# Heads like mice

Would it be on at the Palms? Cyclone Oma swells to hit the Barrington nee Macquarie Coast.

A mother-o-surfing competition at Boomerang for world tour wanna be’s. Heads on them like mice days pre-start round of 96(!). Incl. crazy japs but not a truant officer in sight.

Meanwhile folks from clubby-land booked in for weekend battle of boats at Elizabeth, 800m away.

Those interested in sub-culture sociology might think of mono rather than stereo types. Folk still living in the 60-70s might have thought a bronzed Quadrophenia.

Yet there was harmony of sorts. But role reversals.

Tents with bbqs for the clubsters. A few families involved. Only a small club to get recreated after.

Locals disappointed the battle didn’t live up to last year when a couple of boats were allegedly smashed in the surf. Rather the clubbies did whatever clubbies do down at the lake well away from the threatening seas. The later post drink nuisance factor much below the local rooster.

The surfers? After one day they disappeared, probably to Seals where swells are friendlier. Rather better organised than the club members. Marquees and loudspeakers on the beach, families everywhere. Competitiveness abounding; a countdown for time in the water, and points – and points of points – awarded. Official merchandise available.

Is this what comes of support from Surf NSW – which unlike the State of Origin team of Bollywood Dancers at Woolgoolga’s Curry Fest (September - mark that one down sports persons) – is supported by the State Government?

What happened to team Hawke and sole – dole - soul surfing?

Then Mme Pug arrives at Jenz. Nice teeth and no second name. Had time to think – or at least watch the telly - with lack of sea adventures.

And who was televised? None other than Federal politicians vying with (apparently attention deficit inflicted) screeching NSW candidates, from the Premier up. Mme Pug put it:

1. Attention? They should be careful what they wish for;
2. State bribes unusually disciplined but brazen. Offerors expecting to not get in?;
3. the Feds: scruffily all over the place with ideas which mice with heads find hard to fathom.

Upstaged by the Premier and Transport Minister getting all uppity with the local press when opening the 2km or so light rail line in Newcastle. Whose cost was misreported in the Sun Herald at $368m – rather than the real near $600m. Nobody asked: where is the rest of it?

Maybe it’s a secret. Like high-speed rail which no doubt we will soon hear and laugh much at. Maybe next.

Or the key parts of the NSW port sales.

Trust Pug to lend perspective: it’s on but not as you know it Jim Jim. And not just at 2428.

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