

B.O. Bowlers

You 'd expect the game of bowls to be relatively harmless,
That's lawn bowling - not the pace and spin they face
In that other game, called cricket
But lawn bowlers also face some hazards, when they're out there on the green
And bowling at a kitty, rather than a wicket;
Real hazards, sometimes heard, but often sight unseen:
Like flatulence, on a windy day,
If the donor stands up-wind of you
You will prob'ly know who's guilty
But you cannot always pick it.

Some players suffer from bad breath
Call it terminal halitosis,
It's never you or I, of course,
But it's as deadly as the thing they call
Dreaded deep vein thrombosis.
Still others face a hazard, if they oft' frequent the bar
Where they're dispensing good-will and largesse
And fluids known to cause - liverish cirrhosis,
When taken to excess ,
And then they drive the car!

Now, all these hazards lurk, to get us if they can
When we're out there on the rinks,
And there's just one more, which no-one likes to mention
It has to do with B.O., and we all know how that stinks.
But wait, there's good news here for all who are affected -
It's treatment and prevention!
No man ever thinks *he* has it;
It's never me, nor you, or any one of those;
It's always from some other bloke -
We're *never* on the nose.

We never pong, we can do no wrong
And we always wash our clothes;
We change our shirt, we hate all dirt, and we never would impose
Because we're all potential winners,
But the pity of it is that the blokes we like the best
Are also frequently-
The unintending sinners.

So, if you think your little arm-pits
Are delightful to behold,

Please think again, because those little charm-pits
Are a breeding-ground for mould!
Yes - mould and smelly old bacteria,
Multiplying rapidly,
They come straight from your interior.
Don't kid yourself you're odour-free
And genetically superior;
Go out and buy Palmolive Gold
To wash away the bugs you leak
When you're sweating on the rink
Because they make us rank and reek
Especially when it's hot - that's when we really stink.

If you notice other players
Trying hard to stay up-wind,
Please take the hint and find your roll-on quick,
Then apply it with much vigor, but discretion,
No need to make the rest of us feel sick!
We should always have our Cool Charm with us
Along with measure-tape and chalk,
For a quick refresher on the rink,
Especially if it's "muggy",
Because that adds to the stink.
And if a bloke should tap you on the shoulder,
Please don't take umbrage or offend-
And says - It's time to use the Stink-Stick, mate -
He might well be your best friend!

From: Colin Gates and Pam Oliver (Social Members)

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