

CLERIHEWS

by Harry Dunn

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Could you write a little Jingle,
Or perhaps a Clerihew,
Can you rhyme and intermingle
Words multi-syllable and single
Could you recite a funny Limerick or two?

'Not me' is your prompt reply,
'I have no love of rhyme and metre:
I'd much prefer some footy talk
And a life of *dolce vita*.'
I like jokes about those other ageing folks,
Told by jokey blokes, right across the nation,
About things like retention of excreta
And frequent urination,
The price we pay for getting old
Alphabetically, from Alpha through to Zeta.

I still enjoy that school-boy scatology
And I offer no apology,
So, why should *I* write a lousy Jingle, Limerick or Clerihew
When so much blokey stuff's on offer,
And anyway, what the hell's a Clerihew?
Asks some cynical old scoffer.
Well - you'll find it in your Oxford,
Your Collins or Macquarie -
If you look it up you'll learn that Clerihews
- Now, wait for this - I'm sorry -
Are "*short verses, comical or witty,
Mostly of four lines, and varied length*"
And mostly don't look pretty.
They are, in fact, just low-class little ditties,
And their brevity is undoubtedly their strength.
These Clerihews can be a bit of fun,
Where economy of words is always good or better,
Like the minimum of verbage in the following pace-setter:

** George the Third
Ought never have occurred;
One can only sit and wonder
At so grotesque a blunder!*

The subject's name must feature in line one,
A name like Jones or Smith or Dunn,
And in lines three and four
You get a chance to say some more.

A Clerihew can be about a subject, rather than a person
For better or for worsen!
And the normal need of *meter* can be more or less ignored,
Just as long as your Clerihew doesn't leave them mystified - or bored!

** The art of Biography
Is different from Geography,
Because Geography's about maps
And Biography's about chaps.*

** Although Don Bradman
Screamed and fought like a madman
And condemned the proceedings in toto -
They still insisted on taking his photo!*

* these three classics were written to old Clerihew himself, E. Clerihew Bentley, died 1958

They should be short and to the point,
And have a pithy and particular view-point,
Something I have not myself achieved -
As you will have no doubt by now perceived!

Anyone can write a Clerihew,
Although I myself have written only Verifew.
And the following pathetic dissertations
Illustrate my own poetic limitations.

The folks now mentioned hereunder, a total of ten
Belong to the Inverloch Bowling Club, four ladies and six men:

**Board members all, just ten from a total of one-forty-eight,
As near as I'm able to calculate.**

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**There's rambunctious Ron Burge,
Who smiles ever so sweetly - when he gets the occasional urge.
A lifetime Inverloch resident,
Ron is the Bowling Club president.**

**Hard-working Secret'ry Waters,
Deals with the wannabes, coodabeens and reporters,
Gives it one hundred percent
And never shows discontent.**

**Jonathan Sutcliffe, honorary treasurer,
Treasures Wild Pam, his treasurer- pleasurer;
John manages the Bowling Club's money;
He could one day abscond with the lot, and that'd be *really* funny.**

**Greens Director Bob Davis
Came up from Paynesville to save us.
Nowadays Bob bowls with an arm
But it apparently ain't done him no harm!**

**Bar director, Neil Everitt
Fast on his feet, lean as a leveret.
Directing that bar to earn maximum dollar,
And writes local history books, like a fair dinkum Rhodes Scholar**

**Margaret Flett -
We're all in her debt;
If you want it computed,
Take it to Margaret - she's highly reputed.**

**Cynthia Hensley,
Enjoys walking - immensely,
After traversing Spain, from east to west,
Now travels by car - she's taking a rest.**

Lady director, Beverley Kurrle,
Burra-bred, hard-working local girl,
When help is required in matters cuisine
Call for Bev Kurrle, the sponge and catering queen.

Committee-man Laurie Gabell
Has recently been unwell;
Advised to drink only spirits, like whisky
To reduce his output of pissky.

Some folks mangle his name into *Sewered*, not *Sea-ward*,
But most will agree that Terry the Sea deserves some kind of *re-ward*
For introducing the succulent onion, fresh-fried
To the Corporate Sausage and Bread - an exotic, extravagant 'side'.

And last but not least, Bryan Hensley,
Bowling coach, and respected immensely,
Bryan adopts old players with 'Yips,' along with the recent enrollers,
Cures what can be cured, and sends 'em back out, better bowlers.

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But why should *I* write a damned Clerihew?
I would prefer just to leave that all up to you!
Well, we have only insulted ten members to date,
So who's gonna do the remaining *one thirty-eight*?