydney's ace disc jockey at the time, had natural blond hair and rode the new teenage culture wave. Just like a rock star, his popularity soared in 1963 as he cranked out the surf music of artists such as The Atlantics, Little Pattie, Sam and Dean, The Surfaries and The Beach Boys.

I too wanted a slice of the action and began harassing my parents to buy me a surfboard. But television reports of thuggery between the Rockers and Surfies really put them off. They also (fittingly) counter-argued all year that I was a poor swimmer. To them, a surfboard was just an expensive toy which ensured either a beating or a drowning, or both!

I worked hard in 1964 to win my oldies over. During that year I gained my silver and bronze swimming medallions and studied my guts out to achieve good grades at school. So, on Christmas morning I rose with the high expectation that my long-held dream would be realised. But there was no surfboard under the festive tree. I was shattered; had my incessant begging overshadowed my swimming and academic achievements?

That same year my old man, a motor mechanic and regular patron of the Cabbage Patch Hotel, befriended a big jolly bloke sporting a very short crew cut. His name was Don Aitkin. Don was a motor vehicle insurance loss assessor and mutual lover of the amber fluid. Over an ale or ten, Dad and Don hatched the idea of a two-family holiday on the Gold Coast to be taken early in the new year.

to be continued....