



monbulkrsl.org.au/dave-on-deck

Monbulk RSL Footy Tipping Issue 12, 2019

Pete Frazer still leads!
Vinnie picked 6!
Carlton had a win!
KO Comp 3 ready!

1st	PETE F	74	330
2nd	RYLAN	73	316
3rd	COL	72	344
4th	TRACEY	71	365
5th	VINNIE	71	449
6th	DANNY K	70	258
7th	CRAIG	70	294
8th	MOOSE	70	350
9th	DUANE	70	351
10th	CASE	69	265
11th	DAVE	69	282
12th	A J MAGPIE	69	318
13th	PETER M	69	360
14th	BRYAN	68	308
15th	DALE	68	354
16th	TED	68	364
17th	NICK	68	494
18th	ANDY S	67	236
19th	RONNIE R	67	260
20th	BRENO	67	281
21st	MAREE	67	295
22nd	KAREN	67	337
23rd	DON M	67	365
24th	EILLEEN	67	369
25th	BILLIE	67	423
26th	MARK	66	245
27th	TAJ	66	316
28th	ZAC	66	340
29th	MISTY	65	333
30th	MAT	65	366
31st	SWAGS	65	378
32nd	ANDY SMITH	65	404
33rd	VAL	65	416
34th	ARTIE	64	298
35th	RON M	64	351
36th	ANNE	64	355
37th	PETER B	64	453
38th	ANDY H	63	482
39th	GRANT	62	292
40th	MICK B	62	393
41st	BRETTO	61	566
42nd	DARREN	60	306
43rd	GILBERT	60	352
44th	MORGS	59	472
45th	IRENE	58	384
46th	TOM E	58	384
47th	KARL	58	545
48th	AMBER	57	351
49th	MICK H	56	342
50th	DON B	54	431

PETE FRAZER STILL IN FRONT!

Pete F is still wagging his bum at us below him on the ladder, being very cheeky and loving it! Can he maintain the rage and keep it going? There are 49 tipsters who reckon they should be on top so let us wait and see.....

Vinnie picked all six correct this week, the only one to do so, well done Vinnie. Next best was Grant and Dave who got 5. The average for this round of only six games was 3. We can do better.....

KO COMP KAPUT!

After losing Val and AJ last week it was down to two, Pete F and Mark to battle it out, tooth and nail, for the coveted prizemoney. Drum roll please! Yep, you guessed it, they were both KO'd. Pete tipped GWS to beat the Crows and Mark tipped Brisbane to beat the Blues. I even said to Mark are you really sure you want to tip against the Blues, he was. So it is on again with KO Comp 3 beginning this round. It is only open to existing participants as we are playing for their money. We started KO Comp 2 without contributing but I reckon we should all put in another \$10 to get the jackpot humming. That should get us fair dinkum!



DAVE ON A DIFFERENT DECK!

It is the time of year to disappear to warmer climes, Val and Brett are already in Darwin, and it is now my turn. As of this Friday I will be on holiday for 4 weeks and Artie will take over the reins in the interim. There will be no D on D over this period and Artie will put up round results each week.



I am starting a new chapter in my life and going with a special lady to her property near Gympie QLD. Some of you are aware I have been seeing Susie for a few weeks now but it is official and the support I have received from those I have told has been tremendous. Thank you.

ABSENT TIPPING

If you are one of the many that forward their tips to me please note that while I am away you will have to let Artie know your tips if you can't make it to the hall. Ring the club or send to Maree's mobile 0459 999 055. Don't forget to include YOUR name so they know who's tips they are receiving. If you send them to me out of habit I will delete...oops...forward them on.

JOKE

I told my husband that I would be home by midnight, "I promise!"

Well, the hours passed and the margaritas went down way too easily. Around 3 am, a bit loaded, I headed home. Just as I got in the door the cuckoo clock in the hallway started up and cuckooed 3 times. Quickly, realising my husband would probably wake up, I cuckooed another 9 times. I was really

proud of myself for coming up with such a quick-witted solution.



The next morning my husband asked me what time I got in, I told him

"midnight" ..he didn't seem pissed off in the least...whew, I got away with that one.

Then he said "we need a new cuckoo clock." When I asked him why he said, "Well, last night our clock cuckooed 3 times then said "Oh shit". Cuckooed 4 more times, cleared its throat, cuckooed another 3 times, giggled, cuckooed twice more, and then tripped over the coffee table and farted!

A cowboy rode into town and stopped at a saloon for a drink.



Unfortunately, the locals always had a habit of picking on strangers, which he was. When he finished his drink, he found his horse had been stolen.

He went back into the bar, handily flipped his gun into the air, caught it above his head without even looking and fired a shot into the ceiling.

"Which one of you sidewinders stole my horse?!" he yelled with surprising forcefulness.

No one answered.

"Alright, I'm gonna have another beer, and if my horse ain't back outside by the time I finish, I'm gonna do what I dun in Texas! And I don't like to have to do what I dun in Texas!"

Some of the locals shifted restlessly. The man, true to his word, had another beer, walked outside, and his horse has been returned to the post.

He saddled up and started to ride out of town.

The bartender wandered out of the bar and asked, "Say partner, before you go... what happened in Texas?"

The cowboy turned back and said, "I had to walk home."

"Sixty is the worst age to be," said the 60-year-old.

"You always feel like you have to pee. And most of the time, you stand at the toilet and nothing comes out!"

"Ah, that's nothin'," said the 70-year-old. "When you're seventy, you can't even crap anymore. You take laxatives, then you sit on the toilet all day and nothin' comes out!"

"Actually," said the 80-year-old, "80 is the worst age of all!"

"Do you have trouble peeing too?" asked the 60-year-old.

"No, not really. I pee every morning at 6:00. I pee like a racehorse on a flat rock; no problem at all."

"Do you have trouble crapping?" asked the 70-year-old.

"No, I crap every morning at 6:30." With great exasperation, the 60-year-old said, "Let me get this straight. You pee every morning at 6:00 and crap every morning at 6:30. So what's so tough about being 80?"

"I don't wake up until 7:00!"