

## DOUBLE JEOPARDY

by Harry Dunn

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*Oh, the minstrels sing of a very strange thing  
Which happened a week ago  
To a bowler man who does what he can  
But his brain-power's weak and low:  
He's dirty, and lousy and full of fleas,  
He loses his bowls in twos and threes,  
God help the Lost Bowls King of Invy.*

A friend of mine - let's call him "Harry"- not his real name of course - has asked me to explain the circumstances which lead to a certain amount of confusion and some unanswered questions about the loss of bowls despite the well-meant efforts of several helpful folk to recover them. (Thanks Jim, David, Bruce Judy and others)

My informant, "Harry" is a shy, retiring type who felt that he would be unable to adequately thank the folks who assisted him during this trying episode, and to apologise to those he'd accused of getting the story wrong as events unfolded.

"Harry" told me that he was part of a four-man team which played at the annual All Nations Day event at Mirboo North, on that very hot Monday, two weeks ago.

After the match, someone helped Harry to load his bowls bag into the boot of Bill's SUV and they returned home to Inverloch, at which time Harry opened his bowls bag and became aware of a two-bowl shortfall in the total number of bowls expected. Next morning, he called the Mirboo North Bowls Club, spoke to a helpful man named Bill, who confirmed the presence of two Inverloch bowls, and said he would arrange their return to Inverloch per favour of Mick Corum, the following week-end.

So far, so good. But there's more.....

Harry was part of the Division Four team scheduled to play Corinella, at Corinella, the following Saturday, which he did, using his two remaining bowls.

Packed up after the game and returned to Inverloch noting absent-mindedly how light his bowls bag felt, but of course it would be light, because it contained only two bowls, didn't it.

Harry was then a part of the four-person team required to play the last game of the Mid-week Pennant season at Loch, to which he proceeded on Tuesday morning along with the others.

When the teams arrived, Harry was informed for the fourth time that day that his speckled-green bowls had been returned to Inverloch by someone from Corinella, but he (Harry) was adamant that the story was wrong and the returned bowls were in fact from Mirboo North, not Corinella.

The Inverloch players un-packed their bags and prepared to do battle with the Corinellans. Harry opened his blue bag, and found to his horror that it contained not four, not two, but no bowls at all. None, zilch, zero, nought, nyet....

Slowly, the penny dropped. No wonder the bowls bag felt light. He'd done it again! Hasty arrangements were made to use a pair of substitute bowls (Thanks, Joan).

On the team's return to Inverloch, my informant was once again harangued by some bowling chaps who wanted to know why he thought he'd left his bowls at Mirboo North when it was perfectly obvious to all that they had been left at Corinella.

So, if you had been the victim of two, not one Seniors Moments that week, would you be out there telling the world that you forgot to collect your bowls twice in the same week?

No, and neither would I - hence this lengthy explanation for anybody interested enough to read it.

My old man's a bowler,  
He wears a bowler's hat  
He rolls his shorts down at the top  
'cos his belly's gone to fat  
He looks a proper 'nana  
When he gets the bias wrong,  
He suffers Senior's moments,  
His memory is not strong,  
His first bowl's often short  
But the next one's three yards long,  
He sometimes leaves his bowls behind,  
But if the man was perfect  
There'd be no bleedin' need,  
For this harmless little lawn bowling song

Eat your heart out, Lonnie Donegan