

# **The Great Wall of Inverloch**

by Harry Dunn

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**In the year Two-oh-one-four,  
And the reign of Hoo Flung Dung,  
The great emperor decreed,  
In his fractured English tongue;  
"I intendee buildee Great Big Wall  
In China's second city, callee Inverloch  
This great new wall it must be tall,  
And strong enough to stand all shock  
Protectee grand new bowler's palace  
From shiftee sand and salty sea  
Where waves go ten feet high and seas get velly rough,  
And it must keep out Tassie Tigers,  
From across the Straits of Bass,  
In hostile hordes they gather,  
Those savage two - head dragons  
Always makee fuss,  
So wall must be long and solid, solid as a rock  
And stand at least ten thousand years -  
Great Wall of Inverloch**

**"This wall I planee build, down there in Inverloch  
Will be truly wondrous place  
And seen by Chinese astronaut,  
Lookee down from outer space,  
So now we findee architect  
With high-tech abacus and 'board  
And latest drafting t'ing  
To draw up plans for great new wall  
Just like the one we have in China,  
Not far from old Peking."**

**So architect got busy  
Working hard and long on plans,  
Abacus run hot, and architect in tizzy;  
Doing calculations,  
Sometimes do his block,  
At last he said, "I finish detailed building plan  
So it's time you startee build  
Great Wall of Inverloch.  
It will need much coolie labour,  
And ten thousand Besser Block,**

**Now pay me twenty thou, that's all,  
In unmarked Aussie notes  
Then off I go to flesh-pots, in city of Shanghai,  
And I leave you with the plans for Inverloch Great Wall,  
As you are owner-builder - shows that anyone can do."  
This architect - he talked like that,  
For he was Chinese, too.**

**So Bowling Club committee,  
Of learned scribes and scholars  
Brought out their begging bowls  
And raised lots and lots of dollars,  
They sold bricks and tiles with donor's names impressed  
For fifty or a hundred; some even cost a grand  
Depending on the currency with which  
Each member had been blessed,  
And the basic law of economics -  
That's limited supply, and unlimited demand.  
They worked their backsides off to raise the needed funds  
For digging hole, and buying Besser Block  
To build this latest wonder of the modern Western World;  
The Great Wall of Inverloch.**

**Bob-cat was hired to dig the trench for concrete footing,  
Along fence-line at rear, back of bowling palace  
For double row of Besser Block, which brickie later putting.  
This bob-cat rather different from normal Chinese cat,  
Far too big for making soup,  
And not an ounce of stir-fry fat,  
This cat no earthly use to busy Chinese cook  
And he no catchee mouse or rat  
So hardly worth a second look.**

**Bob-cat worked for many hours  
And piles of sand get bigger, every time you look  
Then stumbled on asbestos mine  
Requiring man with special hat  
And open invoice book,  
To remove all trace of Fibrolite,  
But club members not allowed to take a little look.  
Just pay the man with special hat - several hard-earned grand  
To remove all trace of deadly stuff,  
Leaving only nice clean sand.  
And this was just the first, but surely not the last,  
Of nasty, costly shock**

**To beset the owner- builders of  
Great Wall of Inverloch.**

**Foundations left a week to settle - settle, dry and set,  
Then Porky John Di-Sun, top-class brickie,  
Rolled up to lay the blocks.  
Two courses wide and all cross-tied,  
With reo - rods in mortar, to resist the odd tsunami,  
Troublesome Taswegians, shifting sands, and other nasty shocks.**

**And just for extra weight and strength,  
That architect, (now relaxing in Shanghai)  
Specc'ed - in reinforcing - rods  
Inserted vertical in hollow Besser blocks, all along its length,  
And ev'ry hole in ev'ry block back-filled with runny mortar,  
Comprising sand, cement and gravel  
With lots and lots of water;  
Poured down those Besser's rat-holes  
One bucket at a time (and one was quite enough)  
By ageing bucket-boys drawn from member's ranks,  
And half a dozen mud-men poured this sloppy stuff,  
Working like a chain-gang up there on Porky's Planks.**

**And half-a-dozen barrow-boys, working without thanks,  
The strongest and the fittest,  
From the volunteer's ranks,  
To wheel the barrers from the mixer,  
Around the hills of sand,  
To the sweaty, swearing mud-men  
Out there on the planks.**

**But before this vital work can start, volunteers and all,  
The outside must be moisture-proofed  
With plastic sheets and sticky gunk, painted on the wall  
Before the final structure could be floored and walled and roofed.  
And every man who volunteered  
To paint the wall and hang the proofing sheet  
Found himself half-covered, in blackish, sticky stuff,  
From his eyebrows to his feet;  
And if ever you should meet one,  
When you're walking down the street,  
He may seem a little dark at first, and perhaps somewhat aloof,  
But of one thing you can be very sure,  
He'll be completely water-proof.**

Many coolies volunteered  
To build this wondrous wall - a mixed and varied lot,  
Apart from Porky J. Dow-Sun, the man who laid the bricks  
He was the only one who knew - what was really what,  
There were lots of ageing bowlers,  
On Zimmer-frames and walking-sticks,  
As befits a new Great Wall, they were all, of course,  
Pure-blood Han Chinese, and prepared to work for nix  
And as for coolie's names, just take a look at these:  
A bunch of Johns by name, in fact, no less than four  
Including Jacky-John Mee-Lah, and John Sut-ah-Cliff, John Ah-Nold  
And 'Burra-John Fee-Shor  
A pair of China Brians, one Hen-ah-Lee and the other Brian Growse -See-Lin  
A brace of China Grahams, one Dun-ah-Lop, and another Dok Po-Pee.  
And a bowling gard'ner, callee him Kee-Rin,  
A pair of bowling Gazzas, one Gee Har-Dee  
And the other, Scotty-Gee, who loves to have a win;  
And Ronald - Chairman Ron, also called Bur-gee.  
And Ronald Kee - Chinese Pud-En-kee  
And Arthur Moule, that's Bowler Moule Ah-tee  
And plumber Parks, called Way-En-Park, that's Parka - see,  
And Alan, Son of John, and Laurie Bao Gar-Bell  
And Bobbie, son of China Jones and Ne-il Ev-ah-Rett,  
They were there, as well  
And Harry Hoo-Bao-Dun, also called Yung Harry, and Dunny Hoo Flung Dung  
And ex-Chairman Nic Van-Grun, sometimes called Grum-Pee  
And China Bob Pritch-Ah, a famous family name - out there in China Sea.  
And Harry Ah, the Fish, not to mention famous painter, Charlie- Chazza C.

Brian Hen-ah-Lee was seen up-ended  
Probing Besser holes, looking for his specs,  
And all wall-work was suspended  
Until Hen-ah-Lee emerged, with spectacles extended,  
He was covered in cement and his clothes were total wrecks;  
They had to keep him moving; he was not allowed to stand  
For fear his outer coating could dry and firmly set,  
And imprison him for life;  
They still keep him on the move  
And his concrete clothes are always wet;  
These days he's doing side-shows  
As Brian The Incredible - The Man Who Cannot Set.

But I digress, as often happens, from the main and central story -  
The saga of the Wall, and how it was planned and built;  
Well, local legend has it that two poor coolies are entombed

**Within that mighty wall, without recognition, plaque or glory,  
And does anyone involved feel the slightest pang of guilt?  
No - not the slightest bit, as you've probably assumed,  
If you have followed this account,  
Because no-one was responsible; they've never been exhumed.  
And who was keeping count?**

**There's still a lot of coolies lying 'round -  
Enough to fill a block,  
In case the Emperor decides  
To build a great big wall around  
His second fav'rite city,  
Which he callee In - va - loc.**