

# A Gentleman and a Rascal



Autobiography  
by  
**Brian Buzzard**

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## **CHAPTER 18**

### **My hole-in-one**

**Front Cover:** I wish to thank artist Laura Cole for her kind permission to use the second painting from the triptych **Kimberley Grasses**.

**Disclaimer:** Every effort has been made to contact the people mentioned in this book, we apologise if any omissions have been made.

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## CHAPTER 18

### My hole-in-one

After having to give up football, I took up golf and became fairly proficient at the game. I was on a nine handicap in Toodyay and was runner up in the club championship. After moving to Perth I joined the Royal Perth Club which was only a couple a hundred yards away from where we lived. I was soon brought back to size playing on a longer and harder course after playing on a nine handicap at Toodyay, and was losing money every week. There were no bunkers at Toodyay and it was the custom to have a small wager on yourself each game. I was let out to fourteen after a few months and got down to twelve for a while. One incident I clearly remember while playing at Fremantle, in mixed four in the Champion Cup with Mrs Betty Meagher as my partner and my brother Millar and his wife Lola. I holed out in one at the one hundred and eighty five yard, 6th hole. I had previously taken nine on the 2nd hole. There was great excitement in our party and it stayed like that until the end of the game. After showering and joining in the festivities and the cup presentation, it was announced that I had done a hole-in-one. The custom was that you had to buy a drink for everyone present. It was one of the big days at Fremantle when the club was packed. After borrowing money from Millar, Betty and Lola. I still owed the club a few pounds and they duly sent me the account for the balance. Shortly after, it became the custom for the club to have an insurance fund and contribute quite a percentage of the cost when anyone holed out in one, but that was of little consolation to me as I never did expect to do it again.

CARD NO. 16		Home Club		Handicap	
Player: Brian Buzzard		Handicap: 28		Hcp: 81	
Partner: Mrs L. Buzzard		Handicap: 36		Stroke	
				Bogey	
				Stableford	

HOLES	Dist. in Yards	Strokes	SSS	PLAYER		MARKER		HOLES	Dist. in Yards	Strokes	SSS	PLAYER		MARKER	
				+	-	+	-					+	-		
1	478	17	5	6		5		10	215	7	3	3		4	
2	500	13	5	9		6		11	403	10	4	7		5	5
3	410	3	4	7		6		12	310	11	4	7		5	5
4	327	15	4	5		5		13	376	5	4	7		4	
5	420	1	4	5		5		14	150	18	3	8		3	
6	185	10	5	5		5		15	341	16	4	7		4	
7	358	6	4	7		5		16	519	14	5	6		7	
8	166	12	3	3		4		17	532	9	5	8		7	
9	366	8	4	9		5		18	427	2	4	8		5	
Out	3210	36	5	5		46		In	3313	36	57	45			
								Out	3210	36	52	46			
Signature: <i>Brian Buzzard</i>		Marker:		Signature of Player: <i>Brian Buzzard</i>		Date:		Tot		6523		72		109	
								Deduct H'cap		28				10	
								Nett Total		81				78	

REPLACE DIVOTS - SMOOTH OUT BUNKERS - REPAIR LOB MARKS ON GREEN

**My hole-in-one card.**

Betty, my partner when I holed-out-in-one was also my first girlfriend. Her maiden name was Betty Dowsett and she was born and lived in Narrogin. Her people had a farm at Cuballing, which is owned now by her brother Brian. They also owned The Duke of York Hotel and the aerated drinks factory at Narrogin. The hotel was leased out and Betty lived with her mother and father in Narrogin. She was educated at the convent in Narrogin and later finished her education at the Highgate Convent in Mt Lawley.

I met her when the Gnowangerup, Tambellup, and Broomhill combined teams played Narrogin off in the grand-final. That was in 1935 and the combined team has not won a Great Southern football final before, or since. I was captain and coach of the winning team and was proud to have won their first carnival. The association extends from Albany to Narrogin, and is quite an event in the football calendar in the Great Southern.

I was welcomed into the Dowsett family circle because her father, who was a keen sportsman, had been to Christian Brother's College in St Georges Terrace. His philosophy was, if you had been to CBC and could

play football, you were welcome to take his daughter out. I was able to see her occasionally when I was stationed in Gnowangerup and Katanning, and she made a few trips to Gnowangerup and stayed with her Uncle Paddy O'Rourke, who was share-farming down there. He was also a contract dam sinker with a good team of horses and a Tumbling Tommie.

When I went to Morawa and Bruce Rock we only saw each other occasionally, and when I enlisted and was away for six years, we lost contact. In the meantime, Betty met another chap named Tom Meagher who was in the old Agricultural Bank, later the R&I, stationed at Narrogin. He also fitted the family's requirements, because he had played league football for South Fremantle and went to CBC in Fremantle.

After the war, I met up with Betty and Tom and their only child Peter on a few occasions, because Tom spent quite a bit of time managing R&I branches in the country. When he transferred to Perth, they bought a home in Robert Street, Como. Because we were in Kintail Road, Applecross for thirty years, we became friends again.

Betty's mother lived with her in Como and during a conversation with her one day, she said that she liked fish, especially when it was baked. My friend Jack Lee often went fishing on the coast near Warnboro. He was an excellent fisherman and usually caught a big salmon or two. Even when he went on his own he nearly always brought me a salmon. I did not know what to do with it so I used to take it over to Betty's mother, who in good faith, always thanked me profusely. After she passed away, I continued the custom and took a fish to Betty, to get rid of it. The first time I took one to her after her mother died and she said, "For God's sake Brian, take it away. My mother did not want to hurt your feelings and accepted the damn salmon, and I had the job of burying them in the back yard". I replied, "Now I know why everything grows so well in your garden."

Betty was most kind and helpful to me at times. When my children became ill, she often took them home to her place until they were well again. She passed away in 1990 in the South Perth Community Hospital.

Unfortunately, I was up at Minilya Station, and it was not until after the funeral that I heard about her death. Her husband Tom had died a few years earlier and I was a pall-bearer at his funeral.