

# Spectacles

by Harry Dunn  
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“A man's ambition must be small  
If he writes his name on the toilet wall,  
And a woman's must be worse  
If she carries condoms in her purse.”  
These words, writ large in public loos,  
Have impressed themselves on youthful brains,  
And those who enjoy their daily snooze,  
In public toilets of all kinds -  
A simple message, well expressed,  
Written by some troubled soul,  
Or perhaps a public toilet pest.

So, what has this to do  
With the noble art of bowling,  
Where the highest standards are expected,  
And carnal thoughts and deeds taboo  
So they don't need controlling;  
Advancing age is all the rage,  
And it's easy to observe the rigid bowler's code;  
For it's as much as most can do  
Just to be upstanding  
For Advance Australia Fair  
And the revered Australian Digger's Ode,  
Much less to ponder on such things  
As dalliance on the bowling green  
Or arcane plans and tactics,  
It's not the place where you'd expect to find -  
Unused prophylactics.

Believe it or believe it not,  
Someone broke the golden rule, unspoken but profound,  
At a well-known Gippsland club, last week I think,  
When a spectacles case was found,  
By a player on the duty rink,  
This old brown leather case, custom-made to carry specs,  
Contained not glasses, as you'd expect,  
But a small item of apparel - engineered by Ansell,  
Specifically for SEX.

And to make things even worse,  
And the organisers vex'd,  
This item, it was found, abandoned and unloved  
At an event when all but two participants  
Were of the gentle sex.  
With an average age 'round seventy -  
That's three score years and ten -  
Which lady there so fancied her ability  
To attract some wayward bowling men  
That she came armed with Doctor Ansell,  
To forestall a miracle unlikely -  
A post-menopause fertility.

So, could this item have been owned by one of those two men,  
And did one of them intend  
To beguile and to seduce  
And if so - who, and how and when?  
Not us, cried those two suspects  
Back-peddalling rather quickly,  
In fact, when on the matter pressed  
Their innocence to defend,  
They became a trifle prickly.  
“Why would I be toting frogs with me?”  
They protested, with righteous manly vigour,  
“I don't have STD,  
I'm not under-nourished or greatly over-sex'd,  
Perhaps I'm getting near the end of a lovely long career,  
But I'm absolutely sure that I don't have  
Herpes, syphalis, HSV or ghastly gonorrhoeah.”

So the mystery remains,  
And no-one's claimed the case, with its lethal load:  
It seems unlikely now that anybody will,  
Because, apart from the unwritten Bowler's Code -  
- No condoms on the green - No splendour on the grass -  
We haven't found a bowler yet prepared to ownership admit,  
Lest he or she be judged as lacking  
Bowling etiquette and class -  
Not the slightest bit!

The offending item - not the leather case, of course,  
Has become an item of real interest - prurient, I'm afraid,  
“Was it size S, or was it M, or L, or was it XXL  
And was it plain or ribbed or fancy-frilled, or ticklish,  
Was it really small and tiny  
Was it fluoro green, so that it glowed,  
Like the Phantom's Ring at night  
Or was it large and black and shiny,  
Like a stick of lickrish?  
And was it sweetly scented, or was it ornamented,  
Or did it smell like burning rubber?”  
Asked one old bowling lady - yes, a real old lady,  
Not a wanton woman, or a sad old bowling scrubber.

No-one's saying much, of course  
But if your interest is professional,  
Not salacious, prurient and sordid,  
And you'd like to view it to endorse,  
You could ask Lois or a member of committee,  
Who now hold this curious collectible,  
And intend to use it for fund-raising,  
Your spare dollar to one day snaffle,  
At an end-of-year event  
Well-intentioned and respectable,  
A different kind of Auction, or perhaps-  
A Big Boy's Bowling Raffle.