

**STILL
NOT THE
XMAS SPECIAL!!**

The Musketeer

(unofficial journal of the 'unofficial' Winter League)

"AWL for one and one for AWL!"



**'Mad Hatter' weekend funds new
residential HQ
for AWL charity***



*** Pudsey gets it really**

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KNOCK OUT SHOCK!

***Pickersgill leaves Simon
with F Hall on his
(way to) Plate
- we reveal why inside***

Editor: H Hacker

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LETTERS PAGE

Star Letter

Henbury Golf Club
Henbury Road
Westbury on Trym BRISTOL BS10 7QB

Mr S. Falconer Hall
39 The Crescent
Henleaze
Bristol
BS9 4RP

9 November 2009

Dear Simon,

I am writing to advise you that after careful consideration your Handicap has been adjusted at Annual Review to the following figure:

New Exact Handicap = 13.1

New Playing Handicap = 13

This is in accordance with Clause 23 of the Council Of National Golf Unions' Unified Handicapping System.

This change was entered into your Handicap Record on 09 November 2009 along with the following comment:
'2009 Annual review'

This adjustment will apply with immediate effect.

Yours sincerely,



Derek Howell
Managing Secretary

No wonder Pickersgill managed to scrape through in the Knock-out! Read how it happened on page 4 - Ed.

(more)LETTERS PAGE

Match report :John Tanner v,s Quentin Alsop

Apologies for the late report my Therapist advised me not to go here until the healing process kicked in.

I asked around if any one new Quentin and if he played at a regular time, very few people new of him and fewer new when he played.

It was down to Quentin to make the arrangements so I thought if I kept my head down there would be a good chance of not hearing from him and I would qualify for the next round playing less holes then Phil Tellwright. Friday afternoon I decided to do the decent thing and try and arrange the fixture (at least I could say I did try and make contact when I qualified for the next round) So I gave Quentin 14 hours notice and a hardcore tee time of 7.45am.

PING!

Quentin replied straight back "Look forward to seeing you in the morning"

DAMN!

November 7th 7.45am HGC

I shook hands with Quentin on the first tee.

JT "What are you playing off of?"

QA "I don't know"

DAMN!

I now have to admit that I have gone to the trouble of finding out his handicap.

JT I think (I know) your playing off of 19

QA What are you playing off of.

Some how I felt playing the reverse psychology card and saying I didn't know my handicap wasn't going to work.

JT I'm playing off of 18

QA To make the scoring easier why don't we both play off of 18.

So there I am stood on the first tee looking down at my ball and for some reason I feel like I am two holes down.

As for the result it was a resounding loss of 5 and 4

Discussing this later in the Bar with Pete Bull he was quick to advise me of the two most important rules of Golf.

No 1/ Never play against anyone who doesn't know there handicap

No 2/ Never play against anyone who doesn't know there handicap and when they find out they offer to take a cut.

Congratulations Quentin you played some great Golf. Everyone else you have been warned!

Best Regards

John Tanner

Sir,

Allow us to bring to your attention an unsavory incident that occurred on 'Charity Sunday'. Mr Kearney, having laid up his ball with his second shot into the safety of the fairway bunker short of the 17th green was offered the 'Fez of Doom' - appropriate headwear, previously mentioned in Tav's email. This he declined in a pretty ungracious way using expletive littered language seldom heard in the AWL.

Composing himself, as only he can, he then proceed to BLADE THE F**CKER OUT OF THE SAND, ACROSS THE GREEN AND INTO THE UNDERGROWTH - NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!!!

OH JOY!

Yours,

Paul B and Tavs.....The Schadenfreude Brotherhood

I wish I'd been there to see it! - Ed



MATCH REPORTS

Please feel free to mangle (i.e. distort the truth further in the quest for humour)*

The first of the knock out cup 2nd rounds – a tale of majestic golf – no, humorous banter – no – but the spirit of golf rising through the rain and wet – perhaps.

8.30, Sunday morning. Despite the overnight rain (the story of my 1st round match with Chris Budd is a different story...) Quentin Alsop and Nick Chivers arrived for the contest. A look at the weather led to the suggestion "lets just play the top 8" – but no – they went for the full course (with myself hacking away somewhere adjacent – usually a different fairway). The highlights of the lower field are mostly non-golfing. It hurled down with rain (for a hole), Quentin is so short of golf balls he took his shoes off to go paddling in the Trym to recover one. We got abused for a "total Lack of etiquette" by the wife of an old codger following us (accusing us of slow play). The rivalry was "subdued" (i.e. not obvious to a third party), after 10 holes no-one had made a move – all square and no-one had ever been more than a hole up.

Suddenly, Quentin is 2 up with 5 to play - not sure how (difficult viewing from the trees). Was this the decisive moment? No – Quentin failed to take advantage and some unspectacular golf from Nick somehow got it back to all square. The 16th hole summed it up – reasonable (but not awe-some) drives from the pair. Quentin goes into the long rough – is this Nick's Chance. No – he fluffs it 20 yards on. Quentin hacks out, Nick scrabbles further – as they lie 30 yards from the temporary green (Hacker Beasley is somewhere in the leaves behind the proper green). A poor chip from Nick – Quentin matches – a putt left short by Quentin – but no killer move from Nick. The golf course was winning by far.

So, all square with two to play. Both miss the green on the 17th. Having suffered from Nick's outrageous chip the week before we thought this was the moment for a repetition. But Nick has used up his luck in the practice of previous rounds – including the day before – onto the 18th. Then we got the true spirit of AWL – the banter and one-upmanship is incisive. Nick drive makes a tremendous noise of the tee, and an even louder one going into the trees on the right. The "provisional" is OK. Quentin has finally laced one to a proper position. Safe in this position, as Nick (reluctantly) enters the woods, fly expecting not to find it – Quentin offers the deal or no deal – "if you find it you decide whether to play or take the provisional". From this moment Nick is beaten. The ball is found – in a clearing, clear shot – but no way out (how the ball got in no-one knows, you could take 10 shots and still be in). So back on the fairway Nick is playing his fourth shot 30 yards short of Quentin. Despite having a shot Nick knows he's lost – Quentin has the moral high ground, and the golf game to close it out. Finally, given an advantage to take an advantage he does – 2nd shot just short of the green. Finally – the match is won and the bar beckons.

Richard

Note Stableford scores were 33 and 30 **(sometimes the truth is funny enough - Ed.)*

Subject: Sunday 22 Nov match report

"Technically it's not dormie 4 – it's 4 down and 4 to play"...

...said "the Hyphenator", ever the optimist on the 15th tee. Four shots later, Nigel 'Pick-ed' up his ball from 15th green, and it was all over.

High handicappers (Nigel is not a 24, surely) can often surprise the punters. The form book is not a good guide to matchplay (Slater will disagree). Nigel has not played for some 6 weeks prior to the match. SFH will counter that, by saying he has played very little golf – at least his scores over the past 3 weeks will testify to that!

Someone said "it's a long way to go" as Nigel moved into the lead on the first – after SFH shanked his approach nearly OOB - then 2up after the third. Giving up shots on 11 holes was already starting to take effect.

SFH tried to keep pace with his consistent driving and good short iron approaches. But Nigel's 2 fives on the stroke index 1 (8th) and the long par 5 9th ensured a 4-hole lead at the turn. A good 5 on the 12th almost took the match out of SFH's reach, but a solid 6-foot putt by Nigel on the 14th effectively sealed the match.

Was late drama about to happen (after SFH's 'technical' comment on the 15th tee)? Was the crowd to be entertained by another match going to a playoff? A good drive by SFH (again), but an uncharacteristic duff left him too much to do – he did have a 15-foot putt to keep the match going, but it just rolled an inch by the hole. Nigel's putt from 10 feet also rolled up to an inch. So a 4 and 3 result in favour of Nigel. (He also won the quids-in with 37 points, and decided to go shopping...)

Even the cognoscenti in the bar were surprised, when the match was reported to have ended in a 4 and 3 victory – "...to Simon? ...Oh!!"

I have tried to insert some excitement in the report, but the two accountants were very reserved in their comments and gamesmanship – no questions about handicaps, the gimmies were not 'contested' (they were usually measured to be 'true and fair' by Nigel), and there were a few 'well playeds' and 'rock solid' (with 'genuine' smiles) dotted around the greens.

"See you in the Plate final" said SFH to the reporter at the post-match media conference.

"Unlikely" said the reporter, "I have to get past Brooksie first."

Perhaps by then the cognoscenti will have learned where to place the clever money...

Nigel B

"We're only making plans for Nigel" - Ed.(and XTC!)

(even more!) LETTERS PAGE

November 2009

Name and Address with-held

Dear Tavs,

Please accept my apologies for this letter if it makes no sense to you but I need some help regarding my husband.

A couple of years ago he returned home from egg chasing declaring he was officially retired because he was only ever picked for away games as the rest of the team were too young to drink or drive and he felt they were all too intense / focused on their game.

He returned from 'work' one evening saying he's met a Bully at Bowood who had invited him to a secret club which is where the story begins.

He then took to getting up earlier than he does normally for work on a Saturday morning and returning four to five hours later refusing to tell me where he'd been with and who with. However in his sleep he would say things such as 'S.M.D' or 'S.M.B.D', 'Munky spanked', 'Tavs', 'The prof', 'winnings bag', 'pound in the pot' or 'Chivs'. As soon as the clocks went forward this strange behavior stopped.

However when we were in Portugal over the summer he bought an obscene mug and said it was for the 'club'. On return to the UK he then went shopping and bought loads of toys claiming they were prizes for the 'club'.

Just before the clocks went back he went out to the 'club' on a Thursday night, walking in driving rain and returned home very drunk and stinking of beer. In his sleep he muttered 'fallopian', 'knockout', 'Soppy's red tonker toy' and 'bell bashing'. I quizzed him in the morning and all he would say was it was free and he put his pocket money back into his Thomas the Tank Engine money box.

A fortnight ago he went off to the 'club' and returned looking forlorn and didn't speak until Match of the Day was on and when Gary Lineker said 'Bellety scores late winner again' he jumped up and shouted 'I don't believe it' in a Victor Meldrew-ish manner and went straight to bed. In his sleep that night every time the church bells rang he'd wake up shouting 'no, not the Bells again!' or 'That's a gimme Buddy' or 'twenty seven point six actually'.

His behaviour has now got even more peculiar where he says he is taking a 'big dog' down to Hambrook for a 'slapping', mumbling 'never again' (but he's not allowed pets any more). He has also downloaded a picture of a scantily clad woman putting on a golf green and placed it over his favourite Bananarama poster in the bedroom. In addition every time the G10 Summit is mentioned on TV News he smiles in a deranged looking manner. He's even talking about pulling up and relaying all the floors in the house so they slope towards the river(?) if the club isn't meeting this Saturday.

The other day some hairdresser looking bloke overtook me on Henbury Hill and then turned across me into Henbury Golf Club. I noticed he had a personal number plate with the word 'Tavs' in it. This is the only link to a 'Tavs' on my husband's email contact list; is this you? If so please could you help me and, if you are able, possibly explain what my husband is up to and what sort of club he is involved with?

Yours sincerely,

Mrs 'X'

P.s If it's not you, love your highlights.

This is indeed a worrying letter. Let's not forget, as we roam the fairways of Henbury in pursuit of unreachable goals, sometimes twice in a weekend, there are those left behind who suffer alone.or maybe they go shopping, or do something useful.

Anyway, Tavs, our resident Agony Uncle, has some sound advice for Mrs X. Read on.....

Ed

Uncle Tavs Replies

Dear Mrs X

I am so sorry to receive your letter about your husband. The man you saw driving recklessly into the club was not me, and I no longer have highlights; my George Michael days are long gone. I am afraid I also do not know your husband, or anything about the purchase of lewd mugs, bell bashing, Munky spanking, Chivs, Soppys red tonker, or pound in the pot. He does sounds like quite a lot of fun though! Quite how he has my contact details I do not know. Nor, am I sorry to say, do I know anything about any "Club" that you refer to. Promise, cross my heart.

Your husband's behaviour is clearly very worrisome. To claim he is "twenty seven point six" smacks to me of being a bit above himself. However, I am more concerned about your husband's disturbed sleep patterns, especially as this coincides with the spring and autumn equinoxes. I would make sure he sees a doctor, but preferably not ones with the names Raj J or Mikey C.

There are many well known sleep disorders that may explain his behaviour. I wonder if he has Delayed Sleep Phase Syndrome or DSPS which is an inability to fall asleep at socially acceptable times. This can be sometimes be confused with Narcolepsy which involves falling asleep in the pub with your face in glass of "Bob". He may of course have Cataplexy, which is a sudden weakness in the motor muscles that can result in collapse to the floor; funnily enough this is a condition exacerbated by excess "Bob". It seems to me it could be Pavor nocturnus, which involves abrupt awakening from sleep with behaviour consistent with terror – a theory that may explain the screams of "no, not the Bells again!". Have you considered he may have a Hypnic Jerk, which is not a disorder, but involves him having inappropriate actions in his sleep – not to be confused with Nocturnal myoclonus. I guess you've considered Sleep Paralysis, although that can be confused with being Sleepus Paralyticus which from the sound of things is quite common in his case! You will need to be careful because this disorder involves Nighttime Tactile Hallucinations – I would sleep in a separate room if I were you. Might be worth setting up a camera at night to check out Somnambulism which is engaging in activities that are normally associated with wakefulness (such as "swinging his big dog" or demanding ludicrous gimmies). Finally, I would make sure to exclude Nocturia, which is a frequent need to get up and go to the bathroom to urinate at night. Note that this differs from Enuresis, or bed-wetting, in which the person does not arouse from sleep, but the bladder nevertheless empties. From the smell of the envelope, I have my suspicions. Or was that a scented letter?

Once again, I am so sorry I cannot help.

Yours sincerely

"Tavs"

(You only left out paroxysmal nocturnal dyspnoea.....otherwise, pretty good - Ed.)

Dear Tavs,

You obviously don't know my husband as he suffers from Smellysoararse syndrome when he consumes "Bob" or indeed any other Ale.

Thanks anyway - I'll keep trying to establish what this "club" does.

Mrs X

GIMME SHELTER (© Jagger,Richards)

The Musketeer has managed to acquire funding to launch it's own charity - 'Gimme Shelter' - for the Christmas period. The aim is to provide a safe refuge for those who, having become addicted to the 'gimme', find themselves friendless and homeless over the festive period.

Thanks to the current scrappage scheme and the generous discount arranged by John Tanner, a top-of-the-range 'OLD BAILEY' mobile home has been purchased (*see front page*) and is currently being equipped. For the moment it will stand on waste ground near Falconer Hall until a more suitable site is located. In the meantime 'Gimme Shelter' will use temporary accommodation above the Raj Cohen - Bristol's finest kosher tandoori - where the medical panel* will meet to assess each case on it's merits.

THE OLDEST PROFESSION?

Eyebrows have been raised this week by the revelation that the infamous erotic blogger, '**Bels du Jour**', is a member of the AWL working in the financial services sector. There had been rumours that one particular individual might be the mysterious '**Bels**' because of their inclination to meet up with groups of men at the weekends, with talk of '*laying up*' and the occasional '*nice up-and-down*'. It has been suggested that the main purpose of this activity is to raise large sums of cash to fund an exotic lifestyle.

Now, we live in enlightened times and 'Hacker' is as broadminded as the rest but I do find it disturbing that a member of the oldest profession (i.e. beancounter) feels it necessary to resort to such behaviour. Surely, if we paid our 'beancounters' properly this demeaning practice might eventually disappear from our fairways?

** The medical assessment panel:- 'Hacker', at least six accountants, three IT specialists, a lawyer, two property services consultants and a physiotherapist for when we get tense. In order to save funds, and in line with current trends in planning health-care strategy, we didn't feel it necessary to have any doctors on the panel.*

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

MORE SPOT - THE - BALL RESULTS

HACKER PREVIEWS THE HGC CHRISTMAS DINNER

WE PRINT YOUR LETTERS TO SANTA!

So, subscribe now to ensure disappointment!

SPOT THE BALL COMPETITION - SOLUTION

No
luck this time
boys so next week I'll
be doing a 'rollover'

(can't wait!- Ed)



This was a first for the 'Musketeer - a competition to test readers' in-depth knowledge of the game we all love but, amazingly, not one correct answer was received. Although there were a couple of interesting attempts from 'Dr. J and Dr. Mikey'but then they know some weird stuff!

AWL UNOFFICIAL MERCHANDISE

There was some confusion with the 'Jacko' range of colours for the polo-shirts in the last issue; they do look very similar but if you look at them outside in a good light they are subtly different - 'one up' to our in-house fashion team don't you think?

All the other colours are still available, but only in Small and X-Small. Thanks to 'Mrs T' of Redland who very astutely bought our entire stock - four dozen! - of the 'Tavaré Vert'. Somebody's going to get a real treat this Christmas.

AWL CHRISTMAS CD - LOTS OF INSTANTLY FORGETTABLE SONGS - ONLY £24.99!



INCLUDES SUCH FAVOURITES AS:

"Fairway to Heaven"

"Fore! in the Morning"

"Gimme, Gimme, Gimme..."

"Jingle Balls"

.....and the theme from 'Shaft' (available in graphite or steel)

And, sadly, many more!



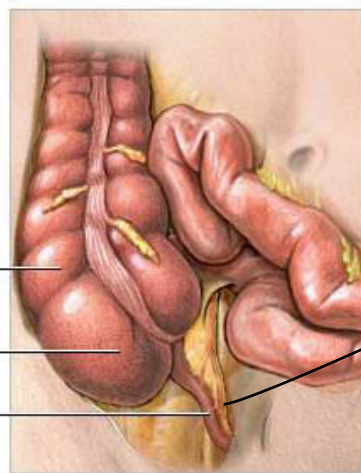
Appendix



Large intestine

Cecum

Appendix



Thanks Simon - had me in stitches as well! - Ed