

ROLL - CALL

Now it's time to call the roll, down here at I.B.C.
If your name has not been mentioned
Please come back to me,
I confirm it's my intention
To correct this oversight -
For a small but handy fee.
Now , class, do I have your full attention?
Let's call the roll, of the House of Bowl
Random order, not A to Zee.

We have Michaels, Mikes and Micks
Of every shape and colour,
Some dark and bright and shiny,
And others slightly duller.
There's two little Rays of sunshine-
Both Painters, plus a Goose,
Two Harry's , large and small,
One a handy bowler, and the other not much use.

We have a famous Jack, but we don't have a Kitty
A George, and two young Scottish Jimmies
Why don't they bowl in kilt?
A David, now a bowling ace
And Charlie, purpose-built.
Just a single Ted, since Bottie fled,
Still at the top of his game.
So come back, Ted Bott, we miss you a lot -
Like when McGilvray went -
The game is not the same!

We have two Aussie Alans,
Plus one Kiwi and an Egg -
That's Easter - not Free-range,
An Invy fixture now, or so we dare to beg.
There's a Malcolm, Mal and Maurie,
A Pencil and a Pud,
A Huie and a Herbie,
Whose health has not been good.

We have Brians, four and twenty,
Like blackbirds in a pie,
We have two Johns, both good at counting beans,

**More smart than you and I,
And the other John, an action man and keen
His motto's " do or die"; there's nothing in between.
There's Ronnies, Donnies and an ageless Scott called Trevor,
If we all had some of Trevor's genes
We would probably live forever.**

**Let's not forget the Roberts, the Robbies, Robs and Bobs,
All quite indispensable, in their volunteering jobs;
One cleans the place , when others soil and litter it
Another serves us wine and beer,
And Huntley Bob works very hard
To keep us computer literate;
Not to mention Umpire Bob,
With 'scope and tape and Rules in hand
He measure the disputed bowl
And educates the semi-literate.**

**Two Normans, both with bowling brains
And actions heaven-sent
And tireless Nic Van Grumpy,
Who used to drive the trains
But rose to presi-dent.
Then there's Keith and Uncle Arthur,
A pair of tough old salts
Who switched from yachts to bowling:
That's like leaving rock and roll - to specialize in waltz.**

**But now they've both good bowlers
These promisung young colts.**

**We've a Graham spelt with the letter H,
And a Graeme with an E
One's now a part-time cocky
Who spent some time at sea,
The other, when he comes down to practise
Becomes a practicing G.P.
But if ever I keel over, out there on the green,
Please don't let him practise his medicine on me!**

**There's Dashing Darryl, from The Gatha,
At golf he earned top marks,
And Cliffie, of the famous Bowling Corams,
And Wayne, the Shooting Plumbing Parks.**

**Two Ronalds and a Rolf,
Three Roberts and a Rick,
But you won't find here an Adolph
Or a willie or a dick.**

**There's Ian, Tim and Dennis, Ken and Bowling Bertie
And the sturdy Gazza Hardy, who quickly climbed the ladder
And our club mascot, young Ernie,
Who's still as good as ever;
Ernie's just clocked ninety
But bowling tight and clever.
And Neil, a local legend,
A Toora man of letters,
Of words and mystery
Like God, he's everywhere,
Recording Gippy's past
And writing history.**

**You'll find Lewis C. and Douglas,
Kevin, Ross and Kieren,
Who somehow keeps the greens alive
Despite much interferin'.
We have two Holy Bowling Peters,
We even have a Pope -
Not the one in Rome, of course,
But we live in prayer and hope.
There's Stan The Man, who bowls to plan
And Leslie, Frank and Tim
There's Ross and Ken, two more good men,
And another, we'll call him Mr. X. -
We've not forgotten *him*.**

**We mention you, dear Mr X -
You're like the Unknown Soldier,
In case your name's not on this list
And someone else has told ya,
It's not because you have been missed,
But don't want your name in text,
You're the velvet glove on the iron fist;
And prefer to be known as Mr. X -
The great but nameless bowler.**

Harry Dunn 15/11/2012