

THE MAN FROM INVERLOCH

by Harry Dunn

received 8/7/15

with apologies to Banjo Paterson and The Man from Ironbark

A bowling man from Inverloch went up to Melbourne Town,
He left the train at Spencer Street and wandered up and down,
He loitered here, he loitered there, he drank at lowly taverns, more than just a drop,
Then decided that a hair-cut would be nice, and found a barber's shop;
It wasn't called a barber's shop, it was a *cut and style salon*,
Run by a modern barber-man who called himself *le-ron*
But to his dearest friends, he was Ronalde, or sometimes just plain Ronny,
And he was shortish, plumpish, perfumed, sleek and bonny.

M'sieur le-ron was pony-tailed and somewhat limp of wrist,
He walked with mincing gait and spoke with charming lisp,
This lispng, liltng Ronnie was just like Banjo's barber bloke,
He had a sense of humour - he enjoyed a little joke;
He liked to score off city straights and rustic types who wandered in,
But his specialty was sculpting hair on window-dressing cats, and all who dwelt therein.

His little jokes amused his friends, the chappies from the gym,
And two or three were present when the Man From Inverloch asked Ronnie for a trim.
This barber winked a knowing wink - at his smirking acolytes,
They imagined they were really cool, these worldly Melbourne-ites.
Ronalde, *tonsoial artiste*, noting lack of hair on our hero's shining scalp
In fact, the lack of anything worthwhile for his clippers to demolish,
Asked, in deferential tones, "Doeth Thir really want a trim, or would he perhapth prefer a liddle cut
and polish"
He then proceeded to attach a wooly buffing pad to a rotary device, his customer to mock
But this audacious taunt was not lost on his intended victim
The Man From Inverloch.

"I'll give *you* a cut and polish, you insulting little turd",
And grabbed that poor hairdresser-man in violent wrath, and frequent coloured word;
He wiped the floor with all of them and laid waste the whole *salon* - he really ran amok
And cried "You won't forget the day you tried to mock *this* balding bowler- man,
Just up from Inver-loch".

.....
These days, down south in Gippsland, the story's often told, verbatim and ad hoc,
About a fancy-pants hairdresser, and how he got sorted out - by a bloke from Inverloch,
That man, he had a decent head, but not a lot of thatch - he was more or less bereft,
And a tuft of hair at either side was all that he had left,
And how this bloke laid waste an entire barber's shop - the fanciest they say, on that entire block
When a poncey City barber tried to cut and polish - that Man From Inverloch.

And, strange to say but true, the balding pate - once considered undesired
Is now the height of fashion, and if not natural - it can by shaving be acquired.
And If you should doubt the truth of this well-known fashion fact,
Just take a look at Gary Junior and other Alpha Males who got in on the act,

So, if you're Buttsy, Jack, or Gary or any balding guy
And your once-lovely wavy hair is now waving you good-bye,
Don't complain, because you're lucky, mate, you need no razor, foam or soap
To achieve the latest look, the current fashion fad - you're inside the envelope.

And although he didn't know it then, our home-town hero - just like Banjo's bearded man
Made his little contribution to God's vast eternal plan,
He always claimed hair fashion changed, the day he did his block;
And whether you believe or no, polished domes are all the go
Down here in Inver-loch.

Note: Just like the introduction to each episode of that old radio-soapie "When a Girl Marries" this little rhyme is dedicated to all of us who once had hair, and to those who *can* remember.