

POEM FOR LAINE BRENNAN

PRESIDENT'S DAY

27 NOVEMBER 2025

Laine joined Mentone Club just before World War One
And despite her great age, she still can have fun
Her professional career was a registered nurse
An advantage for golf 'cos she knows how to curse
She has ruled the Club with an iron fist
Make sure you're not on her naughty list
She's played hundreds of games but without much success
Any talent at golf she tries hard to suppress
Her future in sport lies smashed on the rocks
She's not even won a small pair of socks
The raffle prizes continue to dwindle
Our duty to give needs a nudge to rekindle
We are thrilled that she's now an official Life Member
An honour we hope she'll sometimes remember
Since she's been in charge, I have been her poor slave
A Vice President's role is just to be brave
So starting from now I won't call her "Boss"
She's moving on, we'll be at a loss
She has been our Leader for two long years
A thought that will bring us close to tears
A big thanks must go for her constant devotion
I must stop right now 'cos I'm filled with emotion
Because of her work, Mentone is the best
Now Laine it's time for a well-deserved rest