

HAPPY HOUR

by Harry Dunn
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Friday afternoon, down here in Inverloch,
And there's a decision to be made;
Where do we spend our precious shilling,
On a glass or two of hock
A cocktail, real or mock
Or a virtuous lemonade.

Do we front the Bar at the Bowler
Or do we roll up at the Rissole
To spend our drinking dollar.
We're spoiled for choice down here,
If we're members of both clubs;
So you won't find any of *us*
At some drinking-trough or piss-hole,
With a licence to dispense
Spirits, wine, and beer.

We, the Privileged Drinking Classes
Value our position,
We don't frequent those common public houses,
And we wouldn't touch a drop of boutique beer
Served in tall and fancy glasses;
They're for rowdy tourists and their kind,
Down here on summer hols,
Hoping for a measure of good cheer,
So there's language un-becoming,
And it comes through loud and clear -
From all their noisy slumming
These tourists must all come from
Some other hemisphere.

Oh no, such places aren't for us:
We have standards to uphold
And the place where we imbibe
Must be dignified, refined,
Nothing gaudy, nothing bold,
A place where decorum is enshrined,
Where loud voices are not heard,
Voices raised in anger or in mirth -
- So *the Rissole* comes to mind -
A quiet, genteel berth.

But then, perhaps,
Something different might appeal;
What about a night at Invy Bowler
Where Rafferty's still ruling,
Or is that the Ayatollah?
A place supporting an expensive pair of greens,
So we pay an extra dollar,
To assist with Ways and Means.

Both good and worthy causes,
Those two Happy Hour providers,
One has greens, a last resort
For the aged and the ambulant infirm -
The time-honoured game of Bowls,
While the Rissole's fine credentials still entice,
They need no explaining to us Aussies,
They offer booze at a bargain basement price.
And they have logistical attraction
In their secluded Bolding possie.

So - do we rock up to their bar,
The Rissole, that symbol of good mateship,
Honour, loyalty and power
Or do we front the Bar at the Invy Bowler
To enjoy *their* Happy Hour?

Well, I know what I intend to do,
To avoid this vexed decision;
I'll attend them *both*
On this summer's afternoon.
And already I can hear
Those cries of stern derision,
But to such cries I'm quite immune;
And they won't affect my Bob-Each-Way decision.

So I called in at the Bowler,
And ordered a glass or two;
The company was convivial,
So I imbibed a couple more
Enjoyed the company and the view,
Then finally decided it was time to head for home,

But surely it would be a crime
To drive *on past* the Rissolle's open door,
So I dropped in,
Bushy-tailed, bright-eyed and all,
But that bloke behind the bar -
And he should get the sack -
Said he could not accede to my request
Because *he thought I might be an inch or so too tall*,
So I tumbled out the door,
And swore I'd never be back!