

# BILL AND SALLY

by Harry Dunn  
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Bill caught sight of Sally at the Bowls Club Friday Dinner;  
She was staying down at Inverloch,  
And Bill saw straight away that he was on a winner;  
She was just the kind of lady that he'd been looking for,  
Female, tall and fair, and dressed up kinda nifty,  
Like all them city girls, and a few down here as well,  
Aged somewhere north of thirty-five and prob'ly south of fifty,  
There was no easy way to tell.

Bill sat down, uninvited, at her table  
And introduced himself as William - 'but youse can call me Bill'  
And tell me, what's your handle, could it be Lizzie, Glad or Mabel?'  
To which she answered, a little bit restrained:  
'My name is Sally, that's *Doctor Sally*, Ph.D'  
'*Doctor Sally*,' exclaimed Bill, 'well, I'll flamin be!  
I haven't seen a doc, meself, in years  
Because there's no bloody way that I'm ever gunna pay  
Their monstrous bloody fee,  
So while your'e down here, Doctor Sally,  
Would yer care to take a look at me two infected toes  
And this here swelling in me artificial knee?'

'Well, I'd rather not, if you don't mind', the doctor answered back,  
My specialty's *linguistics* - that's languages, phonetics and philology,  
I have no interest in medicine and sickness,  
I couldn't bear to slice or lance or hack,  
I've always hated biology, disease and toxicology,  
Especially when I'm sitting down to eat -  
I am a *linguist*, not a common quack,  
So please say no more about your myriad infirmities,  
Especially not your disgusting knees and feet!  
And was old Bill in any way offended by this firm, unkind rebuff,  
And did he take a few steps back?

Not one bit, for Bill was not the type of man to baulk at the first hurdle  
And he just soldiered on, unruffled, undeterred,  
And said 'Now Doctor Sally, try to keep it nice and simple,  
While we're getting more acquainted, you and me,  
Because what you said was just a bit confusin', comin' from a bird,  
I'm a little hard of hearing  
So I miss-hear'd ev'ry second word,

It was, like, Double-Dutch to me.

'And what brought you down to Inverloch?' asked Bill  
To keep the conversation bright, alive and active,  
'Was you hopin for adventure and romance,  
With perhaps a bloke like me,  
Still youthful and attractive'  
'I'm afraid not, William,' answered Doctor Sally,  
Perhaps a trifle testy,  
'In fact, I'm down here to deliver an *oration*  
To the bi-annual Advanced Linguistics Convention  
Held in the Conference Room, Inverloch RACV,  
For my employer, the Department of Tertiary Education:  
Every second year, they offer it to me.'

'Now this oration thing yer mentioned, whatever it may be,  
Don't worry about deliverin' it,' said Bill,  
'I can save you all the trouble and expense,  
I'll be happy to deliver it meself, on your behalf,  
When I go past the place tomorra, on me way to mend the fence  
At Bertie Russell's, 'round his footrot drenchin' barf.  
So throw it in the back of me old Holden FJ ute,  
It's parked just outside the gate.....  
Did I say somethin' funny, Sal,  
It looks like you're tryin' hard not to flamin' laugh,  
So it must be time we both sat down and ate.'

'Well, I'm sorry, William, but you *are* an *ignoramus*'  
'Yair, I know' said Bill, 'I've been told that once or twice before,  
And one day, it could make me rich and famous,  
So, thank you for that little compliment -  
Can you think of any more?'  
Sally groaned out loud and told him that he dropped *faux pas* everywhere,  
To which Bill replied that he never used bad language,  
Was never known to curse or swear,  
As he looked beneath the table-cloth and all around his chair,  
Looking for the things she said he'd dropped,  
And declared that there weren't no foepars dropped down there.

'Well, I'm impressed by your unrelenting natural insouciance,' said Sally,  
'Although you are uncouth, and have no *savoir faire*,'  
'Yair, I was hopin that you 'd notice that,' said Bill  
'Cos I only ever use that stuff when I've run out of Brylcream for me hair.'

So, the learned Doctor Sally, to be as civil as circumstance allowed,  
Decided to press on, and took a different tack;  
She enquired of Bill if he had a particular world view,  
To which he responded and avowed;  
'Of course I got a clear world view, and on Australia Day each year  
I raise the Aussie flag outside me little house, teary-eyed and proud,  
And I look up me old Jacaranda Atlas, with Australia in the front,  
And all them others at the back!  
And getting into stride, with jingoistic pride,  
Asked Sally how *she* saw the world, and was it still on track  
And how she saw herself, and had she anything to hide?'  
She said 'I'm sophisticated, lettered and urbane,  
Labyrinthine in my thinking, always suave and sveltte,  
A little bit blasé at times, and uncertain as to the value,  
Of the hand that I've been dealt.'

Bill, a little bit perplexed, said 'well now, Doctor Sally,  
Your response to my enquiry, my penetrating deep insight,  
Confuses me, 'cause what I meant was yer world-view *geographic*  
Like what's in the Jacaranda, but you went on and on about some things  
That most folks like me couldn't say or write,  
I wish you wasn't quite so lexygrafic.'

And so the night wore on,  
With Bill convinced that he was making an impression,  
And Sally doing what she could  
To avoid collateral damage -  
To Bill's feelings, by declaring total dispossession,  
And just as they were serving the Bowls Club *piece de resistance*  
The cordon bleu dessert - ice cream and *fructe salade* - SPC,  
And just before Jack opened up his bag of mail:  
With contents designed and read to tweak the Devil's tail ,  
Bill leaned over to his beau and whispered, confidential-like,  
An *invitation*, unconditional, elegant and valid:  
He announced that he'd take her out to tea again, tomorra night,  
A slap-up feed down at the Inlet or the Espy, those famous Invy pubs,  
And he would pay the bill - however much it tallied,  
Even if it turned out even more expensive than tonight!

With an offer on the table, as generous as that,  
He was amazed and flabbergasted  
When the Doctor regretfully declined,  
Saying that she was already totally committed,

And had to dine tomorrow night with the Vice-Chancellor - another PhD,  
And two Department Heads, at the Invy RAC,  
Although she felt unworthy and unfitted  
To be the honoured guest of this august company,  
Adding that she 'd appreciated Bill's stimulating *joe de vie*, while it lasted,  
But sadly, duty called, and this would have to be  
The end of their brief but nonetheless exciting Aussie *bel-esprit*,  
At which Bill declared 'His poor heart was broke but he'd eventually  
recover,  
So he'd now go home to drown his sorrows,  
And get well and truly plastered.'

The sad conclusion to this tale of rejection and disjointment,  
As related by our hero at the local Invy pub  
Where he expressed once more his bitter disappointment  
At the way that things worked out, and here's the rub:  
He and Doctor Sally had so much in common, as anyone could see  
And clearly, Sally really fancied him,  
That night, at the Invy Bowls Club dinner,  
'And why she chose to eat next night with that poofy Uni lot,  
When she could've et with me ...  
It couldn't be me age or looks,  
After all, he said, - I only just turned *eighty-three*  
And I appear in all the local footy hist'ry books!'