

Ladies Roll Call

by Harry Dunn
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Last year we called the roll,
Of the *gents* at the House of Bowl,
According to convention,
But one or two of the Fairer Sex
Cried - what about the girls who bowl,
Don't we also rate a mention?
Well, of course you do, dear ladies,
And, as in the Scriptures past,
We have decanted the cheap wine first
And kept the best 'til last.

Roll calls, by their nature, must be comprehensive,
One can't afford to leave a member out
As that could be considered both careless and offensive,
So the members book has been consulted
As the memory tends to fail;
It shows that lady members number just on seventy-five
And they're *ladies* one and all, much more than just *fe-male*.
Now, most of these are active - some more active than they look,
But a few are social members,
They don't venture on the rinks
But they don't have to sign the book
When they roll up at the bar, for alcoholic drinks.

When you hear your names called, ladies,
From one to seventy-five,
Please yell "Present, Miss," in a nice loud voice,
To show that you're still with us, and more or less alive,
And if your hearing aid's turned off
And you don't lip-read all that well
I hope someone near will prod you,
When it's time for you to yell.

Now, starting with the A's,
There's Amanda, Aileen, Althea, and two Annies with an E
All past or one-day winners,
As the future will reveal,
Then there's tireless Beverley K,
Who cooks those lovely dinners,
And line-dancing Beverly H, of the Bev-and-Bob-mobile

There's Bonnie, two Barbs and Beryl, all deserving saints,
For here we have no sinners,
We have the charming Carole B, that's Carole with an E
And two more lovely Carols, both ending with an L;
All three are classy ladies; you won't find *these* girls drunk
Down at the local pub.
No way...these girls are always out, there bowling up a storm

Or working for their club.

**Another classy pair, and bowling queens as well,
We have Cynthia and Christine,
Both of them cool chicks, who know where they are going
And knowing where they've been.
We have Diana P, Dianne S, and Dorothy Gilfillan
Three dashing lady bowlers,
Like boy-scouts, always ready, and like Barkus, always willin'**

**Moving right along, in order strictly alphabetical,
We have Edith, Elvie, Edna and Elaine,
And here's a little hypothetical-
There's a *septua*, an *octo* and a seasoned *nono* here
And what a champion seniors team these ladies could sustain.
Oh! In case your Latin's getting rusty,
It means they're past Seven- Eight- and Ninety,
And as to which one's which, there should be no need to explain.**

**Moving to the G's, we have Gloria, Gail and Gwen,
One of these is brilliant, with the artist's sable brush
And the other, with the pen.
A Helen and a Hazel,
And the famous Ivy S.,
She may well be demon bowler, but Ivy's not possessed
There's no poison in our Ivy,
And she causes no distress.**

**We've reached the letter J
With no less than nine new starters:
We have Joy, and Joyce, and Jaye, June and a brace of Judies
A Johanna and two Joans; these ladies all impress,
And we've not forgotten Janis P -
That's not Janice- ICE, but Janis with an S.**

**No K's here, but we have some L's
Not Elles, as in Elle McP,
She of modelling fame
But our home-grown L's, who ring *our* bells
And inspire us, just the same.
There's Lorraine, our singles champ this year,
And Superman's best friend, Lois,
Or so the comic strip says,
And then there's Lola M.,
That's M for Marsh, not that other famous bowler, Lola J Montez
Who visited our Gold-fields,
And charged the miners heaps, to teach them how to bowl
At least, that's what my Grand-pa says.**

**We have Maureen, Michelle, the Margarets and Marlene
And Mavis, Norman's lifelong mate, as well as Mavis P,
A worthy Lifetime Member**

At this Club down by the sea.
There's Nellie M, and Norma, way past ninety now,
She never called in sick
Or arrived a minute late for work.
And Nell Van G, our First Lad-ee,
Supporting President Nic.

There's lovable Peggie B, and the redoubtable matriarch Pat
Two inspiring vets of this old lawn-bowls caper,
And another Pat to boot,
With Pamela L, still bowling well
And Pamela S, a relative newcomer
Bowling well in all forms of the game
And has done so, right through summer,
And Phillis P, now bowling less,
But still bowling, all the same.

Moving along, to the royal R
As in Elizabeth R - Regina,
And trying not to lose the plot
We've a brace of regal ladies,
With Rita E and Rhonda D,
And where could you get finer?
And there's just a touch of mischief, in this charming little lot.
They'd be good company,
If you were somehow stuck, on a real slow boat to China.

But now we've reached the Esses
With the Shirlies, Sues and Sybils, not to mention Susie -
A sibilant little grouping, and a tortuous tongue-twist too,
All those little Esses, and not one of them a floozie,
Then a single T named Trudy, placid and demure
Followed by ex-president Veronica,
Wife of Douggie Muir.
And the final names on this little list begin with letter Y
The Yvonne, Bain and Kee,
You'd expect them to begin with E, that's E not Y
Please don't ask me Y this is,
It's Double-Dutch to me.

So why bother with a roll-call,
I'm sure I heard you ask,
And why are we all standing here,
Calling "present" when we hear our name
It's a fairly pointless task;
We all know that it's unlikely
That a cry of 'absent' will ring out,
If you should find that you're not here -
Unless you're calling from the grave
And loath to miss your shout.

Old bowlers - regardless of their gender,

Never really die, or so I've heard them say,
But, sadly, some of them retire years and years too early
When they fear they can no longer truly render
A championship performance -
Then they quietly fade away.

How lucky are we, who never were much good
We can just keep bowling on,
Until in death we are anointed.
We've nothing much to prove
And nothing much to lose;
Others hardly notice when our bowling's in decline,
So no-one's disappointed,
And we still think our bowling's fine!