



ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB INC.

“JT Goose of the Year “

**Written by Clint Rule #2
Editor (without responsibility) Peter Sharley #39**

One of the great strengths of the Adelaide University Football Club is that it can laugh at itself, and sometimes it comes with its own rewards.....

“The World Record for JT Goose”

Three-time gold medallist and world record holder Simon “Palsy” Lewis has been rewarded for being just “Palsy”. He can dance like Peter Garrett from “Midnight Oil” (only better), but his awards were not for dancing!

He is pictured here in a neck collar (real) as he is announced as a JT Goose winner by compere Cam Bryson.....and yes, the collar was as a result of one of his gold medal performances.



**ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY
FOOTBALL CLUB**

J. T. Goose Red

This wine perpetuates the memory of those past giants of the club who through their infamous deeds have been deserving of the J. T. Goose Trophy.

The dry red from Saltram's Vineyards is their 1972 vintage, bin JMH, a blend of 85% Shiraz and 15% Cabernet Sauvignon.

Bottled on 20th July, 1975

Produce of Australia

738 mls

It is unclear when the JT Goose began, as creativity at the Blacks has been alive and well since before 1906. We have identified JT Goose awards going back to 1969. At some point in the early 2000s, we had to reset some cultural thinking, but we overcame that hurdle.

1969

Malcolm “Piano” Pascoe

Piano, despite being a potential a-grader, only managed to string together the grand total of 5 games because of a heavy program of piano recitals. He explained that he couldn’t play all other matches because of the risk of damage to his fingers on the eve of a concert. Hence, he was awarded for the most consistent player.

1970

SAAFL tribunal

In its wisdom borne of many years of administering the game without ever actually playing the game, the amateur league tribunal saw fit to strip the blacks of all its premierships points for all its teams up to the current round 8 (the As being undefeated at that stage). The reason? A minor technical oversight regarding the eligibility of a B-grade player. The President of the League attended our annual dinner and accepted the “3 wise monkeys” on behalf of the tribunal.

1971

Alistair Wood

Economics student Ally was one of those rare silver spooners who liked to do things tough, and one of his main hobbies was fishing. When Ally was in his boat with rod, line and baited hook, the fish headed for cover. Gradually, the fishing took over, and despite being an A1/A2 player, he had to miss several important games because “the tide was in”.

Upon graduating with a Bachelor’s Degree in Economics, he put it to immediate use by becoming a professional fisherman. Despite strong competition, Ally won this award on a casting vote.

1972

Tony Field

Tony was one of those guys who loved the flair and pageantry of life. He owned the biggest pair of Rinso--white ankle straps ever seen on a playing field, and his kit was so spotless he refused to get any dirt on it even in matches where he spent most of the time telling the team how to play. He received this prestigious award for the rarely achieved feat of kicking 311 goals at training.

1973

John Russell

Johnny broke down in the first game of the season with a serious injury that required two operations and ended his season prematurely, to say the least. However, “the Phantom” still managed to poll 9 umpires’ votes in 4 separate grades over the season.

1974

Wyndham “Windy” Rogers

“Windy” had a frustrating season in 1974 due to a series of injuries that would have been major to any ordinary player. But Windy was a tough coot and still came regularly to practice, although he had to spend the time there in the trainers’ room, usually reading the paper. And despite these serious injuries, he still managed to play every game.

1975

Robert Forbes

Bob had a super season and won himself a trophy at the end. At the presentation dinner he proudly stepped forward to receive his trophy from the team’s goal umpire – his girlfriend! He then launched into a highly emotional acceptance speech, which saw a mass exodus to the toilets.

1976

Dancing Dassy

Dancing Dassy was an equine thoroughbred owned by Messrs. Gask, Rofe and Forbes. It became famous in racing circles for its ability to increase the probability of other horses winning by entering into races against them.

1977

Jack Beard

Jack went to the coach one training night and reported that he wouldn’t be able to play the coming Saturday because of a prior engagement. The coach was distressed to hear this because Jack had been in scintillating form of late and was a crucial part of the team’s game plan. So he said he assumed that the prior engagement was of extreme importance for Jack to have to let the team down in this way. To which Jack replied that it was a wedding, which caused the coach to launch into a tirade about the irresponsibility of footballers’ mates getting married during football season when they’ve got the whole summer for these sorts of unimportant events. Then Jack said, “But it’s my mother’s wedding”, thereby confirming what everyone thought about him.

1978

Laurie Hoskins

On trophy night, the A-grade coach turned up late, and after being roundly abused, explained that he had been late because he had had a prior engagement. Further abuse followed until he further explained that the engagement was his son's communion. This confirmed everyone's suspicions that the coach gave Catholics a better deal at selection, although one could hardly argue against this, given the years of discrimination in this club against the left-footers by the St. Peter's / PAC nexus.

1979

Terry Carter

Terry made himself unavailable one week because of cracked ribs, but come Saturday, the teams were short (as usual), and so he was talked into sitting on interchange. The A3 Reserve match was to be played at the levels, so like a good clubman, he organised some pain-killing injections in the morning and then arranged for a friend to drive him all the way to Mawson Lakes for the game. On arrival after a 45-minute drive in some discomfort, he was told that he had been selected in the A1 Reserves game at Uni Oval, not the A3 Reserves. So he and his friend got straight back in the car and drove all the way back to Uni Oval, Terry again in some pain, only to discover that the A1 Reserves had been able to arrange a full team, so he wasn't needed after all.

1980

Paul Rofe

Paul was a brilliant amateur footballer with the Blacks who accepted the position of Head Coach in 1980. The players really enjoyed his pre-season training, which comprised shots for goal, then circle work, then a shower. However, with just one week to go before the start of the season, he announced the dramatic news that he had just won the position of Crown Prosecutor for Darwin, and given that it was easier to prosecute the criminals in Darwin itself than try and do it by wireless from Adelaide, he was moving to Darwin pronto. This threw the club into a panic, even more so when it was discovered that all the Coaches who could coach were already doing so at other clubs. But desperate times demand desperate action, and so Fred Bloch was appointed in his place.

No sooner had the bald one moved in and begun frantically to try and learn the players' names, than Rofey announced he had changed his mind and was not going to Darwin after all. But given that the season had commenced, it would be best if Bloch continued as Coach, as he already knew half the names.

1981

Old Ignatians Football Club

It was a wild, windy, wet Saturday when Iggies were programmed to play Scotch Old Collegians. At the time appointed for the match, Scotch had a real shortage of starters, so the lads hung around hoping that some more would turn up, but they never did. So the Captain of Iggies spoke to the Coach of Scotch (Ross 'spangles' Bourne) saying they (Scotch) would have to forfeit the match, but Spangles pleaded the case that there would be a forfeit fine applied by the League. So the Iggies Captain took pity on him and agreed to take the two teams (or parts thereof present) down to the pub where they could fill out all the team sheets, scorecards etc for a phantom match. Which they did, and had a much more enjoyable afternoon than they would have had sloshing around in the mud.

The problem was that some low bastard dobbed them into the League, who stripped not only Scotch, but Iggies also of all their premiership points to date and suspended their Captain for half a season as well. So much for trying to do the right thing!

1982

Ron "Killer" Carey

Ron "Killer" Carey won the amateur league medal for the best and fairest player in the A3 Reserves. On the evening of the count, he organised a team dinner, then got them all to go to the count so that the winner could be properly feted.

1983

Max Rugless

Max played his first game for the season for St. Peters YCW on loan from Adelaide Uni. However, he broke down in the first quarter and promptly retired from football. He then took over as A1 Team Manager and became known as "Max who?" Because of his introversion and invisibility. But the real Max Rugless emerged when he hit the newspaper headlines for running amok on a bicycle at Hove, smashed to the gills on brandy after his exams, destroying car aerials, letter boxes and "attacking an air conditioner".

1984

Malcolm "Rulebook" Ashwood

It was a crucial A1 Reserve match against Adelaide College at Bob Neil 1. "Rulebook" was goal umpiring when a Blacks player dobbed at goal and missed by about 4 feet. Rulebook signals a goal! Pandemonium breaks out as the whole Adelaide College team charges towards Rulebook in absolute fury. After much arguing, pushing and shoving and threatening, the College players refused to continue with the match unless "Rulebook" is replaced. The fair-minded central umpire, considers the case, considers what he saw, and sends "Rulebook" off.

1985

Richard Kimber

The star centre half back for the A Grade was a model player and team man and always carried out instructions to the letter. It just so happened that we had another Richard Kimber (no relation) who played in the A1 Reserves, our third team, but who was injured at the time. Anyway, on this Saturday morning, Richard (the A1 Richard) received a phone call from the A1 Reserves coach who told him he was desperately short of players and could Richard strip for the reserves. So being the model team man, Richard agreed and duly turned up at 11.15 am for the game. It just so happened that the A1 Coach (Mike Weatherald) had decided to come early and take a look at some of the young colts in the thirds, and what did he find but his star centre-half back standing around 3 hours before the A Grade were due to start. When Wethers asked Richard what he was doing there so early, the star CHB explained that he had been asked to play in the Reserves also. So the coach went ape shit & fronted the 1 Res Coach (Dave Taylor) who told Wethers that he couldn't understand how there could have been such a mix-up, because when Dave rang the player, whom he thought was his C-grader he had done a bit of pleading. He had explained to Richard on the phone that it didn't matter that Richard hadn't played for 3 weeks because of his injury, or that the lad had previously told him that he could play only the occasional game. It was just that the team was very short. To all of this, the star CHB genially agreed and so turned up as requested.

1986

Graeme Stanway

Graeme was selected to play in the A3 team, but rang coach Ross 'Spangles' Bourne to let the coach know that he couldn't play that Saturday. The club obtained the official transcript of the phone conversation that went something like this.

*Hello Ross? Hi, it's Graeme Stanway G'day
champ, how are things?*

Ok coach, but i can't play tomorrow.

That's no good Graeme. What's the problem?

I've been a bit off colour lately and haven't been to training.

Yeah I noticed, but this is a really important game for us, how about sitting on the bench? Well i can't even do that coach, you see we're under pressure here at work and the boss wants me to work on Saturday.

Look Graeme, we're playing at home. So why not get into work early and just take a couple of hours off to play?

Oh i can't coach, you see there's another problem, i have to go to a wedding Saturday afternoon.

Gee Graeme, i wouldn't put pressure on you normally, but this game could mean the difference between us staying in A3 and getting relegated. How about you skip the service, sit on the bench for half a game, and then shoot off to the wedding?

I'd really like to help you out Coach but i just can't.

C'mon Graeme, why not?

Well, it's my wedding coach.

1986

Michael Ellery

Pud was the victim of a vicious prank, which should be enough in itself, but no, it's double whammy, he gets the JT Goose as well. Pud was rung up by Roger Moten pretending to be a reporter from the Advertiser. Hello, it's the Features Editor here from the Advertiser. We're doing a feature on perfect couples, and we understand that you are currently partnering Nicky Vizer and we'd be really keen to feature you two as the perfect couple. So all week Pud is telling everybody that he is going to be featured in the Advertiser as half of the perfect couple. Until that is the following Saturday night at the Havelock when "Motor" tells him it's all a prank. Pud is so upset at the news that the perfect couple will not be gracing Adelaide's favourite newspaper that he slams his glass down on the bar and mutilates his hand to such an extent that it requires a 3-hour operation to fix, and ends his football season.

1987

Steve Daly

Steve was a very promising first-year player who did well in the pre-season trials. Before matches began in earnest, training was split between Uni Oval and Park 9. However, on the night that this was announced at practice, Steve was late getting to Uni Oval. So he was told that the Park 9 squad had been formed and he was a part of it, but that they had already left and were over at Park 9 now, and he should go and join them.

So Steve got changed and then jogged over Frome Road heading in an easterly direction as he was told, and eventually he came across a bunch of guys doing circle work, which he enthusiastically joined. His ball skills and height immediately caught the eye of the Coach, and so when the players were called in for a talk, the coach made a particular point of welcoming Steve as a new player and everyone gave Steve a big round of applause.

When circle work recommenced Steve mentioned to one of the players that he couldn't see any of the guys whom he had played with in the trial at Uni Oval the previous Saturday. "but we didn't play in a trial at Uni Oval last Saturday," the player responded. "Then what club is this?" asked a confused Steve. "SA College & Teachers" was the reply. "but isn't this Park 9?" asked the by-now thoroughly bemused Steve. "No, was the reply, it's Park 10". Well, where the hell is Park 9 then?" "over the road there," says the by-now thoroughly amused informant." So Steve trotted off to cross over one more road and join the Uni players at training, leaving the plaudits of the SA College Coach to float away in the evening breeze.

1988

Justin Karcher

Justin was a first-year part-time economics student who impressed in pre-season trials with his dash and skills. He was also dedicated to his job, so he found it difficult to attend training on a regular basis.

For most of the season, Justin played in the A7 Reserve (the Scum), who finished at the top of the table at the end of the minor round. In the second semi victory against SPOC, Justin played

very serviceably, and all his teammates were anxiously looking forward to the Grand Final. Coach George Fraser was a bit concerned about having enough players to select from for the grand final as several players had niggling injuries, so he emphasised to his players the importance of proving their fitness at training in the lead-up to the grand final.

On the Tuesday before the Grand Final, all the A7 Reserve players were on the track – except for Justin. So at Thursday's accounting lecture, Chocka asked Justin why he didn't train on Tuesday. "oh i don't train on Tuesdays because of work. I usually train on Wednesday nights though". " But the Scum haven't trained on a Wednesday night for 5 weeks!" says Chocka. Oh yeah, well I've been very busy, you know." "But this is Grand Final week and everyone has been on the track except you. Aren't you pumped up for the grand final?" "oh sure, but it's difficult when you're working you know." "well, you'd better train flat out tonight if you hope to make the team." "oh, i can't train tonight either." "why the hell not?" "oh, I have to go to the Show!" Justin was duly presented with a Bob Neil showbag containing a Bob Neil t-shirt, Bob Neil songbook, Bob Neil echo holder, and Bob Neil badge.

1989

Darryl "Go Go" Gogel

Darryl was delegated the task of arranging a suitable venue for the trophy presentation dinner. He investigated several venues before settling on the first floor of the chook shop in Rundle Mall. Plans proceeded on that basis when, a couple of weeks later, he informed the committee that there was a slight problem with the chook shop – there would be another 100 people there on the night at a separate function in the same hall. Would this still be alright? No, it would not be alright. Go Go, go and find something else.

A week later, he reported back that he had found the ideal spot – the Arkaba Hotel where we could have a whole room to ourselves. Plans proceeded on this basis until a couple of weeks later, when he informed the committee that there was a slight problem with the Arkaba. It might not be quite large enough if more than 200 people turn up. So the room in question was checked out and found to be about half the size of the kitchen at the Dover, and it had cement poles sticking up every three metres. Go Go, find something else.

A few days later, he announced that our worries were over because the place we had last year, namely the German Club, was willing to have us back again. Plans proceeded on that basis until a couple of weeks later (mid-September) when he informed us that there was a slight problem with the German Club – the booking had been made for September 22, not September 29 as requested. Go Go was informed that all the club members and guests had been advised that the Dinner was on the 29th, and to change it would be extremely inconvenient. However, because it was now too late to arrange anywhere else we would just have to put up with a huge reorganisation with mailings and phone calls and go along with the 22nd.

Go Go's only reaction to the debacle was to announce that he was sure he had said the 29th and in fact he had seen the Manager of the German Club write down the date on a scrap of paper and put it in the appointments book, so if we broke into the German Club and found the scrap of paper we could legally bind them to the 29th and then we

...

1990

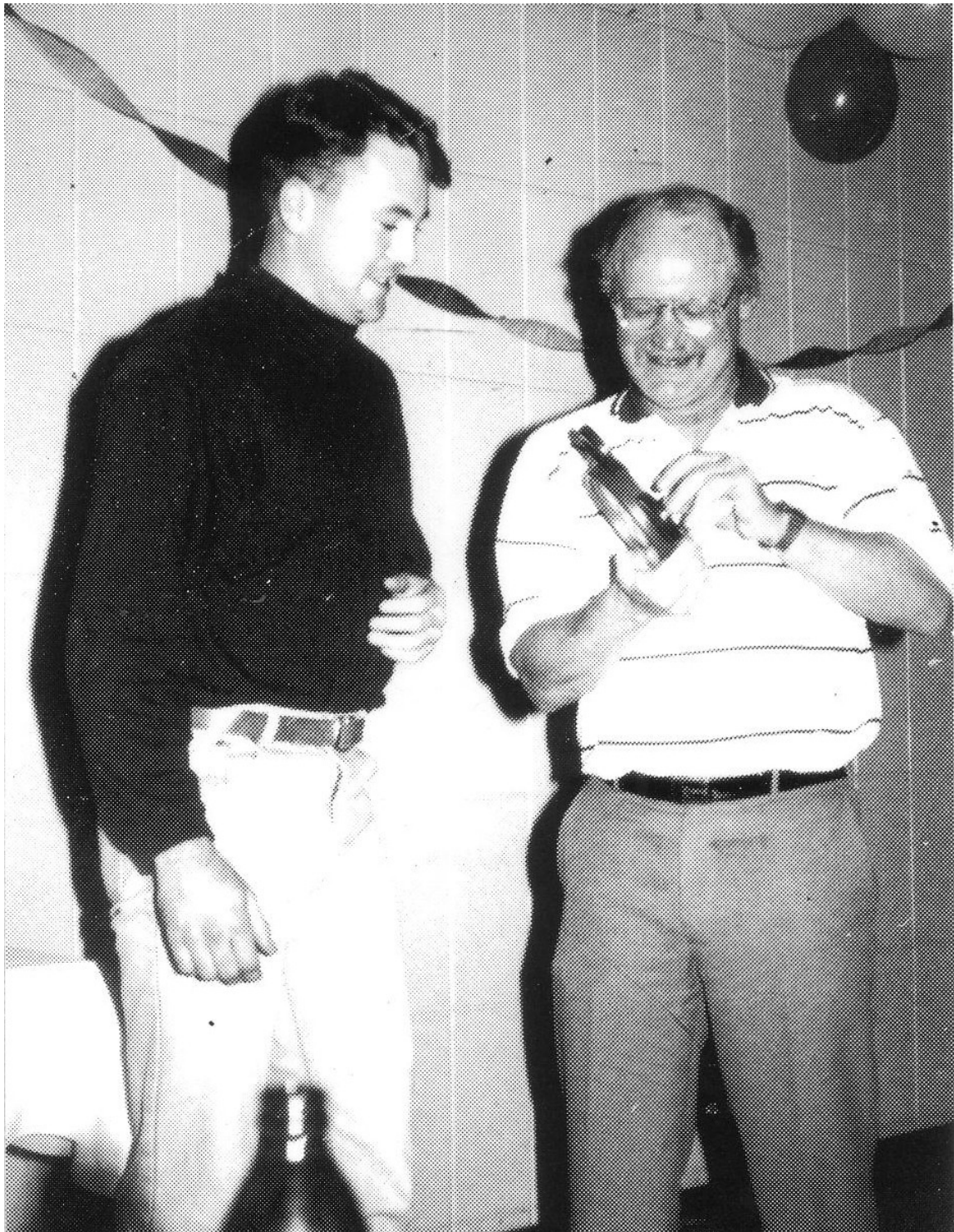
Gerald Patrick Ward

Club stalwart “Dashing David Bartlett” achieved the significant milestone this year of playing his 400th senior game of football (over 300 for the Blacks, the rest at Naracoorte). Because his is a one-car family, it was arranged well in advance that on the day he played his 400th, a teammate would pick him up as the match was to be played at Modbury Oval in the far north. The man delegated for the job was Gerald Patrick Ward, sportsman, scholar and all-around good guy. The pick-up time was set for 11 am sharp to give them plenty of time for the 12.30 match.

On the morning of the great day, Dasher arose bright and early, cleaned his boots, got his bootlaces out of the dryer, played catch with the new baby, felt relaxed and confident and was looking forward to the match. He kept his eye on the clock because he didn’t want to keep Gerald Patrick waiting in his vintage blue convertible Morris Minor, but it was only 10.30, so he read the paper and then completed his toiletries. 10.45, 10.50, 10.55, 11.00 am. No Wardy. Still, shouldn’t be long now: 11.15, 11.30 – hope he hasn’t had a breakdown – 11.45 dasher hits the panic button and gives him a ring. The phone rings for ages, but eventually Wardy comes on the line. Oh, sorry Barty, I slept in, I had a heavy night and didn’t get to bed until 6 am. I’ll pick you up in 15 minutes flat.” 12.15 still no Gerald Patrick, 12.20, 12.30 no sign of him so Barty rings again. Again the phone rings for an eternity before GP is on the line again. “Hell Barty, I went back to sleep again!”

Gerald Patrick finally arrives at 12.50 but still manages to get Barty to his 400th game on time – on time that is to see the players leaving the ground at half time.

At the presentation dinner, he gratefully accepted his Mickey Mouse alarm clock from Chocka (below picture).



1991
Clinton Rule

At the Bob Neil 100 in the upper refec, "Rulei" imbibed somewhat excessively and, in a rare lapse of judgement, allowed himself to be persuaded by his team mates to go and throw one of the refec's 3-metre-long iron trolleys into the Torrens. Unfortunately, he was observed by the powers that be and told that his little prank was going to cost him and his teammates \$350 for a replacement.

Being in his usual state of flat broke, "Rulei" borrowed some scuba gear from a mate, and one night after training flung himself into the Torrens. After swimming around the bottom of the river in complete darkness for half an hour or more, and with his body temperature down to around 10 degrees, he finally gave up and headed for shore. However, as he was clambering up the bank, his foot struck something metal, and there it was, one 3-metre-long trolley. Joyously, the trolley was heaved out of the river in perfect condition except for a bit of mud and water reed. So Rulei cleans it up and the next day returns it to its delighted parents in the student union. In his acceptance speech at the dinner, he thanked his teammates for letting him take all the blame, and remarked that whilst people generally thought that winning trophies was a rather simple exercise, they didn't realise that when it came to the one hell of an effort had to be put in.



1992

Jo Richardson

At the presentation dinner when the JT Goose winner was announced, the winner was referred to only as an "unnamed official" because back in 1992 women were treated with the respect they deserved. The story was told that a female official of the A5 team got so carried away with their great victory in the Grand Final that she joined the players in the showers after the match. One or two players noticed the difference, as did a supporter who stripped off and joined her in the showers saying, "how can you not love this club?"

1993

Andrew Lamb

One can only wonder where “Lamb Chops” went wrong. He had been trained personally by super coach “Dirty” Darien O’Reilly in all matters administrative, so one would have thought that on a day when seven other Uni teams all graced the field with two interchange players plus spares, his A7s also would have participated in our great Australian game. Wrong! Lamby goes to Sydney mid-week for a few days and delegates a player from *another team* to go to selection in his place.

Needless to say, the delegate from another team has no idea really who played in the A7s or who was available. So on Friday, 20 players get listed for the A7s but many of those chosen were recovering from broken legs, torn hamstrings, concussion, rigor mortis etc, and so had no idea they were supposed to be playing in the “side of lamb” that particular week.

But Lamby has got it covered. Although absent from the state, he has taken extra care to provide a fail-safe backup plan. He has organised for – wait for it – *Dirty Darien O’Reilly* to ring around on Saturday morning to ensure that there will indeed be 20 players turn up at park 10 for the big last match of the season against lovable Tee Hee Gully. The result? A Uni team sheet with 13 players, 5 of whom would be playing under assumed names: 20 fired-up gully players with their boxing gloves on: an irate umpire about to do a match fee; and organiser extraordinaire, Dirty Darien with a carton of West End.

Decision? Forfeit the match (the first time the blacks had forfeited a match in 14 years), take the stubbies to the A4 game at Uni Oval and get pissed!

1994

Darren Graetz

The A8 team enjoyed the ultimate prize of a premiership by defeating Gaza in the Grand Final at Modbury Oval, but only after a half-time drama which was either frightening or farcical depending on your viewpoint. With scores close at the long break, the super coach “Jerk” was psyching up his players for a big second-half effort, when it was discovered that the Adelaide Uni team sheet (handed to the umpire before the match started) had listed only 17 players. Under the rules, only players named on the team sheet are eligible to take the field, and so technically speaking, Uni, which had played with the regulation 18 players, should have had its first-half score annulled as it had used more than the 17 on the team sheet. Furthermore, the team should be restricted in the second half to just the 17 named players. And this would have been enforced if the Gaza coach had not been the sportsman that he was and magnanimously allowed three more names to be entered on the Uni sheet.

Naming only 17 players on a team sheet connects well with last year’s winner, who submitted a sheet with only 13. However, to put it in perspective, this year’s boo boo was performed in a Grand Final, and so in recognition of the seriousness of the clanger, the “Jerk” was presented with a calculator.

1995

Brett Barons

“Robber Barons” was having trouble starting his car, and on one of the many mornings when he had an RAA man called out to start it for him, it was suggested that the problem could be rectified by spending \$30 and buying a new bit for the engine, but that in the mean time he could put a blanket over his engine at night to keep it warm. The latter approach appealed to Robber Barons because, as a bean-counting “Debit Pinstripes”, the engine bit is not yet fully depreciated, the blanket involves no cash outlay as he can pinch it off his mother's bed, *and* he can claim its value on his tax losses brought forward for tax years 93 & 94 under tax-effect accounting. So Robber pinches his mum's blanket and at night tucks his engine in with a good-night kiss, which lately is all the kissing he is doing, and the engine starts every morning like a million- dollar Maserati.

The engine continues to benefit from the tax-effect blanket until one fateful Friday night, Robber goes to the Havelock as usual for the usual Friday night "lets-get-smashed-out-of-our- brains-before-the match" piss up session. He drives to Hutt Street and parks the Cortina carefully, not forgetting to cover up the engine with mum's blanket & give it a good-night kiss, then gets into a drinking school with old mate Matty Wilson back from exploring Djkartians, & a few other mates. Then it's off to the Royal in Wilson's car, where he meets a lovely girl, and eventually persuades her to sip a cup of coffee with him, but as she is a lovely girl & doesn't like kissing lips covered in engine grease, the Robber dips out again. Nothing lost, he gets dropped back at the Havelock, where he sensibly decides that a blood level count of around 2.3 is not good for driving, so he & his best pin-striped suit crash in the car for a couple of hours.

When he wakes up, it is morning. He congratulates himself on having a headache measuring only 0.7 on the Richter scale, starts the Cortina, and points it homeward. However, he only gets as far as Claridge Motors on Unley Road when the car suffers a complete power failure. Robber thinks about it for a minute and then, holy hell, the blanket, so he jumps out and whips up the bonnet- at which point the car catches fire!

So there he is in his rumpled pin-stripe suit with his car in flames when a couple of passing motorists pull over & shoot their fire extinguishers at the self-immolating Cortina. However, the bonnet is so hot that they can't extinguish the fire, so they slam the bonnet down and run to the phone box to phone the Fire Brigade.

6.3 minutes later, 5 fire engines come screaming down Unley Road, but by this time the fire has gone out, so a very upset Fire Chief asks who the owner of the vehicle is. A crowd of bystanders- now a hundred spectators, some with BBQ sausages in their hands, all look round for the Robber, but he's nowhere to be seen until someone looks behind a wall and there is, crouching down with his hands over his ears, waiting for the car to blow up.

J.T.GOOSE 1996

Editor; Must have been seriously unprintable.

J.T.GOOSE 1997

Andrew Russ

First-year player whose brilliant skills and knowledge of viticulture were discovered very early in the season by the Chardonnay Socialists. Unfortunately, Andrew spent most of the season running either water or the boundary because he suffered a broken arm in the showers - after training!

J.T.GOOSE 1998

Grant Miles

Miles is the man who has won nearly every award available in the Club, and I am sure that this will be a much treasured addition to his trophy cabinet.

As you will recall, the A1 side won a hard-fought first semi-final against old rivals Kilburn. This meant that we were to play 'a Broadview' in the preliminary final at the Wembley of the North. This year's winner, the Club Captain, earned his reward by making himself unavailable for the As at the last minute. When asked why, he said it was because he was having his third nipple removed (electively) two days before the game.

J.T.GOOSE 1999

Wayne Abrey

"Wayno" had himself a real good time at the trophy count and kicked on until stumps, then called for a cab to take him home due to his advanced state of inebriation. No sooner had he got in the cab, however, than he came over all chunderous & yelled at the cab driver "pull over, I'm going to be sick". After flooding the gutter, he became quite paralytic, and the civic-minded cabbie had no option but to drive him straight to the hospital. So he gets admitted & the orderlies plop him on the gurney & then the doc comes down, takes one look at him, and says "get the stomach pump!".

J.T.GOOSE 2000

Cameron Mudge

An unnamed Uni footy player was at the Havelock at closing time one night but didn't want to pay for a taxi to the next pub. Easy, he thought - my mate the cop is on duty tonight, and he'd gladly give me a lift. The only problem was how to get in touch with him

Inspiration ! Ring mobile phone 000 "Emergency - fight, fight at the General Havelock Hotel in Hutt Street!"

Unfortunately, those idiots at emergency services mistook it for "FIRE, FIRE at the General Havelock" and duly sent some fire engines pronto.

For reasons of confidentiality, we cannot name the Uni player, but could Cameron Mudge please come up and accept the award on behalf of that person.

J.T.GOOSE 2001

Ryan Eagle

The seung is the South Australian Jockey Club's premier Victoria Racecourse Function Room, known as 'The Parks Lounge'

- Night of the Blacks Ball.
- All were having a good time except one couple were ironing out a few creases in an ever- rocky relationship.
- To protect their identities, let's simply call them Tarzan and Jane.
- Tarzan had asked Jane to stay at home, as he thought there might be some other jungle women who might like to meet him.
- Despite Jane being told to stay at home and look axer "Cheetah" she glammed up, fueled up and hit the Blacks Ball in full swing.
- During the night, the two collided a few times, but luckily the mass of numbers acted as a buffer for Tarzan in trying to keep a low profile.
- Eventually, the night was drawing to an end, and emotions were high.
- Tarzan was trying to impress the Legend Bob Neil by showing how cool he was under domestic pressure, but meanwhile Jane had no-one to impress.
- Basically the night turned nasty, and Bob was caught in the crossfire.
- At one stage Jane asked the Legend the unthinkable question of 'Who the f**k do you think you are?'
- Anyway, Tarzan continued to try and maintain his cool image in front of Bob Neil as they sat and drank long into the night while Jane waited in the car.
- Tarzan even pretended not to notice when Jane would spasmodically run into the room and bite his arm.
- However, Jane had been waiting in the car for about 4 hours when she decided that she really didn't like this lack of attention.
- So with a friend asleep in the passenger seat she lined up the cone-type lights forming a runway of around 30 metres, about 50 of them, and mowed them all down.
- This caused the fuel from the lights to splash all over the bonnet of the car, which then caught alight.
- Tarzan raced out, dragged the unconscious friend out of the burning car while Jane screamed abuse.
- Tarzan then put the fire out.

Accepting the award on behalf of Tarzan and Jane is Ryan Eagle

J.T.GOOSE 2002

Paul Mann

A young man had his manhood tested to the highest degree imaginable.

The chap in question had arranged to spend the weekend in Melbourne with his girlfriend, as both of them had been living at home with folks, so to find a bit of time to conduct a bit of horizontal dancing was proving quite difficult.

The story has it that after a night out on the town, the lad in question and his girlfriend retired to the comforts of the hotel room, where their lust knew no boundaries, where they were able to freely experiment with each other without the risk of being caught by the folks. After a marathon session including acrobatics off the wardrobe, swinging from the chandelier and general passion that young people enjoy, the most excruciating pain ripped through the young fellow's loins.

Yes folks, he had indeed suffered an injury known in medical terms as a traumatic disruption of the "corpus callosum", known to laymen such as you and me as a broken d**k. The winner of this year's J.T.Goose is Paul "I think I'm Still A" Mann.

J.T.GOOSE 2003

Sean Kirchner

On a normal rowdy night at the General Havelock, "Sean the Smooth" after a few ales, informed the young lass standing next to him at the bar that he would show her his tits if she would show him hers. Without a second thought, she immediately lifted her top to reveal a pair of 14DDs – definitely a paper bag job, though the rest of her was A Grade – and she went on to announce to all and sundry stunned onlookers that she wanted to b**g someone in our team. A somewhat by now bemused Kirch murmured to the bloke next to him on the other side, "hell she's a bit of a troll", to which the bloke replied, "yeah, and I'm married to her!" The waters were calmed when Fos presented the shy young thing with a premiership T-shirt.

J.T.GOOSE 2004

John Kernahan

On the weekend off between the B grade 2nd semi and the GF, Kerna's decided that it would be a good idea for the B grade to have a light training on the Friday night before going for a couple of quiet "bonding drinks" at the Queen's Head Hotel. He advised the players at training that he wanted everyone to be home early, and he particularly did not want to have to visit every dodgy nightclub in the west end just to make sure that everyone had hit the sack by the normal time on a Friday night. The purpose of the night was just to have a quick get-together before a quiet night in preparation for the big grand final the following week.

Most of the guys took Kerna's advice.

Come 10pm the only three still in the pub are a 35-year old and two 18-year-olds. Guess who the 35-year old was. Kernahan. The other two are the Ballarat boys, Bobby Knowles and Tommy Kaye – they obviously decided that some really serious bonding was required. By this stage, however, the demon has appeared, and things are starting to get loose, so loose that Kerna is even drinking Bundy for the first time since the good old Broadview days.

So hours and hours after the King has warned the players that he'd better not have to check every dodgy nightclub, he is doing just that, and so thoroughly that he gets kicked out of the Casino followed by some sort of fracas outside. The details concerning the ejection are still subject to much debate, as the story varies depending on whether you talk to the 35-year old or the 18-year-olds.

Now Kerna was staying at the home of Mr & Mrs Judas at this time and he staggered in around dawn. Judas himself is fast asleep, dreaming about getting cheap kicks out wide at Adelaide

Oval. He is woken up by a racket in the front yard – the King has collapsed onto Mrs Judas’ prized Ficus tree and smashed it to smithereens. Half an hour later, Judas is woken again by the sound of some sort of tribal chanting that seems to be coming from the kitchen. Thinking this is a bit strange he courageously goes down to investigate, and as he walks into the kitchen he nearly goes ass over tit as he steps on a strangely placed piece of smoked fish. Upon turning on the light, he sees the King sitting inside the fridge, legs crossed like a schoolboy, eating all the greasy food he can get his hands on and throwing anything he doesn’t like behind him onto the kitchen floor while chanting something about drinking bundy, having an Olympics party and hating Jana Pitmann. Now that’s what Grand Final preparation is all about!

J.T.GOOSE 2005
Simon Lewis

On a recent weekend, “Palsy” lex “Rise Night and Day Club” on a Sunday morning, a little axer breakfast time and retreated to the relative comfort of an apartment just behind the Havelock. Three girls from his ridiculous collection of female friends were house-sitting the flat, which, judging by the furniture and ornaments, was usually inhabited by a Buddhist lesbian Thai-dye enthusiast voodoo-worshipper. Palsy had never seen such a perverse collection of ugly shit in all his life. The home-owner had apparently issued strict instructions for the care of her pets- a precious budgie and a selection of tropical fish- as well as some warnings about what would happen to the girls if anything unfortunate should befall either the pets or the more 'precious' of her sentimentally valuable (but exceedingly unattractive) artwork. The girls, being girls (and gorgeous girls at that), had taken their responsibilities very seriously, but they hadn't counted on several Blackfriars boys from the Blacks deciding to use the flat as a weekend home base for the time that they were there. A hole had been kicked in the wall, and several paintings had been defaced. All of the budgie's feathers had already fallen out after someone, as a practical joke, locked Rhys of St. Peter’s in its aviary. But this was the last weekend of house-sitting, and the Blacks weren't satisfied yet. The scene was set for something to go seriously wrong, and that something was Palsy. Without the slightest prompting, he took hold of a Russian Baboushka doll which he claimed had been eyeing him off rather critically, and proceeded to disembowel it, all the way down to the tinney wincey little baby doll at its core. He then swallowed the baby whole in a mimicry of some demonic ritual. The baby was made of wood. It was about an inch high. He gulped it down. Someone said eat something else- Palsy just rubbed his tummy and pointed at the aquarium. Before you knew it, Nemo was flapping away in his mouth before descending to join the baboushka baby in a beery grave. Palsy wanted to eat the budgie next, but the girls held him back. He'd proved his omnivore status long ago, when he consumed a live cockroach for the entertainment of his fans. Thankfully, justice was done in the end - the poor lad was a lovely shade of green by lunchtime. The next weekend, the girls saw Palsy out and about and asked him how he had gone 'giving birth' to the plainly indigestible baboushka doll. He just gave one of his loopy smiles, reached in his pocket, pulled a little baboushka out and handed it to them. Quite understandably, they screamed in fright and ran away, with Palsy chasing after them with some plainly rubbish story about it not being the same doll ...

J.T.GOOSE 2006
Tom Prest

Tom Prest, well known high-flier of the club, pulled off a quinella of JT Goose-worthy stories in Grand Final week.

Presty's girlfriend has recently.....(Editor censorship here; to protect the "Short Blacks" reading this. Their educational experiences will need parental supervision.)

In the cab and \$80 later, and barely a kilometre from her parents, Presty runs out of money. Ruthless cabbie makes him get out. Presty's forced to jog the remaining distance uphill, still convinced he's in even more poop with the missus for being so far behind. Oh well, he thinks, I've made my bed, now I must lie in it. Presty arrives at Missus' parents' place, puffed but still a little proud for giving up his night of nights for his special friend. He uses the spare key and lets himself in, treading silently through the house so as not to wake the parents. He gingerly opens the missus' door and creeps over, kicks off his shoes and slides into . . . an empty bed. Where was she? Then it dawned on him. She hadn't left the Havey. She was probably still in the front bar drinking cruisers with her girlfriends, pissed off that he was nowhere to be found. It was all for nothing. And now he had no money left to get back to town or to drink with. Disaster. He's got no choice. He puts on his PJs, pulls up the covers and looks forward to tomorrow's drinking. He's just about to nod off, when who should leap up onto the bed and lick his face? No- not the girlfriend, Stump. That bloody puppy!!

Editor note;

The JT Goose records in the years to follow become harder to find. I can assure you that it continues to be a highly desired award at the end-of-year dinner. I can confirm that a female player has now won a JT Goose award, as a result of the successful integration of women into this great club.

If you have won a JT Goose since 2007, we would love to re-capture the story and add it to this fine collection of culture.

Please forward to the Chairman@uniblacksfc.com.au