

## LUIGI, TEN-PIN BOWLER

by Harry Dunn

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I'ma Luigi Mozzarella. but you can call me Lou  
I'm Italian-born; some Aussies call me Wog,  
But I migrated to Australia, so I'm a bloody Aussie too.  
I lay a million bricks since Nineteen Sixty-six  
And my poor old knees and hips are stuffed,  
So I retire down here to Inverloch, where the grand-kids love to visit,  
And the missus, my Maria, she'sa also pretty chuffed.

I'ma buy a lovely boat, ten-foot tinny, second-hand but good condition,  
Spend lotsa time out on the Inlet, and up the Tarwin River,  
Cruisin round a bit, then I'ma try my hand at fishin;  
I soon get sick of this, when I catch no big-game fish,  
Like I thought I shoulda oughta;  
"There's plenty bloody fish out there," or so the locals tell me,  
But pretty soon I find there's plenty bloody water.

I'ma getting pretty bored, so I talk to my best friend;  
I say "Charlie, whatsa man to do down here when he gets bored  
And goin' round the bend?"  
"No worries, mate," says Charlie, and he's a switched-on guy,  
"Come down and join the Bowling Club -  
Meet lotsa blokes and sheilas, drink cold beer and vino at the bar,  
While you're waitin round to die."

So down I go to Bowling Club, in through the Pearly Gates,  
I meet a bloke on his way out  
And we're soon the best of mates;  
"You say you've bowled a bit,  
So you might help us win  
When we play the fours, tomorra,"  
But I didn't tell this bloke that I'm only play ten-pin.

Down I go next morning, anxious to succeed,  
And my brand-new bowling mate says "Luigi, you can call me Skip,  
And today you better lead."  
Bloody hell, I'm thinkin, these bowlers bloody fools,

They appoint me as their leader,  
And I don't even know the rules.

Then some bloke hands me a bag of bowls, and I'm a little bit dumb-found;  
When I check 'em out for size, I find  
Every one is oval-shaped - completely out of round.  
Now, I'm no wanta give offence, so I don't can these crummy balls,  
With their out-of-round pot-bellies,  
But I'm a pretty bloody sure they'd never make a strike,  
Back in Town, at the Ten-pin bowling alleys.

The Skip - he says to me, "Luigi, roll the Jack."  
But he's standing at the *other* end, so I call out,  
"Skip, we're all down here, so I'll just wait till you come back."  
Coupla blokes - I think they're in my team,  
Scratch their heads a bit, and mumble to themselves,  
As they slap on block-out cream.

And then I learn that bowling leaders never *lead* at all,  
In fact, they're only there to serve,  
And lawn bowls aren't like ten-pins,  
They turn, they twist, they curve.  
And soon, I'm learning lotsa stuff,  
Like *SLOW* greens only take ten seconds, door to door  
But *FAST* greens take much longer,  
Like *sixteen* seconds, maybe more.

I'm a learn that stupid Jack get sometimes called a Kitty,  
And some Lawn Bowl greens - these days they have no lawns at all -  
Just carpet, hot and gritty.  
And when I'm a shout "FANGOULA" out there onna green,  
They fine me for bad language,  
And send me nasty letters from committee.

And when we're bowlin' short ones, and got nothing inna head  
Skip yells "Luigi, add some weight, ya mug  
Because we're down, and when you're down - you must be up."  
I tell you true - that's what skipper said!  
And there's something else I am no unnerstand,

When I'ma bowlin rubbish, Skip calls out;  
"Luigi, take more grass -  
And why don't ya change yer *hand*."

But, soon enough, I learn to play  
And win some games, because I'm bowling good,  
Like most Italian blokes who play the bocce and ten-pin  
"Youse Itie blokes, you're naturals," I'ma hear some Aussies say.  
So, now I'm bowlin *pennant* ; they call me 'Lou the Loaded Gun'  
And I really like that bowling club:  
Might bring the missus down one day,  
But not just yet, 'cos I'm still having fun.