



WEMBLEY VETERANS
FOOTBALL CLUB

WELCOME TO WEMBLEY VETS

We're all about Family, Fun, and Fitness

Hi Andrew,

Joe Porter

We send our very best to Joe Porter who is recovering from his surgery and has commenced his treatment.

Save these dates!

Friday 17th June Poker night

Saturday 23rd July Date night

Saturday 24th September Wind-up

Round 5 – this Sunday - May 29 - Mandurah Carnival

Location is – Rushton Park, Mandurah

1.10pm Masters vs Mandurah

4.25pm Supers vs Rossmoyne

Name down on the sheet tonight or let Bassie know if you're playing.

Raffle

Wembley Vets raffle now in full swing so get your tickets at training tonight – the raffle is designed to raise \$4,000 which will contribute substantially to our final instalment of \$5,000 to the building fund for the new Wembley Sports Complex. Every member is to sell a book of 20 tickets worth \$100 and we are asking you to pre-pay that \$100 in advance into the Wembley Vets account – see Cotch or Irish if needed. Raffle details

- Limit of 1,500 tickets
- Prizes Closes 30 June 2016
 - 1st prize \$2,500 cash
 - 2nd prize \$500 cash
 - 3rd prize \$150 Lot20 restaurant voucher (thanks BP)
- Drawn 6 July 2016

- Winners announced 15 July 2016

Nungarin Report

Another fantastic day out for the Wembley boys and extended family on a blustery, wet day.

Here are two accounts for your reading pleasure! Thanks to Joff and Wal!

NUNGARIN 2016 – pre-game (By Wal)

For the 4th year in a row the Wembley Vets loaded up with a bus full of optimism and hope for a great day as they made their way out for the annual match against the Kalgoorlie Miners in the quiet little town of Nungarin. Unfortunately there was a few late pull outs (the type usually heard about at a teen pregnancy counselling session), so the bus only had 17 hopeful souls (complete with 3 non Wembley assists from Gibbo, Hilly and DB). Some early nutrition in the form of bacon & egg burgers was cooked up by Space and Smitty (those that “couldn’t find” the \$5 can make up for it at the next training session), and we made our way to pick up Irish who was dutifully ordering coffee’s for us at Solstice Café. Although running a little late we grabbed the extras at the Caltex out at Midland. This was to provide the first indication that perhaps Sarge’s poker night consumption was taking a bigger toll on him than he’d anticipated with the bus waiting for him to finish his “small room” business. Once on board the now annual decision to try and leave someone behind began. This time it was Smitty who obliged by not paying attention to the fact Sarge had reboarded and that was all TB (driver) needed to know. Some frantic yelling by Wal as we were pulling away meant all we had to do was pull up rather than head back. With our 17 back on board all we needed to do was let TB battle the elements on the way out.

After the mandatory stop at the Bakers Hill bakery, Sarge did us all a favour by falling asleep for 30 or so minutes. With no Yappa and a sleeping Sarge it was almost blissful for a period.... Then Sarge woke up, feeling a little affected by... motion sickness. A quick stop for some very fresh cold air and we were off again. Aside from being stuck behind a slow wide load for an extended it was a fairly uneventful trip to Nungarin... Until we came across the fairly large branch that had snapped off a tree. A good bit of team work quickly dispatched the branch to the side of the road and we made our way in quick time to Nungarin.

And so to the game. Needless to say it was a cold and very wet Nungarin oval that awaited us. With large parts of the ground under water and a howling gale blowing mostly across the ground, it was never going to be the prettiest game ever played. As has become the tradition we gave the Miners a couple of our players – strategically and most importantly we’d managed to off load Irish! Ryno was the other player who donned the Miners gear (thanks to both of you for that).

NUNGARIN 2016 (By Joffa)

We woke up to a shitstorm. The wind was howling, the rain was sideways and houses were springing leaks all around Perth. For those that can remember and were in Perth in the 1970’s, Cyclone Alby springs to mind. All Nungarin volunteers kept checking team app, waiting for the message from Bassie that the trip was called off due to inclement weather, and to hop back into bed. Then there were some who were just finishing up from their Friday night escapades and actually about to hop or fall into bed, with Sarge and Brett suddenly rueing the day they put their names down. More about that to come.

A kiss goodbye to the family with my son screwing up his face and in a 7 year old way asking WTF dad? You’re playing footy in that? And you won’t be home until tonight? Thanks to my Syrian Uber driver, I arrived to the bus in good time, with a nice conversation about the weather.

The lads were all there by 8.00am, and off we drove with Terry behind the wheel for 4 minutes to pick up Irish from the café where the accountant ordered 4 long macchiatos, instead of the requested 5. He claimed to not have his calculator on him so we let it slide. Sarge and Brett were claiming rights to the bench seat at the back with Sarge knocking off bourbon after bourbon at his cards night, then slamming down a meatlovers pizza in the early hours. Sounded great at the time hey Sarge? Brett caught up with mates at the Albion which also seemed like a great night but there was a greenish hue to his complexion which worried Terry somewhat. The rest of us loaded up on carbs and hydrated ourselves with water and had an early night.

We made another stop in Midvale to pick up Gibbo, Hilly and DB to help boost our numbers. Sarge jumped off the bus for his second crap for the day. Meatlovers.... Brett came back on board with the mandatory Up n Go and Red Bull – who would have thought with a large can of Red Bull that you could sleep? Didn’t hear from Brett for the next couple of hours. ‘Up n Go’ my arse. We stopped next at Bakers Hill famous bakery where a bit of pastry and more coffees were thrown back, and Sarge ducked off for another crap. We started to get the feeling that the warm desert sunshine we were chasing was maybe going to elude us as the subarctic conditions was making its presence felt. The conversations were starting to all start with ‘faaaaark it’s cold’ when stepping out of the bus each time.

We hit the road again and admired the view out the window of man breath on the inside, wiping it away with sideways droplets on the outside. The attention eventually was drawn away from the entry into the wheatbelt areas and seemed to be dedicated to winding up Irish which was hilarious at the time, but Irish, being a clever man, was making notes in his head who said what and devised a plan of redemption. Bassie was using the opportunity in a confined space to try and recruit and sign up players for the Bali 9's trip and Gold Coast carnival – as you could imagine, Bassie was getting excited.

We made the turn off to Nungarin – the weather seemed overcast but there was a sense of improvement. We made an emergency stop when Rob cried out 'Holy shit' to alert Terry of the tree spilt across the road. No way around this bugger. With some heavy braking we stopped and stepped out of the bus. If we thought there was some improvement in the weather, we were sorely mistaken. Faaaaarrk it was freezing! I found it amusing that the first vehicle to stumble across this heavy road block was a bus full of footballers. With chests out and testosterone pumping, out jumped most of us and made short work of it. Myself and Wally tried to capture the moment like a couple of teenagers at a Bieber concert, and before long we were heading into town (I use the term town loosely. Is there some sort of settlement in Nungarin? Could have been hidden by the wall of rain) Upon our arrival, there was a juniors game playing with about 5 players in each team, and playing on a full oval. Mum's must have rung the coaches that morning to inform little Johnny had a cold and won't be playing.

After Wally changed his mind 13 times whether we were wearing white or black jumpers, we eventually got dressed. Sarge claimed to have just had his fifth crap for the day. We had our ring in ruckman Bobby who met us there which was a nice relief. Running out onto the field, we were all squealing like 10 year olds about the conditions. Especially because we had to run through Lake Nungarin outside the changerooms to get to the oval. Wet socks before the warm up. Beauty.

Hurls was running around with hand grip smothered all over the front of his jumper. It looked like he was hoping the ball would just stick to his chest like a velcro ball and bat, but he claims when he rubs this stuff on his hands, he doesn't drop a think. A short little kick to him and he spills it. Righto mate, if you think it helps. (Apparently you have to give it time to 'wear in' he claims). Kalgoorlie boys were a mixed bunch. The fella who rocked up in his truck with 'Red Neck' slapped on the front in bold letters was an intimidating looking guy with his bushy bokie beard and tats. He actually tied his beard up into a pony tail for the game! Brilliant. Then there was Chids who looked like Sumo wrestling was more his thing but showed some skill in the trying conditions, and of course there was Cobber. Everybody's mate. Well, nearly everybody's.

Kalgoorlie were a little short on numbers so we volunteered them Irish (this was part of Irish's redemption plan we soon found out) and reluctantly, Rhino was escorted into the Kal changerooms to don the Saints guernsey. He was pretty handy actually in Kal colours, with a beautiful diving knock out of the ball straight to me at one stage, all on my own. His loyalty clearly is with Wembley, unlike our tall friend, Irish.

Irish was intent on taking out as many Wembley players as he could. Monty was in and under all day, only to cop a few knocks around the head from none other than Irish. It looked like Monty was on hands and knees searching for an eyeball at one stage. I went up to him to ask what happened, with a blunt response 'fucking Irish'. Oh of course. I had a nice little run along the wing – I could hear the slop, slop of what seemed like flippers behind me when one of those size 16 flippers got me studs up in the back of my calf, and ripping my boot off as it slid down the calf. A 'courteous' 'sorry Joffa' was a passing comment from Irish. The worst part was it took me half that quarter to get my fingers working to tie up my boot lace. And then there was Bobby, who copped one from Irish which ended up completely closing his right eye. An old fashioned shiner! Nice work out there from our number 1 hitman, oops I mean ruckman.

Mike was like a bull terrier sliding in and desperately fighting for the ball. He should have brought his mask and snorkel as he dived through Lake Nungarin trying to get a spilt ball out to myself and Wally who were screaming to him to get it out to us as we stood on the edge of Lake Nungarin. Hurls was solid in defence with his sticky hands and chest, and was often seen exploding out of the backline. It was interesting that with all this grip he had, he resorted to soccering the ball off the ground most times. Rob presented himself everywhere in the middle but trying to read the play was nigh on impossible with the breeze, but the slop seemed to suit him. It was great seeing Space in his element. Directing traffic and looking out for his team mates. Now Space doesn't really pivot on the spot with his knee and likes a wide berth, so it was ideal for him on Lake Nungarin as he turned like an ocean liner. Big Kim played his second game of footy and he is loving it out there. With a rugby background, he was hoping to get involved in a game which is quite physical. When playing on a bunch of geriatrics, he seemed to feel a bit ripped off, thinking how am I supposed to clock this 60 year old bloke? Brett had shaken his hangover it appeared to contribute well with plenty of run back in his legs, but it seemed Sarge was still struggling and when the ambulance rocked up in the third quarter, I'm sure there was some relief for him. I've been told Sarge plays his best footy with a hangover, and he did some amazing things, I grant him that, but not on the footy field today. Unfortunately our beloved Minnesotan had a hammy problem and limped around the forward line. He was still out there though!

Bero was the talk of the town. All the wags were squealing on the sidelines whilst watching this guy run rings around the Kalgoorlie masters. We felt blessed to have him shaking things up in the forward line and back line – he was so versatile. Both teams were applauding him and then there was 'that moment'. It was like the needle just slipped off the record. All the players stopped, the crowd was hushed to low murmur. The only person moving was Bero. Even the umpire dropped his whistle. Cobber had his moment of glory. In the forward pocket, the ball at his feet. All he needed to do was pick it up, walk in and belt their first goal. It would have brought a tear to everybody watching to see this legend fist pump and run up to his

team mates. It was set up beautifully and we could all see it unfolding. All of us, except Bero. No, Bero would have none of it. He puts on the afterburners, runs behind Cobber, scoops the ball up practically out of his hands as does a booming kick out of defense. Looking proud of himself he followed the ball up to provide further assistance. Meanwhile, poor ol' Cobber was standing alone in the forward pocket, a sight that is etched in my memory. A cold, wet day, all alone like a defeated man. After chatting to him afterwards, he is thinking of hanging up the boots. A career ending move. Maybe did the Kal boys a favour, getting rid of one of their senior players as they did award Bero with BOG. A gesture of offering his bottle of wine to Cobber didn't cut the mustard as cobber rejected it, symbolic of the catalyst that ended his career

The beers and CWA cakes and slices afterwards was well received and Hurls was giving the cooking lady a lesson about cooking onions. With the bus loaded up with grog, we hit the road for the banter back to Perth. We stopped about 15 times, instigated by Kim to empty the bladder – seriously, this guy must have a bladder the size of a kiwi fruit. Then it was a brilliant idea to have the traditional photo on the CY O'Connor pipe – yeh great work when we all ended up ankle deep in mud. I remember someone complaining about 'these are my new blue shoes', and Bassie crying out 'harden up you cunt'. The more beer he drinks, the more people are c&%ts. Even a cry of 'I was only on one leg out there and I got one goal and set up another one you slow fat c%^t'. He's really adopting this colloquial Australian well.

Irish sat at the front of the bus all the way back, spotting kangaroos and maybe thinking to himself 'why do I get so much enjoyment hurting my own team mates?' or maybe he wasn't.

We stopped at some pub to buy more beer and Bassie was intrigued by the Canadian girl behind the bar. What the hell is a Kanook doing all the way out here? The bus was getting louder – imagine if Jake was on board? Sarge was getting nervous having promised he would be at the restaurant at 7.30, when 7.30 rolled on as we were driving through Chidlow. Monty discovered a strobe on his Samsung phone to try and get the 'doo doov' vibe going, and Hurls gave up his bottle of port awarded for second best on ground to be swigged by everybody, only to be promised by Brett he will give him a \$1000 bottle of port for compensation. Hurls was intrigued by Brett's comments "yeh I will open a bottle of Grange, have a glass and tip the rest out. I don't give a fuck". Good to see the ol' hair of the dog Brett! The bus trip back was gold and I wish I could recall more – maybe Wally might want to ad to it!

A successful day out and Wembley Vets Footy Club was well represented. Looking forward to next year's game! Maybe Cobber will be sitting on a folding chair watching on next year...

Don't forget your fees!

\$250 for a player membership and \$500 for a player sponsorship (gives you a player membership plus entry to club events throughout the year including the wind-up) – same as last year Payment required before now if you haven't. Payment ensures you're covered by insurance on game day, and during club training sessions. EFT Payment details:

Account Name: Wembley Veterans Football Club

BSB: 306 074

Account: 0617846

Sponsor our new white jumpers!

We are offering a \$1000 sponsorship for our new white jumpers – given they will tend to last at least 4 years, this gives you as the sponsor good exposure for around \$250/year Talk to Cotch if you're keen!

Sponsors update

Thanks to Brett O'Mara for the support (\$500) of his employer, Metroll, which is a leading Australian manufacturer and supplier of quality metal building products. Metroll has supplied products for the new Wembley Sports Complex.

Remember how Payney for his overview of how he can help you with financial services via Smart Wealth Group (<http://www.smartwealthgroup.com.au/>) – remember every bit of business Payney does for you means 20% of his commission back to Wembley Vets! Thanks buddy. Also acknowledge our 2016 Player Sponsors who have tipped in \$500 for their membership

- Nanks

- Rookie
- Cotch
- Bero
- Brett Smith
- Bassie

Also very happy to confirm the support of all our sponsors for the 2016 season – that includes to Prindi (Ace), Sarge (Floreat Physio) and Mike Rowney (Austim). Thanks to all of you for this fantastic contribution!



Cotch and the Committee

Your Committee for 2016

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Registrar
Coach

Andy 'Cotch' Caruso
 Craig 'Slarkey' Slarke
 Sean 'Irish' Delaney
 Nunzio 'Nunz' Giunta
 Brett 'Smithy' Smith
 Chris 'Bassie' Bassett

Committee

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 Trav 'Sandy' Franklin
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 Adrian 'AJ' Mondy

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