



## Competition Newsletter of the Swanbourne Nedlands Surf Life Saving Club

(The race might finish between the flags, but between the ears is where the race is won and lost...and it's also where the famous red and white cap of Swanny sits...)

### Volume 2 The Country Carnival Edition

I know, I know... this was supposed to be the Boaties's Edition, with lots of jokes about what's between a boatie's ears, boatie quizzes with single syllable answers and a join the dot challenge (with a single dot). But I didn't get organised in time and it's coming up to Country Carnival time. So what we really need is a Country Carnival issue to get everyone in the mood, primed and excited and ready to GO OFF at ~~Bunbury 2010~~ Smiths 2020!!!! So sit back, relax and enjoy a fictional accounts of Swanny's past Country Carnival efforts, including a "How to" Guide for Country Carnivals for those who have never been before.

PS. These stories (while not true in any sense of the word) are the stories of a past generation. If you think they are funny, or epic, or awesome, don't just read them and laugh... **get to Bunbury**

**Smiths and create some of your own!**

NB: Don't forget the Club Championships on Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> ~~January~~ 8<sup>th</sup> March and the State Championships on Saturday and Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> ~~and 28<sup>th</sup> February~~ 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup> March. Also don't forget the Aussie Titles from 16<sup>th</sup> ~~to 21<sup>st</sup> March~~ 18<sup>th</sup> to 27<sup>th</sup> April on the Gold Coast. See below for details.

## Goin' Bush : The Australia Day Country Carnival

The annual country carnival in WA is held every year on the Australia Day long weekend (or at least it was until we stopped getting the long weekend). These days, we often only get the Saturday and Sunday, which makes it tougher to fit it all in, especially if we have to drive up to Geraldton, or down to Albany, Denmark or Esperance. But that never changes our enthusiasm for the carnival, and it used to be one of the biggest events on our calendar.

“What you gotta understand, Briggy,” Leavo told me once, “is that it’s the *key* event of the year. If we take these young kids up on a three day bus trip, get ‘em hammered, play stupid games and take ‘em surfing, they’ll never forget it. They’re hooked for life.”

It’s now at the point where the annual country carnival bus trip is the only Junior Development Program at Swanny. Mind you, it’s not just Swanny that makes an effort for the country carnival. Most clubs send a big contingent, including a lot of social and veteran members who don’t normally compete. It’s become a bit of an institution, and not just because of the racing.

Most clubbies get drunk for the first time at country carnivals. The seniors sit the Under 16s down under a surfboat, give them a six-pack and tell them not to move. When I first heard this, I was horrified; under-age drinking, encouraged and condoned by the senior members! But since then, I’ve seen what happens when you don’t do it this way, and it can be a lot worse. At least they’re safe, they’re supervised and they can’t get into too much trouble. The older guys check up on them every now and then to make sure they’re all still conscious. By the time they’re sent back to their parents, they’re clean and scrubbed and none the worse for wear. I thought that this was uniquely Western Australian, until I went with Clifton Beach SLSC to a carnival at Ulverstone, on the north coast of Tasmania. The story that Graeme van Galen told me about the first time he got drunk was identical to the one Leavo and Philby told me; only the place names were different.

Most clubbies get nude for the first time at country carnivals. At Gero ‘93, I watched the Cott guys put on their annual revue. This seemed to entail a lot of full-frontal public nudity. Eric (his named has been changed to protect the guilty), the club captain, full-time policeman and model citizen even considered himself off-duty enough to drop his dacks. The ramifications were severe. Some of the Cott old boys wanted all those involved suspended for life. But at a crisis meeting, Mama Jean Burling, the president at Cott, stood up and looked them all in the eye.

“Don’t give me any of your rubbish,” she told them. “I remember the lot of you at the country carnival of ‘68, as naked as the day you were born.”



Two anonymous clubbies go Nude Night Surfing in the middle of the day at Shhhteamers Surf Spot,  
Gero '89

Most clubbies get laid for the first time at country carnivals. I've heard it said that no one could fail to score at the Australia Day long weekend on Rottneest Island. The Australia Day long weekend country carnival runs a close second to this. I won't go into details, though, because it's one of those things that should remain between those involved (or in some cases, between the two or three hundred who were watching).

Most clubbies do really stupid things at country carnivals. I mean, I'd heard of the Dance of the Flaming Arseholes (otherwise known as DOFA), but I'd always thought of it as a theoretical model of stupid activity rather than something you actually *did*. That was until a Denmark trip, when I saw a whole boat crew sprinting trouser-less through the camp ground with what looked like flame throwers coming out of their collective and very hairy arses. (The funniest thing about DOFA is when someone gets burnt. The screams of challenge and triumph change suddenly to screams of genuine distress as the participant desperately tries to find his arse with both hands in an attempt to pull out or extinguish the burning paper. Sounds harsh, but it's fuckin' funny to watch.)

All of the stupid party games we play were first demonstrated at a country carnival; Nude Night Golf, Nude Pole Climbing, Nude Ski Jumping, Bus Surfing, Tumble Dryer Surfing (this one's a classic; you put in your two dollars, climb in, brace yourself against the inside of the drum, and get someone trustworthy to close the door and start you up) ... you name it, we've done it at a country carnival.

It's not just the stupid games, either. At country carnivals, everyone seems to start doing things they'd never normally even contemplate. One year in Denmark, my brother decided that he didn't like the Scarborough boaties. They were pretty inoffensive, but they trained hard and they won everything in those days. Dave is normally a relaxed kind of guy, but the atmosphere at a country carnival affected him so much that he convinced Philby and two North Cott juniors to sneak up to the Scarborough boats in the middle of the night and wax the seats. It was stupid really, especially since the wax came off easily the next morning. Now, if they'd sawed their oars up, it would've been something to be proud of.

That was the same year that the Swanny boaties had been experimenting with headstands. Once the boat was on a wave and the crew had been called back, the bowman ran back down the boat and did a headstand in the bow. That was fine, but Little Eagles got bored with that, so he pulled a brown-eye instead. The officials seemed to take a dim view of it, for some reason.

The idea with the country carnival is that it's not just the carnival, it's not just the party, it's not just the drinking, it's not just the stupid games, it's not just the fast food and crap tents; it's the whole experience. Everything has to be planned to the last detail.

The first thing that has to be decided is what the Swanny Team Outfit will be. When I first joined the club, there was no such thing as a Swanny Team Outfit, but after the Safari Suit Safari that was Gero '93, we realised how much extra enjoyment could be had if we all dressed up in really crap outfits. I can't remember exactly how the Safari Suit Safari of '93 started. All I remember is going into the town centre with Leavo and Cam on our first morning in Gero.

"Safari suits!" Leavo says, out of the blue.

I'm stunned and amazed. I don't even know what he's talking about. But Cam does.

"Yes!" says Cam, his eyes lighting up. "Where can we get 'em?"

"Op shops," Leavo says. "Good Sammy's, places like that. They've always got racks of 'em."

"In Geraldton?" Cam asks doubtfully. "I dunno..."

I follow them in numb disbelief as they go searching for op-shops. I've got no idea what they're planning, but it's bloody funny to watch.

And Leavo's right. In the first op shop they enter, they find what they're looking for. In spades. Not only is there an entire rack of safari suits, but they're on special; two dollars each.

"Two dollars! Can you believe it!" Leavo exclaims. "You won't find a better safari suit than this. Just feel the fabric!"

They buy the entire rack. Cam also buys a pair of open sandals and some long socks so he's got something to wear with his new outfit.

But they don't stop with the safari suits. They've suddenly entered a world of possibilities they didn't even know existed until a few moments ago. Why stop at safari suits when you can purchase a fake snow leopard-skin hat for fifty cents, or a velour bathrobe for a dollar? Leavo buys four of them.

"What the fuck d'ya want those for?" I ask him.

"For the Taplin team! Maaaaate! We could all walk onto the beach in our robes, and just before the race, we could pull them off. It'd psyche the other teams out. It'd be awesome!"

"Leavo, there are six people in a Taplin team. You're two short. What are the others going to wear?"

“We’ll share ‘em,” he says dismissively. “And look over here. Someone’s used underwear! How good is that! How good is that!”

“No, Leavo! You’re not gunna buy them are ya?”

“Nah. I only wear red jocks.”

I get the distinct feeling that if these were red, he *would* buy them.

Then they find a rack of shoes. Leavo buys a pair of shearer’s boots, and Cam’s so excited that he buys a pair as well. It’s the first time I’ve seen the two of them together, egging each other on and getting sillier and sillier by the minute. I get the impression that there is no boundary here; they are capable of doing the stupidest things known to mankind.

“Safari suits,” the girl at the counter says as they pay for their new clothes. “They’re coming back into fashion, you know.”

Although the boys are pleased with their purchases, the enormity of the awfulness of their suits only strikes home when the rest of the guys at the Campsite see the new outfits.

“These are fuckin’ fantastic!”

“Where ja get ‘em?”

“Only two bucks! You’re kiddin’ me!”

Cam and Leavo hand out the spares they’ve bought, and the lucky recipients compare the splendour of their new gear. We notice that there seems to be some sort of unwritten law about safari suit manufacture. Every single one has to be different from every single other one. No two safari suits are allowed to have similar features of any kind.

“Check this out! Mine’s got these funky epaulettes!”

“This one’s got pockets that don’t open.”

“Mint green’s pretty good, but check out Briggy’s. It’s chocolate brown. How crap is that!”

“What are you saying? That mint green is better somehow?”

“Yeah. I mean you could see someone buying the green one -”

“You’re fuckin’ kiddin’ me! You can actually imagine someone buying that safari suit and wearing it?”

As it gradually dawns on us what a startling range and variation the safari suits provide, those without an outfit organise another bus run to town to pick up some more. Not only is there a rush to see if there are any we missed at Good Sammy’s and to see if they can find a Salvation Army Shop or St Vincent de Paul, there’s a race to get there first to get first pick. We don’t take our suits off for the rest of the weekend, either. That night, we all sit down to dinner at Pizza Hut, wearing our new fashion statements. We wear them to Obsessions Night Club, and to the party after the carnival, too.



The Original Safari Suit Safari Country Carnival: Gero '93

Gero '96 was another good year for outfits. It was supposed to be a Bad Taste trip, but it has gone down forever in the annals of the Swanny Surf Club as the first Shitscared country carnival.

A few days before the trip, Leavo does his bad-taste shopping at the ever-reliable Good Sammy's. He purchases the by-now obligatory safari suit, and as he's checking out, his eyes fall on a display in the window. It's a full-body wet weather outfit, like a waterproof pair of overalls. Not only does it provide complete body coverage, but it has a hood as well. Best of all, it's in Leavo's favourite colours of red, white and blue. He pays ten bucks for it, and all those who know Leavo know he would have paid twenty times as much for an outfit like that.

I must admit, I'm pretty much underwhelmed by my first impression of Leavo's raincoat. Yeah, it looks pretty silly, but it's nothing compared to Kristie's "Nana Miskouri" outfit. But Leavo's convinced he's onto a winner, and as the trip progresses, he starts to convert us.

It's one of those trips where the bus gets pretty feral. The funky karaoke deck is ditched in favour of a beer-spitting fight, and, not surprisingly, Leavo turns out to be almost completely beer-proof. As he gets drunker, he gets more and more arrogant and antagonising, daring us to pour beer on him. With the hood up, the only way we can get him wet is to throw it in his face, or to direct a stream through one of the small holes that have been ripped in the seams.

Eventually Cam decides he wants a go. Leavo reluctantly strips to let him try it on. Cam ends up sliding down the aisle on his stomach, proving that the raincoat is not only beer-proof, but mud and dirt-proof as well. After this, no one else is game to try it on because it's become pretty festy, both inside and out. Cam and Leavo have both sweated into it, and it's covered with black dirt and beer.

“It’s unreal,” Leavo tells me the next morning as he washes it out. “When you put it on, you feel invincible. You just can’t get hurt, no matter what sort of stupid things you’re doing.”

And that night he proves it.

We’ve finished at the carnival, and we’re looking for something to do before the party starts. Cam finds a couple of kiddie tricycles, and being Cam, challenges Stewie to a race. Both of them are way too big to ride the mini-bikes, and they both end up flat on their backs in the dirt. Enter Leavo in his raincoat. He climbs onto the smallest of the trikes, and after a few practice mishaps, manages to pedal twenty metres before falling off. This isn’t enough for him. He tries to convince us that he can do the same distance doing a wheelie, with sparklers burning on the front wheel.

My enduring memory of that country carnival is Leavo in his raincoat, sporting a hot stunt moushtaka, riding a six-inch tricycle at full speed with one wheel in the air, sparks coming off the handlebars. He hits the finish line and rolls off onto the ground, where he is doused by about ten cans of beer, just in case the trike bursts into flames and explodes from the collision.







Leavo introduces Swanny to Shitscared the Stuntsuit, Gero '96

At that moment, the raincoat becomes Shitscared the Stuntsuit. The Swanny logo is carefully stencilled onto the left breast, and “Shitscared” is emblazoned across the back (Shitscared, in case you’re wondering, comes from the segment of the same name in *The Late Show*). Simone wrote the words “Cunning Stunts” on the right breast, and the outfit was complete.

From then on, any stupid stunt had to be done with the stunt person wearing Shitscared. Perry put it on first to show us how to go Bus Surfing (but he *wasn't* wearing it when he showed us how to do Tumble Dryer Surfing; Perry was one tough dude). They made me wear it at my Buck’s Night, when they sent me down a flight of thirty concrete stairs in an old surf ski. Cam even tried surfing in it, although it filled up with water and nearly drowned him. Sadly, Shitscared passed away the night of Scotty G’s Buck’s Night, where he also nearly drowned when he was thrown into the pool with it on.

We’ve had several Shitscared suits since then, but none will ever match the original. Shitscared Mark III, purchased at Good Sammy’s during the Bunno Brown Tour of ‘97, for instance, didn’t even make it through a single night.

Talking of Bunno Brown ‘97, the outfit we chose for that trip was, well, brown. The rule was that you couldn’t wear anything that wasn’t brown *all weekend*; it didn’t matter what it was, as long as it was brown. I don’t think anybody realises how many crap brown clothes are actually in existence until they try this with a large group of people. Austin Powers (Gero ‘00), Aussie Ocker Outfits (Margaret River ‘01), Lawn Bowls Uniforms (Denmark ‘99) – there doesn’t seem to be any end to the number of crap outfits you can wear on country carnival trips.





The Original Bunno Brown, Bunbury '97



Bad Taste Bus Trip, Gero '96



Can't remember the theme, but something crap at Gero (again).

Once the Swanny Team Outfit has been chosen, and purchased, there's the bus trip itself. This is one of the cornerstones of the weekend, and if the journey to get there is epic, you can bet the rest of the weekend will be, too.

Firstly, it's got to take two to three times longer than it should. Twelve hours to get to Gero is about our average. I have friends (not clubbies) who won't believe me that it once took us nine hours to get from Perth to Bunbury. I've seen a grown man burst into tears at four o'clock in the morning when the bus ran out of petrol still a hundred kilometres short of Denmark when we'd already been on the road for all of eight hours.

How do we do it? First, we arrange to leave at five in the afternoon. The idea (and this is what we tell everyone) is that the bus will drive out of the Swanny car park on the dot of five. In reality, most of the team only rock up to the club around about then, or a little bit later for those on surf time. Leavo gets there a little after six. Only then can we start to load the gear trailers and tie the boards and skis on, because no one but Leavo (a) knows which boards and skis we're taking, (b) has any straps to tie them on with and (c) can do it without Leavo holding his hand.



Starting the bus trip only 2 hours late, Gero '96

By seven o'clock we're loaded up and ready to go, but first we've got to stop for petrol. I, for one, thought that this could have been done earlier, but apparently not. And just when I think we're *finally* going to leave, Sconno (who usually does the driving) pulls into Fast Food Heaven so we can get some shhnnacks for the road. Fast Food Heaven is a stretch of Hay Street in Subiaco that has a Red Rooster, a Chicken Threat, a KFC and an HJ's, so every taste is catered for.

The stop lasts for over an hour, because eating at these establishments is a cultural experience as far as Swanny is concerned. Sconno has to drop everyone off at their restaurant of choice, and then collect them all again once the food is purchased. Only when we're all gathered in one place can the eating begin. But you're not just there to eat; there are the inevitable consumer competitions, like who can spend the most, who can eat the most and who can tell the grossest stories (I win that one every time, hands down; I can't tell the story here, it's too gross). There are Whopper skulls and thickshake skulls, and everyone comments what a shame it is that we don't have big Frank Gaschk with us so we can see his famous regurgitating trick. Frank's from Cottesloe, and can drink an entire thickshake, show you that his mouth is completely empty, and then regurgitate it back up to fill the cup to the brim. One year when Perry was with us, he impressed even Leavo by sticking an entire chicken carcass over one fist and eating it in less time than it took Cam to finish his burger. We also indulge in deep philosophical fast-food conversations, like why are all the onion rings exactly the same size, and how anyone could eat an egg that was cooked two weeks ago, frozen, and then defrosted in a microwave when you placed your order?

Eventually, we leave Fast Food Heaven and head out of Perth. If we've got two buses, the Tour Manager makes us all swap buses every so often so everyone mixes with everyone else. We'll be on the road for less than ten minutes when the Tour Manager calls the first switch. By the time we all find our new seats on the right bus, it's close to nine o'clock. We're already four hours late, and we haven't even made it out of Subiaco.



Inside a festy bus on the way to Gero '96

On several of the trips, there are compulsory stop-offs. If we're going down south, we normally take a two-hour detour so we can drive through Kirup. The tavern there sells the most disgusting concoction known as Kirup Syrup (or did until they were busted for buying cheap cask wine and re-labelling it). If we go to Gero, it's imperative that we stop for late dinner at the Cataby roadhouse. For anyone who has never had the privilege of dining at this fine establishment, you are to be commiserated. It is the eating experience of a lifetime. I have never, ever seen the same standard of food at similar prices anywhere in Australia. Firstly, if you're feeling particularly hungry, you might want to try their hamburger. For \$5.95 you get a hamburger patty between two slices of bread. Dry bread. Without butter. Compared to that, the cheeseburger looks like good value at \$2.95. That is, until you purchase one, and then you realise that it's just a piece of processed cheese between two pieces of bread. Dry bread. Without butter. (I kid you not. The first time I was up there, I bought two, because I didn't believe my eyes when they gave me the first one. I must admit that they had improved the last time we went up. Next to the price of the cheeseburger on the menu board, someone had stencilled in the words "No meat." At least you know what you're getting now.) Cataby's such a rip-off that one year we had a shoplifting competition when we stopped there, just to get even; whoever could steal the most merchandise was exempt from the Bag of Death for the rest of the trip. The Bag of Death was a warm bladder of really crap wine or port that served as penalty scull material. Scotty G won the shoplifting competition by stealing an entire carton of ginseng chewing gum. But the joke was still on us; the stuff was inedible. Even now, five years later, packets of ginseng chewing gum come cascading out of the pockets of the clothes we wore on that trip.



Very necessary bus stop somewhere on the way to somewhere else, sometime

All of these stops take their toll. If you add in the piss-stops, the stops when we change buses, stops to fix tyres or buy petrol, or if the bus breaks down or we get lost, it can be seen that only half of the time taken for the trip is spent driving.

While we're driving, we're far from bored. There are plenty of activities to keep us amused. Mostly it's just drinking, nudity and expletive swearing. This is often followed by spitting, vomiting and pissing out of bus windows while the vehicle's still in motion. In case you're thinking this is gross, you're not wrong. I remember one trip to Gero where one bus was so festy that no one, not even our most rancid members, volunteered to be a passenger on the way home. However, it must be said that what we do is nothing compared with what the City boys used to get up to.

"My first country carnival," Cam once told me, "was to Denmark when I was fifteen. I was still with City, back then. Once the bus got going, the driver refused to stop for anything. If you wanted to piss, you had to use the Piss-a-Phone. It was a funnel hooked up to a tube that went outside the door. It worked fine until someone crapped in it, which blocked it up. The driver still wouldn't stop, so the guys started pissing out the window. Then someone fell asleep, and instead of pissing out the window, Greg Mickle pissed on him. For the whole weekend, if anyone found you asleep, they'd piss on you.

"When we got to the caravan park in Denmark, they wouldn't let us in. So we just parked in the paddock next door. There weren't any facilities, but there were plenty of cowpats. Someone started a cowpat fight, and in less than five minutes everyone was covered in cowshit. Guys started packing cowpats in their bags so they'd have some ammo when they got on the bus, and the bus got covered in shit as well. So we're camping in this paddock, covered in crap, no running water, no showers, no nothing. It was disgusting. On the second day I rang my mother in tears and she drove all the way from Perth to come and pick me up."

And it's still not over when the bus pulls into the campground. Firstly, we've got to convince someone to let us in. When you arrive at the Separation Point Caravan Park at two in the morning in a convoy of buses smelling of the sewer and stale beer, with pissed, nude idiots leaning and yelling out of the open windows, and wake the superintendent up, they're not often anxious to have your patronage. Cam's story shows how the City boys were refused entry one year, and Stewie told me a similar story about his first country carnival when he was with North Cott.

"It was a Bunno trip. They let us in okay, the afternoon before the carnival. The first thing we did when we unpacked was to play a game of nude cricket. I was standing at deep extra uncover when the manager came running up and told us to get out. The carnival referee was camping two rows up, and when he heard about it, he banned us from the carnival. We had to pack up and go home; we'd been there for less than two hours."



But this is where the guys from Swanny are smart. We don't book in under the Swanbourne Nedlands SLSC; we book in under an assumed name. Every year we turn up for the country carnival with trailer loads of boats, surf reels, surf skis and boards, and they mark us off as the Floreat Football Club, or the Balga BMX Club (we change the name every year so they don't cotton onto us). It also helps if you walk around all weekend singing crap songs that start out with "Wembley Football walks on water".

Then, when we're finally in and we've found our camping site, we've got to unload the bus and trailer, unpack our luggage and set up the tents. This can go quickly if we've all brought our own, but if we've got the marquee, it takes at least an hour to erect, in the dark, at two in the morning, with half the help sozzled to the gills. But our really, really hard core members don't go to sleep even then. I've never made it past two or three, personally, but Leavo's not so soft. I remember being woken up at four in the morning by an angry exchange between Leavo and Reg, one of the club's more senior members.

"What the hell are you doing?" Reg is yelling.

"What does it look like?" Leavo retorts. "We're playing nude night golf."

"You're playing golf through the campsite?" Reg can't believe his ears (or his eyes).

"Naaaah. We don't hit anything. We just pretend."

"Well, do it a bit more bloody quietly!"

"You're fuckin' kiddin aren't ya? You have to yell "Fore!" It's correct golfing etiquette. Someone could get hurt, y'know."

"Leavo," Reg yells again. "The carnival starts in four hours. How are you going to compete like that, pissed as a maggot?"

"Reg, I'll still kick your candy arse. I thrash you sober, and I'll thrash you when I'm geshtonkered. I'm the King."

It's a measure of how drunk Leavo is that he does his "I'm the King" speech. He usually does it in half-jest, and only ever one-on-one, where no one else can hear him being arrogant. Right now he's serious, and what's even more unusual, he's mocking Reg in front of a whole lot of other people. The most irritating thing about Leavo is that the next day he goes to the carnival, not only pissed but hung over as well, and *does* kick our collective candy arses.

At Gero '93 (the year of the Safari Suit Safari), he didn't go to sleep at all on the first night. Once the tent had been set up, he found some of the City boys and talked them into driving him into Gero so he could find Obsessions, the only nightclub for three hundred miles. But Obsessions '93 and Nude Night Golf '89 were nothing compared to the Great Nude Night Trek of Bunno '97.

This is the trip that takes us nine hours to get from Perth to Bunbury. When I crawl into my tent at two in the morning, I'm actually crying from frustration and exhaustion. This is brought on not only from the most painful bus trip I've ever experienced, but also because I've forgotten to pack any sleeping stuff; no sleeping bag, no blankets, no pillows, not even any warm clothes. I have to lie on the cold, hard floor of the tent, wrapped in my towel and every single item of clothing I've brought with me. Simone isn't talking to me because (a) I've left all the sleeping stuff at home and (b) I didn't tie her board to the board trailer properly, and it's smeared all over the road thirty kilometres either side of Australind.

But while we're falling into a fitful and far from comfortable slumber, Leavo and the Poms are just beginning to arc up. It starts with the Scotsman singing "Flower of Scotland" at the top of his voice in his incomprehensible accent. Usually I love to hear him sing it, but at two in the morning, it's just too much.

"Fuckin' shut the fuckin' fuck up!" I shriek at him through the tent wall.

There is silence for a few seconds, then a burst of giggling. Deciding that they are making too much noise, the entire group decide to go for a late night wander. So Bender, The Pink Salmon, Big Phil, The Scotsman and Carl Dude follow Leavo on a Nude Tour of suburban Bunbury. I gather that they start out in their jocks and walking shoes, but things quickly deteriorate. Someone rips Leavo's jocks off him, and he has to tie the remnants around his waist, where they make a very small and flimsy belt. He's basically nude, except for his shoes.

When they reach a main road, Bender decides that it would be screamingly funny to brown-eye the next car that passes by. So the boys line up on the verge, and as a pair of headlights sweeps over them, they bend over and pull down their jocks (those of them that are still wearing any, that is). They're all pissing themselves laughing, until the car does a big ewie, and comes back towards them with its blue and red lights flashing.

The boys dive for the bushes on the verge, and there are furious whispered conversations as they try to get under cover.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck..."

"Who's fuckin' idea was this, anyway?"

"Fuck off, Jake! They'll see you, and then they'll see me! Go hide somewhere else!"

The searchlight flashes over them, and inevitably picks them out one by one; all except Leavo, which is probably fortunate.

The Poms assemble sheepishly in front of the police car. But it's their lucky night. Instead of arresting them, the cops just read them a stern lecture.

"Okay," one of the cops says at the end. "Jump in and we'll drive you home."

"Home?" Bender says sarcastically. "You mean Kent?"



As they disappear in the back of the cop car, Leavo crawls out of the bushes, naked and alone.

“It was fucked up, Briggy,” he tells me later. “It took me three hours to find the caravan park. I had no idea where I was. I was in the middle of fuckin’ suburbia. I was expecting to get busted any second. I thought I’d end up spending the weekend in the lock-up. I was trying to think how I was going to explain it to my boss on Monday morning. Just imagine if I’d still been out there when the sun came up...”

Then there’s the camping itself. None of my clubby friends is what I would call a serious camper. We only camp at the country carnivals because it’s the cheapest way to spend the weekend, not because we enjoy the experience. That means that none of us is really set up properly. We’ve all got crap tents and sleeping bags or swags, but none of the other gear that makes a campsite comfortable, like chairs, tables, cooking gear, eating utensils, gas lamps and the rest. Just like the buses, the campsite gets pretty festy after three days, even at a place like Gero where there’s running water and shower facilities. At Denmark, where the campsite full of black dust (which turns to black mud when it rains), or Contos which has drop toilets and no running water, it gets pretty revolting. The only thing that keeps you even remotely clean is your twice-daily swims in the ocean. At the end of three days, your feet are black, your whole body’s encrusted with salt, your clothes are filthy, stained, and smelling strongly of wood smoke, and you’ve lost half of your only pair of shoes in the swamp that you have to cross to get to the beach.

But the worst thing about camping is the food you have to eat. Cooking edible food at a campsite just isn’t possible, not with the gear we take with us. That means you have two options; eat at the local bakery or fast food places, or eat crap for three days.

For the older guys who are earning a wage, fast food is the only way to go. Twice a day we jump in the bus and head into town, then do the rounds of Pizza Hut, HJ’s, Macca’s, Chicken Threat, the bakery, fish ‘n’ chip shop and Kebabs Are Us.

Have you ever tried to take twenty people in a twelve-seater bus through a drive-through? In my experience, it usually goes like this:

Drive Through Guy: Welcome to the House of Grossburger. Can I take your order?

Leavo: Yeah. There’re a few of us, so just wait until I’ve given the whole lot. It might take a while. Could I have... a Grossburger... large fries and a Fatshake...

Drive Through Guy: I have that order as a Grossburger, large fries and a Fatshake. Would you like anything else with that?

Leavo: Look, you didn’t listen. We’re ordering for a lot of people here. Just wait ‘til I’ve finished. Cam, what are ya havin’?

Cam: I'll have a Catch of Yesterday... Mush Rings... and a Poop Sundae.

Leavo: Can you add to the first order a Catch of Yesterday, Mush Rings and a Poop Sundae?

Drive Through Guy: I have that order as a Catch of Yesterday, Mush Rings and a Poop Sundae. Will there be anything else?

If you're Leavo, you want to be sure of the quality of the food you're getting, which means Macca's for breakfast, lunch and dinner (I didn't say the quality had to be good, you just have to be sure of it). Living on Macca's for three days straight is pretty boring, so we try to spice it up a bit. For instance, can one person, in a single day, eat one of everything on the Macca's menu? (The answer is, if you're interested, yes.)

If you're me or Stewie, you're a bit more adventurous. I quite like going into a small country town and eating out at Bob's Rib-O-Rama. In fact, Stewie and I have contests like this; can we eat fast food for three days, eating a different kind of food from a different establishment each time, without getting food poisoning? Chicken, burgers, meat pies, Chinese, Mexican, fish 'n' chips, kebabs, pizza – the dodgier the better. Cam used to play as well, until he had a dodgy crabstick and lost eight kilograms in a single week.

But if you're still at school or Uni and money's tight, you can't afford to eat in such style. Instead, you buy tins of Black & Gold baked beans and you heat them up over the campfire. Three days of braised steak and onions, Alphabetti, and Heinz Oops, and you start to wish you'd had a share of Cam's crabstick. I remember one pathetic occasion when the young guys had run out of money on a surfing trip. They couldn't even afford cheap tins of baked beans anymore, but managed to pick up a bulk case of baby food that was on special. If you want my advice, don't ever spend a weekend with teenagers who're subsisting entirely on baby food. Actually, it wasn't too bad until they got to the dessert stuff, and discovered that the egg and custard pudding looked and tasted like semen (well, that's what they told me and I didn't ask). They had a semen-spitting contest, and the stains on my clothes that year were particularly revolting.

After all of this, the carnival itself is a return to comparative normality. Rules are relaxed a little, and the officials don't take things too seriously for a change. They allowed us to do the March Past in our safari suits and terry towelling hats one year, and didn't even disqualify us in Bunno '97 when the entire club did the last swim leg of the Taplin Relay (although they did take the flags down while we were still half-way around the course).



Swanny Chicks, Bunno '97



Swanny Chick Team Shirts, Gero '96



Team Swanny in the March Past, Gero '96

Although all of this has been fun, the party afterwards is *the* reason that I go to country carnivals. There's nowhere else you'd get to see two hundred people dancing nude on a surf club roof. That was Gero '89, and although the nudity is pretty much restricted to the guys these days, Gero is still the biggest and the best.



Wild Wild West Counrty Carnival, Albany 2002

It's the party after the carnival at Gero '93, the Safari Suit Safari. I stand next to Stewie, looking and feeling extremely flash in my chocolate-brown safari suit. My socks are pulled up to just below my knees, and with one hand tucked neatly into the shirt pocket at my waist, I am the epitome of sartorial splendour. Stewie's not looking too bad, either, I have to concede to myself, but his safari suit just isn't a patch on mine.

Over to one side, Leavo has attracted another young woman with his new chick magnet. His safari suit is a lime-green number with long sleeves, and he's deliberately done the buttons up wrong. At first it was to make him look like a senile old boy with Old-Timer's, but he's discovered that girls just can't leave the buttons alone. While we were at Obsessions, three different women who he'd never seen before in his life came up to him and started fixing his buttons. Now Sian Halliwell, an Amazon board paddler from North Cott, is kindly re-doing his buttons for him.

I take a drink from my beer, and although I still find the taste of it revolting, I'm now feeling too good to care. My body is aching all over from a day's competition in the surf; my arms are stiff and sore, my chest hurts every time I breathe in, my sunburn is excruciating against the harsh fabric of my outfit, and my nose is seared from the sea-water caught in my sinuses. But in my safari suit, with a few beers inside me, and a wild party in full swing all around me, life just couldn't be better. I stand next to Stewie with an inane grin on my face and look at the pretty girls around us.

And suddenly they're not just around us, but in front of us as well. Well, one is, anyway. A remarkably buxom young lady is standing in front of us, swaying slightly from side to side. Her face is rather striking, but she's also very well stacked.

"Hi," Stewie says, smiling personably. "Show us your tits."

It's funny how some people would be arrested for this sort of comment, and how people like Stewie who look all cute, puppyish and appealing can get away with it. Instead of running for the hills or calling the cops, this girl just smiles at him.

"Okay," she replies, "but only if you show me your dick."

"Oh no," I think to myself. "Oh no. He'll do it, he'll do it, he's doing it, oh my god he's doing it!"

After Stewie had buttoned himself up again, he stands watching her expectantly. She looks at him for a second, then grabs him by the back of the head and pushes his face up under her T-shirt. Apparently, because I hadn't flopped out my chopper, I'm not going to get to see. That's okay with me, actually, so the three of us stand around in a circle for a few moments while the party rages on around us. Feeling nonplussed by this unusual and rather awkward social situation, I venture some polite conversation.

"Er... nice night, isn't it?" I say.

She doesn't reply, and I have reached the limit of my conversation skills, so we all stand around in silence again. I'm starting to worry about the big fella and I'm just about to go in and rescue him (checking for danger... Stewie can you hear me? Can you squeeze my hand and let it go?) when he finally comes up for air. Stewie always did have the best lungs in the club, and he's never needed them more.

Like I've mentioned, country carnivals generate the kind of atmosphere that makes doing stupid things seem like a good idea, and most of these occur at the party. One of the perennial favourites, Beer Skittles, I first saw on my first country carnival, at Gero in '89.

It all started when the City boys got tired of sitting still and drinking quietly at the bar. So they set up a row of tables, making a long, elevated bowling alley. At one end, they set up a pyramid of beer cans, stacking them against the steel roller door that separated the bar from the boatshed. The tables were then lubricated with beer, and the bowling started. Competitors would first remove their shirts.

Then they'd pose and flex their muscles, trying to stroke the crowd into a frenzy. Each would then take a running dive at the tables, fly along on their guts and head butt the cans at the end. How many beer cans they knocked over seemed to be irrelevant; it was all about who was the biggest showman, who could do the most spectacular dive and slide, and who could do the most damage to the door. After ten or twelve tries, they managed to put a massive dent right down the middle of it, and even I could see that the door was never going to open again.

So they were told to stop their game or take it outside. Not wanting to give up so soon, they set the tables up outside in the car park. Unfortunately for the competitors, there wasn't a door out here to slow them down at the end. Prudently deciding that putting the tables against a brick wall was a bad idea, they set the tables up so that the impact zone terminated in empty space. Everyone but the next competitor could see what was going to happen at the end of his slide. It unfolded with implacable inevitability; he ran, he dived, he slid, he head butted the cans, he free-fell through space, he head-butted the tarmac. He lay on the ground, moaning softly, blood pissing from numerous scalp and facial injuries caused by both the sharp edges of the beer cans and the concrete of the car park. Not only that, but the tables weren't quite even when they lined them up, and he looked like he'd lost both nipples where he'd hit a rough edge or two.

Some of the other games aren't quite as dangerous. Nude ski jumping is quite safe, assuming that your mates catch you, or that you don't jump clear over them like Kev did at Collaroy '92. Other games can be much worse; I've dislocated my shoulder playing both Buck-Buck and Sumo Wrestling. Some are not so dangerous, but are infinitely grosser. I'll never forget standing under Stewie as he attempted a Nude Pole Climb up the central pole of the official marquee at Albany '91. Much as I love Stewie, I saw way too much of him that night. I'll also never forget my first exposure to Flies-Eyes; in Denmark '90, Billy Erhard pulled his CJ's up in the front like a reverse G-string, so that one testicle fell out on either side. He reckoned it was a good way to pull chicks; I didn't disagree with him, but I did question the quality of chick it seemed to attract.

Some things we've done are not so much stupid games, but seemed-like-a-good-idea-at-the-time-but-never-to-be-repeated moments of madness. One of these was at Bunno '97, when in a spontaneous act of group solidarity, we followed Perry into combat.

When we got to the surf club for the party after the carnival, the party was in its full death throes. There was almost no one there, and those that were, were pressed up against the walls talking quietly or not at all, clutching their drinks and looking at their watches. The Swanny Team poured off the bus, all dressed in brown, and ran after Perry into the surf club. Perry is one of the SAS boys, and apart from being the King of Tumble Dryer Surfing, he's also a mad skydiver.

“Quick!” he yelled. “Skydive formation!”

He sprinted into the hall and threw himself onto his stomach on the floor, his arms and legs thrashing. Sixty Swanny members landed on or near him and lay in a somewhat loose formation in the centre of the dance floor. It went down like a lead balloon, but the Swanny guys thought it was fuckin’ funny. Whatever anyone else thought, it changed the mood of the party completely. Within minutes, clubbies from around the state were competing at Furniture Acrobatics and Beer Skittles.

All these shenanigans have to be paid for at some stage, and unsurprisingly, that happens the day after. The sun inevitably pours through your tent wall at five in the morning, and if you’ve ever woken up that early in a tent in bright sunlight, hung over, dehydrated and sunburnt, you’ll know what a truly horrible experience that is. There is always the comforting, customary sound of Leavo herking his guts up from where he’s lying under the surfboat (and on one memorable occasion, from where he was lying *in* the surfboat). The only reason we ever take a surfboat with us anymore is so Leavo can be sick under it.



Festy camp site, Gero '98

Back when we used to get the long weekend, it wasn't too bad; we had the extra day at the end to recover before we headed back to Perth. We didn't have to worry about packing up and heading straight back. Instead we'd get up at our leisure and go surfing. It's amazing how good surf can cure even the worst hangover. Then we'd hang around in the campsite, listening to the countdown of Triple J's Hottest One Hundred as we packed the bus for the trip home.



Unfortunately, with just the two-day weekend, we don't have the time for that anymore. As soon as we're up, we have to pack up the campsite, get on a bus that reeks of stale beer, vomit and, if we're unlucky, urine as well, and endure a six-hour drive through the heat of the day back to Perth. And if you're really unlucky, you have a trip like Jason Roche had in 1984. He developed meningococcal disease, and was throwing up every half hour, all the way from Geraldton to Perth. This was at a time when there were no mobile phones, and while everyone knew he was in a bad way, no one could do anything about it. Once in Perth, he spent three days on life support before making a full recovery.



Common sight on the return bus trip; Swanny members going hard.

Once you're back in Perth, we've got to unpack the buses and trailers, hose them out and return them to the hire companies (where we inevitably lose your bond). It's an absolute prick of a day, and one that only barely makes the rest of the weekend worth it.



Okay, okay, so that was what it was like in the old days (circa late '90s). But if you want to be part of some new myths and legends, here's what you have to do...

**Get yourself to ~~Bunbury 2010~~ Smiths 2020!!!**

# **Bunbury Country Carnival – Swanny Surfari 2010**

Here are the details....

**Dates:** Departs SNSLSC Friday 22nd January at 6pm, arrives back to SNSLSC late on Sunday 24th.

**Theme:** The theme for the bus trip is “Surfari”, so wear something unreal! Safari suits, pith helmets, Colonial attire, anything really (but it’s best if you can leave the elephant guns at home). Safari Formal attire is to be worn on all bus rides, march past and at the Saturday night party

**Transport:** Surfari Minibuses will be hired to transport surfari team and boards/skis. Be prepared for heavy drinking, changing buses, frequent stopping, on board karaoke and roadhouse diner fast food. Yum! Formal bus rules apply, which means if you puke on the bus, you have to travel in it for the rest of the weekend...

**Cost:** Around \$50-\$70 to cover accommodation, carnival fees, bus and fuel.

**Accommodation:** We are booked in at a Caravan Park, somewhere. Only Ando knows, and he’s not telling.... We are booked in under the name “Balga BMX Club”. The Club will be erecting a large 20-man marquee, but if you prefer you can bring along your own tent. Bring along your own sleeping bag, swag or whatever.

**Other Gear:** We plan to be taking up the Club gear trailer as well as a boat. As such, we will have enough room for one bag per person. For those who wish to take up craft like skis, mals, shortboards, we should be able to fit this all in. You must provide the tie down straps and it is your job to make sure it is secure. We will start packing the gear trailer from about 4pm onwards on the Friday. Remember to bring your competition bathers and caps too.

**Food & Drinks:** The normal diet of junk food plus bread soaked in Father O’Leary’s. Basically BYO food, drink, and money!

## **ITINERARY**

Friday, 4pm: Start packing the trailers and buses.

Friday, 6pm: Bus leaves for Bunno!!

Saturday, 1am: We hit FIASCOS, Bunno’s best (and only) night club!

Saturday Morning: Relaxing and recovering, and competing at the Australia Day Country Carnival.

Saturday Night: The after-carnival party at Bunbury SLSC. A blur...

Sunday Morning and on into the afternoon: Pack up and head to Secret Harbour (the scene of this year’s State Titles). If the surf is perfect, we surf all day. If the surf is crap, training on boards and for the surf race. Ins and outs across the bank, wading, porpoising, bodysurfing and catching waves on boards. Excellent fitness and superb for surf skills, as well as the best hangover cure known to man...

Monday: Back to school.

***We look forward to your attendance on this epic journey !***

To reserve a seat, contact club captain James Anderson Kate Hutchinson-  
[captain@swannysurfclub.org.au](mailto:captain@swannysurfclub.org.au)

## Competition Program for Bunno 2010

~~10:15am March Past Official's Report, Marshal March Past, Marshal 2km Beach Run All Categories~~

~~10:30am 2km Beach Run~~

~~10:40am March Past~~

~~The rest of the carnival follows at no specific timeframe. It goes in the order listed below, but in several different arenas. Each event is only run when the preceding event in that arena is over. Some arenas run on time, some don't. Remember that to do all the events you want, you may have to marshal in different arenas (sometimes at exactly the same time...).~~

~~Open Tube Rescue~~

~~Beach Sprints Open~~

~~U19 Tube Rescue~~

~~Open/ U19 Surf Race (the swim)~~

~~U17 Surf Race~~

~~U15 Surf Race~~

~~Open Ski (H)~~

~~U17 Ski (H)~~

~~Open Board Relay~~

~~U17 Board Relay~~

~~Beach Relays Open~~

~~U17 Ironman U17 Ironwoman~~

~~Lunch~~

~~Beach Flags Open~~

~~Open Surf Teams~~

~~Open Board Race~~

~~U17 Board Race~~

~~Open Ski (F)~~

~~U17 Ski (F)~~

# Club Championships 2010!!!!

**When:** Sunday, ~~January 31, 9am—1pm~~ March 8

**Where:** On Swanny Beach... where else!!!!

## ***Planned itinerary:***

~~9am: Swanbourne Cup—a mixed board rescue event. Not considered a medal event, and doesn't count towards the Overall Champion standings, but fun never the less!!!~~

~~9:20 am~~ Run Swim Run

~~9:40 am~~ Board Race

~~10:00 am~~ Long Run

~~10:20 am~~ Long Swim

~~10:40 am~~ Ski Race

~~11:00 am~~ Beach Flags

~~11:20 am~~ Beach Sprint

~~11:40 am~~ Ironman and Ironwoman

(This program of events is to be used as a guide only and maybe subject to change by the Referee.)

Due to some (small) issues in the past, the referee will run the event by the official SLSA competition manual. Normal race rules apply, including gear specifications, dress of competitors, the courses for the races, finish of events etc etc. For example, in the board race, a competitor is judged to have finished only when his or her chest crosses the finish line while being on his/her feet and being in control of their board. For the ironman and ironwoman events, the ski is considered to be a standard component. Accordingly, those who do a ski leg will finish higher than anyone who chooses not to do a ski leg, regardless in what order they finish (ie all the ski paddlers will finish higher than the non ski paddlers). The Club Championships are run in a light-hearted, non-confrontational manner, and advice and information will be given on the day by the referee and senior club members. However, if you do not know the rules, and you make a mistake that costs you a medal or a place, tough luck Suck it up and learn the rules next time. (Coming to training and racing at carnivals helps).

~~A medal is presented for each event for Men and Women. The winner also gets their name inscribed on a perpetual trophy (only a few of these actually exist—the Club is in the process of acquiring, naming and inscribing suitable perpetual trophies for some events).~~ In addition, for each event, points are allocated to all place-getters as shown below:

1st place	8	12
2nd place	6	9
3rd place	5	6
4th place	4	
5th place	3	
6th place	2	
All others	1	

~~A modified points structure will be used if fewer than 6 people compete in an event.~~

Based on the accumulated score of each competitor, an Overall Champion in the Mens and Womens categories is also presented.

Some notable past winners:

Colin Cook - ~~40~~ 5 Open Surf Race Championships

Tony Leaversuch – ~~41~~ 12 Open Board Championships, 11 Open Ironman Championships

Christo Rowley – 9 Open Long Run Championships (can he make it 10 this year??? Be there to find out!!!)

**So ~~win a medal~~, get your name on a trophy, become famous, a legend, immortal... or just come down and have a go and learn how to race... but just be there!!!**